

This is the writer Malcolm Lowry (1909-1957), born in New Brighton on the Wirral and best known for the novel *Under the Volcano* (1947). He first visited the Isle of Man as a 1-year-old on a family holiday, taking the very same journey we are taking now, but probably on a boat similar to the one over the page which is the RMS Ben-mv-Chree that operated between 1908-1915.

Lowry developed a strong affection for the island and its people; one of his closest friends later in life would be a boat-builder from the island. His short story collection *Hear Us O Lord From Heaven Thy Dwelling Place* uses a Manx fishermen's hymn as its title.

Lowry had a lifelong sense of connection with the sea and ships. In 1927, aged 18, he sailed from Birkenhead to the Far East as a deckhand on board the SS *Pyrrhus*.

In his later writing, Lowry shows a deep concern with the natural world and how we can live in harmony with it. For our two-year project, we are following in some of his footsteps, making a series of voyages between Liverpool and the Isle of Man to think about his writing and how we can best care for our oceans today.

We are a group of lecturers, retired sea captains, writers, musicians, artists and environmentalists and will be collecting sounds, words, pictures and ideas to make a series of podcasts, which will be available online and via a display at the Merseyside Maritime Museum.

For more information, see: [www.malcolmlowry.com](http://www.malcolmlowry.com)



# Trip 1 (September 2021)

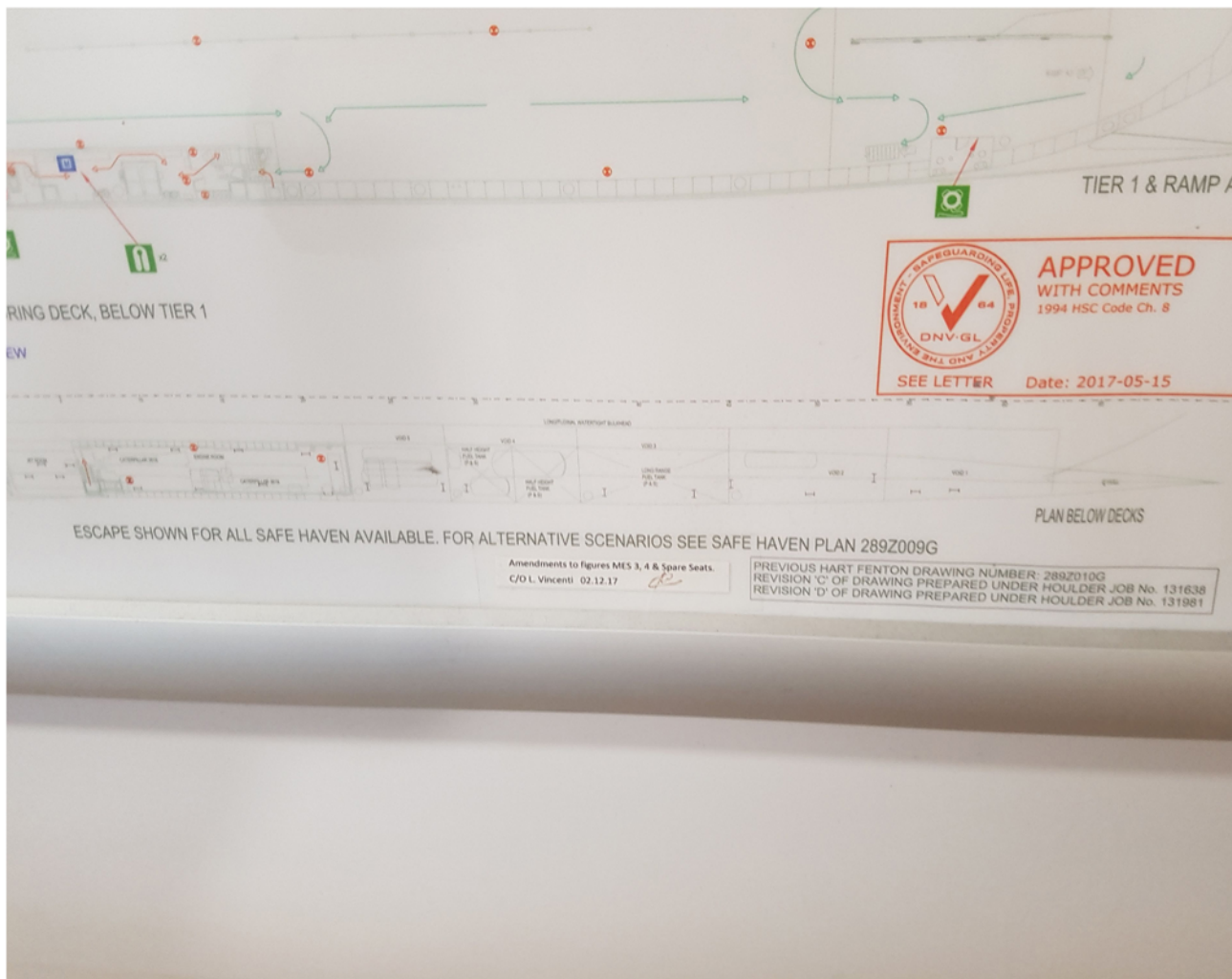




A group of artists, poets, retired sea captains, Art Doctors and composers sailed to Douglas this weekend to record material for podcasts we'll launch early next year, including time spent collecting plastic from Peel Beach with the extraordinary Beach Buddies, some swimming, hanging out with Bee Gees statues, chatting with Douglas Record Shop owners about the project and local bands/sound artists (buying some TEA and BAAD ACID vinyl), interacting with the public on board, recording below deck and chatting with the Chief Engineer.

The Isle of Man has about 85,000 people and has received UNESCO Biosphere status and feels on the up. Travelling on 9/11, silent Ferry screens full of those images; popping heads into the Northern Soul all nighter, dining well next to the Super Mario crowd, cheering in the Old Market Inn as our BBC updates tell us Emma R has won in straight sets and hearing ripples of support during our return crossing as Mo scores his goal. We quietly sing Frere Jacques into the bracing Irish Sea wind to the rhythm of the Steam Packet engine and stand in awe as the Queen Elizabeth speeds past us out of Liverpool as we arrives back. We stand and look across the Irish Sea to the Lake District or Stranraer, chatting about the links between Isle of Man, Panama Canal and Lowry and grinning at the constant phrase 'traa dy liooar' (roughly – 'time enough', ie the Manx 'mañana').

Alan Dunn (13 September 2021)



Louise, sound artist, asking me is it an emotional experience, making this trip, and my realising that it is. Not just in relation to Lowry, the idea of following in his footsteps (though there is that), but more so the fact of being here now on this ship with a group of other people, all brought together through Lowry, through this strange connection with a long-dead writer – his ability to make us see differently, feel differently, come to know a place differently. On the ship (Manannan), the Escape & Safety Plan (everyone walks past it): ESCAPE SHOWN FOR ALL SAFE HAVEN AVAILABLE. FOR ALTERNATIVE SCENARIOS SEE SAFE HAVEN PLAN 2892009G. The cosmic significance of this, which would certainly have struck Lowry – what is our safe haven plan? What are our alternative scenarios? Sign onboard: We support the TRAA DY LIOOAR scheme. Giving people 'time enough' to think.

In Lowry's story Present Estate of Pompeii his protagonist Roderick Fairhaven (ironic name?) reflects, in apocalyptic mood: 'What it amounted to was a feeling that there was not going to be time... And Roderick could not help but wonder whether man too was not beginning to stand, in some profound inexplicable sense, fundamentally in some such imperfect or dislocated relationship to his environment as he'. But the commitment of the hundreds of people litter-picking every Sunday on the beaches on the Isle of Man, and the cleanliness of those beaches – I walked slowly up Fenella Beach at Peel with Roger, one of the volunteers, and we didn't find a single piece of plastic. And the family telling me enthusiastically how much they had salvaged and recycled for their own use – everything from gloves to firewood.

Helen Tookey (13 September 2021)



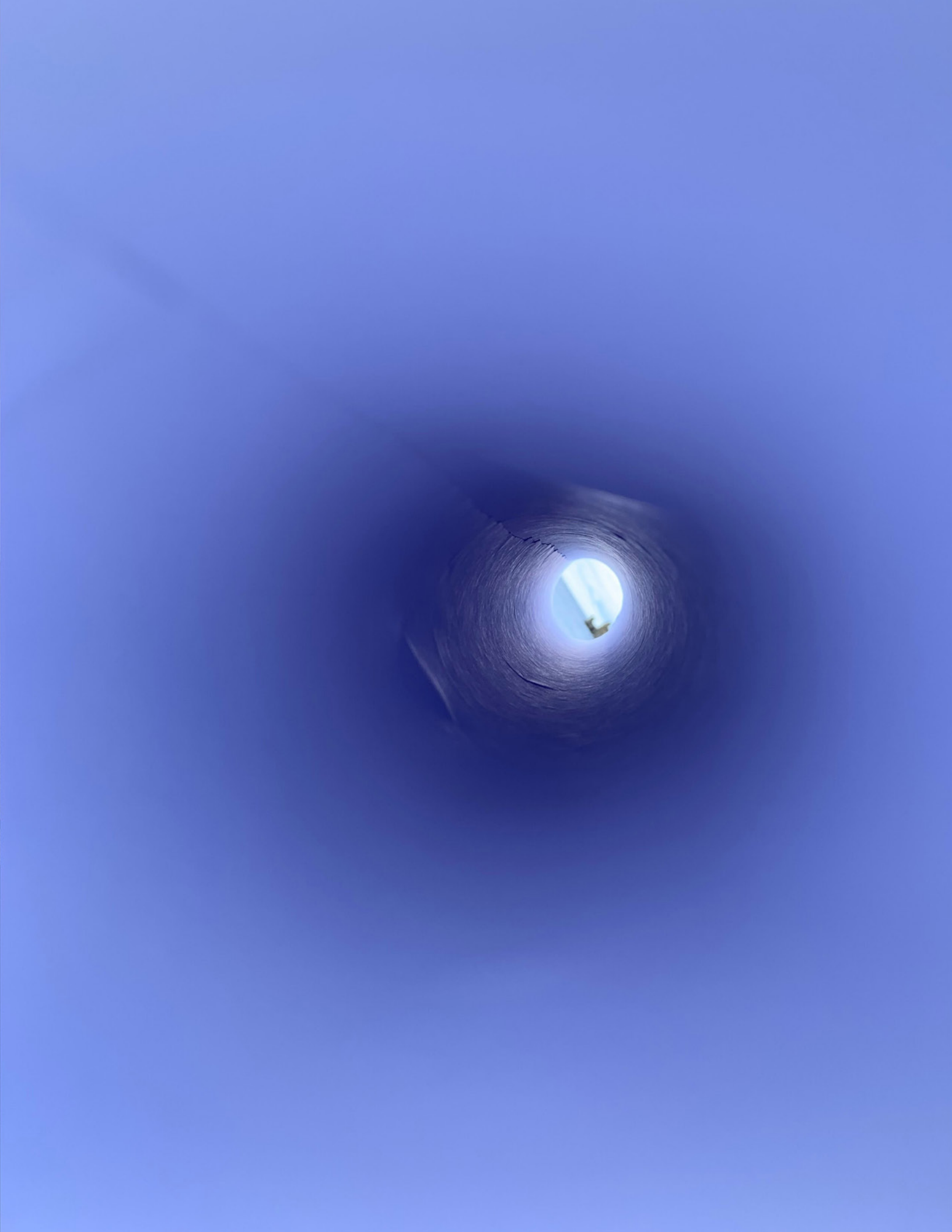




The Art Doctors' role in the project was to engage passengers on the ferry crossings with activities that prompted conversations about the sea, the Isle of Man and Malcolm Lowry. On the first crossing we played sea-themed word association games. On the second one we invited passengers to create cut up poems, using words from the word association games and from Malcolm Lowry's writings.













And Lowry in *Forest Path to the Spring* describes exactly the same: "and of course we got much of our wood from the beach, both for making repairs around the place and for firewood. It was on the beach we found one day the ladder that was later to be so useful to us and that we had seen floating half awash. And it was also on the beach that I found the old cannister that we cleaned and that in the end I used to take each evening to the spring for water. [...] And everything in Eridanus, as the saying is, seemed made out of everything else, without the necessity of making anyone suffer for its possession: the roofs were of hand-split cedar shakes, the piles of pine, the boats of cedar and vine-leaved maple. Cypress and fir went up our chimneys and the smoke went back to heaven."

Fenella Beach pink with the beautiful scallop shells, thousands of them, dumped into the sea by the seafood processing places just along by the marina, washed up here by the currents, and then, one of the volunteers told me, collected by farmers who crush the shells and spread them on the fields for fertiliser. I brought back a few of the shells (it seemed okay to do this, since the whole beach was covered with them). All of us thinking also on the boat on the way back to Liverpool about what else we might be bringing back, in the way of new knowledge – new connections – new ideas to try. New ways of doing things?

Helen Tookey (13 September 2021)













Beyond the blue horizon: reflections on a sea crossing to the Isle of Man Giant blades of wind turbines gracefully revolve in a farm of harnessed energy spread out across Liverpool Bay, a grid that slowly locks into shape as we sail by, courtesy of the Isle of Man Steam Packet Company, our destination Douglas, three hours away. Set against a backdrop of mournful Welsh mountains, the whirligigs perform a silent choreography that bids us farewell while, opposite on the Sefton shoreline, the heads of Gormley's rusting men, ignoble and tiny in comparison, are just visible above the incoming Mersey tide - another field, Another Place.

My simple pencil sketches chart the line of the horizon through the portside window. Inside, the hubbub of passengers' banter and snacking accompanies the ferry engine's constant drone. Frère Jacques – Brother John – Sister Suzie - Phil and Don - Brother Michael - Auntie Gin. Captured snippets of conversations scribbled at the foot of each notebook page: "I don't want anything scary" - "it took eighteen attempts for the ship to dock" - "I'm not going to tell you what my drink is" - "I wore a mask for seventeen hours" - "I met Nigel Mansell" - "I saw Norman Wisdom" - "I'd never heard of him" - "it's the drugs" - "it's rolling a bit" - "we wrote to ask if we could have our wedding rings blessed" - "we do activities as birthday presents" - "and on the third day I walked" - " " - " " - " " - " " -

And everyone else, it seems, absorbed in screens, prospects framed by a flat world of digital transmission. Someone's singing, 'We all live in a shallow submarine'. Someone's ringing a bell, and I wake from my reverie. We are approaching land. The Island's three-legged symbol, the Legs of Man, one spoke short of a swastika and spurred to boot, greets us at Douglas harbour, a fluttering flag that's seen better days, faded red and gold, its edge torn to shreds. In better nick, a Cross of St George flies above a mini mock-mediaeval castle standing valiantly out in the bay, the sea lapping at its turreted tower, an absurd folly to ward off future Viking invasion perhaps?

An all too brief stay in a Norman Wisdom-themed hotel. Quick trip to the local record shop, its final trading day in the basement of a building due for a more no doubt lucrative retail refurbishment. Alan and I, two vinyl junkies, head straight for the bargain bins. Before an evening meal together, our crew marvel at an inspirational account of the award-winning Beach Buddies' mission to not only clean the entire Manx coast but provide a template for the rest of the world. It's not enough to just stand and stare, and we don't. Next day, Peel's beach is several bags of gathered detritus cleaner, thanks to our - and many other locals' - efforts. In the grey Sunday-morning light, the town seems reluctant to wake up. A flotilla of moored vintage fishing boats, most on their last sea-legs, cram the enclosed quay. A sign, NO BERTH, ignored. Listless Legs of Man flags line the promenade. Roger investigates the old sailors' home where local-turned-international photographer Chris Killip had documented the last generation of Manx seafarers and boatbuilders, old men of the sea like Jimmy Craige who washed up on Lowry's beloved Dollarton shore.

On the return journey, the sea and sky observed again in a sequence of sketches, this time from the stern of the vessel, the island's mountainous silhouette receding eventually to nothing on the horizon. A huge arcing trail of sea spray and ploughed waves shows the path we have travelled. Polluting yellow mist emanates from the boat's engine. Other vessels laden with containers, oil and cruising tourists pass by. We wave half-heartedly. The wind farm heaves into view again, its grid unlocks as we follow the curve of Crosby Channel into the Mersey, and Liverpool is ahead.

Bryan Biggs (September 2021) below is a QR code to a video of Brian's sketchbook from trip 1.







# Trip 2 (April 2022)

We are more relaxed this time, knowing a little more what the trip may be like. We are five from the first trip (Alan Dunn, Helen Tookey, Bryan Biggs and the two Art Doctors) and five new collaborators (Chris Watson, Olga Munroe, Sarah Hymas and Johny and James from BAD PUNK/Band of Holy Joy). The new Steampacket terminal at Liverpool still isn't finished so once again we depart from a less-than-sulubrious but somehow fitting departure building. The crossing on Saturday 2 April is sublime, blue skies and smooth seas. Sarah develops her Book of the Sea during the crossing (great stories about a family that keeps a reef tank at home and noticed that certain spices impacted upon it, and the phrase sarcastic fringehead is mentioned). In the Lounge, The Art Doctors engage other passengers in word collaging using Lowry texts and one table turns out to include Paul Merton and his Improv Chums.



On the second trip, The Art Doctors invited passengers to create cut up poems, using words from the word association games and from Malcolm Lowry's writings. One table turns out to include Paul Merton and his Improv Chums.



Waves

Peaceful

Dolphin  
and  
calm  
+  
disappearing



just enough sun warmed them, a soft breeze caressed their faces

he watched the clouds: dark swift horses surging up the sky

the horse reared wildly, rebelliously

the buffeting of wind and air as they left the sea behind

an ocean creature so drenched and coppered by sun and winnowed  
by sea-wind and spray looked back at her

there was a feeling of space and emptiness

leaving the choppy waters of the estuary

the pitch and swing of the open sea

Can sometimes feel vibrations of the steampacket

Tranquil.

A poem for Grant's 60<sup>th</sup>

2/4/22.

Tranquil

a pier going down to the water over rough stones... covered in barnacles and sea anemones and starfish

The tidal drift has changed s

the wind had almost dropped

Changes in the weather. ... warmer

a drowsy hum rose up from the morning

an ocean creature so drenched and coppered by sun and winnowed by sea-wind and spray looked back at her

*and then,*

he watched the clouds: dark swift horses surging up the sky

The sand has drifted and built up on the beach over time

the buffeting of wind and air as they left the sea behind

Rough

Palm trees

Comfortably

crest

Mike

hear

The sand has drifted and built up on the beach over time

Time enough

Maiden.

there was a feeling of space and emptiness

the wind had almost dropped

Goosewing

# The Sea

leaving the choppy waters of the estuary

he watched the clouds: dark swift horses surging up the sky

there was a feeling of space and emptiness

the wind had almost dropped

a drowsy hum rose up from the morning

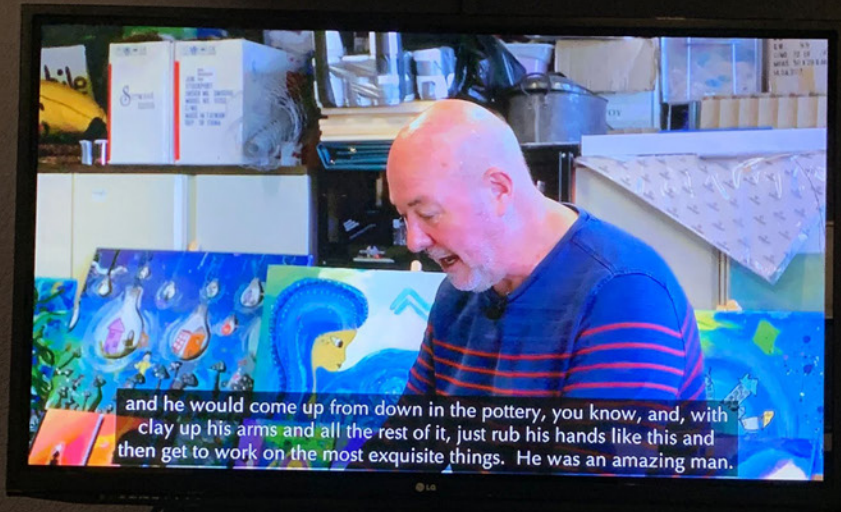
Tranquil.



Sir Barry Gibb CBE  
Robin Gibb CBE  
Maurice Gibb CBE  
THE BEE GEES



Armed with paperwork that is never asked for, we exit in Douglas and wander the promenade via the Bee Gees statue (later adorned with cones a la GOMA in Glasgow) to check in. We split into smaller clusters, to investigate Douglas and to meet Clara Isaac, founder of the incredible kerbside recycling venture recyclecollect. As we chat, in the background someone empties a glass bin and we think of Lowry's problem, of the sounds of all his empty bottles being binned as he sits in his shack thinking about the encroaching SHELL neon sign of industry that he reads only as HELL. We end the Saturday in the raucous Old Market Inn, thinking more about TT races, having conversations with those from whom you collect recycling and Lowry's demons.

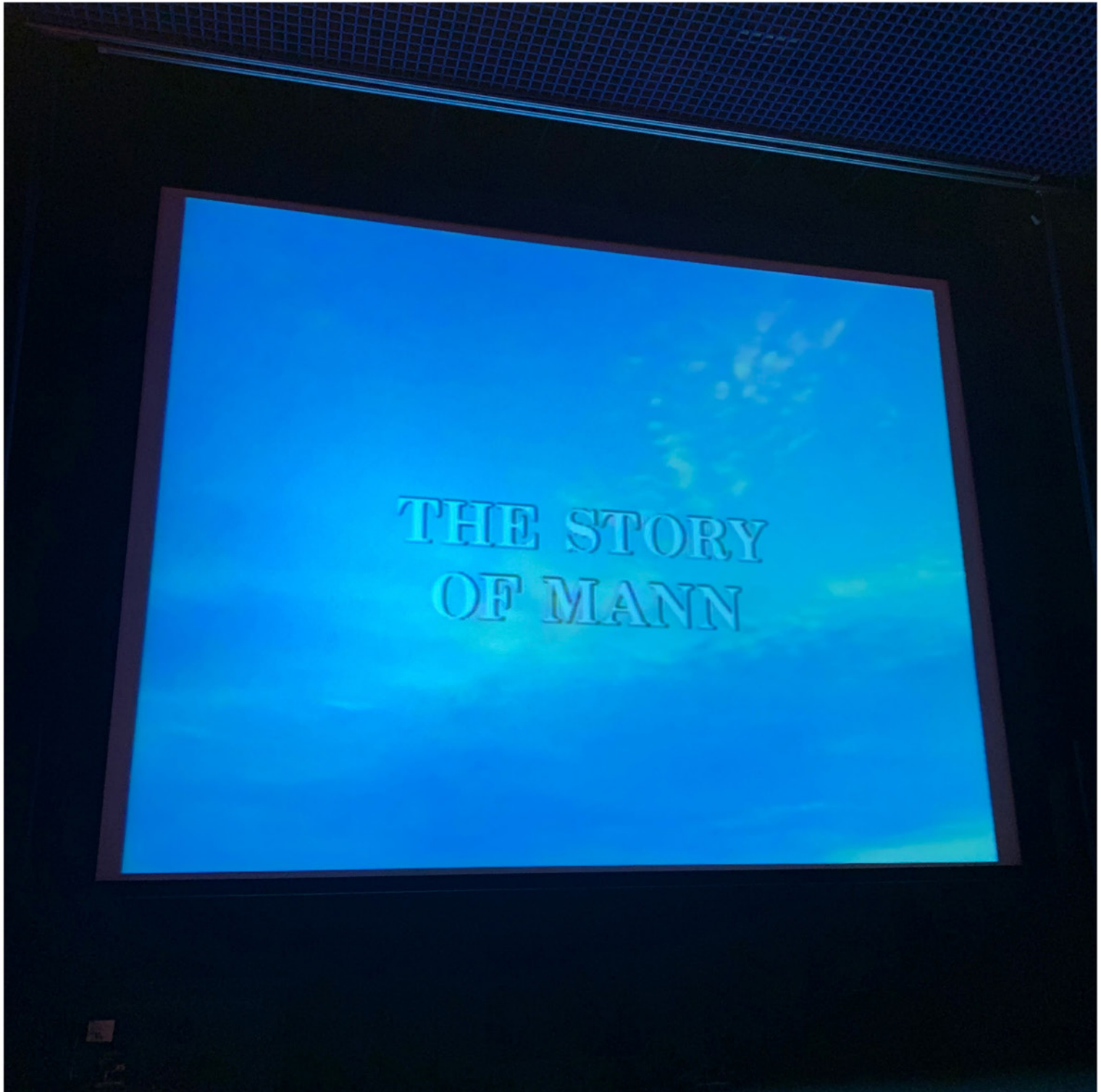


Small white informational card at the bottom left.

Small white informational card at the bottom center.

Small white informational card at the bottom right.

On Sunday Chris records some extraordinary limpet and shrimp sounds, Johnny and James compose Lowry soundtracks for BAD PUNK on the ukelele; we chat about Lowry, search for the lifeboat founder and we meet Dr Richard Selman at the Manx Museum after watching a short video on the history of the Island. Richard is Head of Ecosystem Policy in the Environment Directorate of the Department of Environment, Food and Agriculture and shares with us the huge strides they are taking on the island in relation to their UNESCO Biosphere status and their stance on the TT Race - a few years ago they introduce the electronic-bike only TT Zero but the cars can't finish one lap and are silent! Do the Manx people cup their hands to mouths to imitate motorbike sounds?







We stroll around the Museum, images of James Brown (the Liverpool-born reformer and founder of *Isle of Man Times*) and artists Kevin Atherton and Michael Sandle (his brother Doug taught at Leeds when I started).

## Marble Bust of James Brown

Reformer, Journalist and Founder of the *Isle of Man Times*

by Joseph William Swynnerton of Douglas (1848-1910)

James Brown (1815-1881) was born in Liverpool on 2 August 1815. In 1846 he came to the Isle of Man from Liverpool where he had worked as a printing compositor.

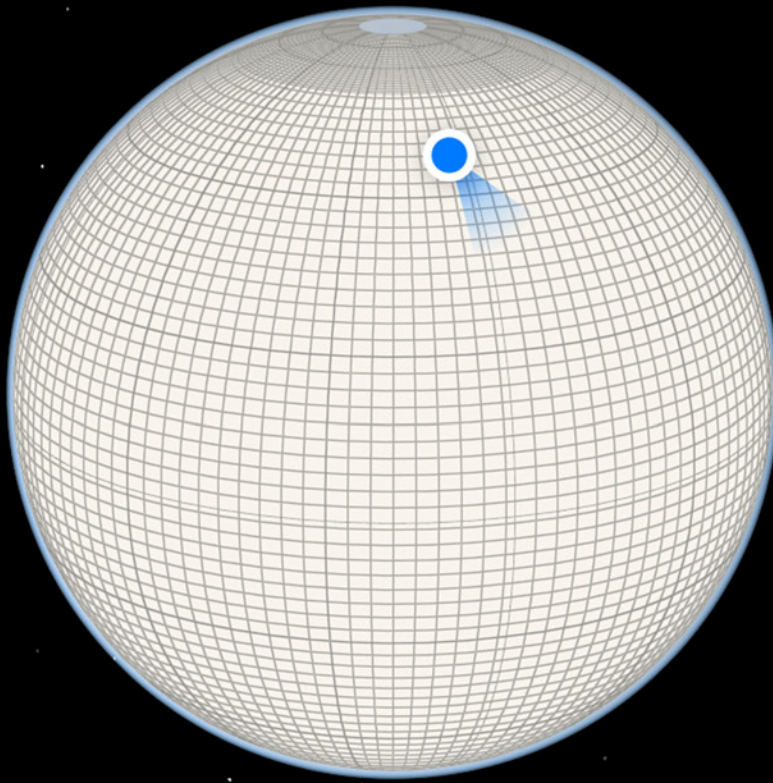
He founded the *Isle of Man Times* newspaper in 1861 and waged a campaign against the Island's Government and self-elected House of Keys. This campaign for a publicly-elected Manx Parliament led to his imprisonment in Castle Rushen Gaol in 1864 for six months 'to purge his contempt' of the Manx politicians. Brown was released after 7½ weeks and awarded £500 damages against the Keys for his wrongful imprisonment.

His brave campaign in the Isle of Man is seen as having been a major factor in bringing about electoral reform on the Isle of Man and defeating the power of the self-elected House of Keys.



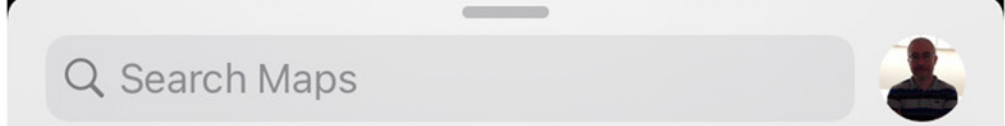
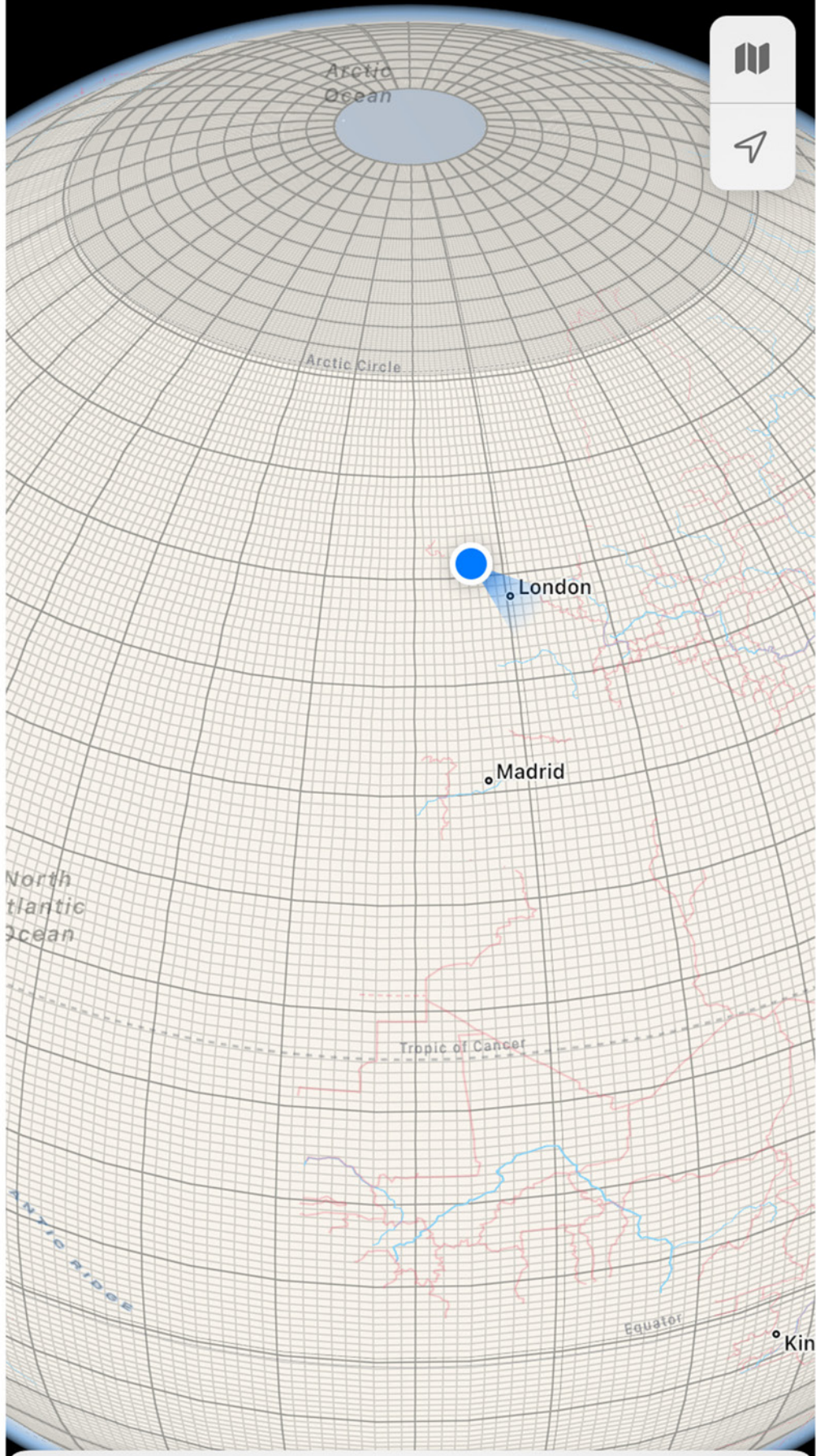
James Brown in Castle Rushen Gaol, 1864

We take in the last few hours, wondering about a kind of lack of smells on the Island, a silence and stillness, a closed record shop (Covid) and, on the Ferry, a lack of wifi or 4G causing Google maps to remind us where on the planet we really are.



Search Maps





We return to listen back, to start editing audio, towards new sounds to make us think new ways about this stuff, of the words and phrases

**nurdles nurdles nurdles sa**

**nurdles nurdles nurdles**

**Malcolm Lowry's empties, cr**

Malcolm L (LAND) S (SEA) Lowry, and we know  
seas ... boats, drills, rigs?

sarcastic fringeheads

sarcastic fringeheads sarcastic fringeheads

the council has a rubbish group

**washing, recycled?** *whose line is it anyway?*

now **NOTHING** about what all those 'things' are out in the



Intermezzo - When Sarah asks me for a word for the sea, I say itself. The sea looks so simple, so simply itself. Undifferentiated. A solid horizon, a solid block of dark blue, only the surface just slightly ruffled, small shifting triangles of blue-black-green. From out here on the ship I can't see anything of its large-scale movements, its tides and pulls and currents and drifts. I can't see anything below its surface. I imagine it to be nothing but itself. But Sarah's sea-chart shows something completely different. A map of a busy, complicated place, marked all over with lines and circles and numbers and symbols. Wrecks, wells, masts, oil fields, gas fields. The land by contrast is blank, unimportant. The chart is a wholly different way of seeing what's there. Douglas Oil Field, Hamilton North Gas Field. Areas of sea-bed defined, named, harnessed to production, the fuels we need to keep everything running. And everywhere too, here in Liverpool Bay, the abbreviation Wk or Wks – wrecks of ships scattering the sea-bed. So many wrecks. The sea as graveyard.

I'm thinking (though I'm not entirely sure why) of Lowry's image of the floating canoe, sunk just below the surface of the inlet in British Columbia: One day when we were out rowing we came across a sunken canoe, a derelict, floating just beneath the surface in deep water so clear we made out its name: Intermezzo. A boat just floating inside clear water, neither on the surface nor on the sea-floor, neither wrecked nor usable. Somewhere, something, in between. A hanging boat, suspended in water, suspended in time. Intermezzo – a pause, a space, a holding zone. Is it perhaps an image of our own lives, just a fleeting space between forever and forever? Or, on another scale, an image of humankind itself, our whole brief stay on this planet?



The next morning is fresh and clear, the sun rising over the sea, striking gold from the wet flat roof of the Marks and Spencer's car park outside my hotel window. On the Loch Promenade, the BeeGees have acquired traffic-cone hats overnight, and look like three slim-hipped witches striding in from the sea to play a trick on some unsuspecting Manx Macbeth. The tide is far out, the Tower of Refuge now standing on its own island.

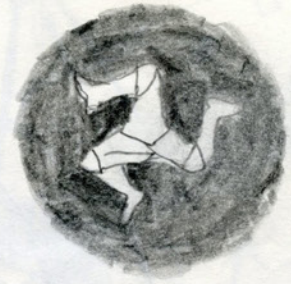
Down on the beach, I find smooth white quartz pebbles, rounded by the wave-action, wet and shining, reminding me of the tinned potatoes we sometimes ate 'as a treat' on holiday, and which were so unlike ordinary potatoes that I imagined them to be an entirely separate kind of foodstuff, a thing all their own. I find several of the little nitrous oxide canisters that you also see everywhere in Liverpool, but these, washed by the sea, gleam like precious silver among the wet pebbles, like tiny bottles for precious messages.

And I find a blue glass marble, sea-weathered, opaque, its surface pocked and pitted all over by its time in the water. When I hold it up against the still-low sun, the light shines through it, and it looks as though I'm holding between my fingers a tiny glowing blue planet.

Helen Tookey (5 April 2022)







ISLE OF MAN  
2-3 APRIL  
2022



Bryan Biggs' sketches are available as a PDF on the project's website:  
[malcolmlowry.com](http://malcolmlowry.com)

# Trip 3 (September 2022)



For our third and final crossing, we travel with 11 people and stay for two nights, allowing us to explore more of the Island. We are again five from the first trip (Alan Dunn, Helen Tookey, Bryan Biggs and the two Art Doctors, Liz Stirling and Alison McIntyre) and six new collaborators - Hannah Dargavel-Leafe, Ben Parry, David Jacques, Matt Green and two Fine Art students from Leeds Beckett University, Frankie Mazzotta (who has family on the Island) and Kristina Nenova.



We set sail on Friday 9th September, the day after Queen Elizabeth II dies, a significant date in that our plan to do some collaborative semaphore with Art Doctors-made flags on the crossings is cancelled, despite our friendly negotiations with Lawrence, the Glasgow-based Captain in charge. We do however make other recordings and texts during the crossing.







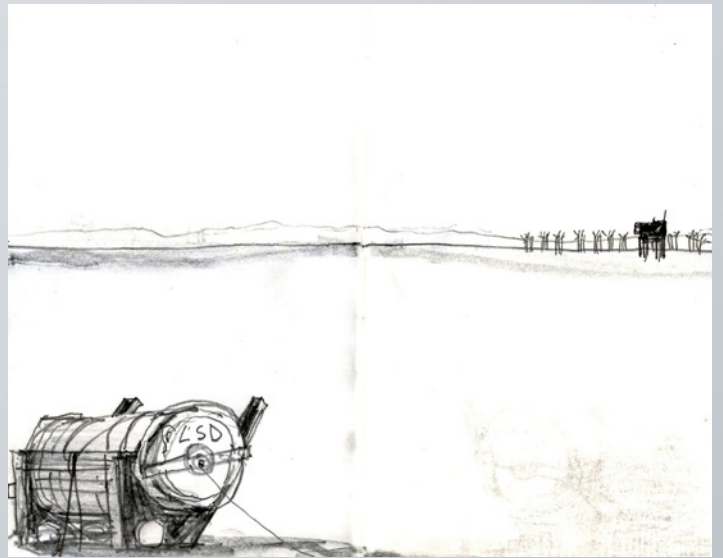
Passenger Notice

Thank you  
for not  
smoking  
aboard this  
vessel.

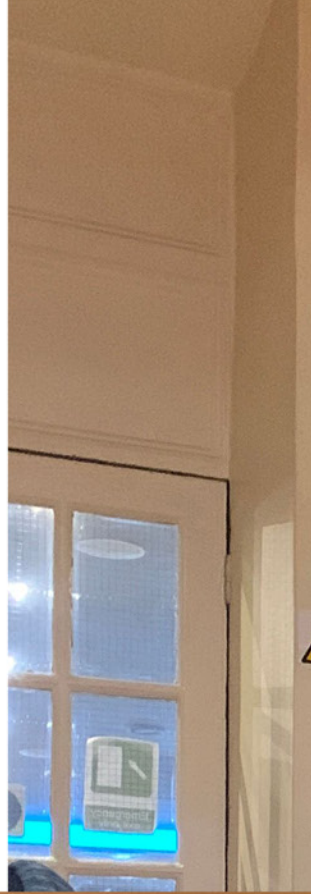
### Man Overboard and Drift Net

The diagram section contains several small illustrations: a person in the water, a boat's wake, and a net being deployed. The text blocks provide instructions for crew and passengers in the event of a man overboard, including the use of life jackets and the deployment of drift nets.





Upon arrival, we sit down with Dr Michelle Haywood, a diver and member of the Tynwald Government (Member of the Department of Environment, Food and Agriculture). Michelle talks us through some of the Island's environmental challenges and also their desire to increase the population by 15,000 for better balance. We then sit down with Rowan Henthorn from the Manx Blue Carbon Project to hear about this incredible project of mapping the island towards identifying future carbon sources. We run out of time to meet with Graham from the Manx Wildlife Trust but we do chat with Sound Records and plan our Saturday ...



Caution  
Mind the step

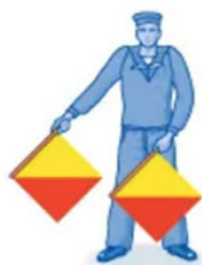


... which is spent in Port Erin, savouring the beautiful beach, doing some semaphore, collecting plastic from a remote beach (Ben) and exploring the 'Winkle Pickers' exhibition marking the 130th anniversary of the Port Erin Marine Laboratory and chatting with some former academics who worked there, before hopping on board the steam train back to Douglas for an evening of fish & chips by the sea and the BAAD ACID gig at The British.





# Semaphore flag signals



A



B



C



D



E



F



G



H



I



J



K



L



M



N



error



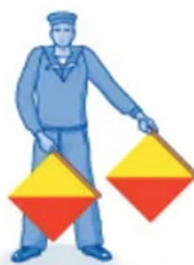
end of  
word



E



F



G



H



M



N



O



P



U



V



W



X



answering  
sign



attention



numbers  
follow



# TIME ENOUGH

The phrase Time Enough or Tra-dy-liooar tells us to slow down and take notice. It connects with Malcolm Lowry's writing about the sea, nature and the environment.

Here are some words and thoughts collected on sailings to the Isle of Man...

the rasping iodine  
smell of seaweed

the taste of mud

SALVAGE

a wave away  
from destruction

ancient shingly ritual

SCRACKLE

childhood connection

beach buddies  
picking up nurdles

covered in barnacles  
sea anemones starfish

HISS

Peel beach  
Just the feel of it

properly out at sea

responsibility

CONNECTION

a feeling of space  
and emptiness

Everyone knows  
Everyone else

two little orcas hum

BELLS

a wave away from  
DESTRUCTION

WHOOMPH

Limpets scraping rocks

seething with every  
imaginable kind of  
life

SWIMMING WITH LIFE  
IN THE INTERTIDAL ZONE

the tide was high and cold  
and we swam

the tide was so far out we  
climbed rocks and seaweed  
and we swam

it gave us life

the sand has drifted  
and built up on the  
beach over time

ULTRAMARINE

yellow ragged sea  
poppies fluttered in  
the spiny sea grass

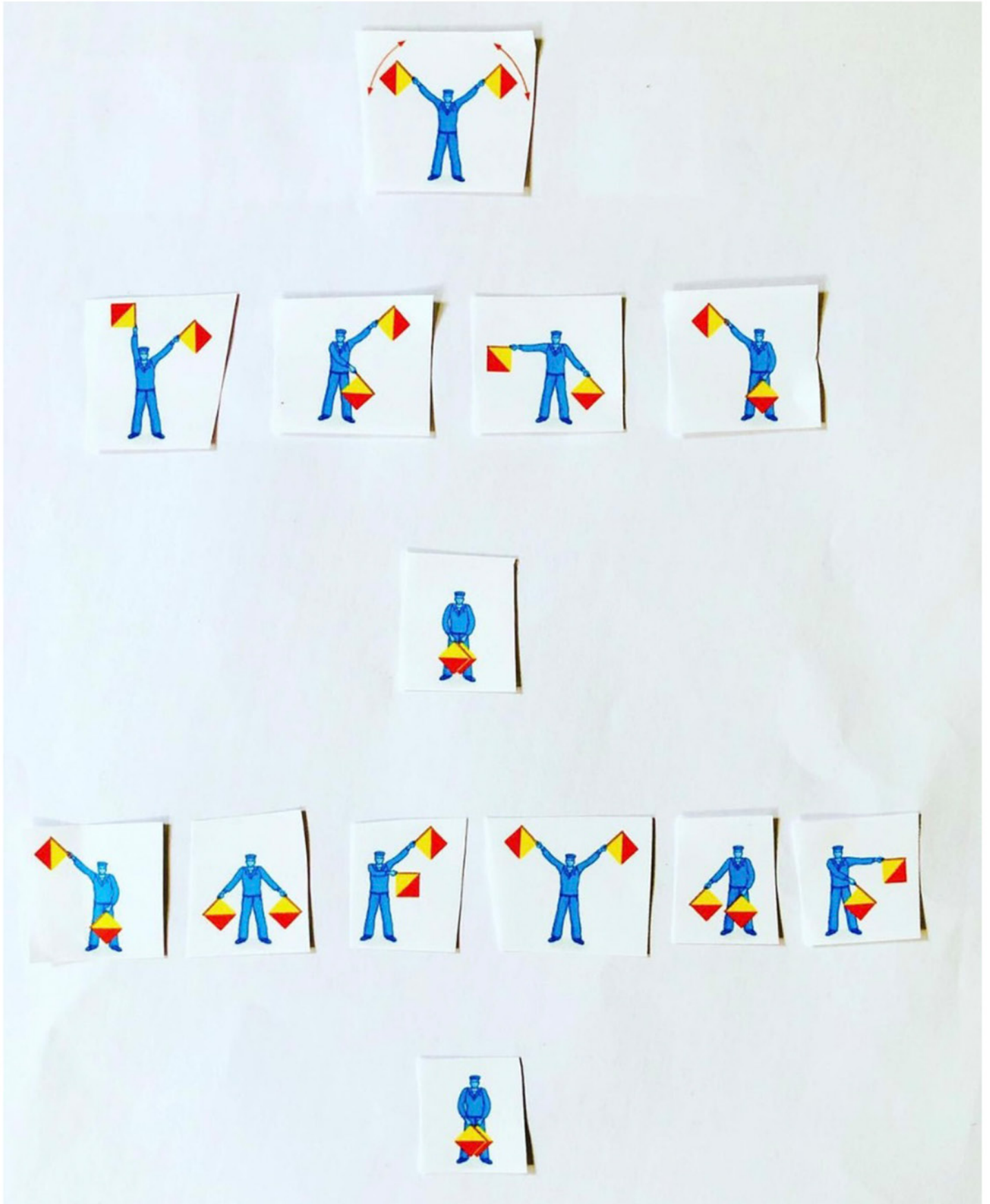
the line is dry

HUM

AN ART DOCTORS' PERFORMANCE  
FOR 'HEAR US O LORD' ....  
malcolmlowry.com  
artdoctors.org.uk

For the final crossing we wanted to do something that was a bigger visual statement that many people could join in with, so we'd planning to perform semaphore, a bit like a short piece of dance, spelling out the Isle of Man motto TIME ENOUGH and giving passengers the semaphore alphabet so they could decipher the phrase. We would then hand out this piece of photocopied artwork containing thoughts and reflections from the project's three trips to the island.

Alison McIntyre, from the Art Doctors







Art Doctors semaphore at Port Erin beach.

A couple of locals helped transport the flags and coats to the floating platform where the Art Doctors performance continued.















On our website, you can listen to Podcast 13 'Our Little Barks are Frail' which is an audio décollage created by Matt Green combining field recordings, interview snippets and vinyl record manipulations. Opening the piece and at its heart are the fractured sounds of vinyl copies of 'Manx Fishermen's Evening Hymn' from which this project and Malcolm Lowry's short story collection took their names. Matt took two copies of the hymn to the island and whilst at Port Erin, taped them to his feet and walked them along the beach and through the sea. The piece's frayed feeling comes from the scratches upon records such as these as well as turntable misuse and the passing of sound through old analog equipment. Other records used within the piece are either Manx themed or bought from charity shops on the island.

Artist Frankie Mazzotta collecting seaweed from Douglas beach.

Frankie is researching the importance of seaweed culture, reconnecting people with the sea, and sustainable art practices. Currently the main focus of Frankie's practice is the different uses of seaweed within art, such as film development and manipulation.

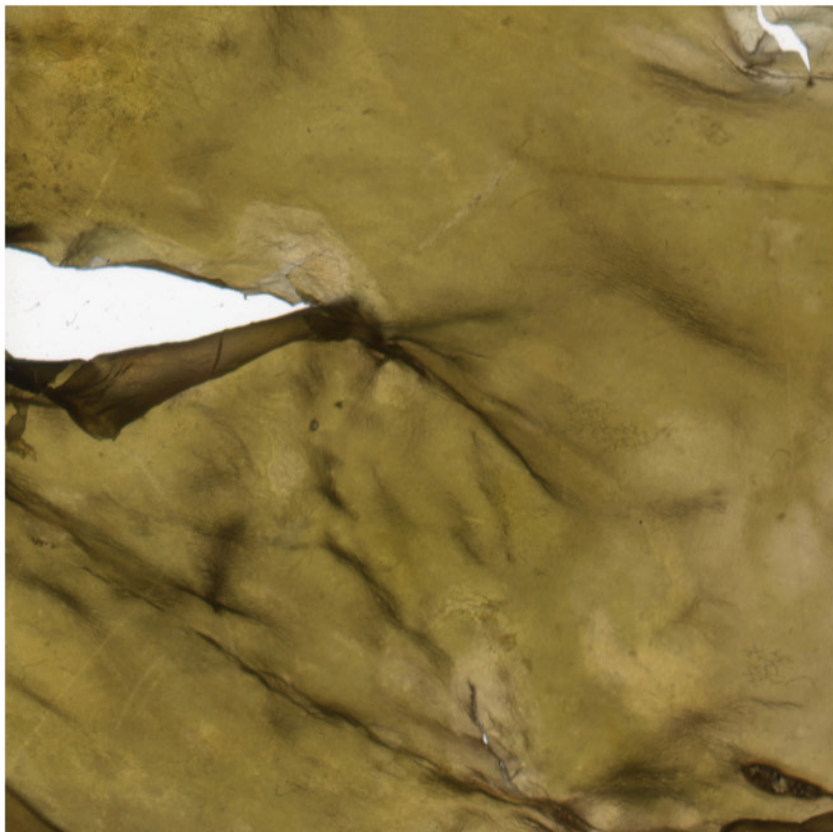
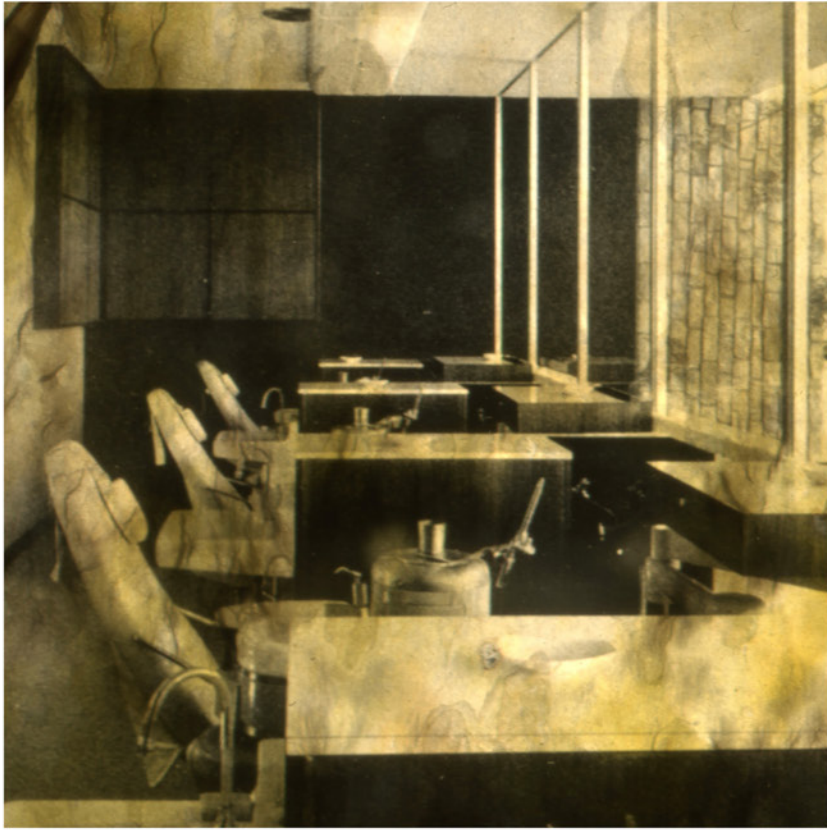
These are examples of slides from the Leeds Polytechnic archive collaged with seaweed and scanned.

You can see more of these prints and other ongoing work on [frankiemazzotta.com](http://frankiemazzotta.com)









On board Manannan, sailing to the Isle of Man. On all the TV screens, endless rolling coverage of the death of the queen; fixed banner headline at the foot of the screen, THE QUEEN DIES. Speeches in parliament – the sound isn't on but there are subtitles, probably inaccurate. Suddenly remembering a passing reference in 'Through the Panama', searching for it, finding it, an odd echo across 75 years:

Nov. 19 – or 21? The French Government falls: our little princess is married. Gallantly, the French crew drink health of Princess Elizabeth.

Bryan tells me that his daughter had her baby – a girl – in the early hours of this morning. A new granddaughter for him. People dying, people being born; the rhythm, the cycle, we think of as endless, something that will always continue. But will it? On today's Guardian front page (I use the term 'front page' even though I'm looking at it not on paper but on the small screen of my phone), below all the coverage of the death of the queen, a section titled 'Headlines', then 'Environment: World on brink of five "disastrous" climate tipping points, study finds'. On the brink of – this idea that we are almost at the point of something but not quite; yet the subheading, smaller, reads 'Giant ice sheets, ocean currents and permafrost regions may already have passed point of irreversible change'. ' "The Earth may have left a 'safe' climate state beyond 1C global warming", the researchers concluded'. So not 'on the brink' but already past it, beyond it. Already into a different reality, only we can't recognise it as such.

The ship, with its fast jet engines, moves on through the blue-green water. Over on the horizon to my right, another windfarm; and an array of rigs and platforms whose purpose, as usual, I don't know. The mix of technologies and purposes to which we put the sea . . .

Helen Tookey (9 September 2022)

(the rest of the text can be found on [malcolmlowry.com](http://malcolmlowry.com))





LIVE Birmingham

turning some people to tears  
actually at times. Let's chat with

**THE QUEEN DIES** The King has arrived at Buckingham Palace

sly NEWS 14:34 bserved from now until seven days after the Queen's funeral - and the date of the f.



On Sunday, the Art Doctors head south to meet some wild swimmers, and the others jump on a bus north to Laxey to check in again with Bill from the Beach Buddies - it's not enough to just stand and stare - to pick up rubbish around the famous wheel and then up into the glen and down onto the beach, before again hopping on a rhythmic and contemplative train back to Douglas to get the ferry home. It is a curious weekend in the wake of the Queen's death, of flags going up and down, of cultural and sporting events being cancelled, of saying hello to fairies when the bus crosses Fairy Bridge, of collecting seaweed and listening to Sea Sparrow singing Neil Young's Harvest Moon upstairs in the British, surrounded by framed portraits of former Prime Ministers, thinking about what might happen next from within the 21 people who took part in the network and the many others we met along the voyage.

Alan Dunn (12 September 2022)





Our 20-minute podcasts on the website offer comment, strange sounds, beach cleaning, poetry, children's voices and moments of calm as we try to find a new sonic language for thinking about the amount of plastic in our seas (and in us).

Some of the contributors you'll hear include Alan Dunn (Lead Investigator, Leeds Beckett University), Helen Tookey (Co-Investigator, Liverpool John Moores University), Bryan Biggs (Bluecoat), The Art Doctors (Liz Stirling and Alison McIntyre), Roger Cliffe-Thompson (Mariner's Park), Rob Keith (former Shell sea captain), Cian Quayle (University of Chester / Isle of Man), Louise K. Wilson (University of Leeds), Chris Watson, BAD PUNK / Band of Holy Joy (James Stephen Finn & Johnny Brown), Ian Murphy (Merseyside Maritime Museum), Jessica Van Horssen (Leeds Beckett University), Sarah Hymas, Paul Ratcliff, Olga Munroe (The Retail Institute), Ben Parry, David Jacques, Hannah Dargavel-Leafe, Matt Green (Leeds Beckett University), Kristina Nenova and Frankie Mazzotta (Fine Art students, Leeds Beckett University).

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The podcasts can be found on [malcolmlowry.com](http://malcolmlowry.com) , or by scanning the QR code below.

