





ATCross Figureground Installation 2011



ATC Figureground Residency LV21 2011

I was invited onto the good ship LV21 by the Figureground Team to take up the amazing opportunity of taking part in a collaborative residency within several other groups of artists which I had never met before. This process began as a bemusing approach of first conversations, breaking of boundaries and testing of opinions. This process took many forms from sharing a stick of Gary Glitter rock candy to endless conversations of where exactly we were on the ship, which way was up and where is the tea?

Aided with this very British lubricant friendships where struck, conversations started and ended the convoluted beginnings of collaboration began. Simple words pinpointed peoples directions and with honesty and desire groups and individuals began to appear.

though for me collaboration did not present itself as a conventional conversation, a piece of work or even a project with another artist. It did give me the opportunity to spend time and discuss how differing practices developed in different ways.

It also brought to the fore how important play is, how brilliantly it breaks down barriers and how quickly and simply it achieves harmony within a group. This would be my only advice for anyone attempting another similar project, to let go of any idea of what is assumed as a finished project. Forget that anything need be produced, that there is a purpose other than to simply create with other likeminded people and understand that nothing is measured by success only by the enjoyment and conversations had on that journey.

To all I met over those two days a big thank you for sharing your time with me and to Figureground thank you incredibly for putting on an event such as this.

All the best for the future.

ATC



Its amazing how quickly you can put something together, I decided to come without finished ideas for work in my head and yet my responses came out of past work anyway, also influenced by Who Can Erase The Trace by Regina Jose Galindo in some ways, but the work is about temporality - working with water.

The residency supported collaboration, my experience was that working alliances arose involving practice, co-operation, dialogue, response to memories of those who had experienced life on LV21, unsuccessful attempts at co-operating, which grew into something else, nothing was wasted.

AR

Bram Thomas Arnold



Six ways of dealing with trust in a coal hole



Eat



Draw



Communicate



Instruct



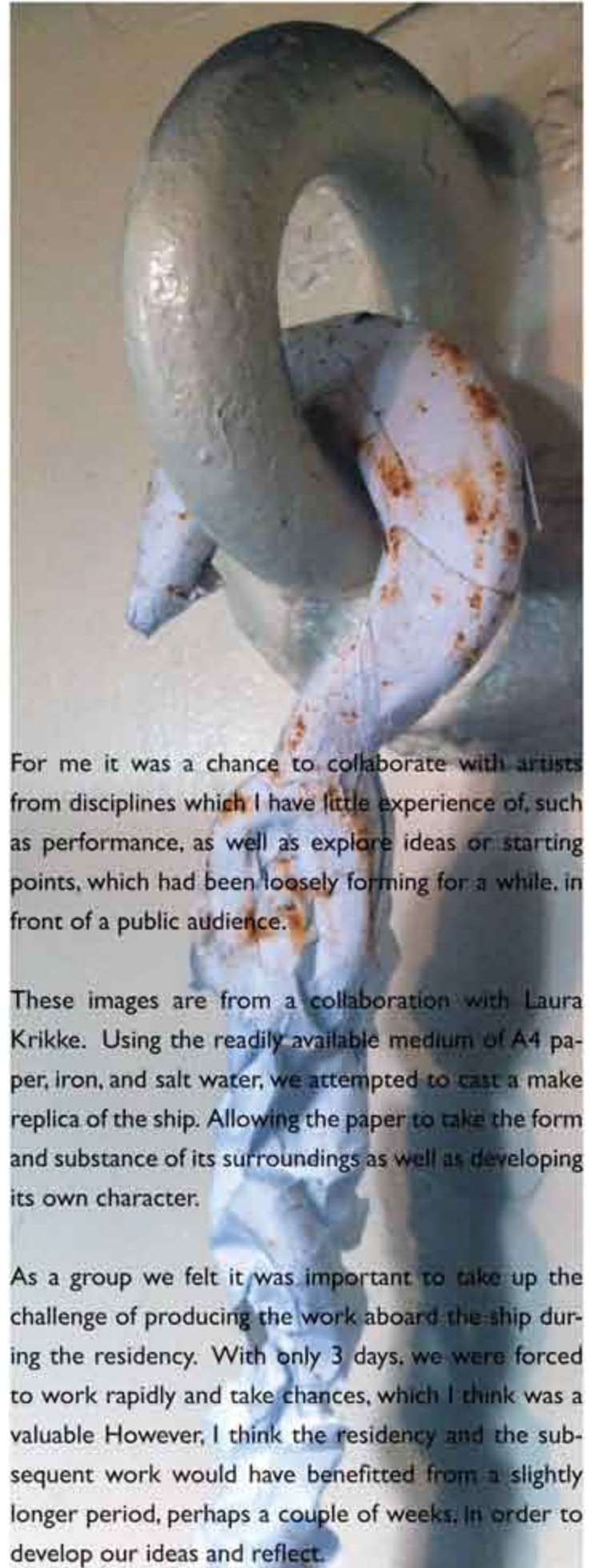
Burn



Accept

CAREN HARTLEY

<http://carenhartley.wordpress.com>



For me it was a chance to collaborate with artists from disciplines which I have little experience of, such as performance, as well as explore ideas or starting points, which had been loosely forming for a while, in front of a public audience.

These images are from a collaboration with Laura Krikke. Using the readily available medium of A4 paper, iron, and salt water, we attempted to cast a replica of the ship. Allowing the paper to take the form and substance of its surroundings as well as developing its own character.

As a group we felt it was important to take up the challenge of producing the work aboard the ship during the residency. With only 3 days, we were forced to work rapidly and take chances, which I think was a valuable. However, I think the residency and the subsequent work would have benefitted from a slightly longer period, perhaps a couple of weeks, in order to develop our ideas and reflect.

cell division

David Dixon

(extract):

"Both my parents were in the navy
they are retired now
Over the years we all spent a great deal of time apart
separation became a way of life

Being on this ship triggered so many memories about those times
I was still young then
It's hard to trust the few recollections I have
What did I miss?

I wanted to ask my parents "*What was it like for them?*"
Fresh marriage, fresh family, pulled apart

I imagined the crew of this lightship, and any other lighthouse, marooned
but tasked with the safety of others
This lightship, it's beam of light, maintaining life, was a thread that held
families together
Maybe even my family too

We go to such lengths to protect our families
People undergo and endure hardships for this end
What is that like?

What was it like for my father, standing on a flight deck for the first time?
As the sun rose. As storm blew. As jets landed. As the post arrived. As
birthdays came and went.

What was it like for my mother, looking after me?
On her own. Cleaning. Cooking. Changing. Shopping. Working.
Separated from the person she had just married and started this family with.
In the late sixties.

Did she have a washing machine? A hair-dryer? What music did she listen
too? Did my mother read?

What was it like, watching her husband walk away each time?
Leaving her to return to the duties of home and child?

What was it like for my father, to leave this new family? Was there regret?
Were these things seen as being '*just the way they were*'
Did they undergo their trials for the sake of need and protection?
Did it make it any easier to be apart?
Did the greater good include clearly defined roles of necessity? Or make the
pain any easier?

Walking through the hull of this ship I realise I have absolutely no idea of any of this.
Where is the witness to the separation?

Stepping into the berths and living spaces of this lightship, placed me, no longer a baby, no longer a child, into the shoes of my parents
I find this happening a lot these days

I would visit my father on the ships. One time, I spent the night on board his carrier
I slept in a bunk, in the crews quarter. The ship was so large, I could forget it was at sea. Endless corridors, ladders, painted metal tunnels. The corridor came to an end. Like an incomplete bridge. We had to step out onto a narrow grill open to the air and sea. A crows nest on the side of the ship. I wanted to stay there, staring at the hull falling away from me and disappearing down into the white surf. When we climbed through into the opposite hatch and back into the belly of the ship again I could still hear the sibilant slide of the ship through the waves

I was led through this world, feeling like a giant
I was eleven

I remember sitting in the mess room, other sailors talking, eating, playing cards. We played uckers. It's a big like ludo, but with special 'matlows only' rules. I was proud to know the difference, and taught it to all my friends when I went back home. Back to land. Back to school.

This dark void is heavy with those half remembered smells from distant times
I wanted myself to be the lightship
My questions, the home-bringing beam that rejoins the family across the distance
but I was ill
and they were too busy
was that ever the way?

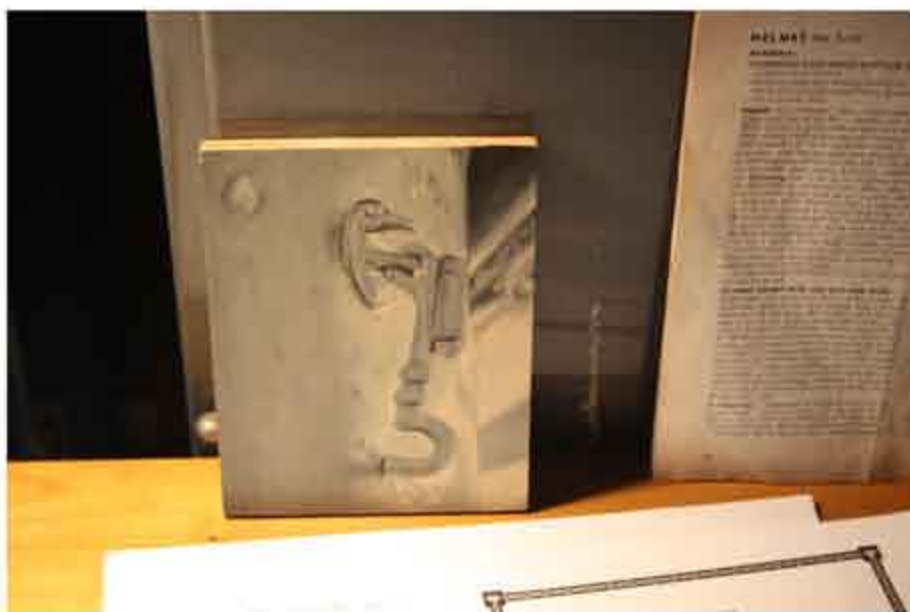
And now the questions are out of the box and the lid wont close
at times it feels like our family is just like this empty vessel
Beneath all that attention to duty and safe keeping, it feels that the object of safety has been overlooked, and there is no one left to watch the ship

How much do we cling to nostalgia?
I've heard it called a poison that sucks the colour from the present.
Does it allow us to be blind to the life we have now?

I find my eyes slowly adjusting to this darkness, but my location in this void is still uncertain and my understanding of the ship, incomplete.

As soon as I step through the first hatch, I shared the sights and smells with a younger me.

The devil is in the detail...



March 22nd 1944

We began at noon. Our song took effect at midday, in a windless calm. Then, golly we had a good evening! After a tense morning of trying not to talk about him we had a good old sing song. "Roll out the Barrels" is my particular favourite, and "The White Cliffs of Dover" of course! We all seem to get on best when we sing together. "We'll Meet Again" is one of the only things keeping me going these days. I was quite enchanted with it this evening.

March 23rd 1944

It was as though he heard us last night and was lured by our song! After our uproarious singing, we all went to bed and continued to let our voices float into the air. There was a sudden thud on the side of the ship. I was first to rise and sneaked to the side to investigate. I was terrified and trembling and too afraid to actually look over the edge! Luckily Lucy soon arrived, bless her, and then Trinny, and we plucked up the courage to see what was going on. We spied a poor man, barely alive, with a big crack to his head. We gathered the life ring and ropes, and eventually encouraged him to cling on tightly enough that with much effort, we eventually all dragged him on board. We managed to dry him off, get him some dry clothes that had belonged to the Captain and give him a cup of cocoa. We asked him who he was as we were dreadfully frightened he could be the enemy. Whoever he was, he was close to death and we couldn't let him drown. He was frightfully thin and had dishevelled hair and beard. He was silent. He looked strangely familiar though. We tucked him up in what was the captain's bed. I've just locked myself in my cabin. I cannot sleep. I feel afraid.

Graham Dunning

And a Word Carries Far (2011)

The process of underlining sound-related words in the novel, Joseph Conrad's *Lord Jim*, was a repetitive one which became almost meditative. Having such a task to do allowed me to interact with other artists on the ship, as I sat on the deck completing my work.

This is an idea I'd had a while ago but not found a use for previously. That certain themes in the book fit with the history of the ship was a useful coincidence. Colin Turner also discussed Conrad as one of his favourite authors.

The ship itself is an interesting and intriguing space, so care had to be taken to choose the right location for the piece. Although I didn't directly collaborate with other artists on this installation, the early discussions informed my thought processes and the later meetings about potential locations for others' work made me think about the best location for my own.

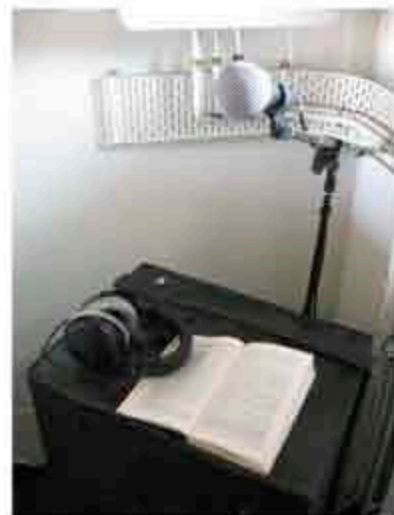
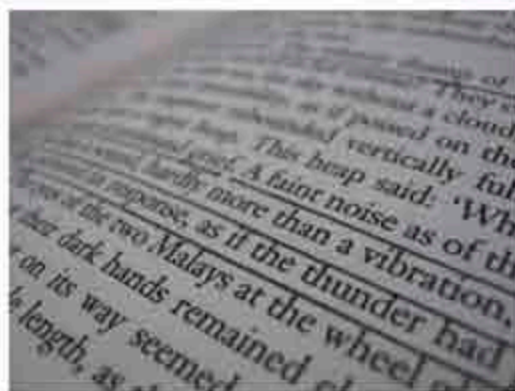
In general I like to present a work such as this "as is", that is, without myself being in the vicinity to instruct people how to use it or explain how it works. With hindsight I might have included some kind of instruction rather than just a name card, though I am uncomfortable with being too prescriptive.

The sonic properties of the vessel were almost overwhelming so it was difficult to think of a way of using the space without either detracting from the awe of the ship itself or creating too much of a cacophony. By using headphones and a remote chamber to create the sonic effect, I tried to encourage visitors to listen differently to the ship.

Again this decision may have needed more explanation but this is often a dilemma for me when creating work.

Using the air tank in the bowels of the ship created some potential difficulties due to sharing the space with another artist. There was a certain amount of bleed from Nicola Rae's work which changed the dynamic of the piece from my initial intention. Rather than revise my plans for the work I accepted this as an indirect form of collaboration: Faint sounds and background tones from Nicola's work became included within the heard sounds of my piece, adding indistinct colour and changing the atmosphere of the piece slightly rather than taking away from it. Sound art works are notoriously hard to curate even in a gallery setting. The ship itself had a very distinct sonic topology which added to this challenge.

As an artist on a collaborative group show I realised that our job was twofold; to curate the show between ourselves as well as to create work. I would have welcomed some outside input in this area of the project.

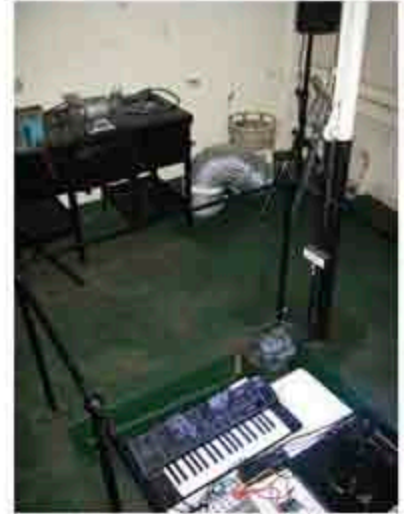


Graham Dunning

Untitled collaborative performance with Ingrid Plum (2011)

Site specific performance is something I had not previously attempted so this was a great opportunity. Using two adjacent rooms separated by a metal wall allowed some sound to permeate but no visual contact, making for an unusual experience as an improvising performer. This was a concept I had considered previously but not come across the right situation in which to carry it out.

By using various microphones attached to railings and in alcoves in the space I could pick up the sounds made by the audience as they moved around, and as their presence changed the resonant properties of the space, allowing a kind of collaboration between myself and the visitors.



Improvising with other performers and musicians is a very direct way of collaborating and the one in which I have most experience. While Ingrid's method of making sounds is quite different to mine I felt that our performances complemented each other and the pieces worked well.

My one regret is not being able to document the performances as well as I would have liked. This was down to logistical problems with sound recording devices.



Deciding what equipment to use was informed by the characteristics of the ship and the space, matching my sound sources with Ingrid's performance style and also linked to my research for the the installation.

Overall I found that my time rehearsing for the performances, researching the installation, discussing with other artists and spending time on the ship in general gave me many ideas and even quite a forward leap in the way I view my live performances. Two of the recordings created during preparation for the event have since been played at exhibitions in London and the event continues to inform my work.



The audience were in general very receptive to the performances.

The ambience of the space and the appropriate lighting added to the atmosphere and the feel of the performances.





Hannah Hull

Mystic Words from the Radio

Calling any station... [CQ]

These noisy words; [NX] [WDS]

This mystic message. [MSG]

The power of our signal [PWR] [SIG]

- our conditions - [CX]

will not be a continuous wave. [WL] [CW]

With your will... [WID] [UR] [WL]

By your fist, old boy! [OB]

Send from your soul!

Better the poor operator. [BTR] [LID]

Confirm tomorrow. [CFM] [TMW]

Before nothing. [B4] [NIL]

I am closing my station. [CL]

Over. [KN]

Out. [SK]

Ingrid Plum and Ann Rapstoff collaboration



Performing with Ann was a real pleasure. We both identified with the elements of the metal boat and the water. Our performances both started at high tide 3.06pm, and coincided within the lookout. Without speaking, we performed together in the space. I used my voice to play with the resonance created by the steel structure, tiptoeing and singing words in slow motion through the paper structures of the origami boats. Ann played with the water surrounding the boat, leaving wet footprints around the boat and amongst the origami boats. It was a beautiful example of collaboration, through discussion we hit upon the themes we both were inspired by and through allowing each other space to create side by side, we enabled a strong and atmospheric performance to emerge naturally.



Ingrid Plum

It is a
when they
saw
the hidden
the
Cyril
and they



lights ship - day 2

leaving around,

trying things

Working within structure

shared thoughts

failures!

Serious

investigation

singing together

cut off from groups

oblivious to

safe and happy

Safe and happy

leee

aaa

mm

workkkkk

Jack Brown



Jane Ponsford



Endless Voyage

LV 21 with its jaunty air and interesting history is a fantastic setting for an art project. I imagined that I would find the ship very matter of fact and orderly; which of course on one level it is, but I was overwhelmed by the evocative nature of its decayed surfaces and the obscured and constrained views to the outside from within the vessel. The dual nature of this experience, orderly, rational...nuts and bolts and labels, contrasted with the romanticism of the landscapes / seascapes which emerged when you looked at it in a different way.

Photographs of the interior that I took as reference shots emerged on printing them to be like views of distant planets looming into view, in sight but impossibly distant. Something like glimpses of the shore must have been for the men who worked on the lightship originally. So I decided to make my work about the contrast between these two aspects, the ordered 'stuff' of everyday experience and the loneliness, which must have accompanied it.

Some words of Derek Grieve, from the original crew chimed with this and inspired the title. He described being on the lightship as like 'a sea journey that didn't end' and added 'many looked at the time spent onboard as time standing still. Everything stopped when you stepped from the helicopter...'

The bleak and beautiful natural and post-industrial landscape of the Medway also fed into the work and supplied much of the materials of which the piece was made.

I can't think of any project that I have been involved in recently that has allowed me to deviate so far from the usual form of my work. This has been a genuine blast of fresh air for me and my practice and which I feel has freed me from a more and more constrained way of working. It was wonderful to work alongside the other participants and share thoughts and discussions in such an open way. Visitors to the lightship clearly found the whole project fascinating too. I had so many great discussions on the open day with people looking round discussing everyone's work and ideas that the artists' responses stimulated.

Some feedback from visitors:

"Jane's idea of an endless voyage began with thoughts of how a crew member would be feeling when on board the lightship: detached, out there, in a world full of little worlds. From ships in bottles, the idea evolved to include water from the Medway, seaweed and those amazing lights, suffusing the blackened hull into an otherworldly space."

<http://jayedance.blogspot.com/2011/04/figure-groundlv21-jane-ponsford-endless.html>

"Interestingly most of the work that really resonated with me was that produced by artists who were working individually in response to the space. I loved Jane Ponsford's Endless Voyage, a flotilla of internally lit up bottles each containing an image or object relating to the lightship. Presented in a glossy black room they appear both isolated from each other but also connected, alone but communicating across the vast dark sea."

<http://joloopmedia.wordpress.com/>



Handwritten notes in the top left corner, including a scale bar with markings at 300, 8000, and 10000. The notes appear to be related to the drawing's scale and dimensions.



REV	DATE	DETAILS
DEC 01		DRAWING MODIFIED TO EQUIPMENT REVISION & DEPARTMENT NAME CHANGE
B	MAR 02	MODIFICATIONS AT REFT

**TRINITY HOUSE
MARINE OPERATIONS
HARWICH
ESSEX**

LV 21

GENERAL ARRANGEMENT

DRAWN BY E.D.L.	DATE DEC 96	SCALE SEE NOTE
CHECKED BY G.M.D.	CAD FILENAME V21G01C2.DWG	
APPROVED BY G.M.D.	DRG No V21G01C2	
SHEET 2		REV 1

Handwritten notes in the bottom left corner, including a scale bar with markings at 300, 8000, and 10000. The notes discuss the drawing's scale and dimensions, mentioning 'CHECK' and '1:50'.

Handwritten notes in the bottom right corner, including a scale bar with markings at 300, 8000, and 10000. The notes discuss the drawing's scale and dimensions, mentioning 'CHECK' and '1:50'.

Jon Adams



MOTHER

Jon Adams



SON

Katarzyna Perlak



(ad 1) LV21 resonated with
a dark tar
cold smell
dense stroke
and sticky sounds.

(ad 2)

Hours in two coal chambers and a dialog between them, Procrastinated, awkward moments challenged in safety of the dark room.

(ad 3)

- And then?
- Then this. Transformed into a short living marzipan recording.

(ad 4) In mid time I went to Poland and brought back a few travelling tokens: Eastern European folk songs that were dwelling in the lightship coal chambers for two days. Banging between black shiny walls. And from this, between ripped lines a new story began. Now we are on our way to Lublin where to continue what started on the Kent coast.

"Niolam ja se kochanecke"

Niolam kochanecke kochalam ja wlasnie
A tera jej ni mom niech ja psiorun trzasnie
Hej siac a nie zunc kochac a nie wziunc
Zasialam pozunem kochalam i wziumem

Nieroz ci ja nieroz przez te drozke przeloz
Niolem kochanecke ni mum ci jej teroz

Niolam kochanecke z mondrymi ockami
A teroz jej ni mum moj Boze kochany

Niolem kochanecke nim sie ozanila
Moja kochanecka najladniejso byla

Niolam kochanecke nieduzego wzrostu
Jak pognala byski zabzila sie z mostu

(Subverted text of a Polish folk song – work in progress.)

Signals

SPECIAL SIGNALS FROM LIGHTVESSELS IN THAMES DISTRICT AND SPITHEAD.—The signals appointed for the Lightvessels and Pile Lighthouses in the London, Harwich, Ramsgate, Yarmouth and Spithead districts, meaning that a vessel is on either of the adjacent sands, are as follows:—

By Day and Night—One or more guns fired from any of these lightvessels at intervals up to a minute, followed by one white star rocket and repeated at longer intervals, indicates that assistance is required by her or by a vessel seen in distress on the sands above referred to.

N.B.—A number of the lightvessels now use explosive rockets in lieu of guns.

(i) PILOT SIGNALS

The following signals, when used or displayed together or separately, shall be deemed to be signals for a pilot:—

By Day—

1. To be hoisted at the fore, the Union Jack, having round it a white border, one-fifth of the breadth of the flag;
2. The International Code Pilotage Signal indicated by **PT**;
3. The International Code Flag **G**, with or without the Code Pennant over it;
4. The distant signal, consisting of a cone, point upwards, having above it two balls or shapes resembling balls.

By Night—

1. The pyrotechnic light commonly known as a blue light every fifteen minutes;
2. A bright white light, flashed or shown at short or frequent intervals just above the bulwarks for about a minute at a time.

The Morse Code

(j) THE MORSE CODE

All telegraphic systems are worked with the Morse Code, which can also be used with lanterns (by long and short flashes), or flags. A "dot" is given by moving the flag at arm's length from the right side to above the head and back again, a "dash" by moving it right across to the left side and back again and in submarine signalling by quick "dot" or deliberate "dash" sounds. The Code is as follows:—

A ---	J .----	S ...	2 ..----
B ----	K ----	T --	3 ..----
C ----	L .----	U ---	4 ..----
D ---	M ----	V ----	5 ..----
E -	N ---	W ----	6 ..----
F .----	O ----	X ----	7 ..----
G ----	P ----	Y ----	8 ..----
H ----	Q ----	Z ----	9 ..----
I ..	R .---	1 .----	0 ..----

(k) THE SEMAPHORE CODE

used either with flags or special posts with coloured arms (the signaller facing you). See next page.

(l) SPECIAL WARSHIP SIGNALS

Commercial **A** or Naval **U** flag means "Speed trial,"
 Commercial **Z** or Naval **O** flag means "Coastguard,"
 Naval **Y** superior to the interrogative pendant means "Convoy,"
 A pendant, blue and yellow quarters, means "Fishery gunboat,"
 A Union Jack flown at the main means "Admiral of the Fleet,"
 A St. George's Cross flown at the main means "Admiral."

Katy Beinart



Laura Krikke

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Laura Krikke

found

my

voice

its
range
repeated
back

from
another

in
the

cool

coal

chamber

dark

I relish its depths

distorted through

interpretation

Where will you be working?

objects dotted around plus a lecture (maybe in the main indoor space)

~~THE SHIP~~ A VARIOUS LOCATIONS ON THE SHIP + IS THE SAME SCENE.

Chain Room

not sure.

... Still not sure: A void space possibly. The one in the stem is most possible (in the room where we all sat)

COAL ROOMS

Landscape

CHAIN ROOM | BLACK BITUMIN ROOMS.

"COAL ROOMS"

Generator Rooms

1x Horn Air Tank, possibly Radio Room.

dark engineers cabin (small with ONE PORTHOLE)

Coal bunker / main room.

dialogue with Matt + Will ^{May} not be made seen

Text spoken word piece

Hopefully in the room above the fog horn noise chamber. + directly outside on ship + above in deck

in voids / channelling

Engine rooms + ~~room above~~ control room lobby

1. there were some chats with andrew and sadie about projects in the generator room(s), but need further development to form a collaboration, rather disparate at the moment.

2. chain room up to the floor above / unspecified, generally around the ship, maybe moving. this collaboration is early stages but felt good and fluid so am keen to explore ideas and impressions further with jo.

GENERATOR ROOMS

DECK

GENERATOR ROOM / COAL STORAGE

Lucy Andrews

ⓐ • Morse code transmission

ⓑ • Rope making - not sure, possibly feasible

Who will you be collaborating with?

KATIE, SARAH + STEVE

Ingrid
(possibly Nicola)

Also some sort of solo thing.

@ Colin + Bob

Nicola, Elise

POSSIBLY SADIE
JESSICA

Kasia, Coon, Jack, Lara

the ship

JACK BROWN, CAREN, BRAM

Maybe David Dixon

KASIA

possibly Mary. #

visitors

Myself, possible Jane

Bram, Laura, Jack

Andrew
Jessica

Ingrid song with contributors
words by ANN
dialogue with Matt + Will not be
Made seen

Graham + Ann (separately)

JACK, LAURA, KASIA, BRAM

COLIN + MARY

Lucy Andrews

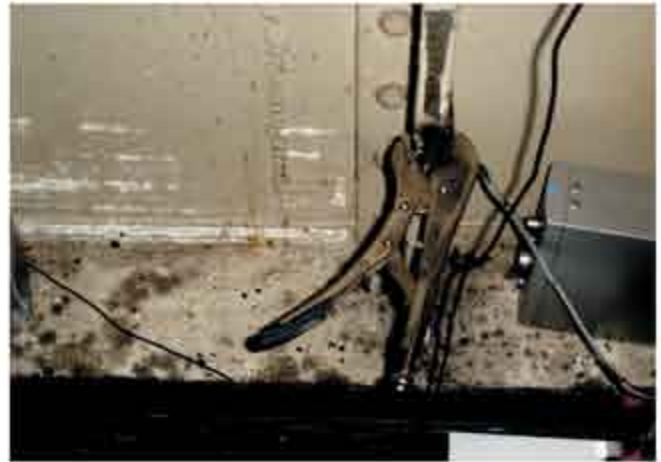
1. Sadie & Andrew?

2. Jo?

Matt Bray



My time on the lightship was an interesting developmental process in the evolution of my professional artistic practice. Up until this point my working method has involved being alone in a studio creating my work in a safe and isolated environment. My time on board LV21 was anything but safe and isolated. I found myself on a massive red ship with over 20 other artists, none of whom I knew, amidst an environment of buildings being created from the back of lorries and boats going up and down the river in front of me. It was a collaborative project in more than one sense. I had to collaborate with the intense environment of the ship and its surroundings to create something sensitive to my own practice and the place itself. And I had to collaborate with the other artists around me. This second form of collaboration was very new and difficult, and while I ended up making a wall painting on my own, it was achieved through discussion with the other artists. I greatly value my time on board the lightship and am deeply grateful to Figure Ground for the opportunity.



Hydrophonic + Sonic Frequencies on LV21

A Collaboration between Nicola Rae and Colin Turner

Our collaboration started with.... 'Do you know anything about hydrophones?'

Hydrophones happen to be of long-standing interest to Colin and he offered to make one from spare parts so that we could experiment aboard LV21. This DIY hydrophone proved very effective at picking up sounds travelling

through the hull of the ship into the water at high tide. My site specific art practice includes visualising sound frequencies live and we decided to experiment with a collaborative hybrid of analogue and digital technologies.

Colin's other talents included morse code and singing sea shanties. We experimented with recording morse code in the Radio Room and sea shanties in different spaces within the ship. The most sonically resonant space that we found was in the Fog Horn Chamber, which was where many of the shanties were recorded. We played back the morse code and shanties through speakers placed against the hull of the ship in the Fog Horn Chamber, buried under many blankets. This allowed sound to travel into the water and be picked up by Colin's hydrophone which had customized amplification.

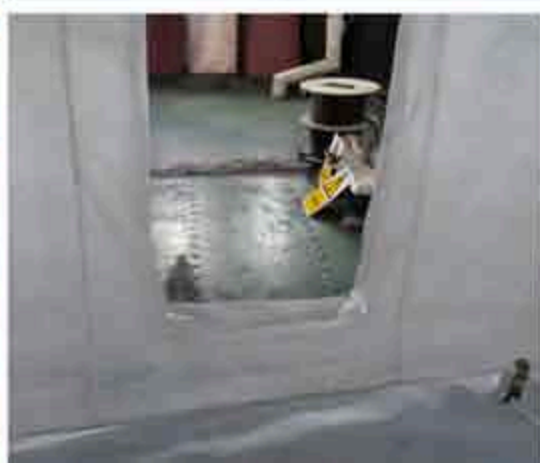
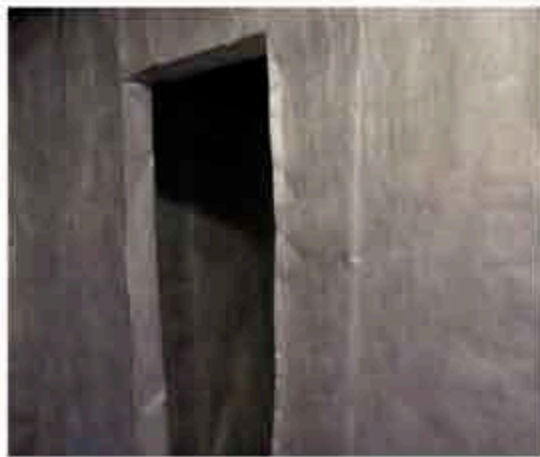
Directly above the Fog Horn chamber was the Equipment Store, where live sonic frequency visualisations of these echoing sounds were projected onto the cabin walls (see right). The hydrophone was in the water and connected to headphones that were accessed through a porthole in the Equipment Store (left above), allowing the recorded sounds to clearly be heard travelling through the water.

One of my few regrets is not recording the sound of a ship's engine passing, heard through headphones attached to the hydrophone. Hopefully it may be possible to explore this sonic experience in another project. Also further collaboration was planned with Mary Hooper and her recently recorded interview with Brian Packham, but unfortunately we completely ran out of time to edit it into the playback loop on the night of the barbecue.

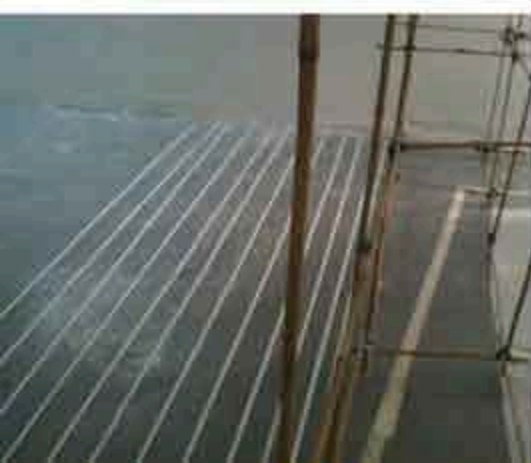
This mini-residency was a much appreciated opportunity to work site-specifically, sonically and collaboratively with Colin and his adaptable electronic recycling skills. A big thank you also to Paivi and Gary for their support aboard LV21 and to all of Figure Ground for organising such an interesting project - I wish that it had lasted longer.



one two one



one two one



one two one



Last Station LV 21

ONE TWO ONE art and architecture
Elise Liversedge and Mary Hooper

Last Station is a response to the LV21 developed during the Figure Ground 3 day mini-residency. The inspiration for this work came from the history of the ship as a working Light Vessel and its current location and new life. Gary and Paivi described very poignantly the emotional reaction of ex-crew member Brian before his cabin was dismantled, and Gary had filmed Brian in his empty cabin describing how it looked when the ship was in service. The cabin became a conceptual structure to house the exploration of the micro life on board a light vessel and the macro location and history of all the manned light vessels that were once stationed around our coast. We would like to develop this work taking it to locations on land that connect geographically to the former stations at sea. This mapping will also look at the nature of coastal protection and shipping.

The work made for LV21 is a reconstruction of the cabin space in a translucent membrane, sewn and pinned. The film of Brian was screened on a small DVD player placed in the membrane close to the floor. The small scale screen and its position had a powerful effect in the space, giving it an Alice in Wonderland quality.

We interviewed Brian asking him to describe the detail of day to day life on board. Extracts of the interview were edited and played through headphones, and written on memo sheets and used as part of the installation.

Future installations of the work will include an audio track of different voices recorded in different locations, that create a sense of the life and histories of these vessels that played an important part in Britain's maritime history. The work will also explore the sense of dislocation that the crew experienced once on board, a different relationship with time.

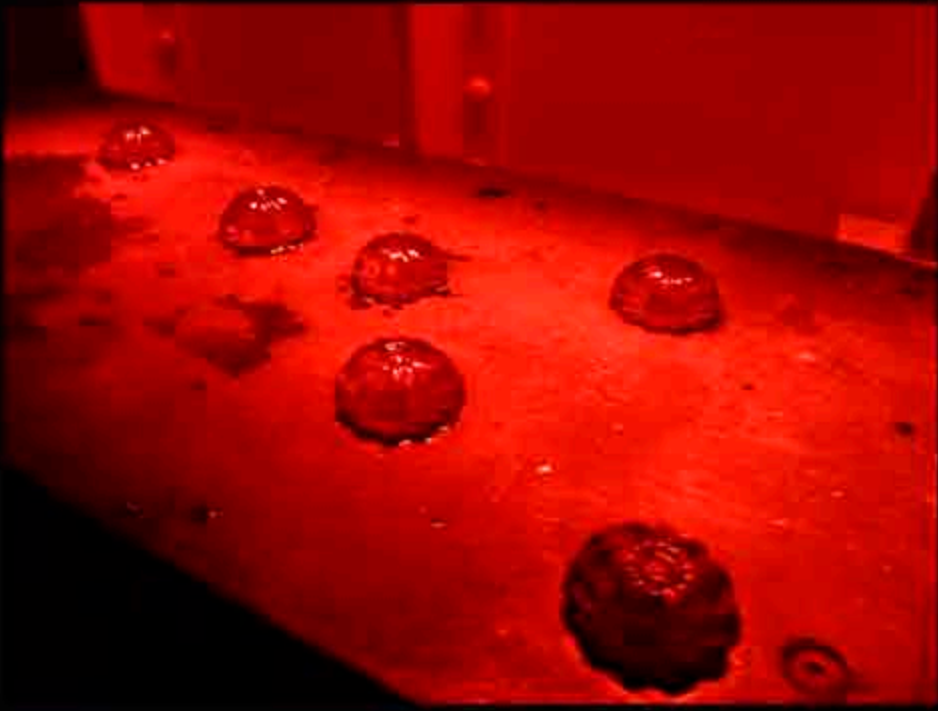
The residency offered us time, a creative catalyst and an opportunity to meet and engage with artists from a broad spectrum of disciplines. The structure of the residency encouraged and allowed the 'new crew' to work in a supportive and creatively charged environment, both in a formal and in informal way.

To be given the opportunity to spend time thinking, talking and making, in such an environment is rare for most professional artists as we are all chasing jobs, funding and project managing. The cross fertilization of skills, ideas and practice is often the crucible that generates exciting new work. Our hosts Gary and Paivi were also a key part of the success of this project, generous with their hospitality and support and help for all the artists in a practical and creative way.

The legacy of this mini-residency will be an interesting one to plot and revisit in a years time.

Mary Hooper & Elise Liversedge. July 2011
www.onetwoone.org.uk

Sadie Hennessy



Medusa's



Siren

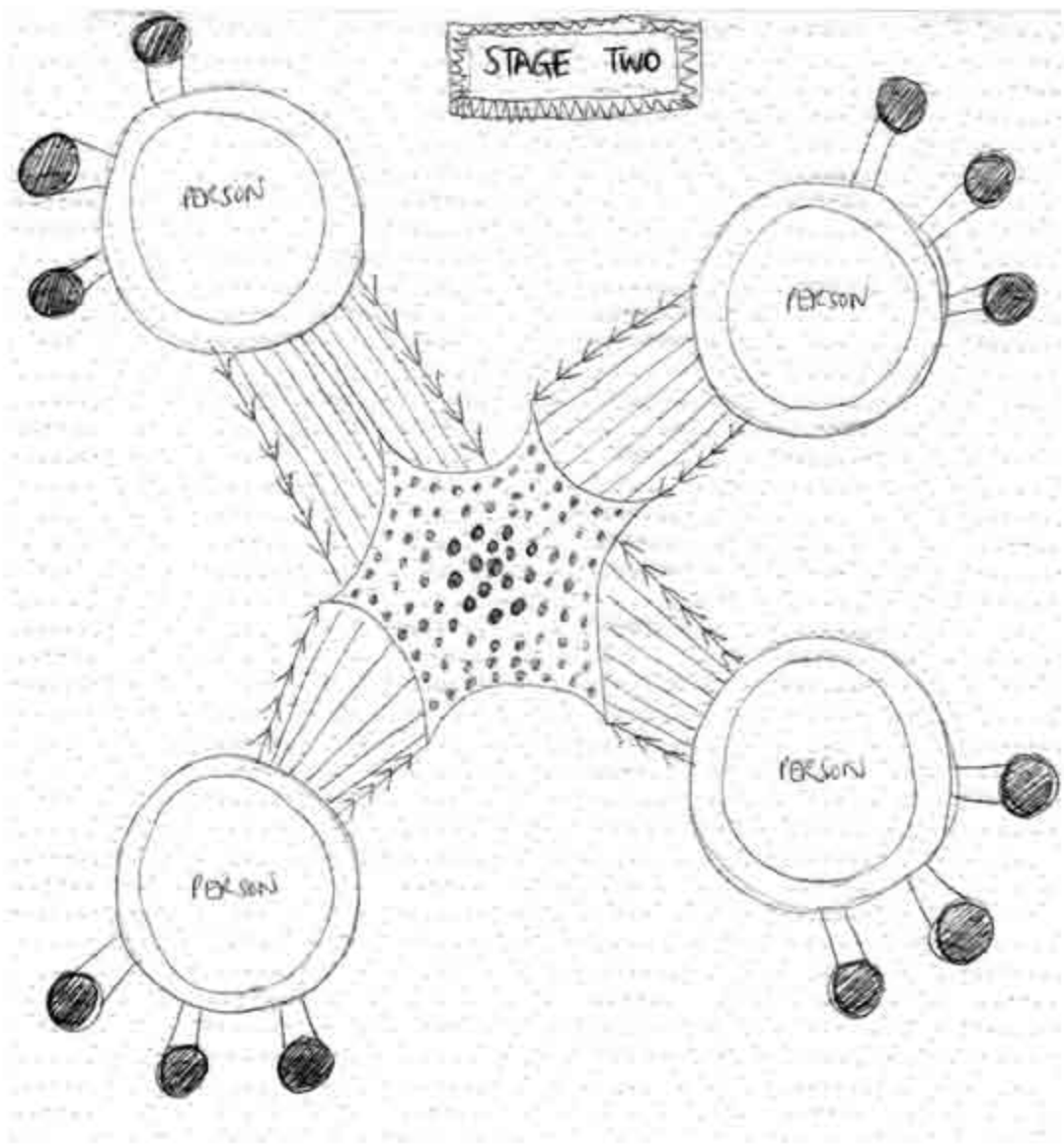
Elizabeth Taylor's Eye (Porthole)

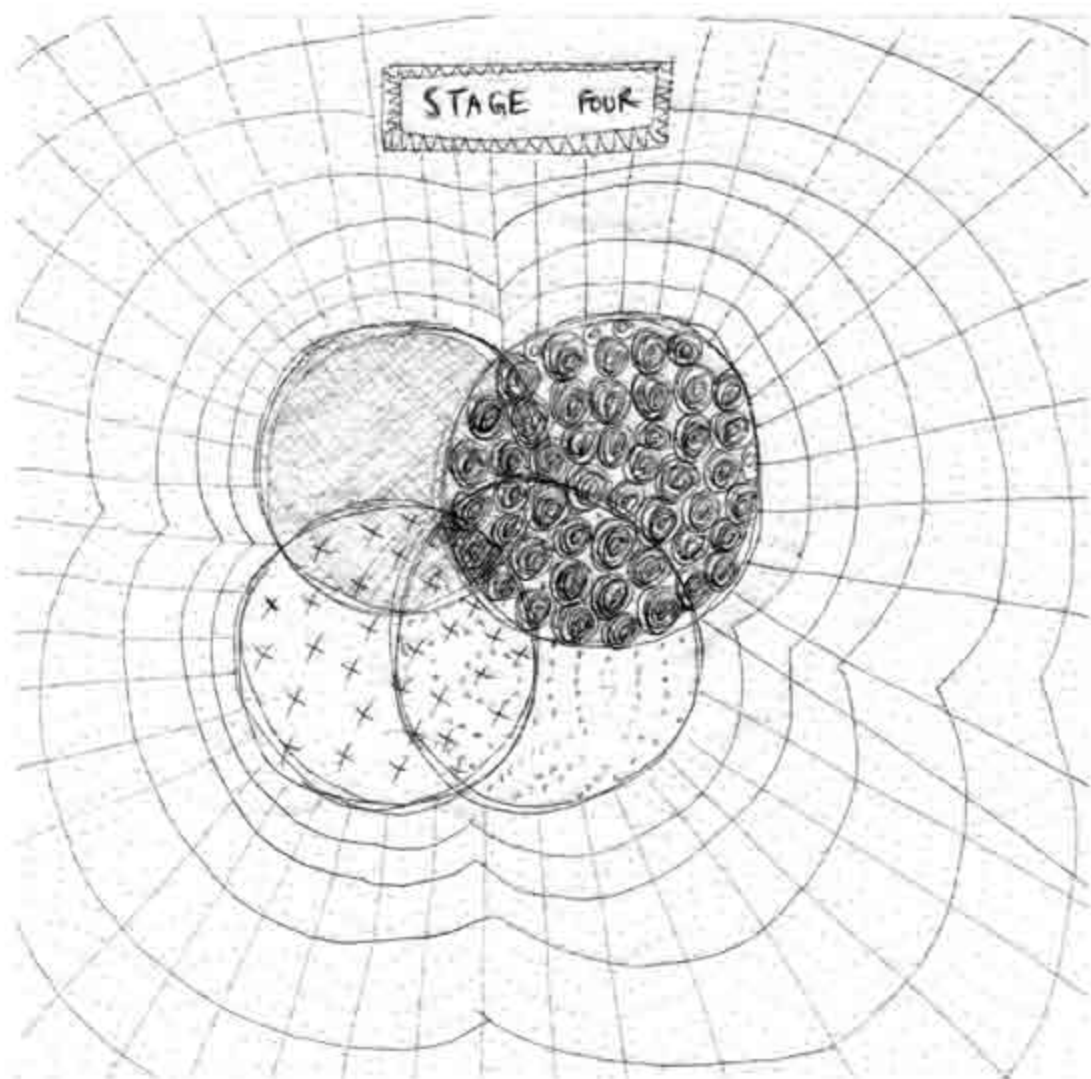
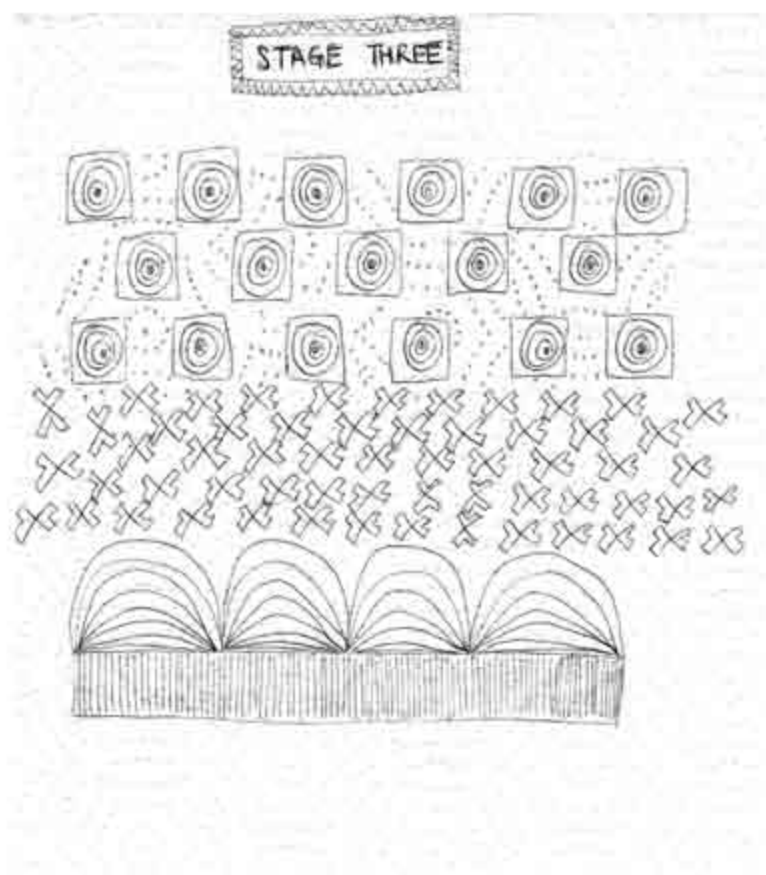


For me the collaboration came about by being there, on that amazing ship, at the same time as the other artists.

Conversations direct and overheard. Inspired my work on board.

The Light Vessel itself has so many tales to unravel and functions as a metaphor for many things. I got caught up with the idea of ships always being 'She' and this made me want to subvert the functional, metal environment with soft 'feminine' things: jelly in the engine room, hair falling from ducts and beautiful women calling out from the metal vents.





The Paper Light Vessel 21 by Lucy Venitia, 1944

Steve McPherson



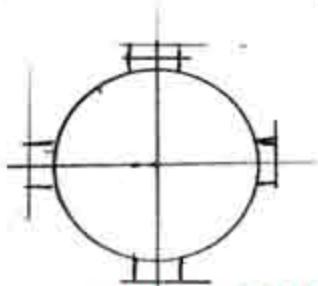
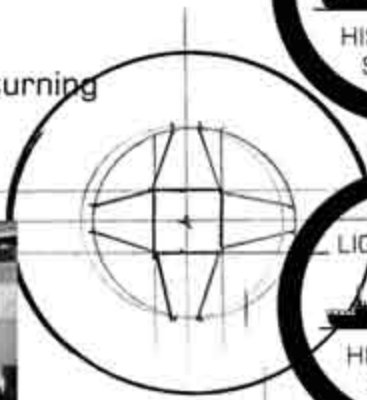
paper,
paper for recording
paper for writing



member:0004



leaving and returning



member:0003

I say seascape



Lucy Venitia



member:0002

REPEAT

non-member
non-member

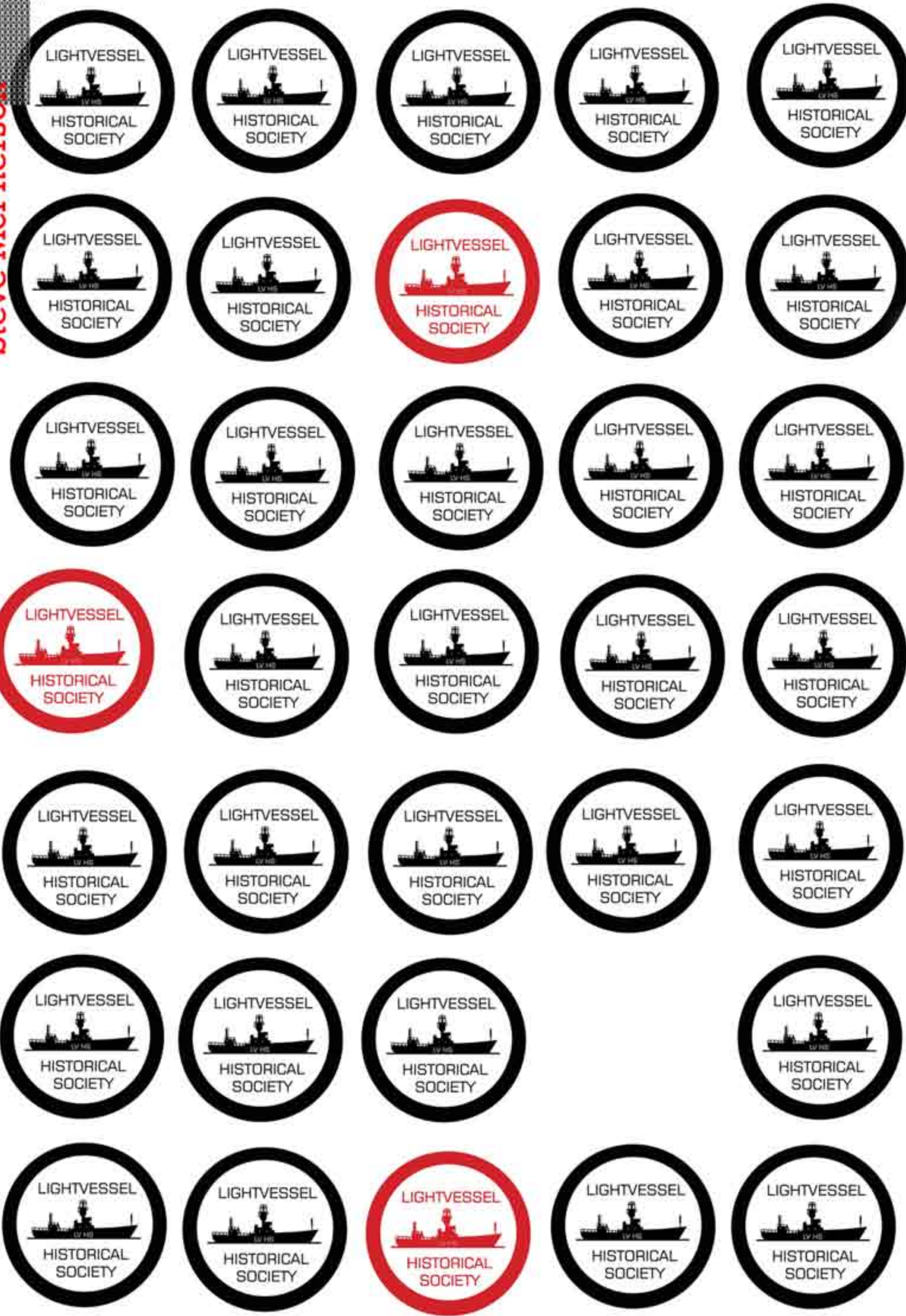


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The Paper Light Vessel







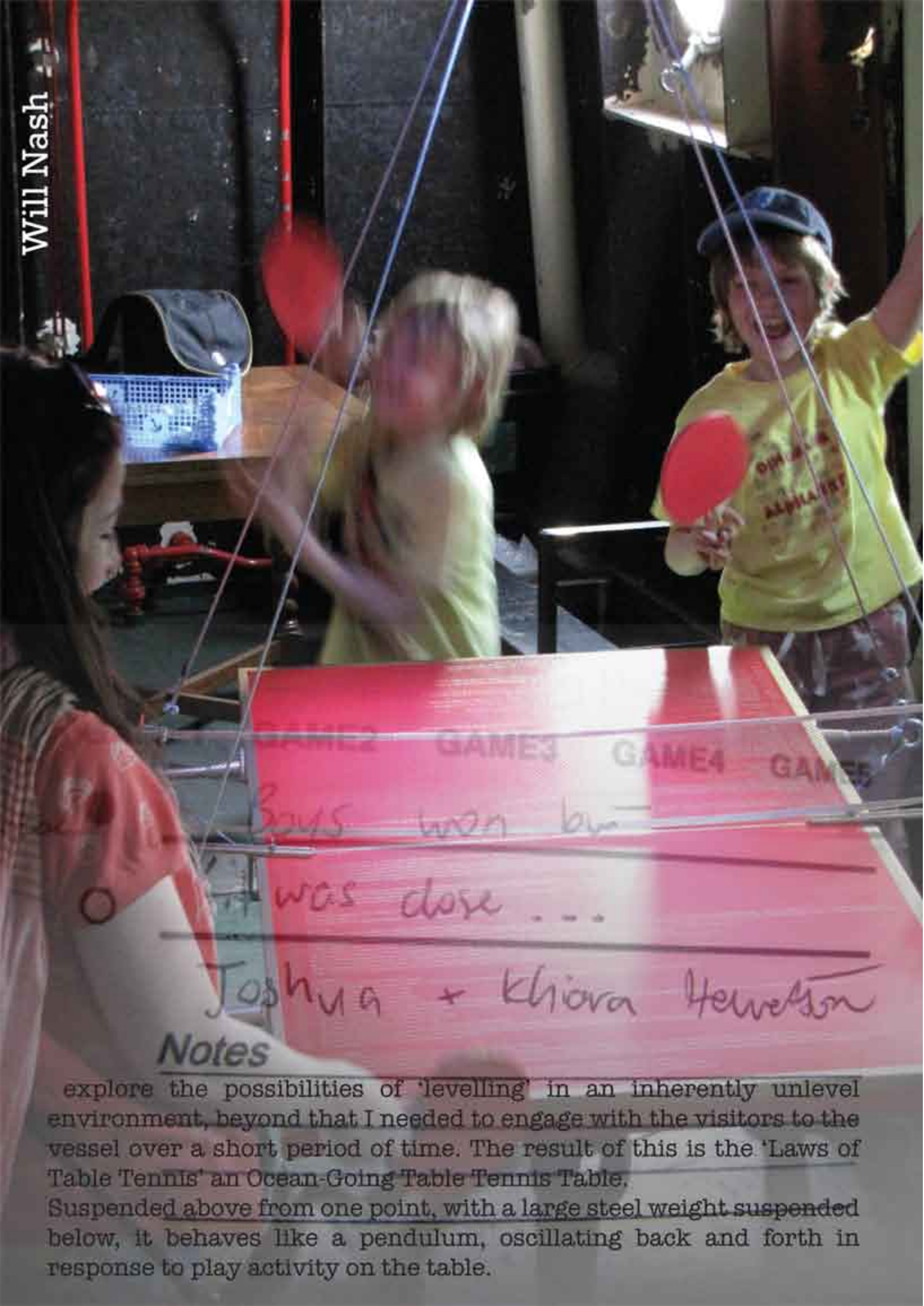
VERY GOOD

Notes I WON

VERY GOOD INSTALLATION!

LOTS OF FUN?

Need



Notes

explore the possibilities of 'levelling' in an inherently unlevel environment, beyond that I needed to engage with the visitors to the vessel over a short period of time. The result of this is the 'Laws of Table Tennis' an Ocean-Going Table Tennis Table.

Suspended above from one point, with a large steel weight suspended below, it behaves like a pendulum, oscillating back and forth in response to play activity on the table.



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