

#isolationartviews  
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Day 9. Meet my neighbour Doris.



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Day 1. Brighton seafront and Rampion Offshore Wind Farm.

#views #brighton #sea #windfarm #bluesky #clouds #southcoastofengland  
#lookingsouth #watchingtheworld #seagulls #soaringhigh #embassycourt

#isolationartviews is an Instagram Project (@landyash), in which I documented a view from my window each day during the first government mandated coronavirus lockdown in the UK . For over 60 days I set myself the challenge to photographically record and collect views of the changing situation. I started on March 29<sup>th</sup> 2020 with a seascape view of Brighton Beach (Day 1) and ended 4<sup>th</sup> June 2020 with a snap of Doris the seagull and her new born chick (Day 61). All that followed in between was everydayness and the daily routines that caught my attention.



Day 61. New Life – Doris's new born chick.

#seagull #rooftops #newbeginings #newday #babychick #newlife #endofanera #newstart  
#whatcouldgowrong?



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Day 29. Thankgodforimmigrants.

#jeremydellar #frasermuggeridge #thankgodforimmigrants #foodbanks #nhs  
#community #regugeeaction #trusseltrust #artandlife

Day 23. Artist's chair, observation central.

#observing #watching #studying #recording #light #shadow #lines #balcony  
#sunlight #sitting #creating

I recently moved into a top floor flat in a small block (Day 29) in the city of Brighton & Hove when coronavirus started to appear in the news. Hove happened to be one of the first sites where a case was reported in the UK. It had created a degree of local anxiety as it spread throughout the community. I have three daughters who live in our family home near-by; two of which have health issues. We decided to shield them early on in the pandemic as a precaution. This meant I would be alone for the entire duration of lockdown. I wanted to stay positive about the situation and decided to use isolation as an opportunity to explore what it means to make art in a confined space. I was not traveling to the studio or the University. Art had to be created in my flat with limited access to resources and materials. I set out to generate a record of this moment in time, to try to be creative with very little and to observe how the virus effected the world as it passed by my flat window. I rarely left the building: food shopping as advised by the government was my only weekly trip out. So I would spend hours on the small balcony watching. (Day 23).





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Day 13. Blocks recycling bin.

#recycle #communityrubbish #dystopia #virus #unemployment #wifi #bondage  
#sextoys #ecology #shopping #failingeconomy #whatawaste

I used an iPhone to photograph the daily scenes and commented upon the developing and unfolding situation. I suppose I was resisting the urge to invest in too much equipment. I wanted to react quickly to what happened around me. I would then post my images each day on Instagram. I used Hashtags to give some commentary and I played with simple statements for daily reactions, but to ensure consistency in the Instagram following I would also use the same set of Hashtags to frame the whole project .

My new existence led to an interest in Perec's notion of 'L'Infra-ordinaire' (Perec, 1973). Perec defines the Infra-ordinary as "an everydayness that requires a kind of quixotic or excessive attention." He uses neologisms like 'infra-ordinary' to describe an everyday that is 'neither ordinary or extraordinary, neither banal nor exotic'. I was looking at my world, the news headlines, and in a reaction against the unfolding drama my daily routines became the focus on my attention. They became an antidote against the media and government which privileged trauma and drama over the ordinary and the everyday.

Through meticulous recordings of everything and anything in my immediate surroundings I set out to uncover the unimportant and insignificant. The recycle bin (Day 13) is a case in point. We see all of the world at that point in time, in the bin. We see the global obsession with the virus, money, consumption, shopping, jobs, media and technology. But in contrast we also see the hidden everyday lives of people: of sex and pleasure, of trying to go about relationships, and live a normal existence under intense scrutiny.



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#isolationart      #isolationartist  
 #artist      #contemporaryart  
 #contemporaryartist #stayhome  
 #artfromthelockdown  
 #photography  
 #stayhomesaveslives  
 #cartography    #saatchitakeover  
 #martinparrphotochallengeone  
 #brighton #massisolationproject  
 #scenefromhome

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My artistic practice became my systematic observations, the daily routines that focused my attention. These appeared meaningful to me, but may not necessarily be seen in the same light by others. Significant to me and to some extent tapping into the notion of a society that is re-evaluating, during Covid, that which might appear insignificant is becoming more significant. I was foregrounding and questioning things that are compelling, cataloguing moments, people, jobs, spaces, but also the trifling, fleeting and to an extent unnoticed.

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I was obsessing over Doris the seagull (Day 9), my neighbour, who lives on the roof and chimney stack of the old peoples home next door. I called her Doris (Greek origin meaning ‘gift of the ocean’) as it seemed appropriate. I had paid little attention to her previously. I had failed to focus in on a single bird and its existence before. Yet in this project we see over the 60 days of her life. She goes through a cycle of adventures including meeting a male bird, mating, nest building, incubating the egg, depression, hatching and new life (Day 61). I was obsessed with the gaps and possible tensions that were

appearing through observations, and increasingly I entered unknown and unnoticed territories.



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Day 5. Mother and son maintaining contact.

#motherandson #carehomes #cacti #socialdistancing #families #lockdownrules  
#isolation #separated #heartbreaking #uncertainty #notouching #justneedahug

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The name Doris is a girl's name of Greek origin meaning "gift of the ocean".

In classical Greek mythology, Doris is the daughter of Oceanus, god of the sea, who gave birth to fifty golden-haired sea nymphs.

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I responded to daily observations and started to archive a number of emerging themes:

- Social routines: walking, running, cycling, dog walking and general interactions all while maintaining social distancing guidance;
- Working routine: those who came and went from the block; dustmen, delivery drivers/bikers, postal workers, care workers;
- Space and place: the landscape, the cityscape, time, change and the natural world.

Of the new rules and routines that emerged from the daily government briefings, social distancing, was one of the most significant and most challenging to follow. I was struck by the human need for social contact. I watched a number of interactions play out including a series of heart rendering moments at the care home next door. Families were unable to visit elderly relatives and their attempts to connect (Day 5), the tension of not being allowed in the same space, not being able not touch or hug, and the worry of the need to protect the elderly, was tangible. Death was often evident.



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I was also painfully aware that whilst I was isolating, whilst I was able to protect myself by working from home, many others did not have this privilege. This was very self-evident based on the number of key workers that were coming and going from the block (Day 14). Many came and went, unnoticed. Rubbish was collected, post, packages, and food were delivered and empty buses drove by (Day 40).

Day 28. Doris on the edge.

#seagull #depressed #lonely #mentalhealth #staringouttospace #bluesky #suicide #anxiety  
#antidepressantsusagesoars #counsellingcut #wellbeing #breakthepatterns #selflove  
#bepositive



Day 14. Brave key workers, coming & going, doing their jobs.  
#postman #postoffice #dustmen #councilworkers #fooddelivery #takeaway  
#workingforus #careworkers #dailyexposure #thankyou



Day 40. Empty buses.  
#brightonandhovebuses #publictransport #emptytransport #goingnowhere  
#stayhome #workathome





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Day 33. Waiting, solitude, your own thoughts.

#boredom #solitude #ownthoughts #waiting #alone #breakingroutines  
#inyourhead #ithurts #broken

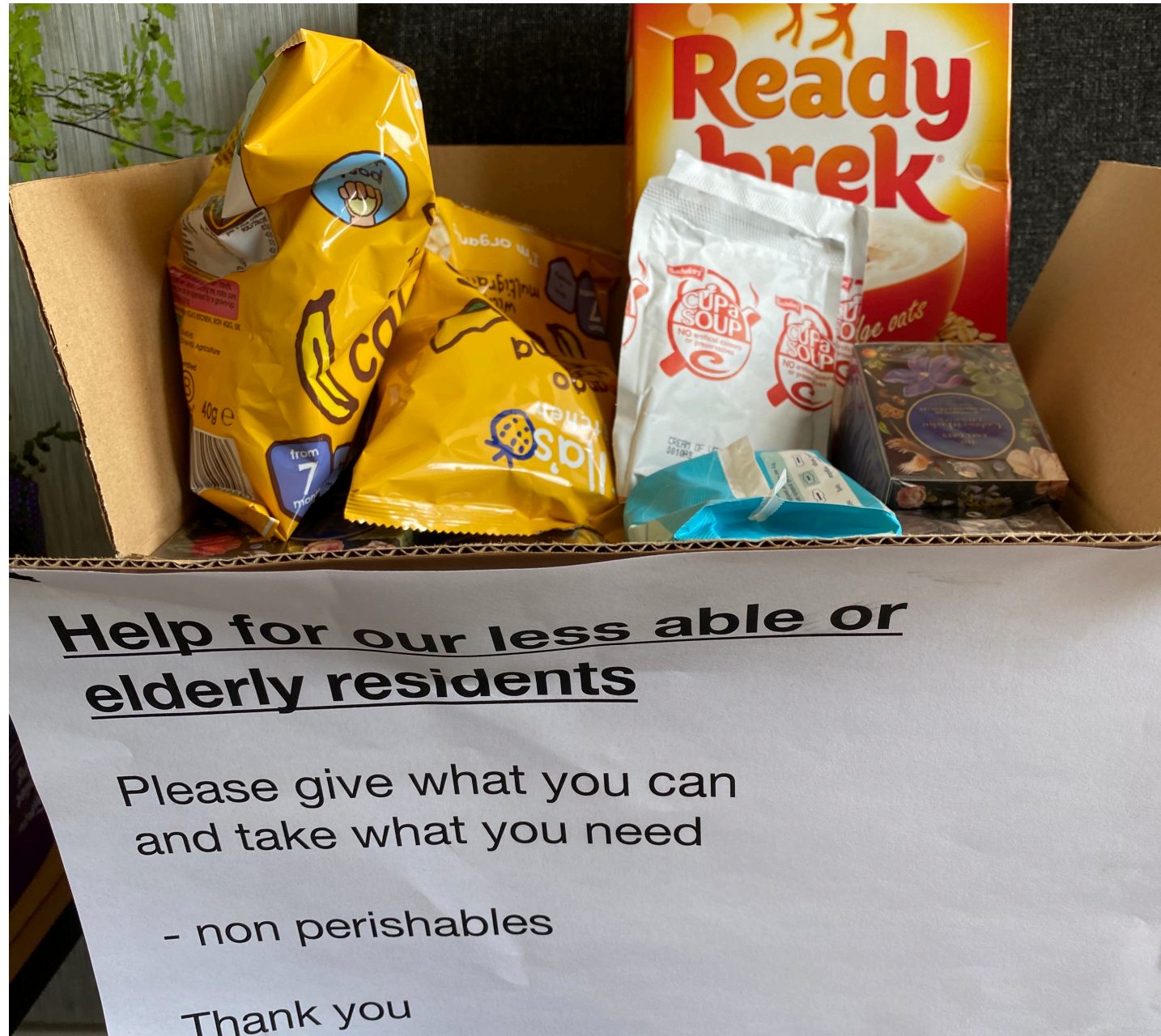
This was the longest period of time I have ever spent in a small flat alone. I have a history of struggling with depression and anxiety so the lockdown brought with it many personal challenges. I saw this project as an opportunity to take it one day at a time, to make some art and reflect on the developing situation. Maybe it was a way to motivate myself to get up and out of bed in the morning, to look at my environment and consider my solitude and loneliness (Day 28). Maybe it was about just sitting here with myself; alone, waiting, listening, watching. I wasn't sure what I was experiencing anymore. Producing art was a way of making sense for myself. It gave voice to my feelings and emotions. It gave a purpose to other daily routines: getting up, showering, eating, shopping, exercising, domestic tasks etc. It was about me and about others routines, and what it said about us at this moment in time (Day 33).



Day 37. How do you date/flirt when in lockdown?

#dating #flirtingskills #loveduringlockdown #relationships #sexduringlockdown  
#youngpeople #thenewnorm





Day 15. Community looking after each other.

#foodbox #community #caringcommunity #giveandtake #elderly  
#thinkingofothers #strugglingtcope #nosupermarketdeliveryslots!

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Or maybe it was about me reflecting on other people and our relationships.

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I would often find myself writing little narratives in my head about different peoples' stories. Imagining their day to day, imagining the conversations (Day 37), imagining their realities and how they were coping. Were they coping better than me? I was also becoming more self-aware of the connected nature of the community. I was questioning our relationships and interconnectedness. I was looking at how we rely and relate to one another. As well as the elderly residents next door I was aware others self-isolating in the block. I was given a sense of hope by noting often how others were reacting and being supportive (Day 15).

#isolationartviews captures the time of quarantine in 2020 through one artist's visual photographic diary. I think this is a truly remarkable moment in history and I have tried to create a living time capsule of life in lockdown and highlight moments or perspectives in this (changing) world.