

*Journeys from an absent present  
to a lost past*

*fabrica response magazine*

JAN  
23

Watched the sun rise over the harbour. It's too early !!!

24

Sun

The objects on the front cover were selected in response to the question "what would you grab if you had to leave home in a rush?" The objects were made using found and recycled materials.

hope

25

1st

in

26

Need

to stop

27

No

lies

28

No

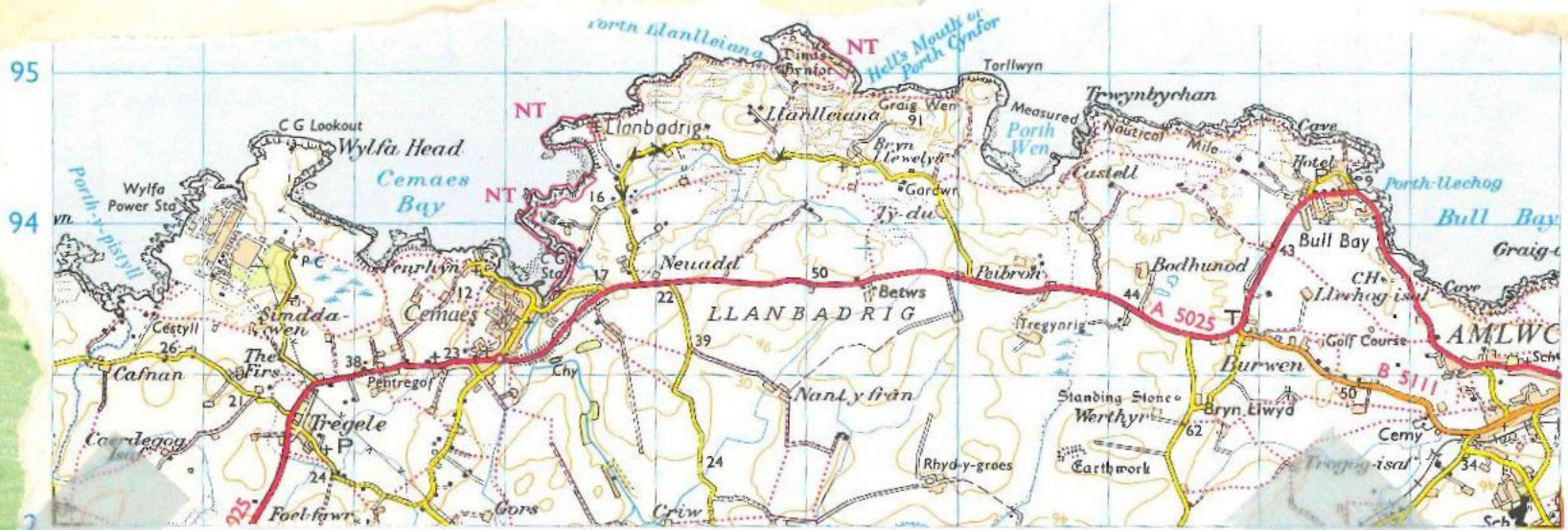
stop

find my place

29

Need to draw/write to help stay mindful.





This magazine was produced in response to the "Journeys from an Absent Present to a Lost Past."

As a team we chose a range of questions to illicit a response

- what does home mean to you?
- Describe your experience of dislocation or relocation and "not belonging."
- How do you preserve memories?

Respondants were encouraged to consider scale which is key to the exhibition.

This our contribution, in the form of the Response Magazine  
There is a digital archive at

<https://www.fabrica.org.uk/the-response-magazine>.

8<sup>TH</sup> "Home"

leaving

9<sup>TH</sup> a world within a world  
-red stamp

10<sup>TH</sup> limbo

the earth spins on the axis

11<sup>TH</sup> I stand still

twilight

12<sup>TH</sup> I see the North star  
-finding home

13<sup>TH</sup>

14<sup>TH</sup>



"Home is  
Where My art is"

Flower Memories  
By E.G. Kore.



Isabel Phillips

It is inspired by some dreams I had that were very emotionally vivid, so much so that I wanted to try and preserve them. There is a painting in the dreams I had recurring objects from my past that pop up and mix in with more present things in my life bringing new emotions which feels like a dislocation for me.

1<sup>ST</sup>



2<sup>ND</sup>

I want to be  
Wrapped up in you  
Enveloped in arms  
Folded in your gaze  
Hidden from the world  
Disappear  
Lose myself

3<sup>RD</sup>

4<sup>TH</sup>

Losing

5<sup>TH</sup>

Lost  
Struggle to return  
Shout out my voice  
Stand against the tide  
Slumber no more  
Separate

6<sup>TH</sup>

I want to be



7<sup>TH</sup>



'Forgotten'

By Marina Burgess

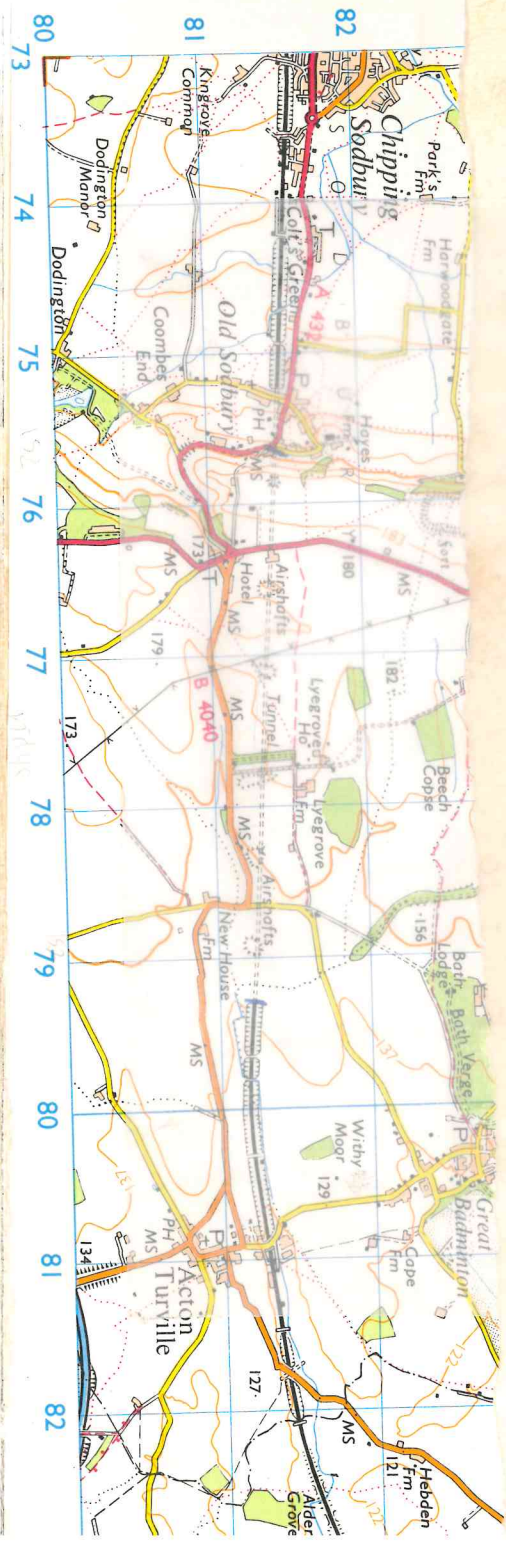




Home to Me is layers of Meaning, layers of comfort,  
layers of harsh Reality with Familiar Softness.

Rowan  
adamson





home

home is a breath away  
is the buzz of a receptor or a text away  
is an absence, a great anticipate  
of long haul waits finally over

it's soft tumble of locks and syncopated chests  
wrapped in sleeps' crest  
two birds nesting on a window ledge  
the climb up seven hills and thirty nine steps  
waiting with a smile and a cup and a kiss

you'll find it in the evenings, in the theft of daily dealings  
or read it in headlines, creased and fleeting  
as time dissipates all reason of the notion that beats in-between  
the words we thread

but home is in mourning  
bereft of itself  
bereft of another unmet promise  
when the birds migrate west  
we are with only a foot ball to etch a name into





"The pebble doesn't move far  
from the sea" • Photograph  
2022  
Will Logan



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