

HULLE / هم / ONLAR / ЯНЫ / TE / তারা / ONI / ELLS / SILA / ONI  
MAENT YN / DE / SIE / AYTOI / THEY / ILI / ELLOS / NAD / HAIEK / آهنا  
NE / ILS / SIAD / ELES / तेआ / SU / वे / LAWV / ONI / YO / ÓK / ບຸກຄົນ  
MEREKA/HA/PEIR/ESSI/هم / 彼ら / PADHA/လပာ်လပာ်/ОЛАР / တွဲကုန် / ಅವರು  
그들 / QUOD / မဝာဒေ ဂလေ ဂ / JIE / VINI / IZY IREO / RATOU  
TIE / അവർ / ТЭД / ते / MEREKA/HUMA/သူတို့ / तनीहरूले / ZE / DE / IWO / ਉਹ  
ONE / ELES / EI / ОНИ / ဝဗျဗ် / ONI / SO / WAXAY / ATA / ОНИ / BA  
MARANEHNA / DE / WAO / அவர்கள் / వారు / OHXO / พากเขา / SILA  
ONLAR / БОНИ / هو / ULAR / HQ / هي / NWON SI / 他们 / 他們 / BONA  
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### Otherness

*noun*

being or feeling different in appearance or character from what is familiar, expected, or generally accepted

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### Togetherness

*noun*

the pleasant feeling of being united with other people in friendship and understanding

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### Apathy

*noun*

behaviour that shows no interest or energy and shows that someone is unwilling to take action, especially over something important

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### Empathy

*noun*

the ability to share someone else's feelings or experiences by imagining what it would be like to be in that person's situation

Welcome to The Response magazine, a thought-provoking artefact devised by Fabrica volunteers.

It is a direct response to the current exhibition, explored in a wonderfully varied form through poetry, photography and other creative mediums.

This year marks Fabrica's 21st anniversary, a time to celebrate and acknowledge the innovative talent held by many of the volunteers.

The theme of this exhibition, *THEY/ONLAR*, by artist Ipek Duben, explores the idea of 'the other' in Turkey. Every society has its 'other,' people we perceive as different from ourselves.

This exhibition is about embracing our own 'others' and listening, learning, and understanding them.

The Response is a unique reflection recording the ways in which the exhibition affects us, and we are very pleased to share it with our valued visitors. We hope that you enjoy this edition, which is subsidised by the gallery, relying on donations. We hope that the exhibition, and The Response, moves and inspires you to react in your own way too.

Thanks for visiting the exhibition and thanks to everyone involved in its production.

*'for him' and  
'for her'  
becomes simply  
'for them.'*

*Kate Shields*



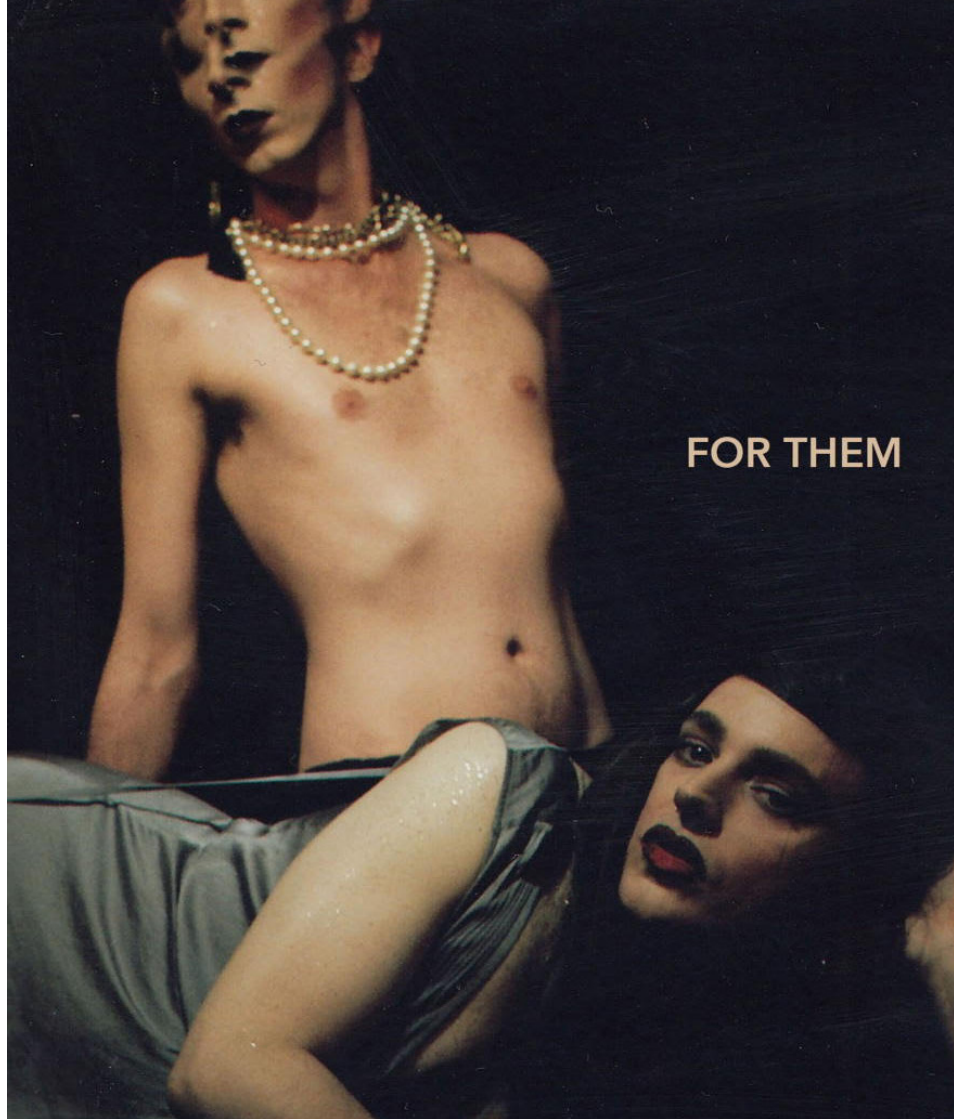
My experience of the word THEY is as a gender neutral pronoun.

The photo I have submitted is one from a selection of images entitled 'Perfume Ad', where I aimed to subvert the traditional enforced gender roles often found in perfume adverts.

'For him' and 'for her' becomes simply 'for them'.

Thanks to Tom and Ilya.

*Kate Shields*



FOR THEM

“Dosha, the Romany girl, beads around her neck. Her haunting gaze – the meditation of mystery and strange gifts, so many ‘Gorgios’ have written about. Defiance in her eyes? Perhaps she is just sad? Has she experienced unwelcome prejudices?

1915. Frank and Ralph make friends with the Romany of the New Forest. Influenced maybe by George Borrow? Capturing the last of this travelling tribe, not long before bricks and mortar trap them in. Were their photographs, drawings and writings a longing evocation of an earlier England? A visceral response to the speed and spread of the Industrial Revolution? A longing to cling onto quiet pastures and rolling farm land of a romantic fantasy past?

Dosha, the ghost of the other. A reflection of my younger self, who suffered spiteful scorn and hateful words from ignorant girls, on sight of my own olive hair and skin. Our ‘Little’ Nanny, a Romany herself married Ralph. My younger self relieved and proud on being told of our family Gypsy blood. And proud of Frank and Ralph, who’s book sits upon my bookshelf.

2017. We ruminate about the other. We write about the other. We create art about the other. All those others... Do they not just add up to represent US ALL?”

*Lisa Hinkins*

*Lisa Hinkins*









*Hannah Lapsley*



*Hannah Lapsley*

## 13/4/17 instructions

There is no linear route or timeline.

Follow your eyes and ears on a circular nonsensical route and return more than once.

Stumble in and feel your way.

Struggle to hear, but concentrate.

You need to listen.

Watch them closely, read their gestures.

The screens wobble as your body moves the room's air.

These figures are 3D in their flatness.

Catch odd words and let them seep into your subconscious.

Go away feeling strange.

Where are you?

Light hits you.

Others don't know about your closeness to otherness.

They seem out of your world for a moment.

*Liz Crane*

*Catch odd words  
and let them  
seep into your  
subconscious.*





*Jennifer Hamilton*

The line that separates us  
is invisible  
yet erasable  
The distance between us  
is immeasurable  
yet crossable

These barriers are built  
These fences are fabricated  
but we can knock them down  
we can climb these hurdles

The animosity divides us  
makes us lonely  
it's preventable  
The years of rejection  
makes you dejected  
it's repairable

the future is ours  
together we can change it

*Jennifer Hamilton*

The mask is heavy  
It hides my individuality  
I'd like to be like you  
Strong, maskless, free

I wear this smile  
To hide my otherness  
I'd like to be like you  
Embrace my difference

You strut with dignity  
Looking proud  
Looking uninhibited

I tremble with shame  
Looking lost  
Looking trapped

One day I will burn the mask  
And join you  
One day we will all be welcome

*Jennifer Hamilton*



It's wholesome to be normal  
It's beneficial to fit in  
It's what society asks of you  
To be a carbon copy of them

But it felt against my nature  
To be someone I'm not  
To wear whatever they wore  
To imitate my chosen lot

One day I took off their shoes  
And stepped into my own  
And now I am myself  
Now I've found my home

Who cares about being normal  
Who cares about fitting in  
Let them see your true side  
And let your new life begin

*Jennifer Hamilton*











I've lived in Brighton for most of my life and have become increasingly aware of the rising numbers of homeless, sleeping on the street, in Brighton in recent years.

An affluent city, Brighton has one of the highest numbers of rough sleepers outside of London.

I decided to photograph people as they are actually sleeping on the streets, as this must prove that these people are genuinely going through an extremely hard time.

84 percent of homeless people in Brighton and Hove reported at least one physical health issue. 85 percent reported at least one mental health issue. 73 percent reported this mental health issue had been on going for 12 months or more.

Then I photographed Casey. Often seen around town wearing his bright blue onesy. He had cuts over his face. Rough sleepers are 13 times more likely to experience crime than the general public.

I heard some months later that he died on the street aged around his late 40's. The average life expectancy of a man living on the streets is just 47, for a woman just 43.

Since 2010 homelessness in England has risen 33 percent.

No more deaths on our streets.

*Klara Cservenka*



As an artist I am interested in issues of gender, sexuality and the transgression within. Performance can play a part in the search of the relationship between identity and sexualities and questions if, when living in a part of the world where we regard ourselves to be liberated and free, how much of that freedom is actually an illusion. Even the adorning of a specific article on the body can often define gender identity and sexual preferences. Our own internal narrative can often shape our views. My work challenges the preconceptions and the connotations on how gender and sexualities are perceived. Taboos and social expectations are at the core of my current investigation as well as the meaning of non-conformity to social norms.

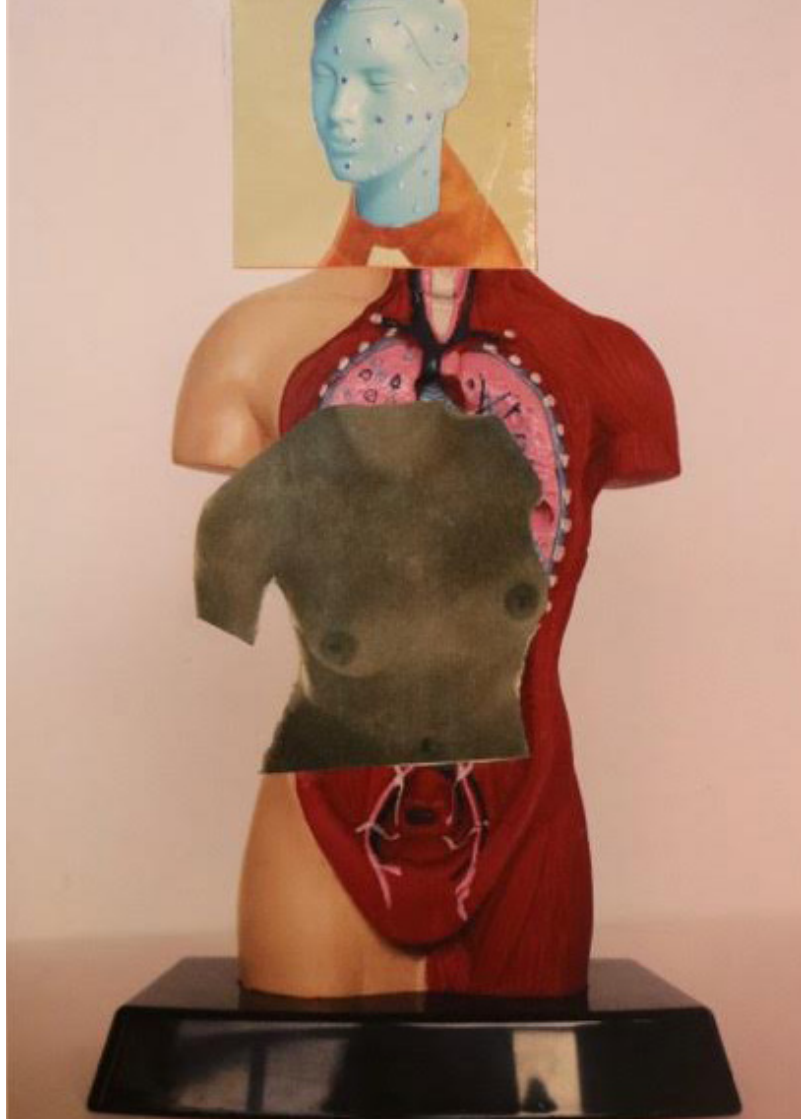
*In Blue*  
Oil and fabric paint on canvas  
75x110 cm

*Victoria Suvoroff*





*Alexandra Motiu*





*Alexandra Motiu*



H: You know, I couldn't read the menu in that bar, the colour of that paper and the lights. You think anyone heard me tell that to the bartender?' They probably all thought I couldn't read at all. It was so busy in there'

J: look why don't you sit over there, I doubt anyone could hear you anyway.

H: 'Well exactly, I had to shout it so loud, and then he had to shout it all back to me. Why over there?

J: the light is better there, it's above you.'

H: Alright. Your lonely-hearts ad said you were physically disabled, are you really? It's not obvious if you are.

J: It's not obvious, but I am, I thought I should start it like that, get it out of the way'

H: That's very brave, aren't you scared it will put people off?

J: I think it's better to let people know. I'm going to lock the door okay?

H: Yes, good.

J: You don't mind me taking photos?

H: No I read your advert.

J: Well I'm glad it didn't put you off

H: So why have you brought me here, do you have a wife or something? You don't have your own place?

J: No, it's my birthday, I lock myself in a hotel room with girls like you every year.

H: Your serious?

J: Yes, and we stay there all day.

H: That's how you celebrate your birthday? Having sex all day?

J: No sex, that's the problem, I can't do that.

H: That's the problem? You've got no thingy?

J: It fell off

H: It fell off?

J: Yeah fell off

H: How?

J: I got hit by a coke can that got flicked up by a passing car, the metal had been all flattened.

H: Really? When you were how old?

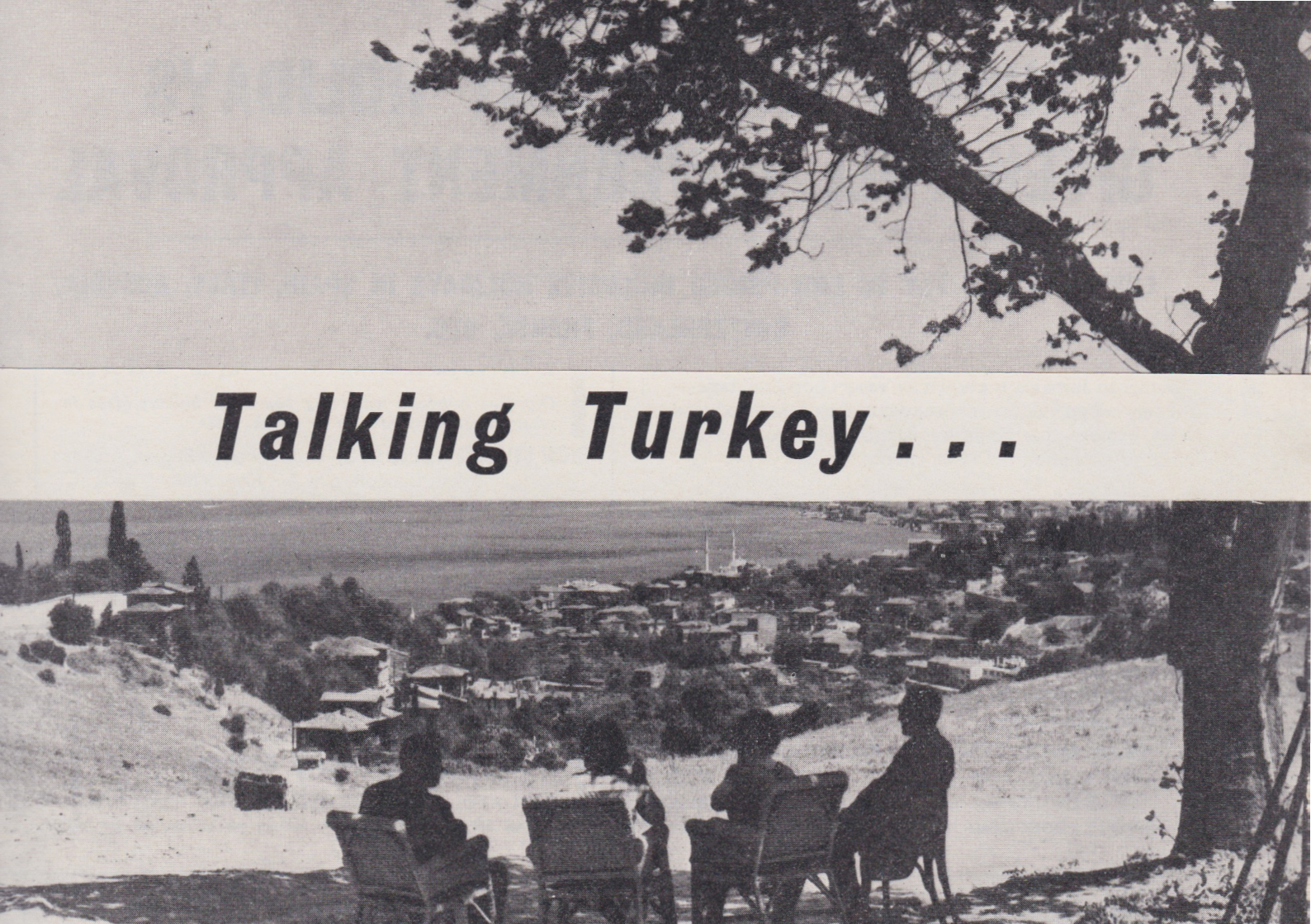
J: Thirteen

H: That's awful. Really?

J: Yeah, try not to frown in front of the camera please, I want to make you look good.

*Ross Morgan*



A black and white photograph showing a coastal town built on a hillside. In the foreground, a large, leafy tree is partially visible on the right side. The town consists of numerous small, light-colored buildings with dark roofs, clustered together. In the background, a large body of water, likely the sea, stretches across the horizon under a clear sky. The overall scene is peaceful and scenic.

***Talking Turkey . . .***







this romantic fringe of Europe



19,996 miles from London to Istanbul

*between east and west*



can be infinitely varied—everything from a minor exploration into the almost unknown,



My image is called 'Lady Garden', and I was trying to explore themes of acceptance and similarities among females. That the female body in particular isn't something to be ashamed of or policed by other people and that there is no right or wrong way to be a woman.

*Bronte Jack*



*There is no right or  
wrong way to be a  
woman.*

*Bronte Jack*

Who is the OTHER?  
Why do we BOTHER?  
Well, it could be a crying mother,  
or a lonely father; A Hero like no OTHER,  
How about a desperate daughter,  
who jumps into ice cold water.  
Maybe a worried brother,  
who works undercovers  
whose sister shouldn't have kissed her...  
It could be someone's son missing his abandoned loved one,  
in need of a helping hand?  
What if it was you, me or someone from a foreign land,  
in need of a helping hand?  
Don't we all want to be tolerated instead of being isolated?  
That's why we should listen and BOTHER  
to learn and accept each OTHER

The Other

Who is the Other?

Why do we bother?

Well, it could be a crying other,

or a lonely father;

A Hero like no other!

How about a desperate daughter,

who jumps into ice cold water, .

Maybe a worried brother

who works undercover

Whose sister shouldn't have kissed her...

It could be someone's son missing his abandoned loved one.

What if it was you, me or someone from a foreign land,

in need of a helping hand?

Don't we all want to be tolerated instead of being isolated?

That's why we should listen and bother  
to learn and accept each other.

Ines Caluori



*Jodie Rowe*

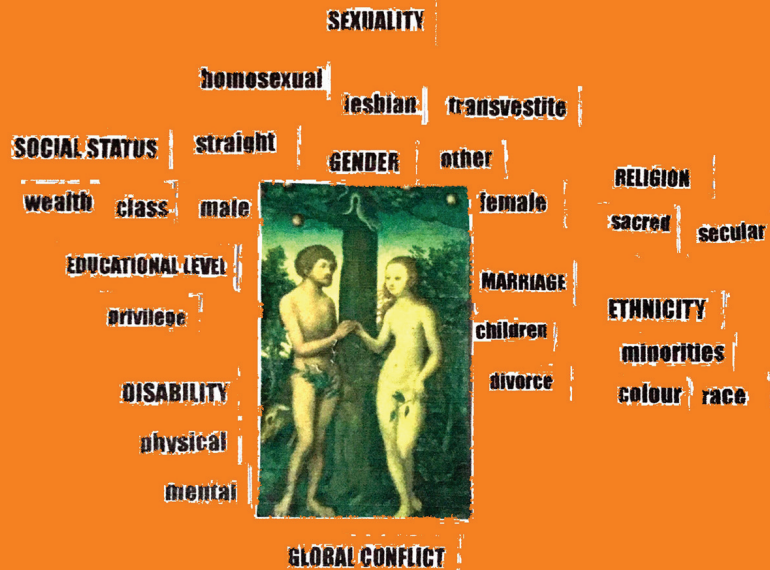




*Karen Hirst*

paper shoes - paper and glue - 28 x 20 x 4 cms

Jenny Buchanan



## **Otherness and Togetherness**

Alevi are not visible  
Not recognised by the state  
Decent, honest people  
Men and women eat, worship together  
Enjoy verses from the Koran  
Resonating the poetry  
Singing beats in their hearts.  
Their hands, tongues, mind,  
Have a right to be heard.

In Istanbul the Kurds felt  
Different are you Arab, Romany,  
Greek, Armenian  
But where do Kurds originate from?  
Mesopotamia where they're innumerable tribes  
Their real derivation is uncertain.  
As long as you're not  
Nationalistic, racist, or fascist  
I embrace you.  
I lived near the border of Syria  
Where landmines lurked  
Children went missing finding buried  
Objects which explode, maim, kill.  
Feel separate  
'It's a miracle I'm alive.'

Armenians bastards, don't feel accepted  
Turkish friends feel alienated too.  
Being other brings us together.  
I was separated from my mother  
All the men herded into the square, shot.

Women and children remained  
Separated from my mother  
I was adopted by a Muslim family.  
They had no children the name  
They gave me translated into English is 'gift.'  
The Armenian Church is where we can  
Share language, after elementary school  
University became an otherness.  
People find out I'm Armenian  
Treat me as an individual  
Are your needs any different?  
Are you interested in my background?  
I can't be a policeman, fire-fighter,  
History teacher, politician,  
When friends don't ask me  
About my culture I feel sad.

I've been abused by my husband  
He's hit me even in the police van  
I'm the victim yet he's not punished.  
I can't get a job  
Have no qualifications  
But make sure my children  
Study and have an education  
Are able to earn a living, survive.  
How many wives like me  
Wish to kill their husbands?  
Boys are allowed to do what they want  
Go out where and when they like  
Maybe it encourages their sickening behaviour?  
Girls are protected, prisoners  
Stay indoors  
Not allowed to work.

*Alanna Alanna*

Christians, Kurds, Jews are divisive  
Arabs filthy Assyrians mock the city.  
It's our humanity draws us to people.  
Armenian, LGBTs, Italian, Greeks.

I felt drawn to be with the same sex,  
Perhaps I could be bi-sexual.  
Think women and men  
Should do the washing up  
Be treated equally.  
There's a lot of sexual swearing.  
Fuck this and fuck that  
Sexual words used out of context  
But when it comes to it we have the same needs.  
Celebrate the diversity allowing  
Others freedom to express themselves.

I chose to wear a headscarf  
It doesn't suppress my identity  
Yet I'm marginalised.  
I wear a head scarf out of choice  
My mother didn't want me to  
My dad said, 'Let her do what she wants.'  
I feel good and don't think  
It will stop possibilities.

When we live in a mixed community  
Like elementary school  
We accept each other  
Play together not questioning  
Who or where we come from  
We acknowledge  
Togetherness with otherness.

Living with fear  
Under constant threat  
Minds and bodies traumatised  
How can we imagine  
What's in another's thoughts?  
But we can listen have compassion  
Show kindness, be there  
Allow them to express themselves freely.  
Allow the hand of friendship  
A hug if it feels right.  
Difference can be frightening  
But breathe knowing  
We all have the same needs  
Shelter food, friends, and respect  
And the need to be protected.

We need to be more accepting  
Others need to be willing to adapt  
To the circumstances  
With help and support  
So the other can join with togetherness  
With luck, a break, all can integrate.  
Yet secularism, multiculturalism, religion,  
Can be divided by authoritarianism  
Squeezing out freedom and opportunity  
Stopping academia speaking out  
Strangling the possibility of co-operation  
Making divisions but hope still survives  
If hearts are open.

*Alanna Alanna*





**The Response Team were:**

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**Béatrice Lajous** - Design/Layout

**James Gasston** - Design/Proofreading

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**Ross Morgan**

**Aluiza Garabedian**

**Ross Hammond** - Magazine Producer/Coordinator

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

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**Liz Crane**

**Lisa Hinkins**

**Bronte Jack**

**Jodie Rowe**

**Klara Cservenka**

**Béatrice Lajous**

**Alexandra Motiu**

**Kate Shields**

**Ines Caluori**

**Ross Morgan**

**Karen Hirst**

**Alanna Alanna**

**Victoria Suvoroff**

**Jenny Buchanan**

**And a special thanks to**

**Ipek Duben**



## Donate To Us

The easiest and most direct way to support Fabrica is by making a donation. Your generous support will help us to:

- Present thought-provoking and ambitious exhibitions
- Support artists with practical advice, mentoring and through our residencies
- Provide inclusive and creative volunteering opportunities for people of all backgrounds to build their confidence and gain invaluable experience
- Deliver projects with older people, young people and children, giving them the opportunity to enjoy and learn from contemporary art.

We are delighted with any pounds and pennies dropped into our donations boxes in the gallery or at events. Or you can give online by hitting the button below.

Regular monthly gifts make a huge difference to us, no matter what the amount. If you'd consider making your gift a recurring one, we'd be ecstatic.

If you would like to make a donation to Fabrica please visit: [www.fabrica.org.uk/support-us](http://www.fabrica.org.uk/support-us)

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