

A microscopic image of tissue, likely a histological section, showing a dense population of cells with dark, round nuclei and lighter cytoplasm. The cells are arranged in a somewhat organized pattern, possibly representing a glandular or epithelial structure. The overall color is a muted, light blue-grey.

***The Response  
XXVIII***

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***Issue Number Twenty Eight. { XXVIII }***

The Response is a one-off printed booklet and accompanying on-line magazine, collating articles produced by Fabrica staff and the Volunteer Team. It is so-named after its endeavour to capture the team's emotional and intellectual responses to Steven Eastwood's triptych film installation "The Interval and the Instant" in the form of research, photography, poetry and prose.

***The Intro' and the Outro'.***

Eastwood's installation follows patients at a hospice on the Isle of Wight who are terminally ill with cancer. Documentary filmmaking as started in 1895 by the brothers Auguste and Louis Lumiere, offered a new visual code of "actualities".

For this film the artist was given permission by one patient to capture his dying moments; making this a poignant and unique insight into a profound "actuality" rarely seen in contemporary art.

This Fabrica commission contemplates the act of dying and the end of life.

We, the Response Team, have been its observers.

***"In teaching us a new visual code, photographs alter and enlarge our notions of what is worth looking at and what we have the right to observe."***

If in this a quote from Susan Sontag's book "On Photography". we were to substitute the word "photographs

““ with “Eastwood’s artwork” it could equally describe this profound and beautiful film.

***Suggested reading:***

Susan Sontag . Styles of Radical Will. Chapter1. The Aesthetics of Silence.  
Published by Secker and Warburg, London. 1969.

***Sound :***

Laurie Anderson. Homeland. Track 1 Transitory Life.  
Album 2010.

Cont

**Dying**

**Psychogeography**

**Ritual**



**Contemplation**



**Inside/Outside**



**Visibility**



**Triptych**



**End of life**



**Geography**



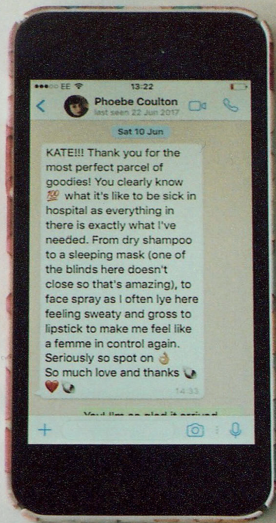
**The unknown**



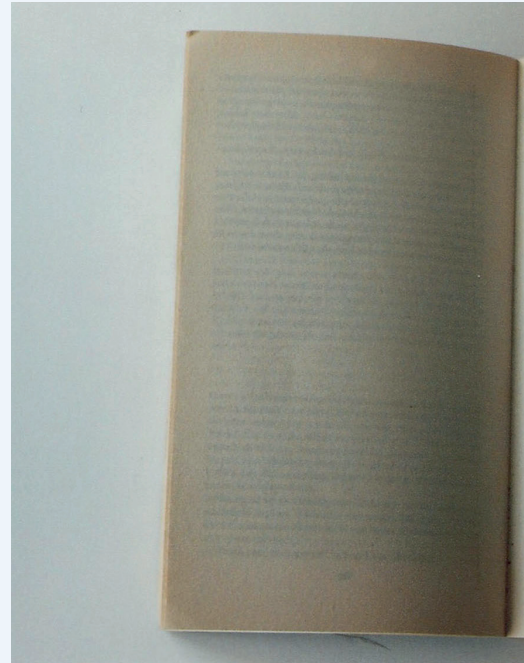
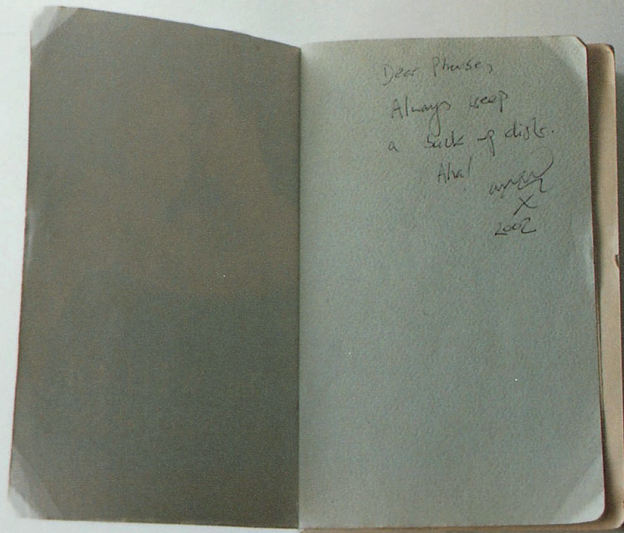
**Observer**







*The Desolation of Small Things*  
Colour film  
Kate Shields



*The Desolation of Small Things*

Colour film

Kate Shields



BOOK TWO

Chapter Fifteen

SIR PHILIP'S death deprived his child of three things; of companionship of mind born of real understanding, of a stalwart barrier between her and the world, and above all of love—that faithful love that would gladly have suffered all things for her sake, in order to spare her suffering.

Stephen, recovering from the merciful numbness of shock and facing her first deep sorrow, stood utterly confounded, as a child will stand who is lost in a crowd, having somehow let go of the hand that has always guided. Thinking of her father, she realized how greatly she had leant on that man of deep kindness, how sure she had felt of his constant protection, how much she had taken that protection for granted. And so together with her constant grieving, with the ache for his presence that never left her, came the knowledge of what real loneliness felt like. She would marvel, remembering how often in his lifetime she had thought herself lonely, when by stretching out a finger she could touch him, when by speaking she could hear his voice, when by raising her eyes she could see him before her. And now also she knew the desolation of small things, the power to give infinite pain that lies hidden in the little inanimate objects that persist, in a book, in a well-worn garment, in a half-finished letter, in a favourite arm-chair.

She thought: 'They go on—they mean nothing at all, and yet they go on,' and the handling of them was anguish, and yet she must always touch them. 'How queer, this old arm-chair has out-lived him, an old chair—' And feeling the creases in its leather, the dent in its back where her father's head had lain, she would hate the inanimate thing for surviving, or perhaps she would love it and find herself weeping.

Morton had become a place of remembering that closed round her

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## *Dying Echoes*

We lock eyes, you and I, my lovely friend.

We, who share memories of Irish girlhoods, the whispered hopes, dreams of married bliss, watching with joy the growing fruits of our wombs as we carried our future children.

Next time it would be you my darling close companion;  
bonded Aunt to my precious girls.

I sit locked in your twilight gazes as we share those parting embraces,  
drinking in the essences of ending dreams and not-to-be shared futures.

Too soon it ends as slowly your eyes drift away towards the kind drip  
And blessed relief floods in.

The float to oblivion.

Colette McDowell

My auntie over here when she was alive she'd given up on herself she stopped eating properly she wasn't eating I don't know how ill she ~~was~~ was but heard it was something to do with her bowle I went to the hospital with my mum for moral support waited in the room but my mum didn't want me to see her in the bed knowing I am towards death she came back out and said she looked terrible and said she didn't recognise her because she was just a skeleton

I wouldn't have recognised her I have mixed feelings because I should have just gone in and said goodbye but to be fair to myself I think I was probably scared or beyond that all the family members tried to get her to eat but she just wouldn't the only thing I saw her eat a salad with prawns but she was hardly eating she was losing too much weight and becoming skeletal thin.

## *The Eternal Now*

‘You only live in the eternal now’ says Alan while smoking a cigarette, unravelling a definition of time. He knows his days are counted. *The Interval and the Instant* by Steven Eastwood explores such moments of end of life with Alan, Jamie and Roy in the poetic setting of the the Isle of Wight. The immersive piece presents a longitudinal triptych of footage where sequences shot at the Earl Mountbatten hospice are intertwined with views of the island.

The juxtaposed images inform each other; not only do the images of nature define the mood of a scene that is taking place in the hospice, but they also allow the artist to install a visual pause in the rhythm of the piece. The work gently guides the eye to focus on the screens where Alan, Jamie or Roy are present. The visual pause is a hand to hold onto, as one experiences the piece, and brings my own breathing to a halt as I witness Alan exhale for the last time. *The Interval and The Instant* operates on many levels: from the magnitude of the end of life, to the emotional response it radiates, to the visual language deployed in the piece which opens up many avenues of interpretation. Among all the possible interpretations, I am drawn to the philosophical examination of time which infuses *The Interval and the Instant*.

If the title evokes a linear portrayal of time, this perception is challenged by the temporality of the piece. A pier obscured by the fog, the shape of bare branches on a dawn sky, waves crashing on rocks; all are fragments of contemplation offered by the island. These fragments reveal the immensity of thoughts and feelings in the face of mortality, leaving me with a sense of time being suspended. Alan’s statement on *nowness* emphasises a vision of time suspended which also finds its expression in circular objects placed throughout the work by Eastwood. The circle becomes a calming visual cue, as in the face of an owl, and is both paradoxically a symbol of non-time and the cyclical pattern of the film looping. To me, the circle is a key concept here, as it embodies a polysemic view of time and may even represent death. After seeing *The Interval and the Instant*, Alan’s words remain in my thoughts: one is indeed eternally in the now.

Nils Jean

*Life and Death Masks*

puppet heads for Memory and Meaning  
project 2017

Pauline Buck



Robert Howley



After viewing the installation:

"The Interval and the Instant"  
by Steven Fastwood, on numerous occasions, I, Robert Hawley, have been triggered by the galaxy of artists from European Art History.

Steven Fastwood's installation is a triptych. This artistic practice dates back to the 1500's in Northern Renaissance Art. His film is realism. The content has been edited with respect. Parts of the installation are poetic with the inclusion of metaphors; opening the viewer to reflect on the subject matter: End of Life.

The following research is a précis about three male artists:

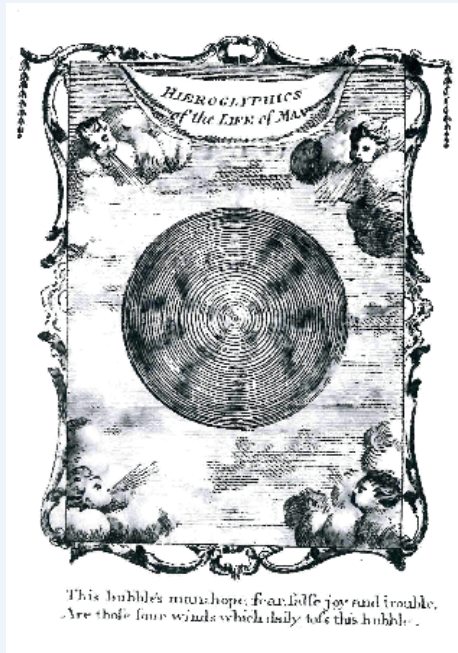
Matthias Grünewald

Aubrey Beardsley

Michele Van Gelo Merisi known as Caravaggio.

This submission pays reference to Contemplation, Dying, Ritual and The End of Life.

All the images I have chosen, by these artists are allegorical.



## Triptych Contemplation Dying Ritual.

Matthias Grünewald

Orthodox Churches (namely Greek and Russian) would call Grünewald's triptych work Icons.

Grünewald was a master of alterpiece triptych paintings for the Catholic Church of Rome.

From 1510-1515, Grünewald's first work was for the Archbishops of Mainz.

On commission which shows Grünewald's painting skills was the Isenheim Altarpiece, completed in 1515. This altarpiece was painted for the dying, commission for the chapel of the Antonite Hospital at Isenheim, near Colmar.

The patients suffered from the disease: Ergotism.

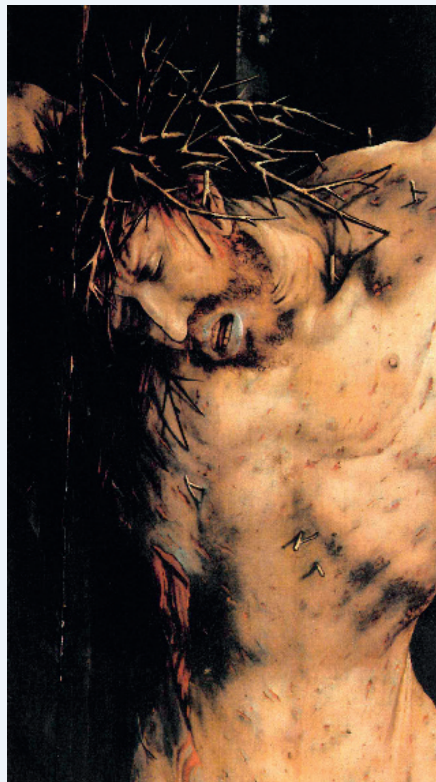
Enclosed is a detail from this work

### Christ on the Cross.

The crucifixion on the cross was a ritual and as a image shows emphasis of physical suffering of a dying man. Grünewald was one of the most visually expressive of German Renaissance painters.

With his bold coloration and dramatic gestures and emotional pathos. He was rediscovered by the German Expressionists around 1900.

N.B. The film "Stigmata" 1999. A section of this film explains the history and symbolism of the crucifixion



## Contemplation End of Life

Caravaggio painting: Saint Jerome Writing. 1606.

Why St Jerome? Jerome was one of the Latin Church Fathers and translated the Bible from Greek and Hebrew into the Vulgate Latin edition (i.e. fourth century Bible). Jerome epitomized the saintly scholar and proto-humanist. In 1514, Dürer produced an engraving of St. Jerome in his study. This image was produced by a draftsman, not one detail left out. Two symbols were forefront in this work. One Jerome's table a crucifix; for contemplation. Resting on the ledge on the bay window was a human skull, a symbol of death, over looking the study.

In 1604, Caravaggio was requested to paint "St. Jerome Writing," for the Capuchin Church. At that time, Jerome translations were in vogue during the Counter-Reformation. Caravaggio finished this painting in 1606. This allegorical painting shows Jerome as a very frail man; one can see his bone structure; while writing and engaged in research simultaneously. Two skills Caravaggio mastered was darkness (the void) and the mannerism of chiaroscuro.

In this painting, the light streams off the bald head of the Saint to fall on the "memento mori" with which it is equated between a pit of 'ancient tomes.'

The Monks of San Agostino were very reluctant to hang this work.



Contemplation End of Life Observer

Caravaggio painting: Death of the Virgin 1607.

As far as I know, I have never noticed or seen  
an image of the Virgin dying. (Mary).

But Caravaggio painted such an image.

Death of the Virgin 1607. Musée du Louvre.

Caravaggio's life was salacious and most of his  
paintings were scandalous. As a painter, he was a  
genius, he worked directly on the canvas without  
even sketching out the main figures.

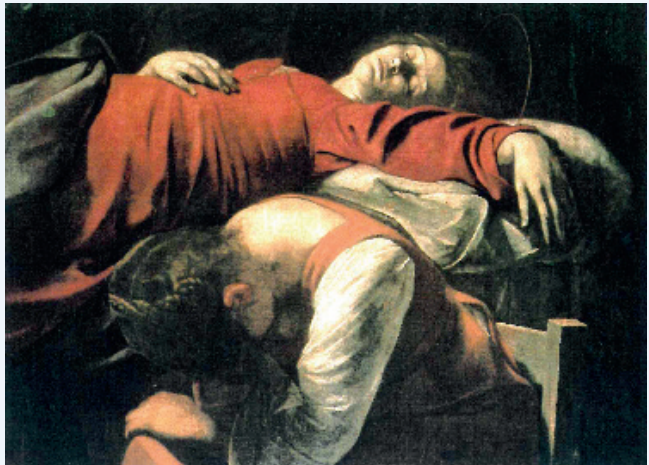
He was a maverick. When Caravaggio required a model  
for his paintings, he would find a person living near by,  
a model from the street, as a pose to divine  
inspiration.

Enclosed a detail from 'Death of the Virgin 1607

It was rumoured, in Rome, that Caravaggio's model  
for the 'Virgin' was a prostitute found drowned  
in the Tiber. Hence this scandal became more  
than a Chinese whisper.

Caravaggio died in 1610. His body was found  
on a beach near Rome.

He was not yet forty years old.



Contemplation Dying OBSERVER  
End of Life

Andrew Beardsley Print: Portrait of Himself  
in bed. 1894.

Request! Take a blank white sheet of paper,  
it depicts nothing. Look at it.  
Start drawing a line, evening changes.

Andrew Beardsley was master of the economical  
and could conjure the whole substance of the figure.  
He was self taught and picked up the elements  
from Greek pots and Japanese prints.

His know drawings were filled with perverse  
innuendo, exquisite delicacy and obscurity.

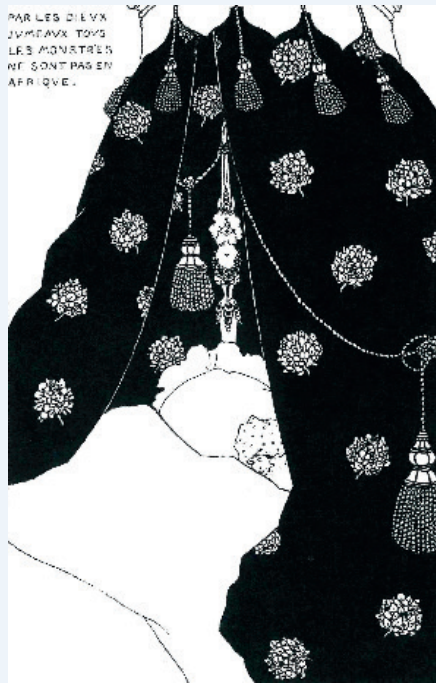
This self portrait shows the artist tucked up in bed  
looking very cheery. The folding drapery, his bed  
sheet, is the sheet of white paper - itself.

From his late teens Andrew Beardsley was often  
coughing up blood, quite often bed-bound.

As a major artist he had a short life  
d. 1872 - 1898. 26 yrs.

This self portrait was a "billet-doux"  
to his LOVER.

PAR LES DIEUX  
JUMENTAUX TOUS  
LES MONSTRES  
NE SONT PAS EN  
AFRIQUE.



I would like

for you

to glimpse through the shimmering veils.

I am hanging

upside down

holding my breath.

As I wait,

the cool mint air probes my eyes

presses my tongue

and

crawls between my teeth

across my gums.

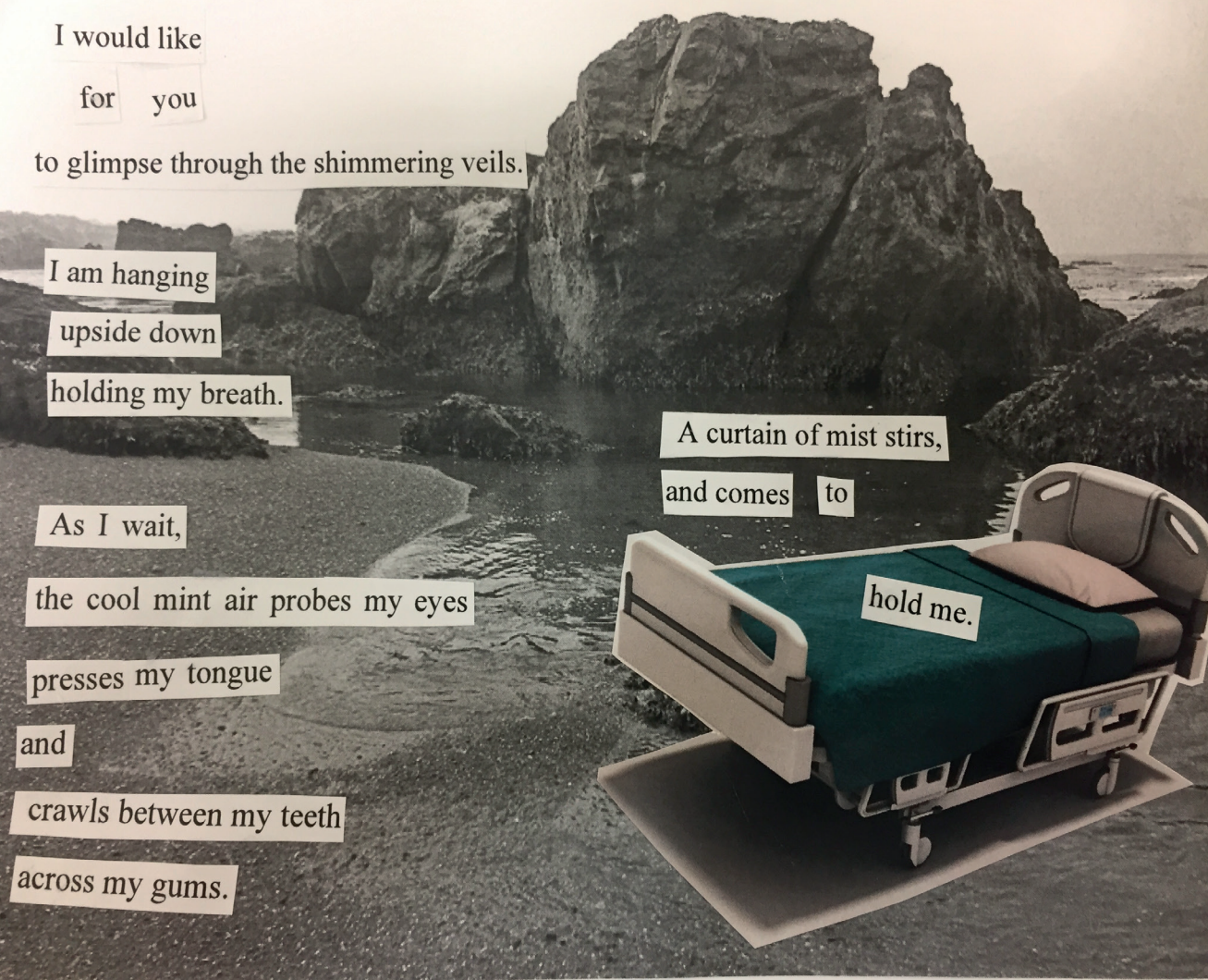
A curtain of mist stirs,

and comes to

hold me.

## *Hold Me*

Laura Hargreaves



There was a Music Teacher  
When I went to my second  
School over uplands she was  
my music teacher one day she  
didn't come into school we all  
thought maybe she was ill let's  
see if she comes in tomorrow

come the next morning my mum  
and I were watching news and  
saw what looked like her picture  
I thought it was a joke I went  
to still no Jane Longhurst she  
died but what angers me is how  
she died she was murdered and she  
knew her killer they killed her and  
then kept her body in a freezer  
and tried to burn it.



*Contemplation*  
Anne Fortis



## *Hugh*

If only you could see us now mate.  
We're all talking about it.

We're all mad as hell and we're not supposed to be  
taking it any more.  
But we are.

We've turned into talkers, thinkers, feelers and  
non-doers Hugh.  
The UK turned into a settee.

Depression has turned just as deadly as AIDs  
and has many more sufferers.

Money is scarce and drugs are everywhere.

Not that much has changed.

You wouldn't be shocked.

Late to the funeral, us three.

Mum and Dad couldn't have taken well to your  
two last fingers sticking up in the ground.

Your Irish life,  
Your Dutch life,  
Your South-American life,  
Your life with us in Greenwich.

Scrapes, japes and jollies,  
splintered and permeated with your heady, cloudy  
sediment.

At the bottom of a glass.

At the end of a line.  
At the corner of the bag  
and at the butt of a toke.

You were the cheekiest.

Philosophy House, six years ago,  
there was a full plate of cocaine on the kitchen table.

It was 7am and I'd risen  
to find you dozing off on a chair.

I woke you gently,  
you slipped off home,  
but not before telling me to finish it,  
like it was leftover pizza.

Halves were for losers.  
I continuously endeavour to elbow life in the face  
just for you.

It must've been one hell of a party that night  
because you were there.

If I can find your grave  
I will chuck you a score.

Don't worry about paying it back.

Sam Gilbert

## *Credits*

The Response team were  
Nils Jean  
Laura Hargreaves  
Pauline Buck  
Robert Howley  
James Gasston

With thanks to all of our contributors  
Anne Fortis  
Collette McDowell  
Kate Shields  
Ashlee Belnave  
Sam Gilbert

Special thanks to  
Jane Fordham  
And Steven Eastwood

## *Donate To Us*

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- . Deliver projects with older people, young people and children, giving them the opportunity to enjoy and learn from contemporary art.

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