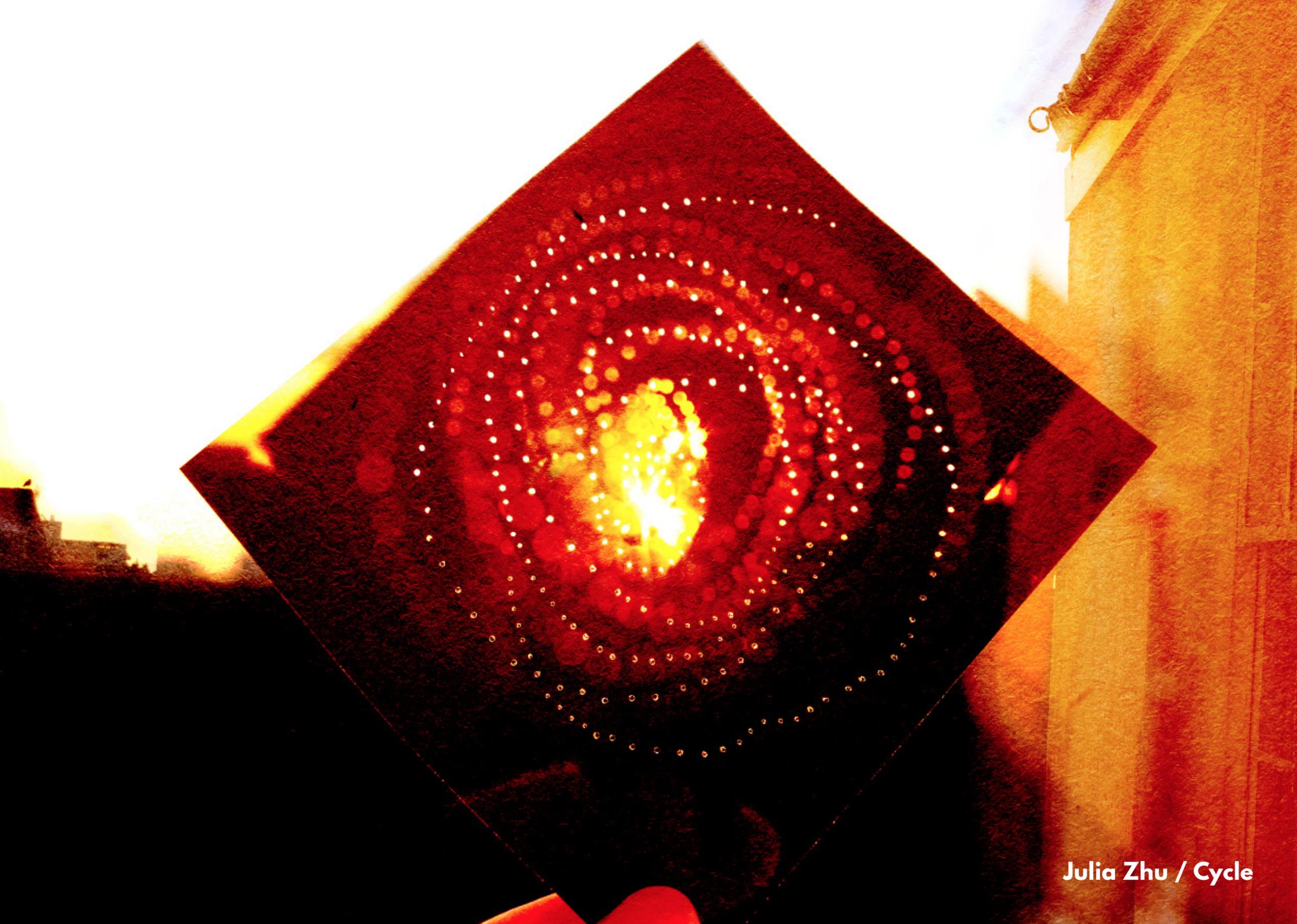


**Response**

**23**



Julia Zhu / Cycle

# Introduction

## Welcome to the 23rd issue of The Response.

The Response is a magazine put together by members of the Fabrica volunteer programme that runs in conjunction with each site-specific exhibition held at Fabrica.

As the name of the magazine suggests, volunteers are invited to respond directly to each artwork and the themes they explore, using any medium.

The magazine is a fascinating and unique way to document

the many ways in which art can affect us, and share them with visitors to the space.

'Luminary', by Ron Haselden is a beautiful series of LED light drawings, developed by the artist from drawings by older people. Whilst the installation itself deals with themes relating to older people, and their visibility within the contemporary art world, the issue of aging, and remaining visible is one that resonates with us all.

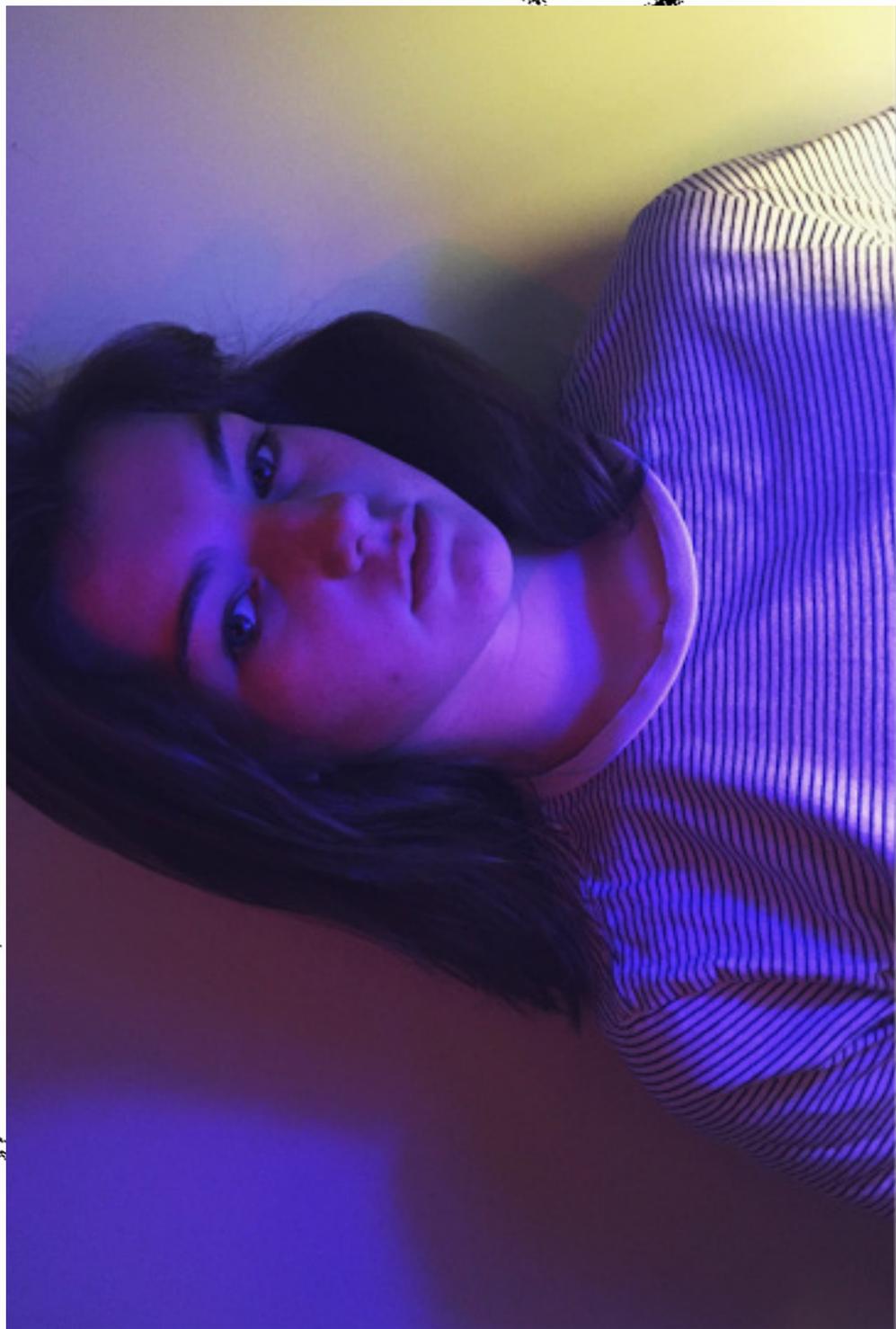
In addition to the many visual submissions, we are also fortunate to be able to include the results from our creative writing workshops, run by our current Writer in Residence, Gill Balfour.

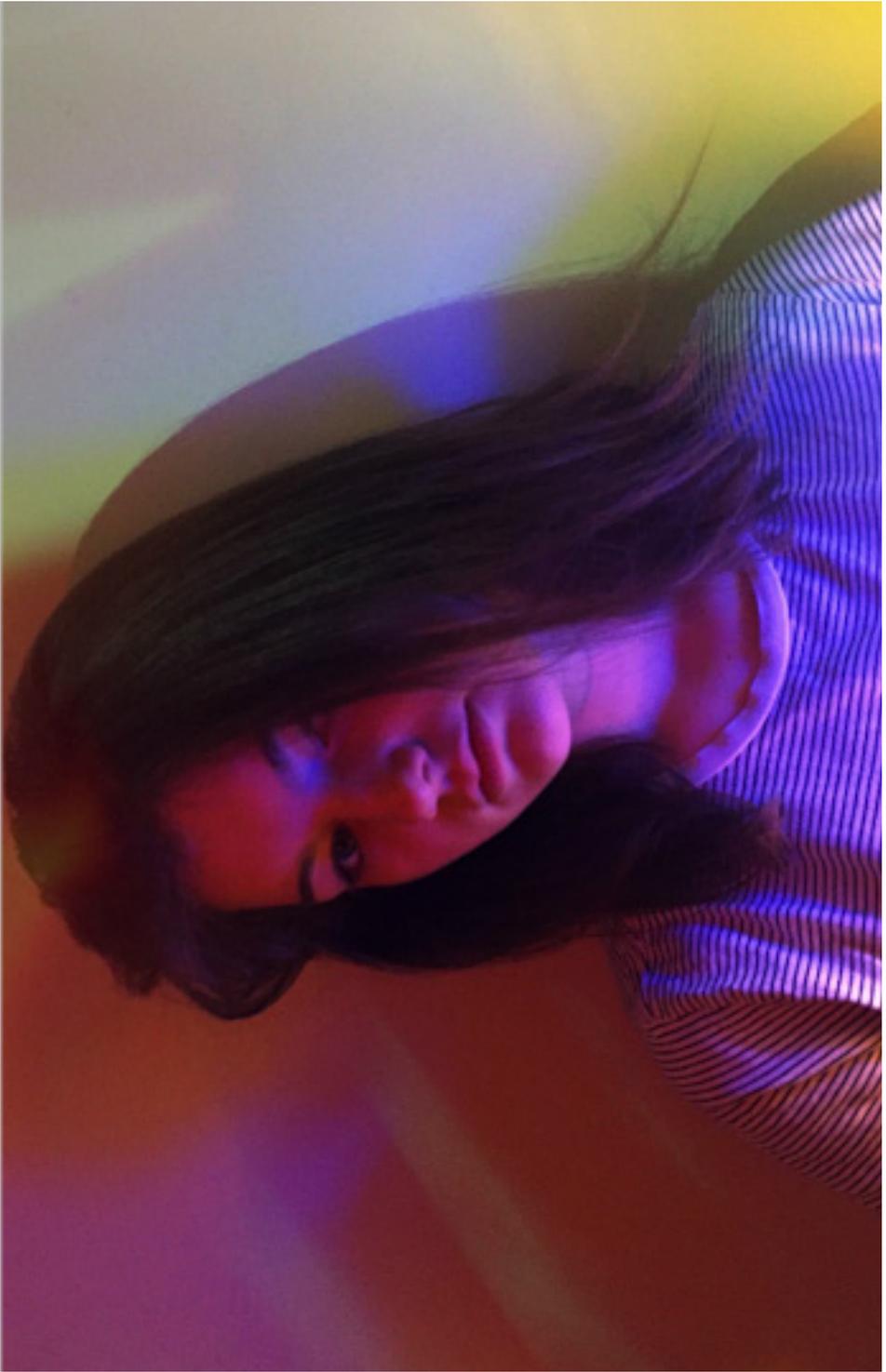
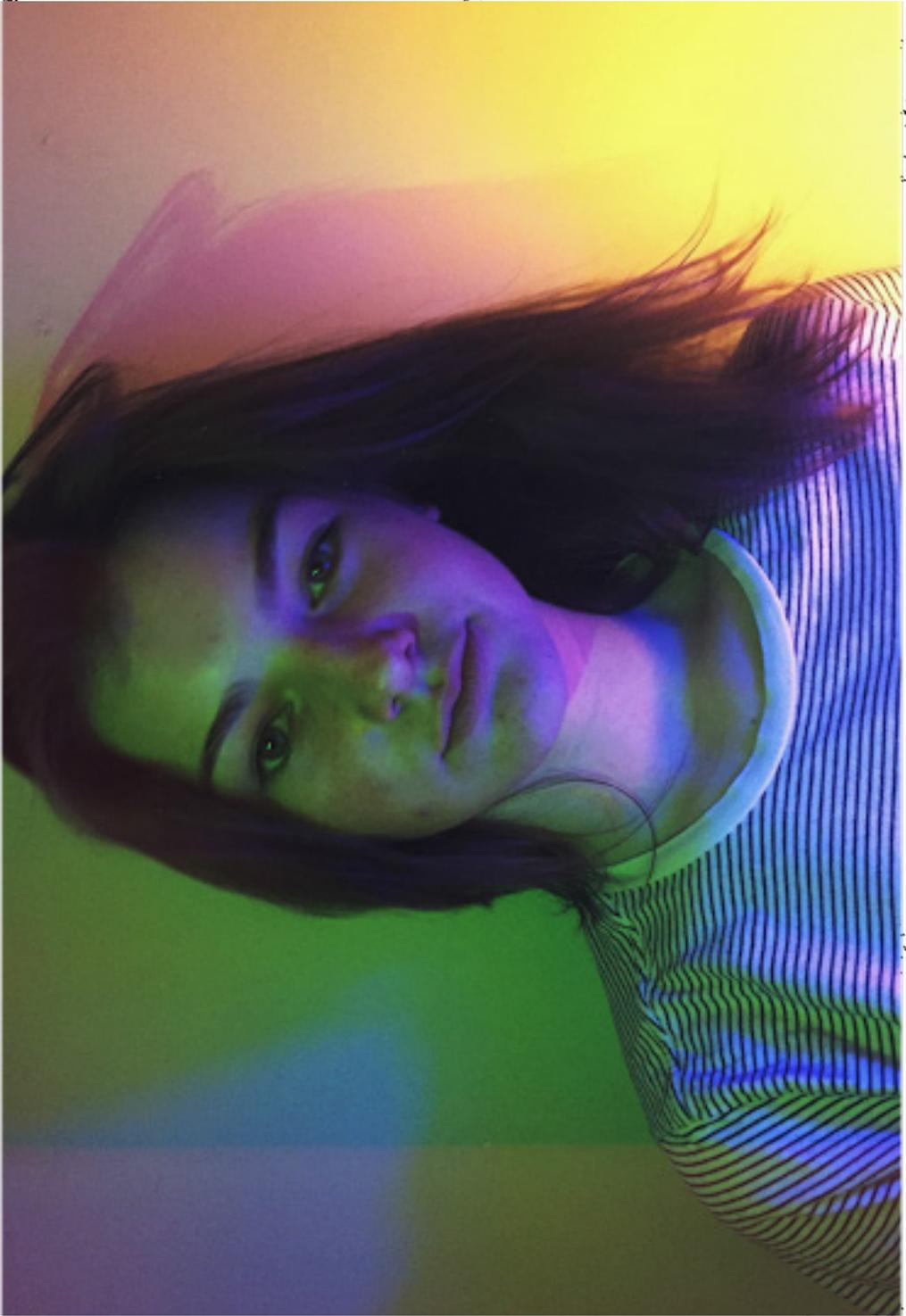
We hope you enjoy this edition of The Response, and that it will inspire you to respond in your own way to Luminary, and the themes within it.

**The Response Team**



**Anna Booth / Technicolour**





## **Luminary: The Dominance of Light upon Darkness By Dimitra Maragkaki**

The ambience created by the LED-light sculptures embraces the viewer and invites them to enter a space different from familiar ones. At first sight, one gets stunned by the originality of this work and of its dominance over the interior of the old Regency church. A unique relationship connects these two entities; the simplicity of the materials, steel and lighttrope, reflects the minimalist architecture of the building. Animal and human figures standing still, in specific postures, become the object of worship and contemplation. Yet, far from a theological interpretation which might appear obsolete,

there is another element which comes forward; the notion and importance of the viewer's body, the conscious body (as phenomenologists would say), which interferes with the artwork. For, you have to go through the sculptures, go around them in order to see the work from different perspectives and hence, experience it through your senses, through your perception, in different ways. You cannot help but let yourself be exposed to the brightness of the figures and be open in order to allow the work to speak to you and let yourself speak through the work. Luminary has the

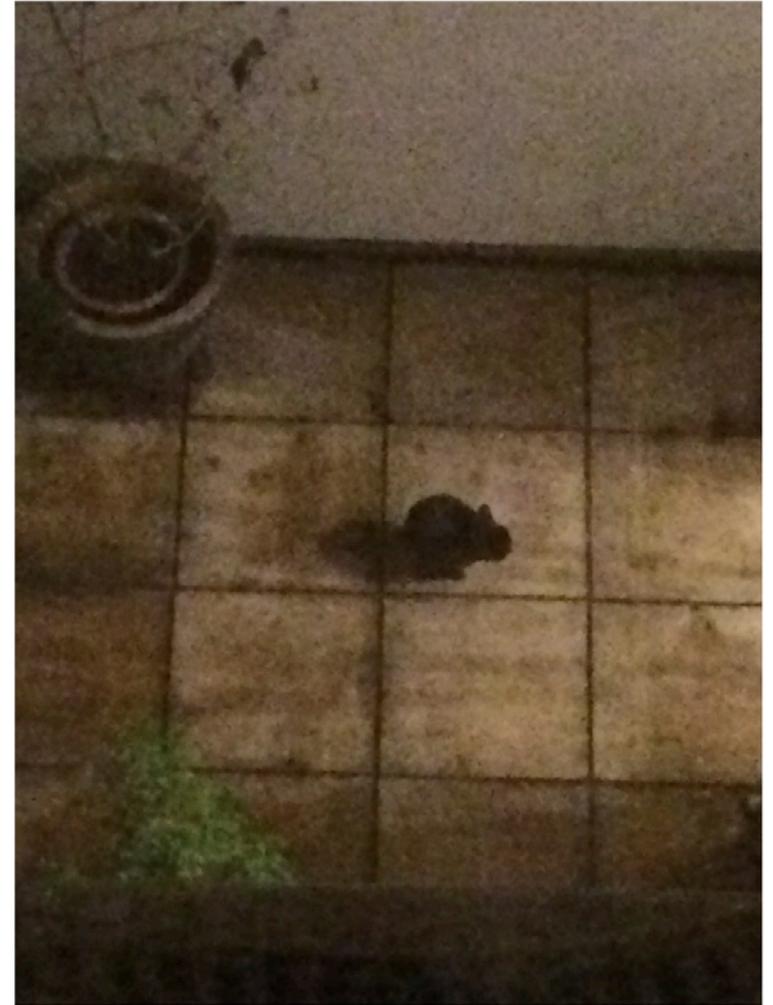
power to challenge your bias against art and form. It is an exhibition which calls into question our common misconceptions about the creative drive of senior people, who took part in the making of these works, thus proving themselves present and more importantly, visible in our society. Most of all, Luminary is the product of the effort, generosity and collaboration of people from different ages and different backgrounds. Yet, Luminary is not exactly a finished work. It is a work without a beginning or an end. It has no age. For, in any case, what exactly does it mean to be old?

# Bunny Watch 2k16

A series of photos I captured from my flat window of the neighbour's bunny.



Bunny Watch 2k16 January  
2016.

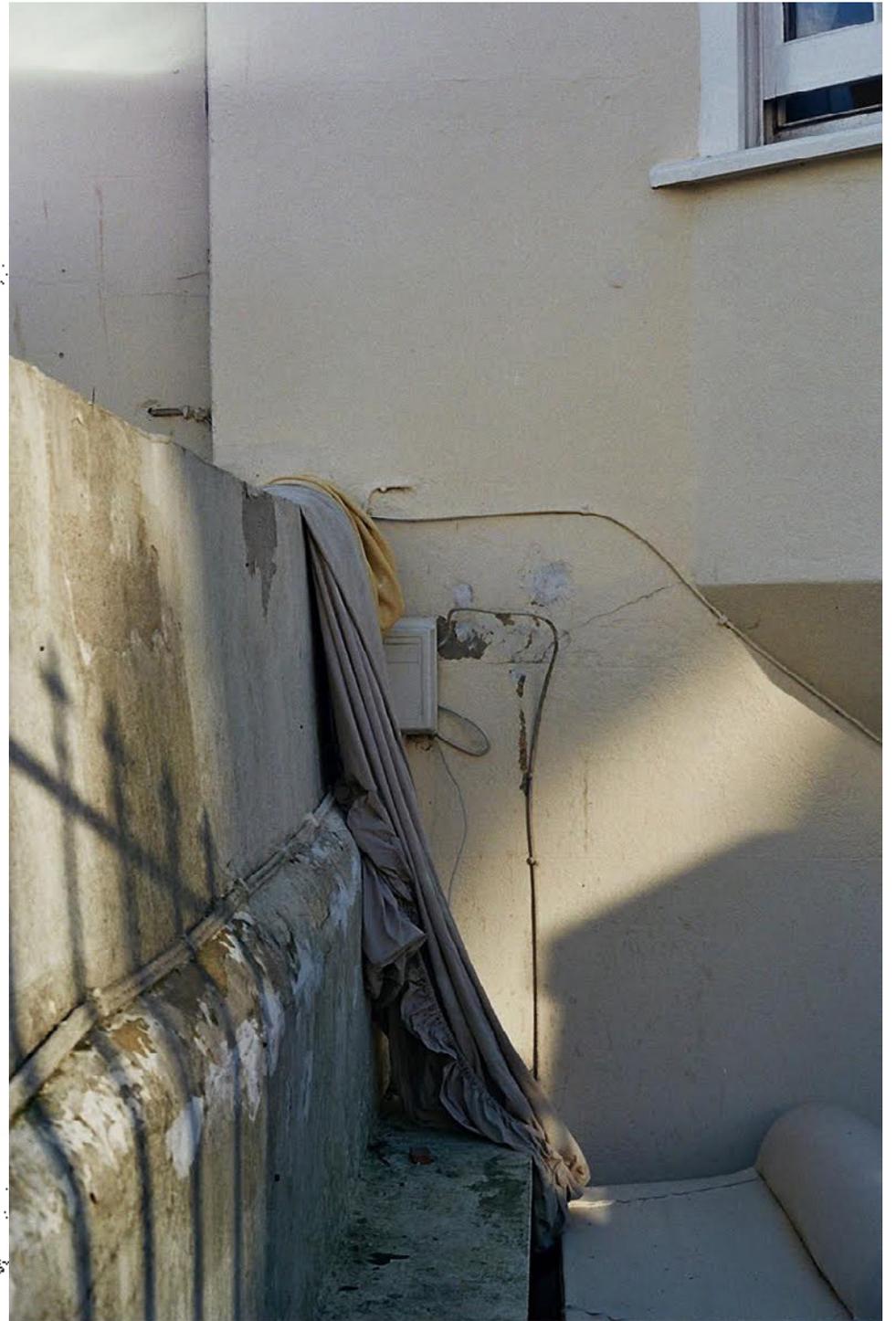


Bunny Watch 2k16 February  
2016.

Look out of a window. What do I see?



Hannah Lapsley / Untitled





**Hannah Lapsley / Untitled**  
[hannahlapsleyphotography.tumblr.com](http://hannahlapsleyphotography.tumblr.com)







## Isa Pinder / Actually

Luminary touches on many different topics of discussion but I decided to focus on two in particular:

### Having your voice heard.

Instead of focusing on drawings like Ron, I decided to record a collection of speech fillers that I could hear the most by the people around me. Speech fillers have a negative reputation and can be considered as a “wrong” way to express oneself.

“Fillers are parts of speech which are not generally recognized as purposeful or containing formal meaning.” (source: wikipedia)

“Many people assume that fillers are a sign of uncertainty, stupidity or weakness. They may not have much semantic

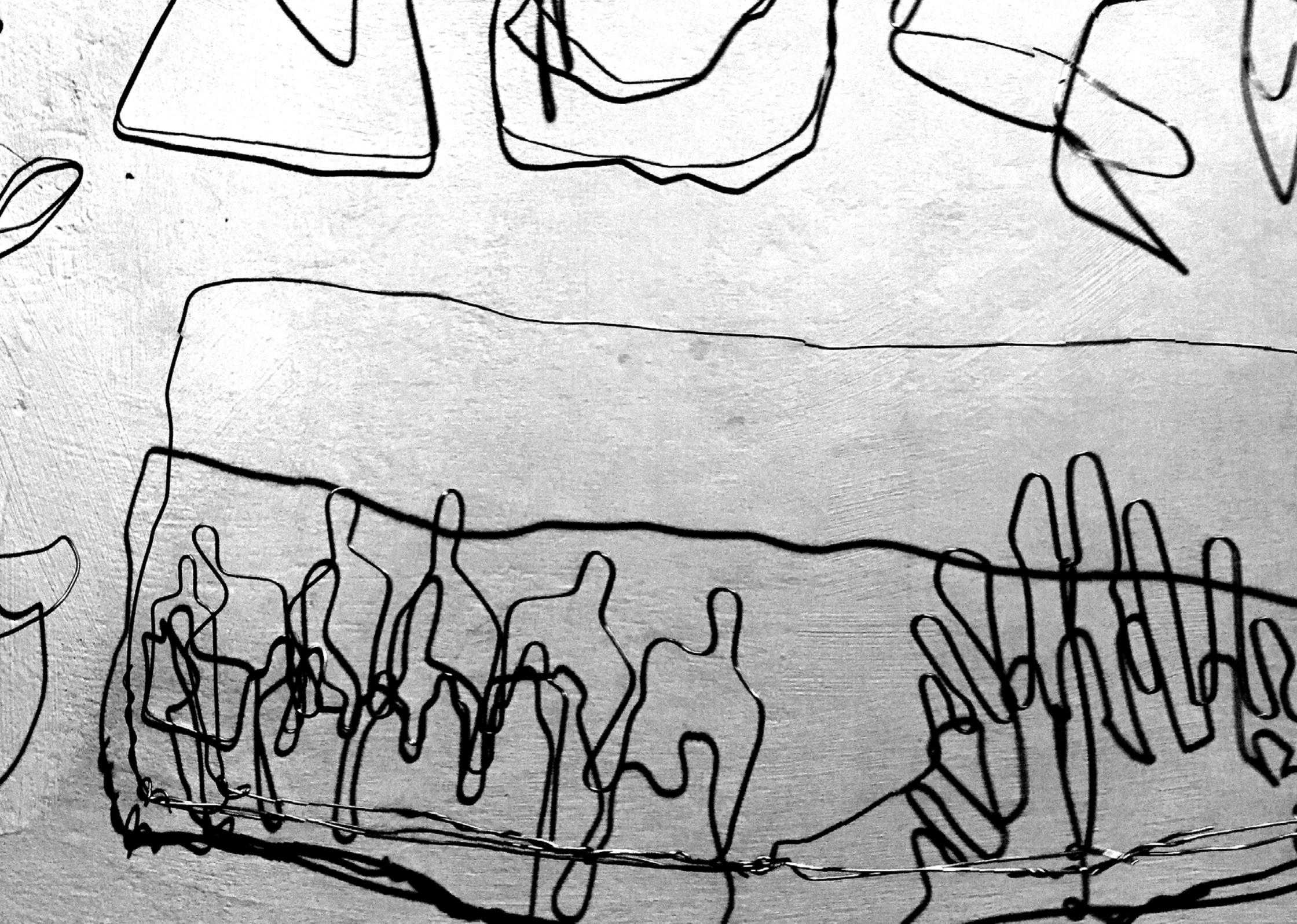
[View Actually Film](#)

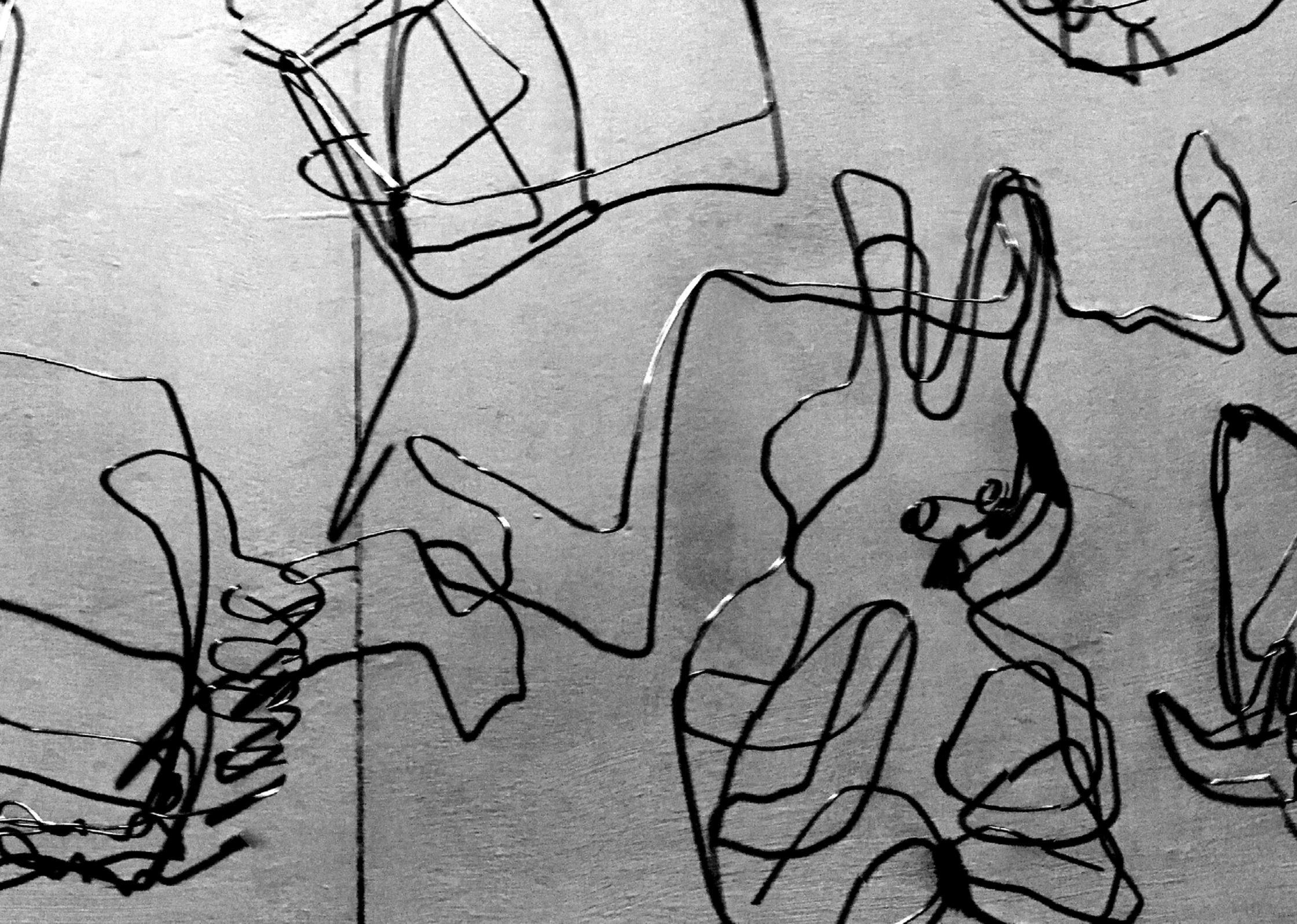
content of their own but fillers do fulfill important linguistic functions.” (source: BBC Voices - Your Voice)

Yet I find them really interesting and they are actually essential as they mark a meaningful pause to think of what to say next. This leads me to the second topic of reflection:

### Seeing things through a different light.

Just like these drawing are amplified by Ron Haselden who then offers us a new perspective, I wanted to give these words, which are too commonly unnoticed, a visual impact. Having them written, running through your eyes, allows the viewer to have a new interaction with them, a visual one. It hopefully makes the viewer appreciate their visual capacity and aesthetic value in the shapes and forms they create.





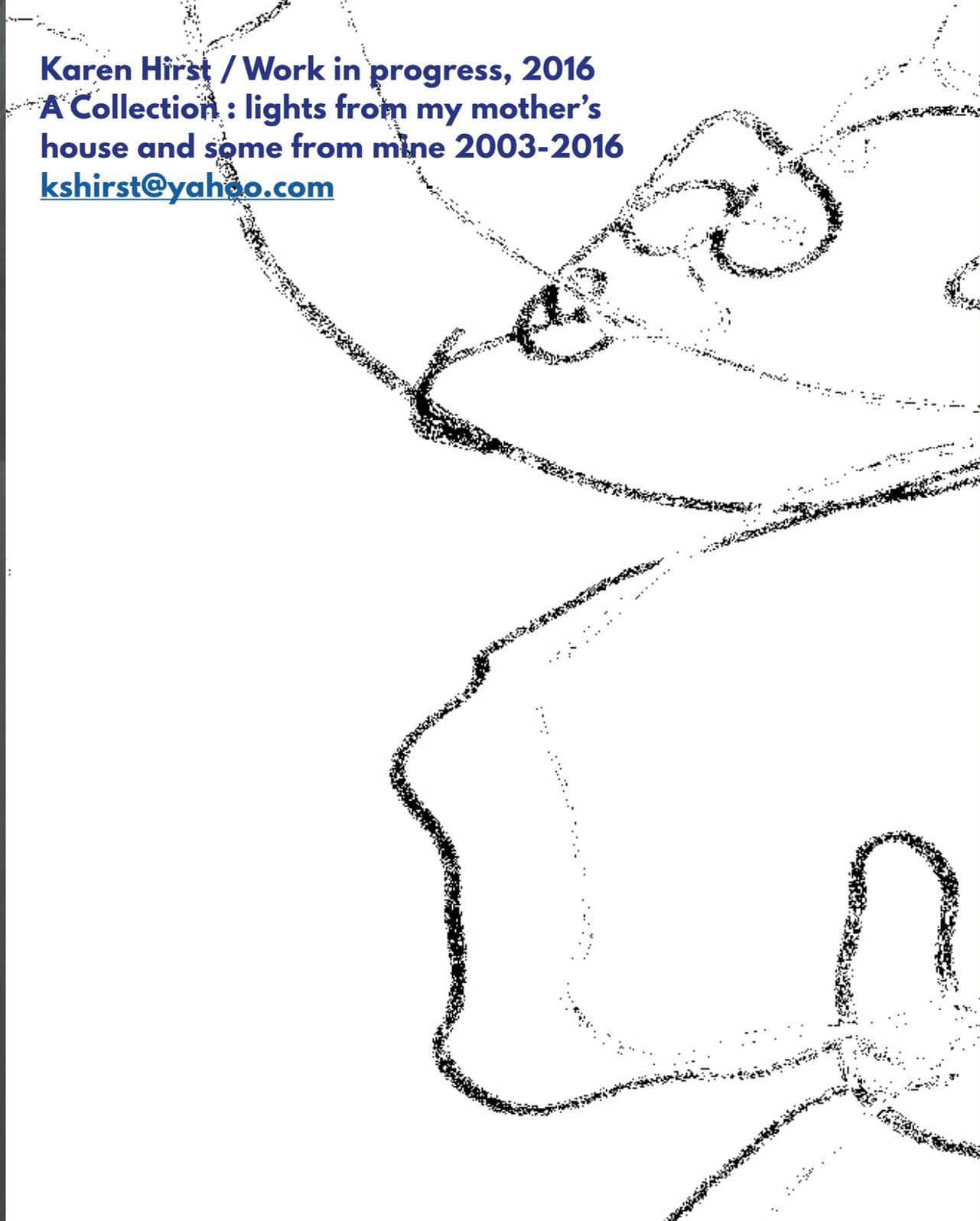
**James Gasston / Loop the Loop**





Jessica Gatfield / Untitled  
[www.thesoulsearchinggraduate.com](http://www.thesoulsearchinggraduate.com)

**Karen Hirst / Work in progress, 2016**  
**A Collection : lights from my mother's**  
**house and some from mine 2003-2016**  
[\*\*kshirst@yahoo.com\*\*](mailto:kshirst@yahoo.com)





Angi Lowrie / All Lit Up



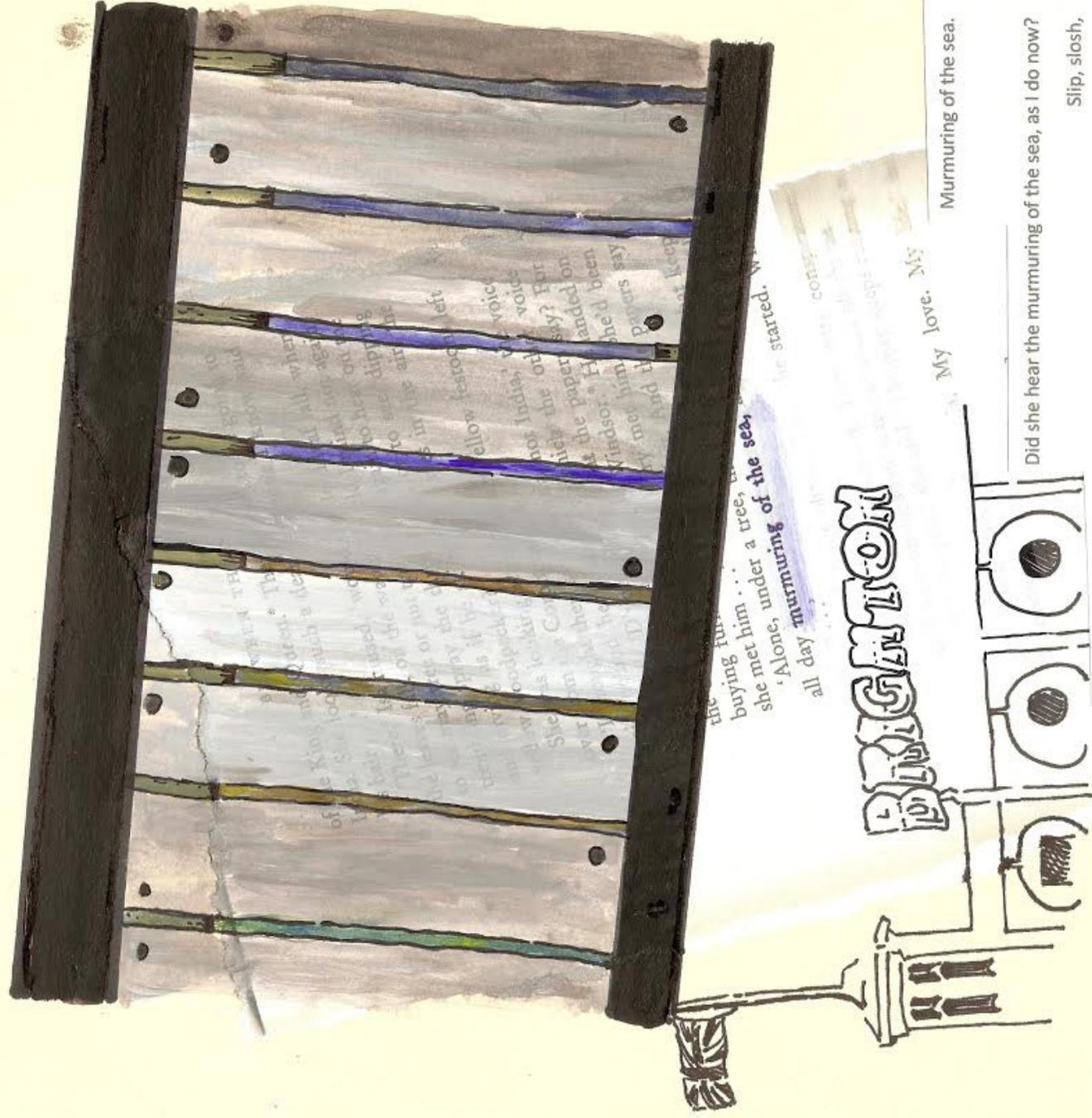
**Janina Karpinska / The Unbearable Weight of Enlightenment**



Janina Karpinska / The Illuminati



Rebekka Turner / Bosc Vegas



Murmuring of the sea.

Did she hear the murmuring of the sea, as I do now?

Slip, slosh,

Did she smell the perfume through the Grill, as I feel it linger in the air tonight?

Salt, shore,

Careful of the cracks and the gaps, tip-toe or Poseidon will claim a soul

What would her humor and wit conceive of the loose language at this hour?

Piss, puke,

Dazzled by the dancing lights, the swirling alchemy of cheap fare in the breeze

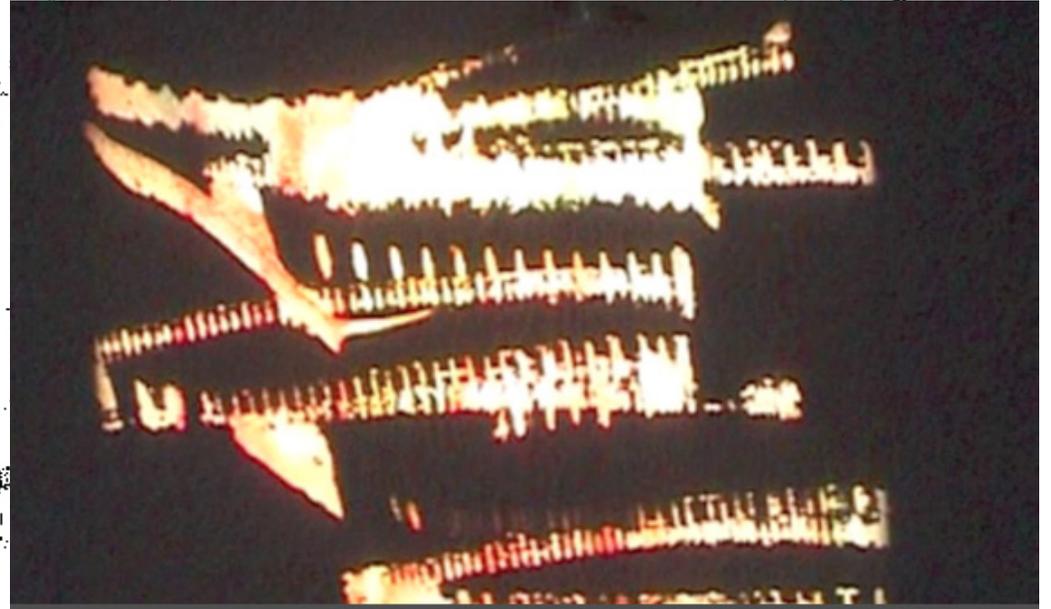
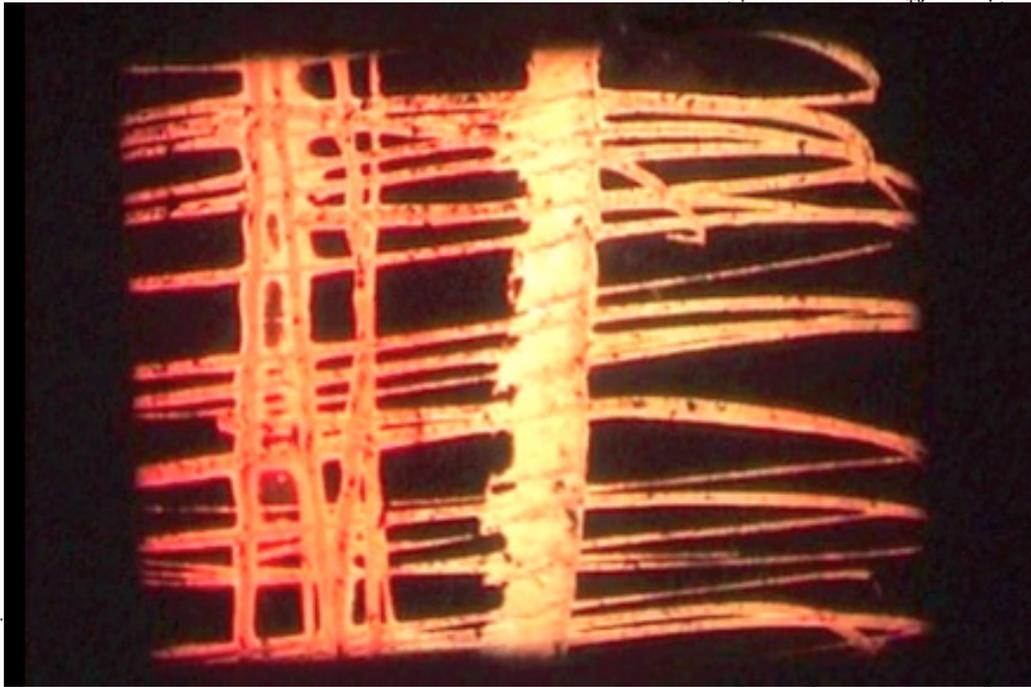
Bright, blinding,

She was claimed through the cracks and the gaps, the undertow would not let her go

Is she laying with Olwen, as she smothers the heavens with pinks and oranges?

Careful of the cracks and the gaps, I wonder on

Lisa Hinkins



**Poppy Veale / Colourfilm**  
**Bleach and coloured marker on black leader**  
**View Colourfilm**





Comedic  
Piece  
Of  
Kitsch

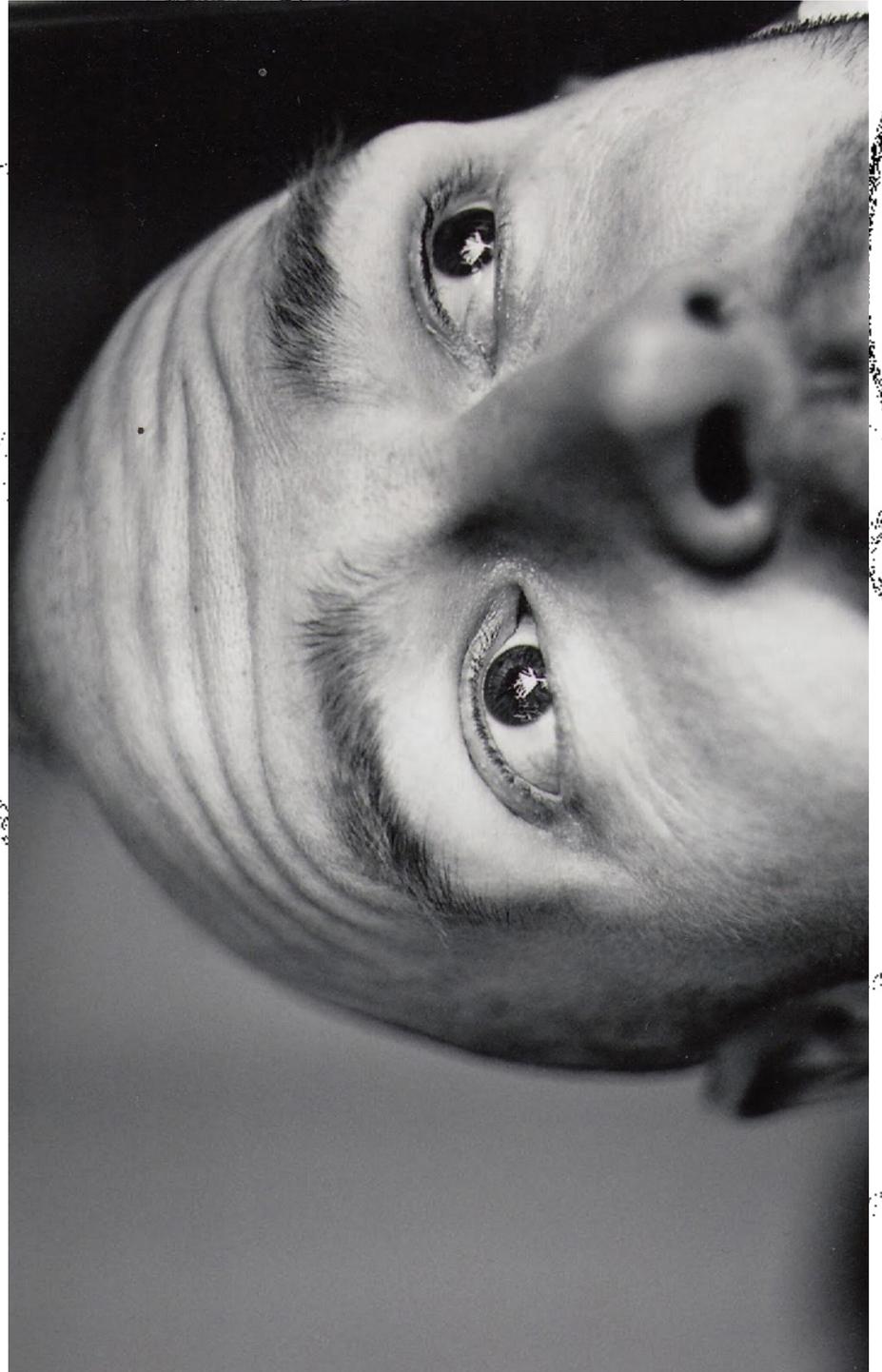


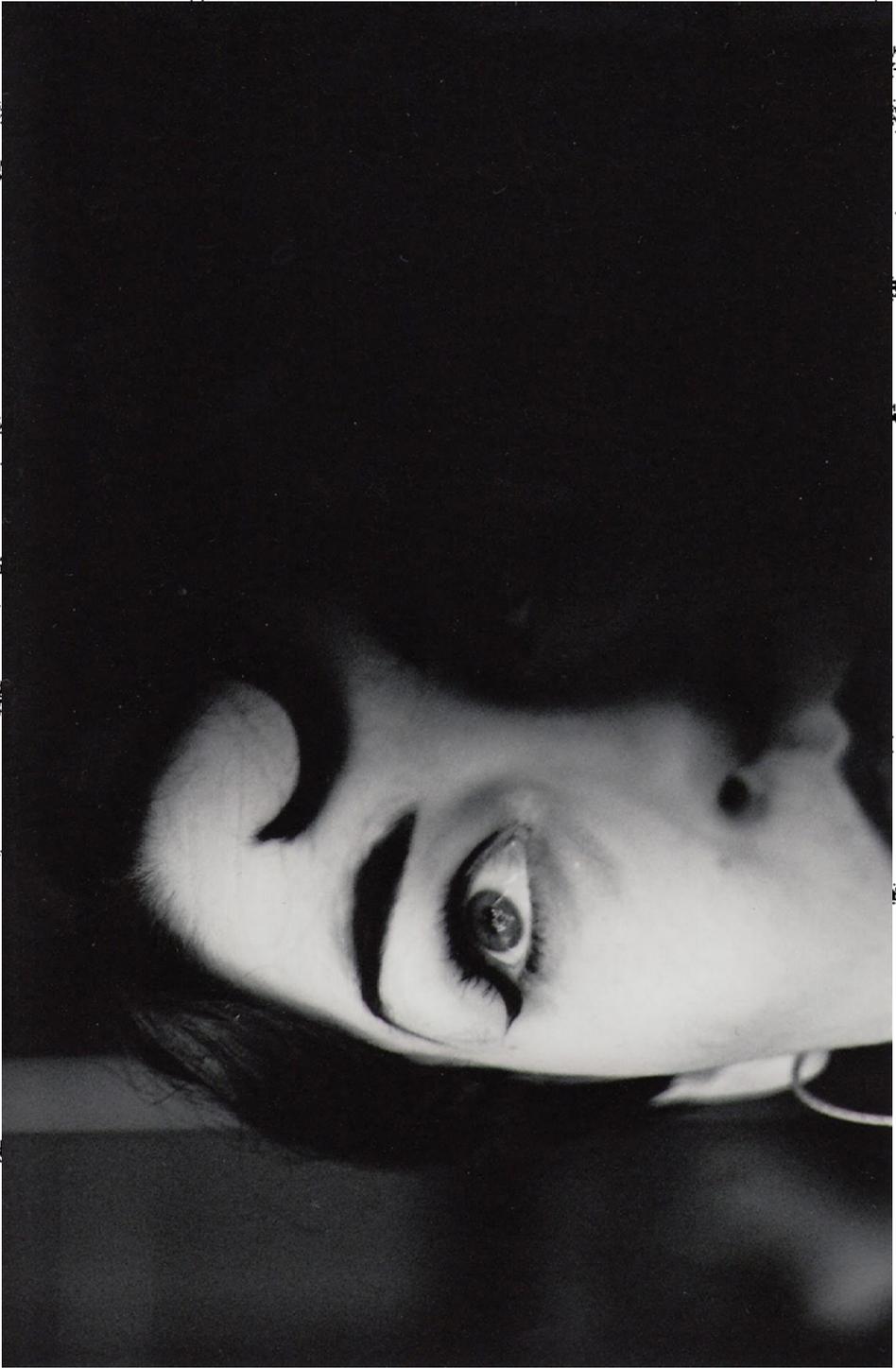
## **Kate Shields / Mydriasis**

**For these photographs, I wanted to show a literal 'response' to Ron's light installation: the way our eyes react to light and stimulus through pupil dilation. The reflection of the piece itself can also be seen in the eyes of the subjects.**

**I also felt that the three people photographed represent the themes of the exhibition itself- illuminating those that are not 'seen' in society, often due to age, gender or sexuality.**

**<http://www.kateshields.co.uk>**



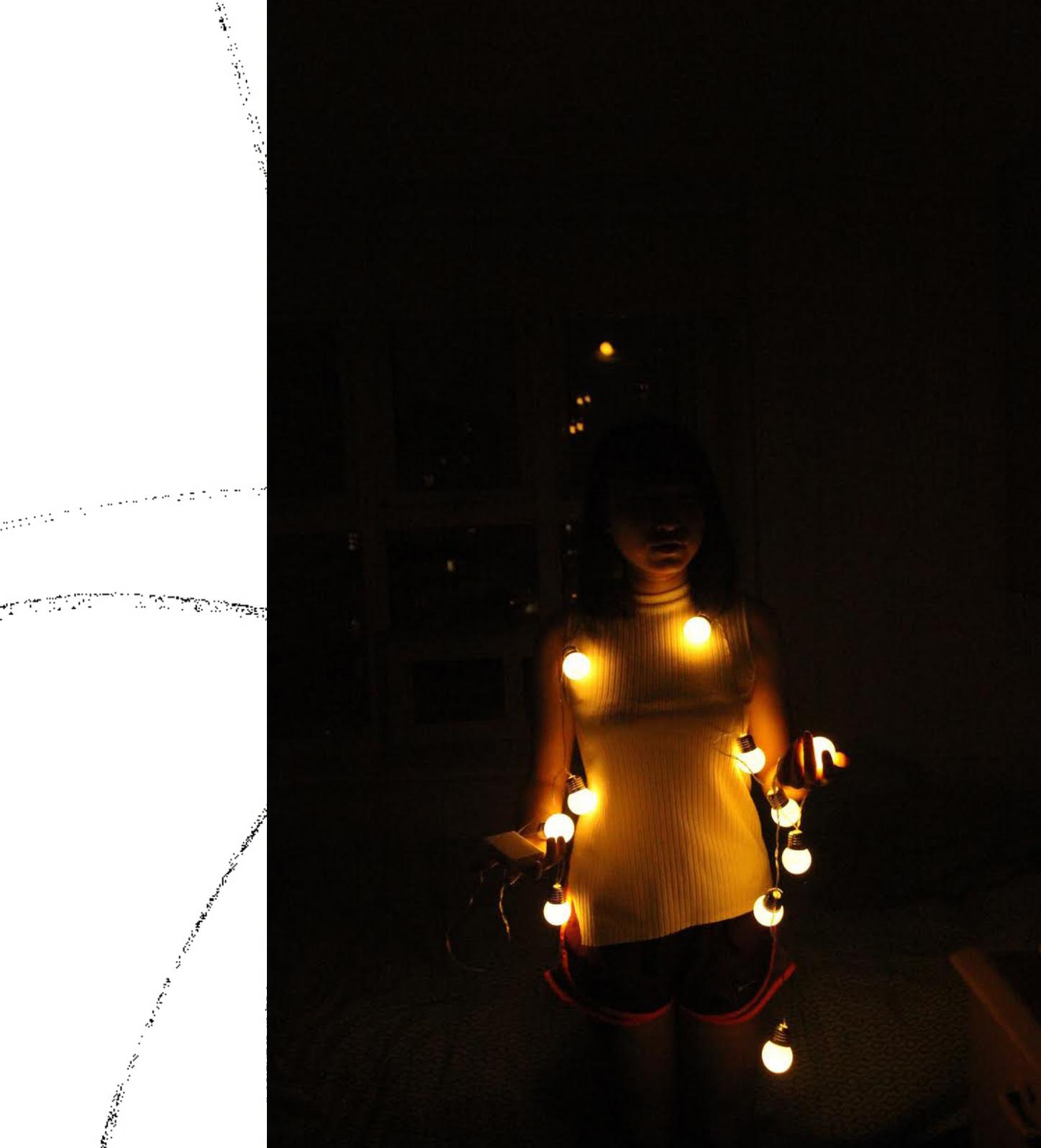




**Tsai, Shao-Chieh / Barman (2015) / Bonfire (2015) / Birthday Sunshine (2016)**  
**<http://sage54995.wix.com/robin>**

**Tsai, Shao-Chieh /  
Light Me Up From Your Sight**





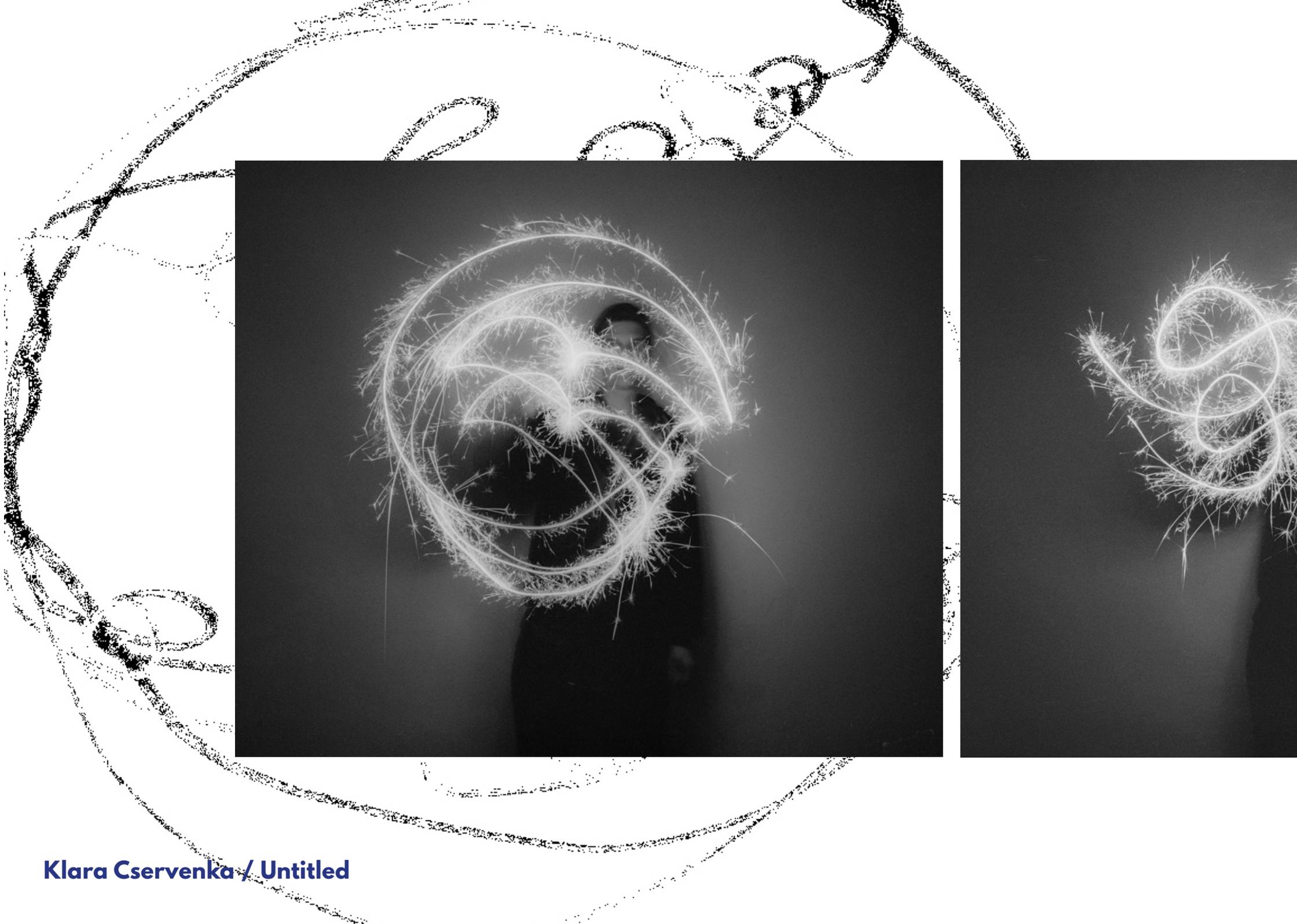
**Tsai, Shao-Chieh /  
Light Me Up From Your Sight**

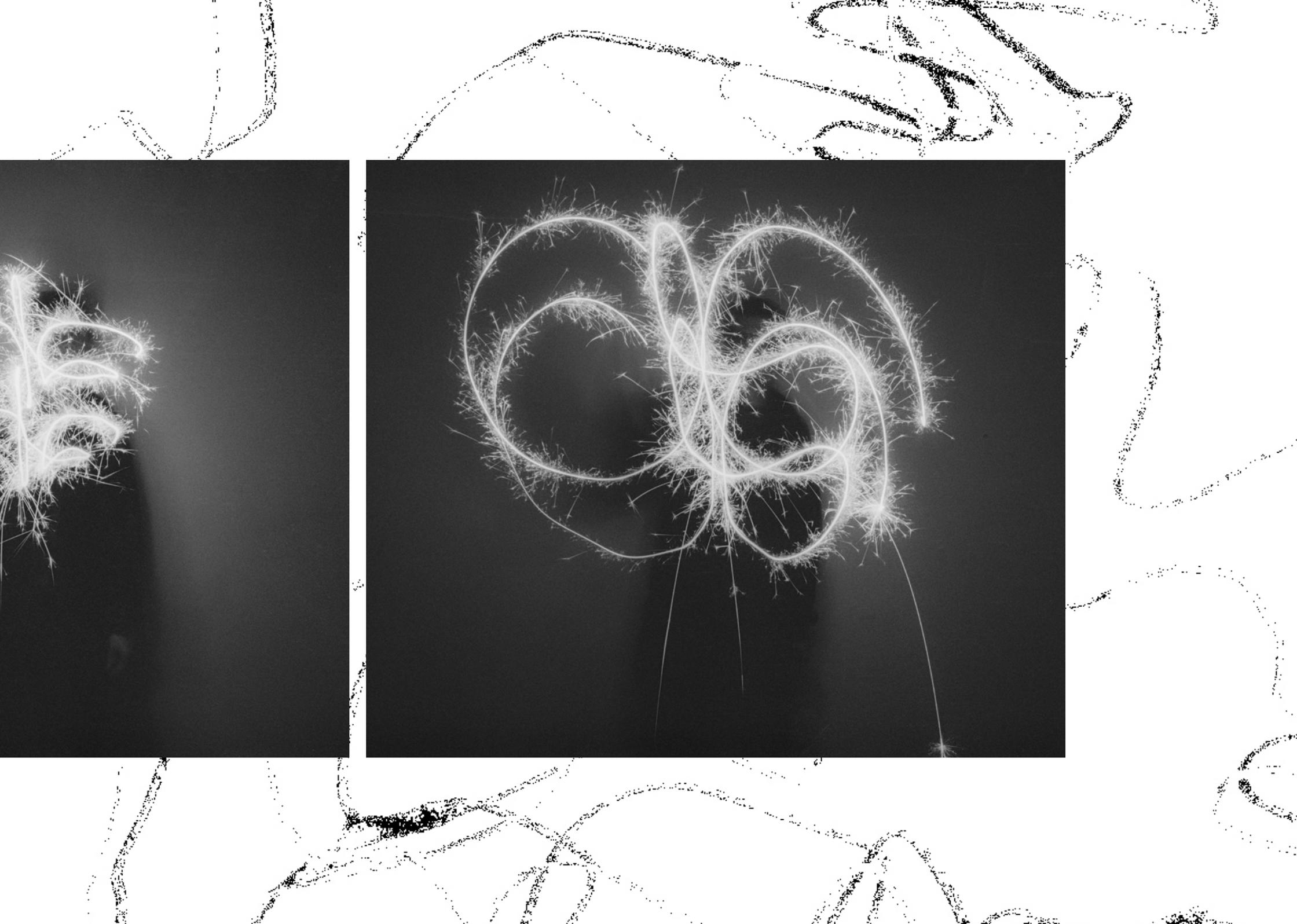
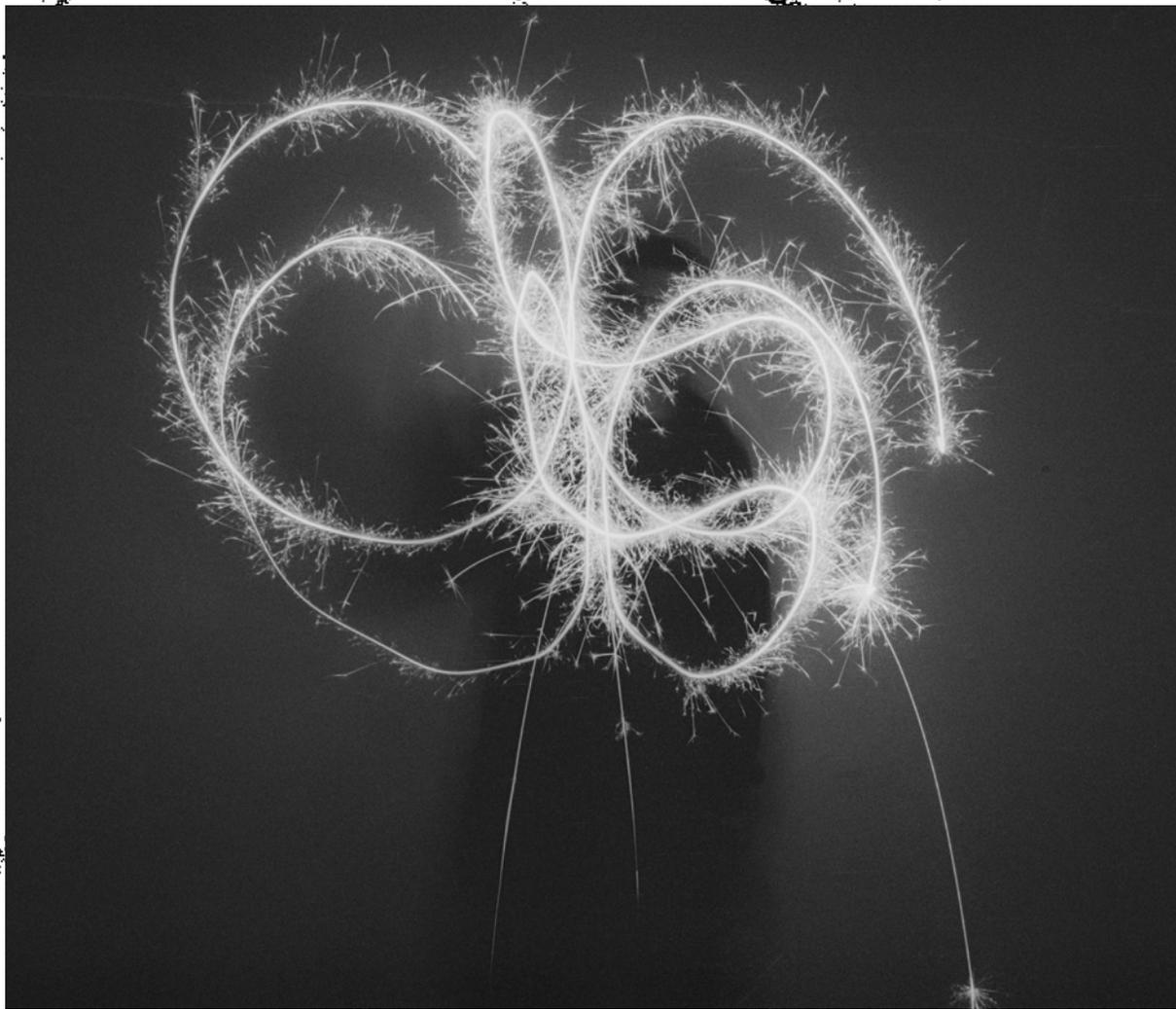




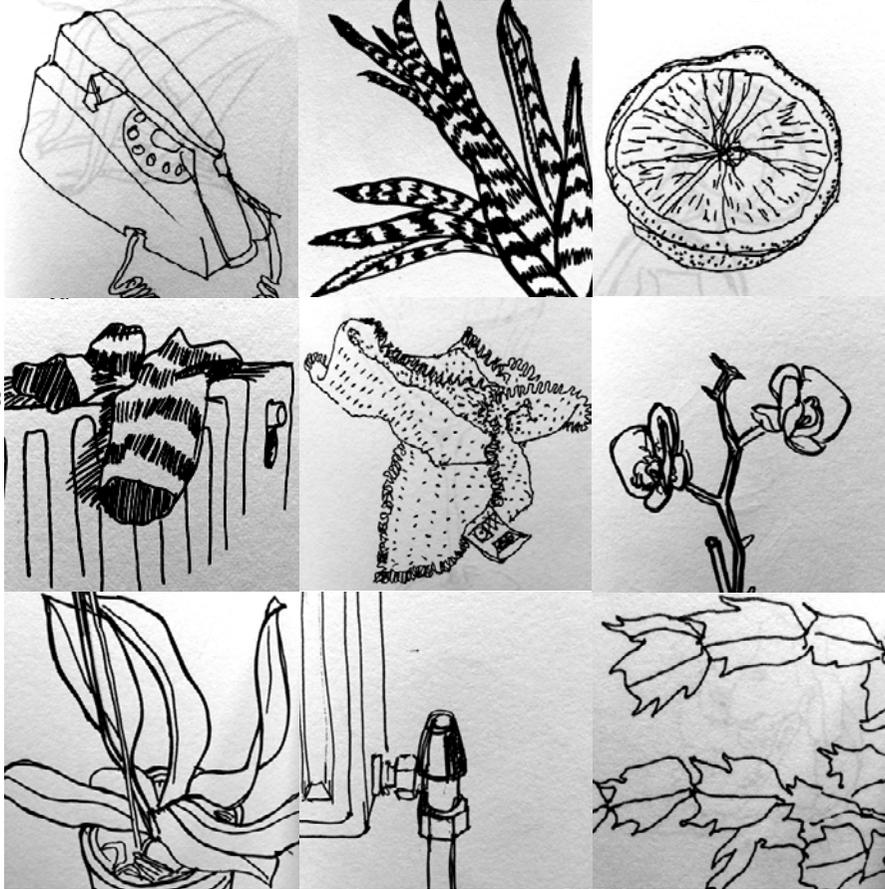
**Klara Cservenka / Untitled**  
[www.klaracservenka.tumblr.com](http://www.klaracservenka.tumblr.com)

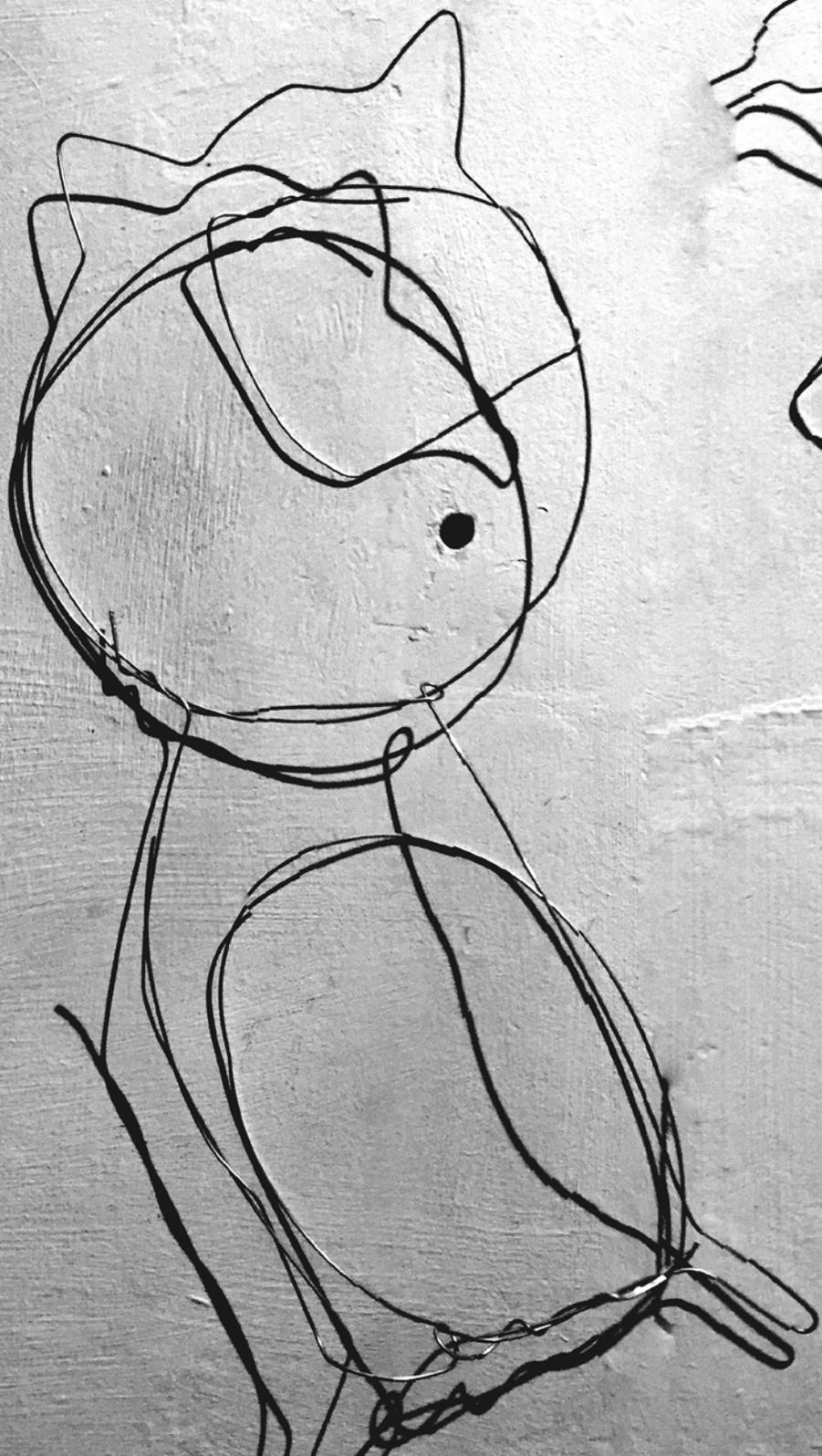


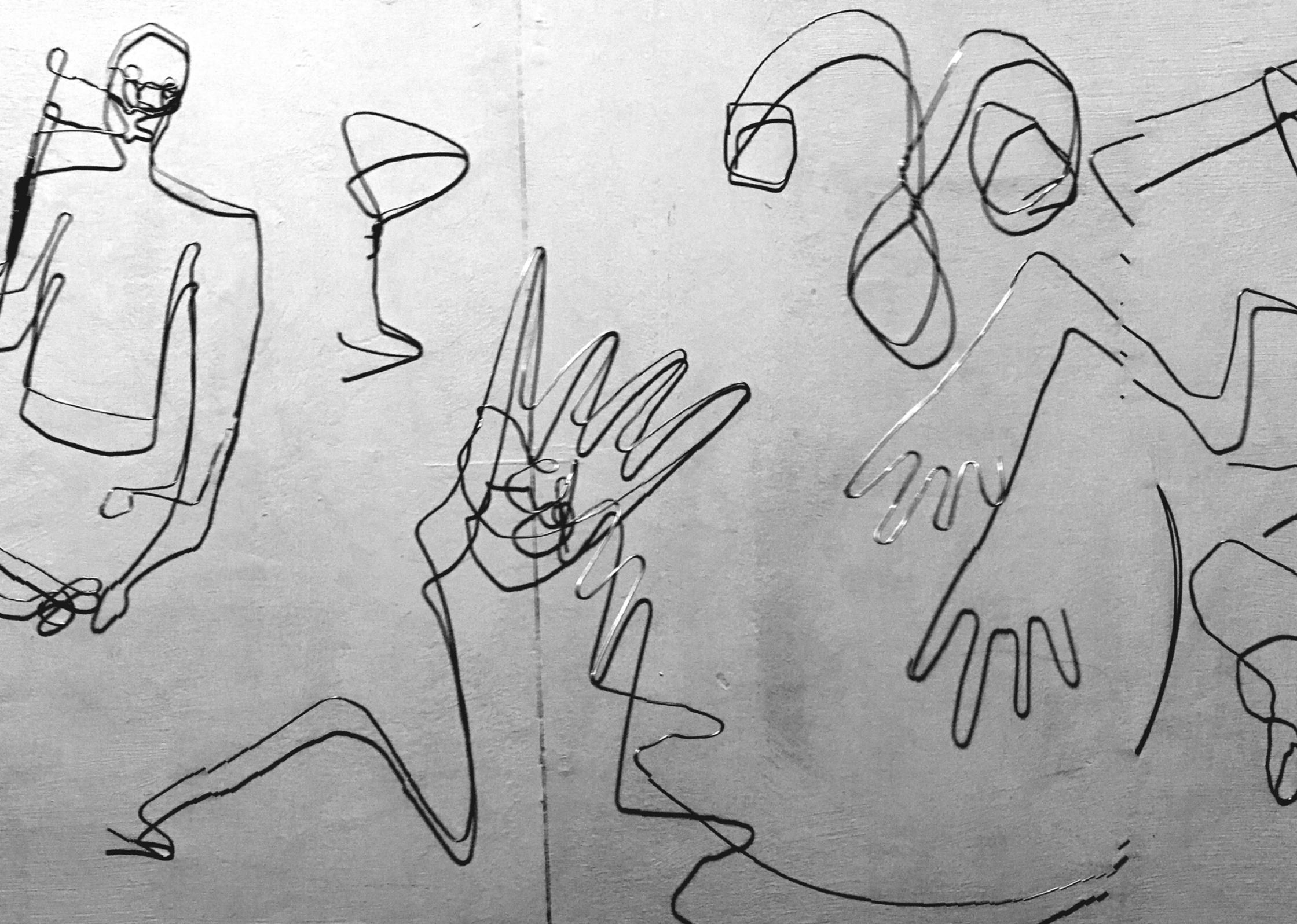












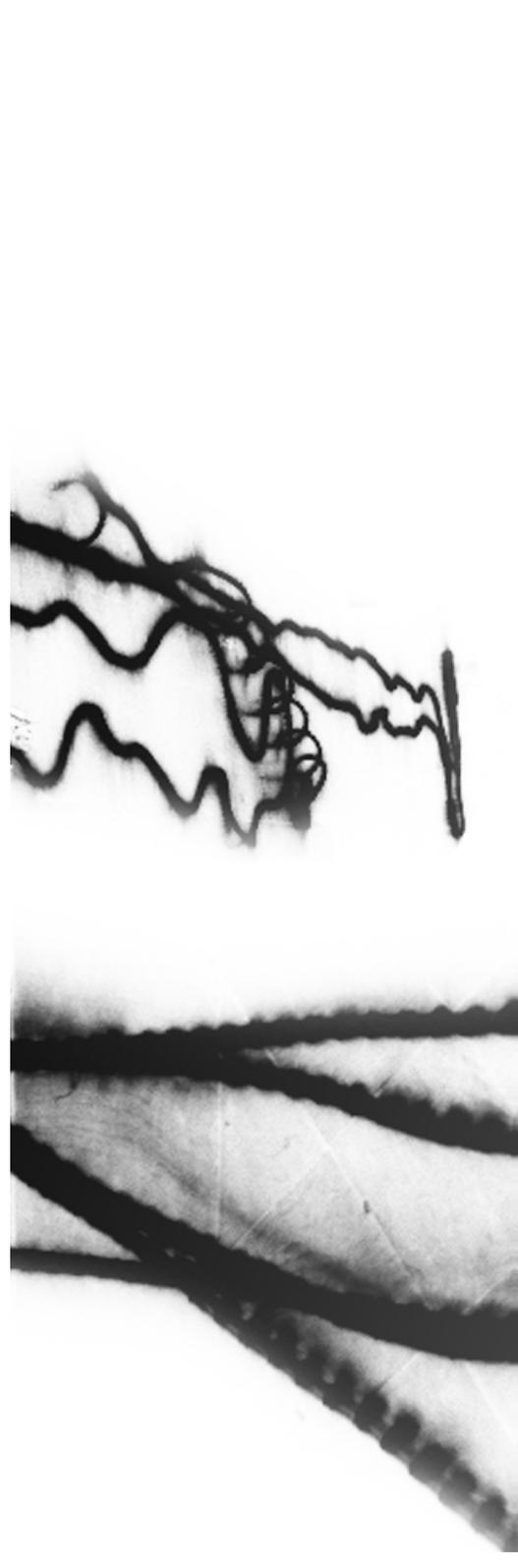


## ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

Some of the submissions are the result of creative writing workshops delivered by Gill Balfour, Writer-in-Residence, Fabrica Volunteer Programme

Gill is currently studying for a Masters in Creative Writing at the University of Brighton. As a mature student she graduated with a BA Hons in English Literature at the Open University and has been forging a career in words ever since. She worked as an English Language Teacher for 12 years both in Brighton and Barcelona and has also worked as a freelance editor and copywriter. Gill is currently working on a screenplay and has two novels in development. Places are often the catalyst for her creative writing with Brighton and Barcelona providing a wealth of inspiration. Her Brighton-set short story 'Horizons' was 'highly regarded' in the 2015 Brighton Prize and will be published in the 2016 Rattle Tales Anthology.

[www.gillbalfour.com](http://www.gillbalfour.com)



## Drawing Light

By Gill Balfour

Some read  
Some wander  
Some stop to stand  
and stare.

Fathers and  
daughters  
Single admirers  
Couples, families,  
friends.

Different angles  
Different views  
What's it mean  
To get older?

Some are close to it  
Others years away  
How will it be  
For them?

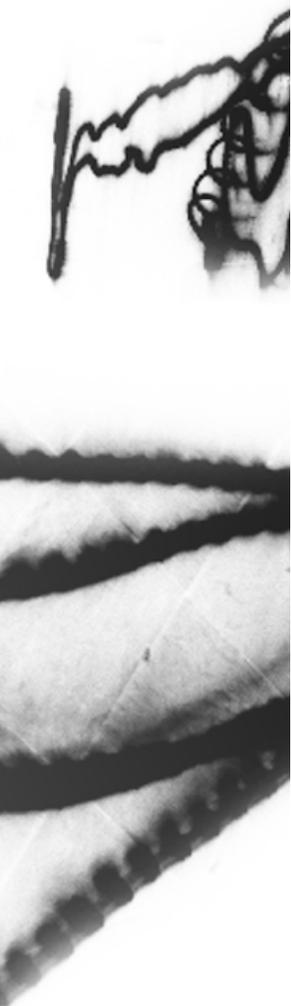
A swimmer swimming  
Against the tide?  
Towards the horizon?

A toddler runs  
Towards the light  
A place to play.

Simple drawings  
Invoke complex feelings.  
How will it be for me?  
What will I draw?

Rainy outside, hailstones  
falling  
The light is within  
Doing what light always does;  
Drawing them in.

Can we enter?  
Yes you can.  
It's for you.





## [untitled]

By Georgia Collins



Static TV voices echo through the house like a warm buzz. It's dark outside and the curtains are closed. Sometimes they shift when the wind picks up, but everything else is still. Peaceful. So peaceful that it has lulled its resident 70-something into REM.



Her face is slack against the armchair cushions, body sunken into her seat. Double chin. She snorts, splutters, and mumbles incoherently.

As the dying embers in the fireplace fizzle out, the house turns colder. The smell of burnt buttered toast retreats back into the kitchen, chased by the invading draught.

By the front door the porch light is flickering, manic, barely able to bate back the darkness, trying to illuminate discarnate movement. The motion sensors are hypersensitive, hyper alert, tricked by trees bowing and whipping at random intervals. On the horizon an orange haze hangs low, tracing the outline of the inky landscape.

The night becomes restless, the air charged. The house contracts around its singular inhabitant protectively, its metal roof popping and crackling like quick, shallow breaths.

Across the road the church spire sinks a little further into the shifting earth beneath it and the wind changes.

She startles from her sleep suddenly, wide-eyed and disoriented. And then the tension in the air bursts into a heavy downpour that rattles above her. It drowns out the credits like a heavy exhale. It has just gone midnight, and it's probably not a good idea to sleep in the living room, so she heaves herself upright, slowly, trying not to aggravate her arthritis; which happens anyway.

In minutes the house is in total darkness, apart from the porch light that stubbornly refuses to switch off. The rain continues to pour; and slowly, slowly the church spire continues to sink a little further into the shifting earth beneath it and the wind changes.

## The Window

By Anonymous

Pristine and shiny  
Just been cleaned  
Full of stuff  
Lovely, luscious, shiny, stuff

Stuff  
Stuff  
White stuff  
Silver stuff  
Gold stuff  
Copper stuff  
Metallic stuff  
Black stuff  
Stuff  
Stuff

More stuff we don't need  
More stuff we must have

Stuff  
Stuff  
More stuff

More is less  
Stuff that is  
Carried in bags  
Here, there, everywhere

Bags  
Bags  
White bags  
Silver bags  
Gold bags  
Copper bags  
Metallic bags  
Bags  
Bags

Flying in the air  
Crawling down the street  
Hanging in the sidewalks  
Hiding under cars

Lovely, luscious, shiny, stuff  
We put in bags

## THE MEMORY CAGE

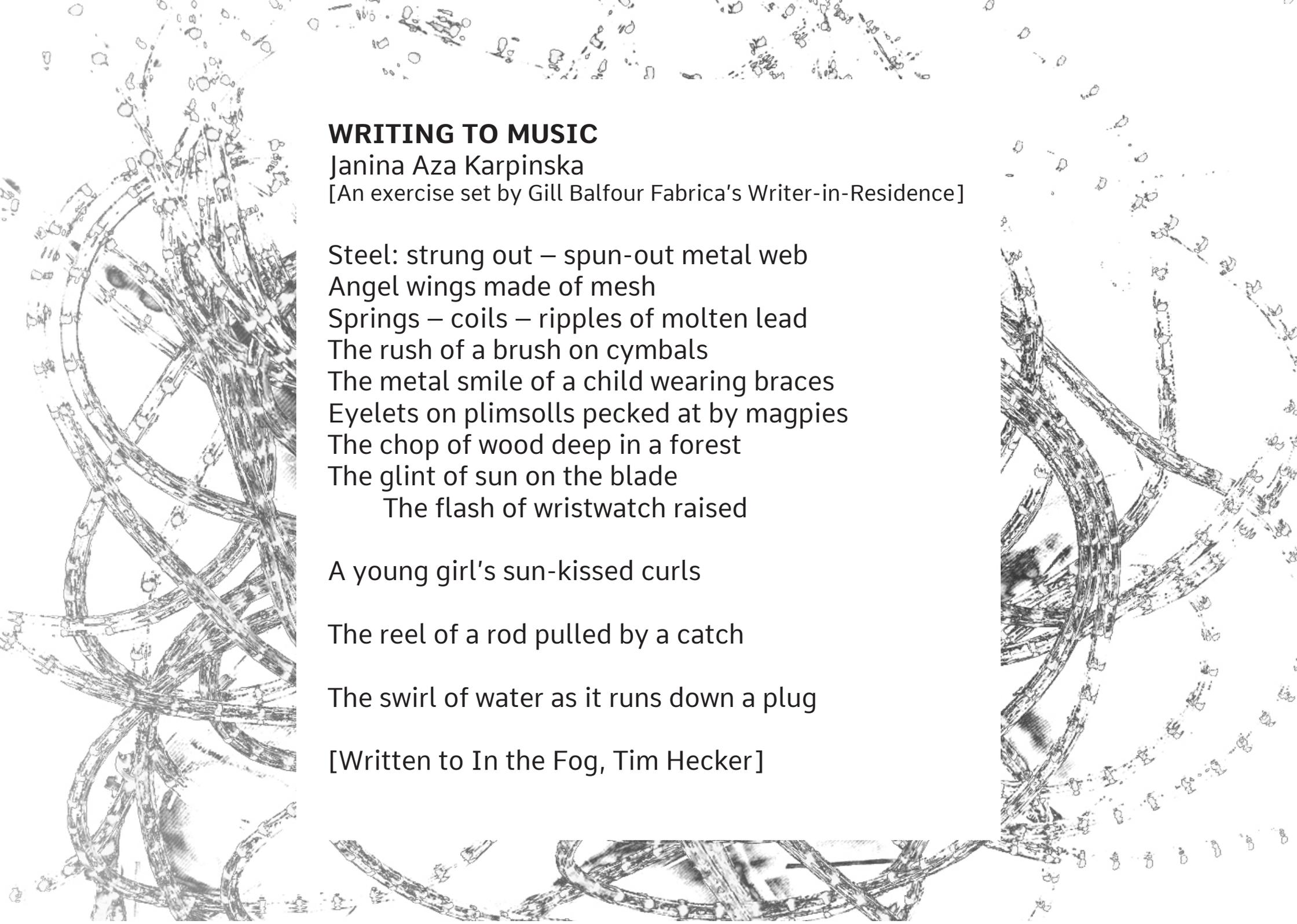
By Janina Aza Karpinska

Of course, I may have got it all wrong, it was a long time ago –  
Ten of us herded in - the door locked - the button pressed - then  
we began - the seemingly eternal - lurch and tilt, jostle and drop  
down – down – and deeper down - inside a metal zip – quite the opposite  
of 'lift' – caught in the grip of each other's smells: a rugby scrum of armpit,  
hair-grease, Cologne, after-shave, tobacco, vestige of breakfast, tang of  
fear

as we held our collective breath, and tried to settle stomachs in the course  
of their parabolic hula – dropping, dropping still further in a squeal of  
steel–

on-greased-steel, hearts beating anvils, shrill warnings of death, the  
pretence that we were fine, just tourists ticking boxes on suggested 'to  
do's; leaving all that was familiar back at the hotel, the bus, and anywhere  
else but here – to visit God's cellar, the basement where - who knew what  
was kept - or what we'd find when we reached

On remembering the descent in the Danilowicz shaft at the Wieliczka Salt  
mine near Krakow, Poland.



## WRITING TO MUSIC

Janina Aza Karpinska

[An exercise set by Gill Balfour Fabrica's Writer-in-Residence]

Steel: strung out – spun-out metal web

Angel wings made of mesh

Springs – coils – ripples of molten lead

The rush of a brush on cymbals

The metal smile of a child wearing braces

Eyelets on plimsolls pecked at by magpies

The chop of wood deep in a forest

The glint of sun on the blade

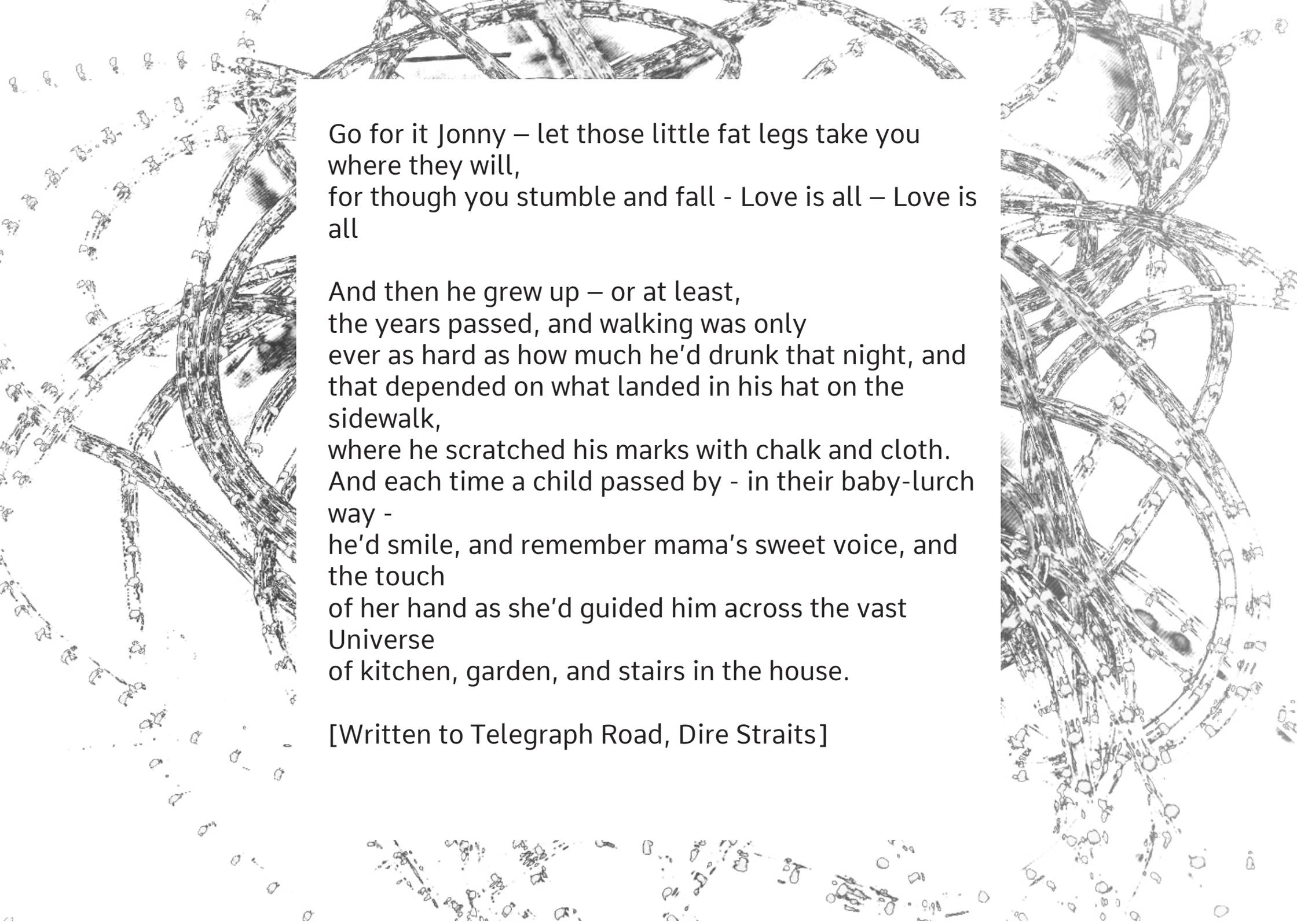
The flash of wristwatch raised

A young girl's sun-kissed curls

The reel of a rod pulled by a catch

The swirl of water as it runs down a plug

[Written to In the Fog, Tim Hecker]



Go for it Jonny – let those little fat legs take you  
where they will,  
for though you stumble and fall - Love is all – Love is  
all

And then he grew up – or at least,  
the years passed, and walking was only  
ever as hard as how much he'd drunk that night, and  
that depended on what landed in his hat on the  
sidewalk,  
where he scratched his marks with chalk and cloth.  
And each time a child passed by - in their baby-lurch  
way -  
he'd smile, and remember mama's sweet voice, and  
the touch  
of her hand as she'd guided him across the vast  
Universe  
of kitchen, garden, and stairs in the house.

[Written to Telegraph Road, Dire Straits]



**[Untitled]**

By Janina Aza Karpinska

Steel: strung out – spun-out metal web

Angel wings made of mesh

Springs – coils – ripples of molten lead

The rush of a brush on cymbals

The metal smile of a child wearing braces

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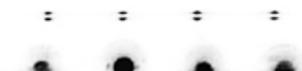


## Twenty Plus years

By Vicky Milner



Twenty plus years ago  
I was like a paper boat  
Floating easily on water  
Going with the current  
Easily, quickly, no anchors  
I was fresh, clean  
Crisp lines  
I had no barnacles  
Now I am a loaded barge  
I am heavy  
I cannot flit about  
At best I move forward  
To turn? This would be a move  
only contemplated  
I now sail on narrow canals  
No longer on rivers adjoining seas  
My banks are now high  
No bulrushes to rest in  
I am at the mercy of gates  
To control water levels



But I feel less giddy  
I can barely notice movement  
Any bump now is traumatic  
And I have precious cargo to  
protect  
With my big, old, barnacled  
bottom  
I don't really consider my left  
and rights  
I don't go back  
And at best I move forwards



## Road Kill

By Vicky Milner

In the headlights, still perfect, once spotted,  
quickly stopped,  
Hazard lights on, quickly out, heading  
towards the point remembered precisely,  
Although so dark, in this rural, unlit stretch,  
Footsteps approach, my dread, boot opens,  
and it's in,  
Boot shuts, loud booming in this silence,  
ears pop,  
For those few seconds, it's just me and  
death,  
Then we are away, every cat eye passing  
brings me nearer to my escape,  
I can feel the extra warmth, I can smell the  
fur, its bowels,  
But it's getting colder, I picture the fleas  
climbing off to get me,  
Me whose heart still pumps, but I am more  
still.  
Only my eyes move, dilating in horror,  
Let me out, I can't bear this,

Knowing its smell will worsen when on  
newsprint,  
It will soak bloody innards as emptied of  
its all,  
And shocked, I will stand and watch,  
Only my eyes move, dilating in horror,  
It's now cold,  
I hate this,  
They shock me,  
I have no ally,  
Let me out, I can't bear this,  
Thirty years on,  
Let me out, I can't bear this,  
But I've learnt to laugh not cry,  
And it's amazing what I can endure,  
To avoid those fleas coming to get me,  
As death sits behind me,  
Only my eyes move, dilating in horror,  
As death sits behind me,  
Let me out, I can't bear this.

[vmilner.chifineart.org](http://vmilner.chifineart.org)

**'Come Dine' with me in the  
rainforest.**

**A.k.a The Walrus who came to  
Tea. Wal.R.Us**

By Rebekka Turner

I hope that no one's spotted me,  
I've never been to a jungle. They  
said it was smart casual, I think  
I'm too casual. I do feel smart  
though but I hope they have  
more fish - I don't really like  
pineapples. Why is everyone so  
quiet? Have they guessed? SHIT.  
Should I make a seal noise or flap  
my flippers.

No, no too obvious-  
Oh god I don't have a business  
card!

So hot.

Do I need a LinkedIn?

**Blackpool '94'**

By Rebekka Turner

Look at them sordid crows,  
melting the imperfections-  
piece of cake - hah!

Long line of ladies 19 - 24  
At Blackpool 94 - feels like a panto!

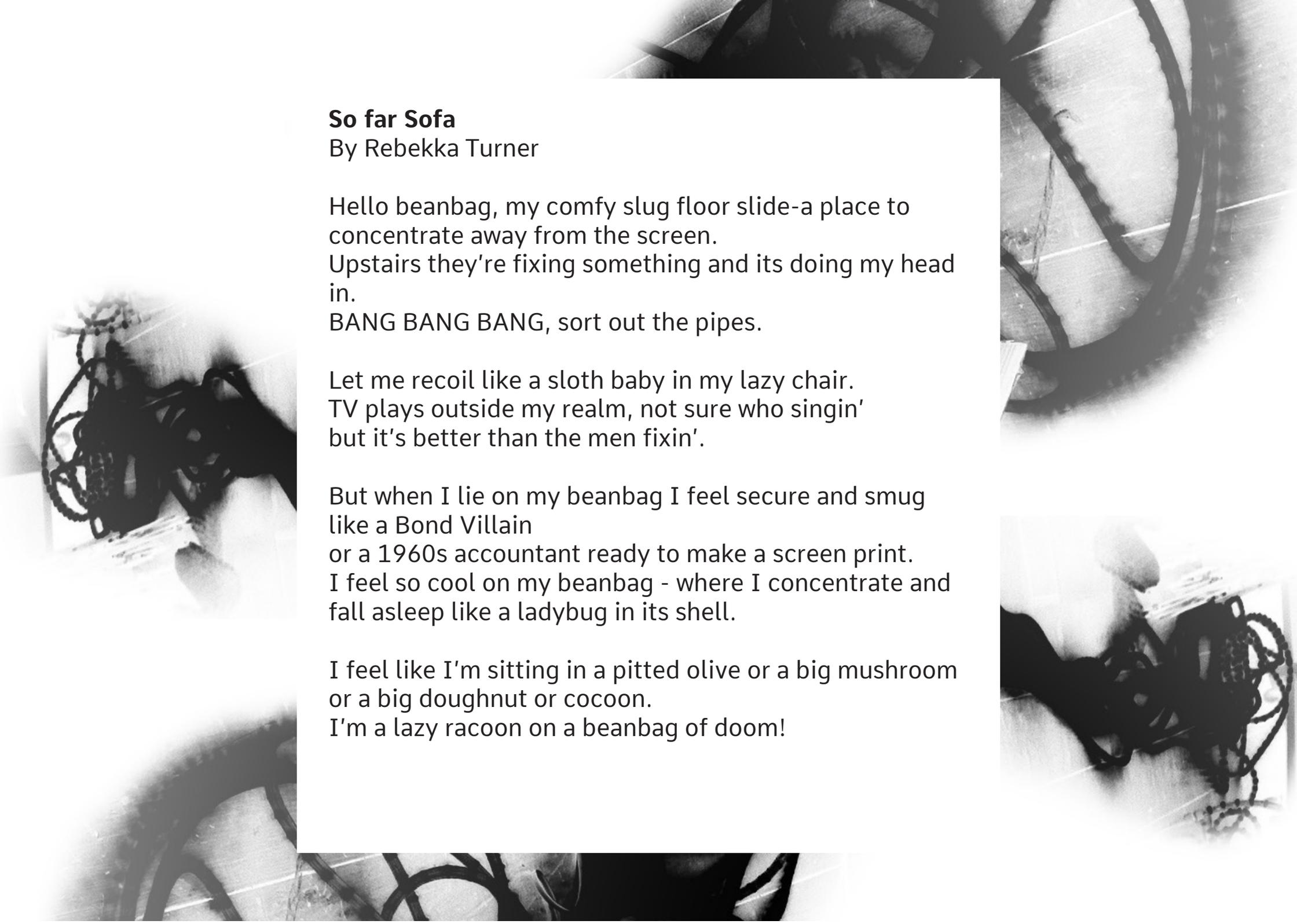
Look at me, Miss Honey Bee,  
scores on card.  
Pilchards on the promenade.

I hate them pinching, veins are aching.  
Studio 54.

What are they? Miss Smugsuit.  
Look at you - lips are blue - are dead?  
Smile at Ed's - he's head judge.

Bilious buttons - I hate buttons not  
couture.  
Whore-ture.

I have to smile and cheer but I live in fear.  
Blackpool '94'.



## So far Sofa

By Rebekka Turner

Hello beanbag, my comfy slug floor slide-a place to concentrate away from the screen.

Upstairs they're fixing something and its doing my head in.

BANG BANG BANG, sort out the pipes.

Let me recoil like a sloth baby in my lazy chair.  
TV plays outside my realm, not sure who singin'  
but it's better than the men fixin'.

But when I lie on my beanbag I feel secure and smug  
like a Bond Villain  
or a 1960s accountant ready to make a screen print.  
I feel so cool on my beanbag - where I concentrate and  
fall asleep like a ladybug in its shell.

I feel like I'm sitting in a pitted olive or a big mushroom  
or a big doughnut or cocoon.  
I'm a lazy racoon on a beanbag of doom!

## Check List Day

By Jason Eade

Wake up

Watch TV

Eat breakfast

Go to work

Subway lunch

Leave work

Go to pub to unwind

Go to shop to buy beer

Shop is closed

Jaime panics

Jaime wants to live his own life the way he wants, in his mind, he will retire soon, collect his pension and drink beer until he dies.

But in reality Jaime knows that the likelihood of that happening is slim.

His biggest fear is going into a retirement home where his day will be planned for him and alcohol is banned.

Jaime is lazy and refuses to take a second job, so his bank account is below average, well it wouldn't be if he didn't blow it all on beer.

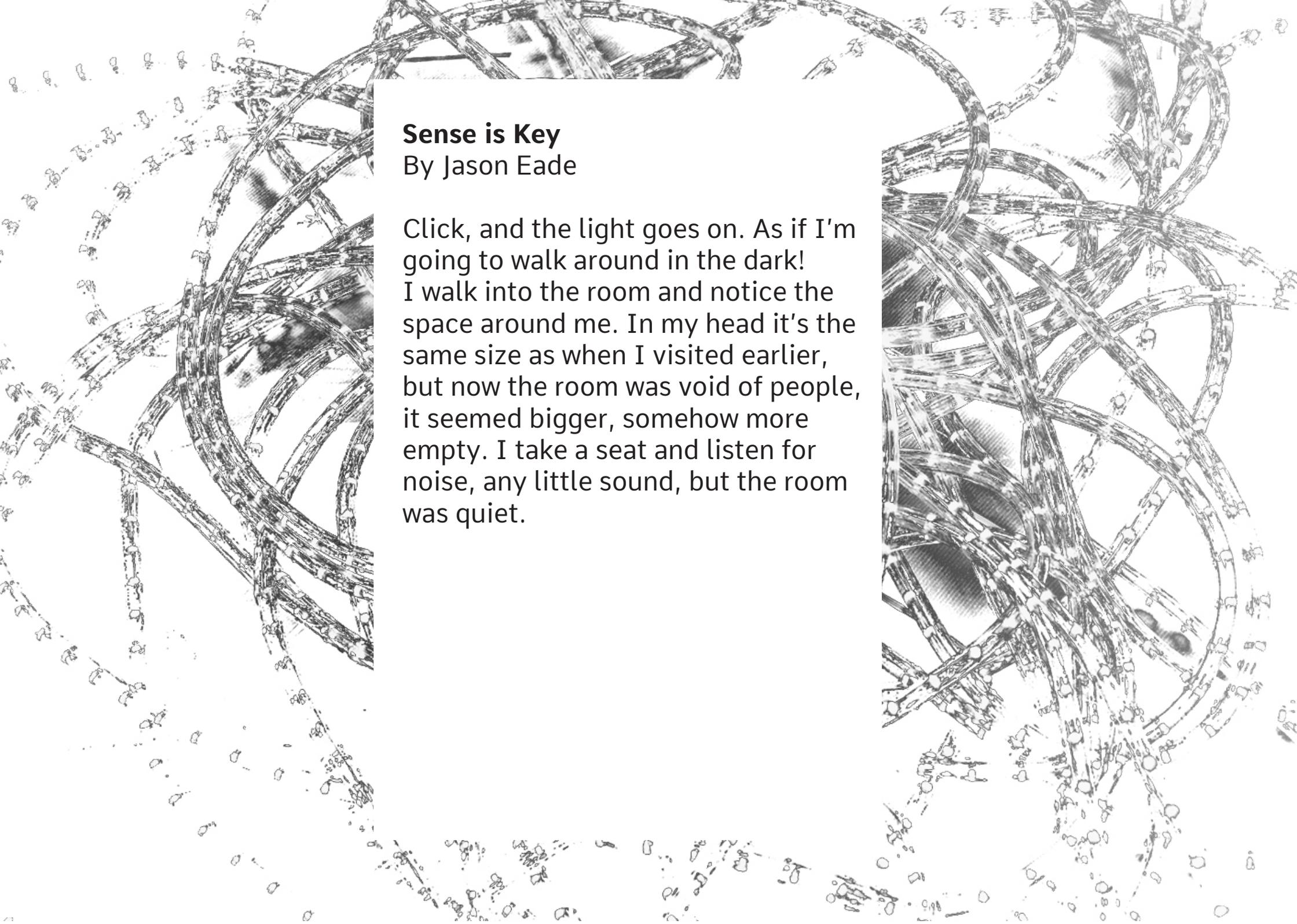
Goes home

Watches TV

Cooks meal in microwave

Goes to bed

Repeat next day



## **Sense is Key**

By Jason Eade

Click, and the light goes on. As if I'm going to walk around in the dark! I walk into the room and notice the space around me. In my head it's the same size as when I visited earlier, but now the room was void of people, it seemed bigger, somehow more empty. I take a seat and listen for noise, any little sound, but the room was quiet.

## HAIKU

Free, naked, swimming  
I don't care, not frightened now  
A wibble and a wobble  
~ By Lisa Hinkins

More mellow each year  
Wisdom plus experience  
Ripens like solace  
~ By Janina Aza Karpinska

Grumpy sunglasses  
Home-grown wrinkles like potatoes  
Mom jeans and Persians  
~ By Rebekka Turner

While walking in sand  
An oasis comes into full view  
The desert is playing tricks  
~ By Jason Eade

Vitality, action and experience  
Lets kick death out of waiting room  
Celebrate life, love and adventure  
~ By Anonymous





Sadness creeping over  
Butterflies busy in the ice wind  
My stomach aching  
~ By Lisa Hinkins

I hunger for you  
Long to savour your presence  
Satisfaction blues  
~ By Janina Aza Karpinska

80's sunny spring break  
9 to 5 like pharaohs' force  
Freelance as 7 dwarves  
~ By Rebekka Turner

Sitting in my chair  
I think back to when I was young  
Oh how I have changed  
~ By Jason Eade

Current exhibition  
Playground for all, young or old  
Let Luminary lead the way  
~ By Anonymous





**[untitled]**

By Lisa Hinkins



I can see green and yellow  
White light blazing through my  
eyes  
Metal crashing, screaming  
Beneath the pale blue scratches  
Speeding, swing, swaying  
Nearly there  
Not yet  
Falling further, my eyes darken



**[untitled]**

By Lisa Hinkins



He played me one string, then  
another  
So grown up now  
I was allowed it on my lap  
Felt the smooth warm wood in  
the palm of my little hand  
Though it was twice my size  
Pressing so tightly, not wanting  
to let go  
Fretting away to achieve that  
soaring, singing, sound  
So grown up now

## The Cycle Lane

By Anonymous

Tuesday 5th May 2016, the wind gently pushed me as I glided along the cycle path from Portslade to Brighton. I doubted I'd ever be able to achieve this dream of mine; cycling on a sunny day, sitting elegantly whilst the wind blows hair away from my face and without a drop of sweat anywhere on my skin.

Anyway I enjoy the beautiful sight as I manoeuvre around people strolling along the promenade, dogs and children not paying attention to where they're going. I love the sea on any given day but today in particular, it's beautiful with teal and turquoise hue, broken up by waves as they change forms and take up shapes.

I moved to Brighton in 2009, couple of months before I turned 30. Having been travelling in Asia, I decided I didn't want any materialistic gifts because I was done with materialism. Having been made aware of my newfound belief, my friends teamed together to buy me a bicycle!

Turning 30 in 2009, I was very pleased with my shiny new bike, but the problem was I couldn't ride it. As a child I never learnt to ride the bike and as an adult, and after an attempt or two, I was petrified!

I attempted on many, many occasions to teach myself to ride the bike but with no avail. I even paid £50 for two lessons but shortly after I twisted my ankle, which naturally meant I couldn't possibly continue with my pursuit of mastering the art of cycling.

I asked friends to help me, and many tried but the thought of falling as an adult, I just couldn't get over that fear. Five years on, it became a running joke amongst my friends as they repeatedly asked, 'How's the cycling going?' And I would reply 'Yeah great! I'll be headlining Tour de France next year!'

Now seven years on, I am very proud of my cycling abilities along the Brighton seafront's cycle lane. Next, it's roller blading, which were given to me last April for my birthday and we had our first outing on Sunday 3rd April. So watch this space, I'm sure I'll be rollerblading down the seafront with a boom blaster on my shoulder before the end of the summer!



**[untitled]**

By Anonymous

Jenny stood in the middle, surrounded by autumnal hues, satisfied with life and grateful for this moment.

This breath, in and out.

In and out.

In and out.

In and out, gazing into the distance.

It's taken Jenny a lifetime to get here and she can't believe the beauty her eyes behold, and the fresh air that fills her lungs.

In and out.

In and out.

She stands on the soft carpet of lush green grass and shakes her head in disbelief. It's only July but the leaves have turned autumnal. Jenny almost can't believe her eyes but she knows far too well that come 1st of August, the leaves will be covered with first frost. She shivers as she contemplates the bleak whiteness that will consume this place in less than two months, as it must to give way to passing traffic.



## **CREDITS**

### **The Response team were**

Nina Cornwall  
Kate Shields  
Poppy Veale  
Isa Pinder  
James Gasston

### **With thanks to all of our contributors**

Hannah Lapsley  
Angi Lowrie  
Julia Zhu  
Ruby Bateman  
Jessica Gatfield  
Tsai, Shao-Chieh  
Janina Aza Karpinska  
Karen Hirst  
Dimitra Maragkaki  
Lisa Hinkins  
Vicky Milner  
Jason Eade  
Gill Balfour  
Rebekka Turner  
Georgia Collins  
Janet Eldridge  
Lee Rousell  
Helen Goodwin  
Will Foster  
Alison McGechie  
June Nelson  
Chloe Macdonald  
Sally Connellan  
Ross Hammond  
And Ron Haselden



