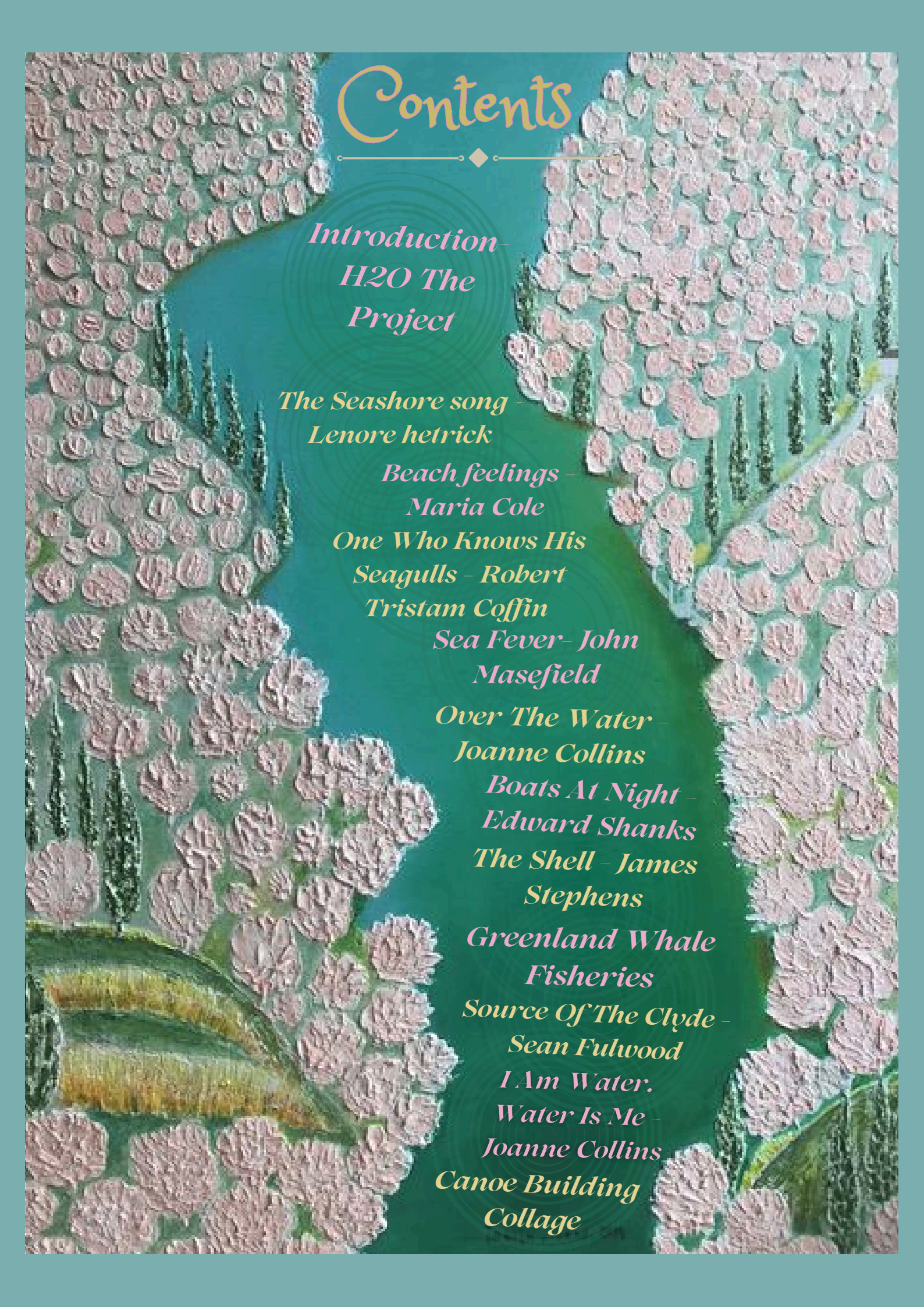


H²O-How 2 OPEN THE WATERWAYS

An Interactive Arts
Project

Created by
Dr Niamh Malone
& Dr Gary
Anderson





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INTRODUCTION - H2O THE PROJECT

How 2 Open waterways - Who are the Water Turners?

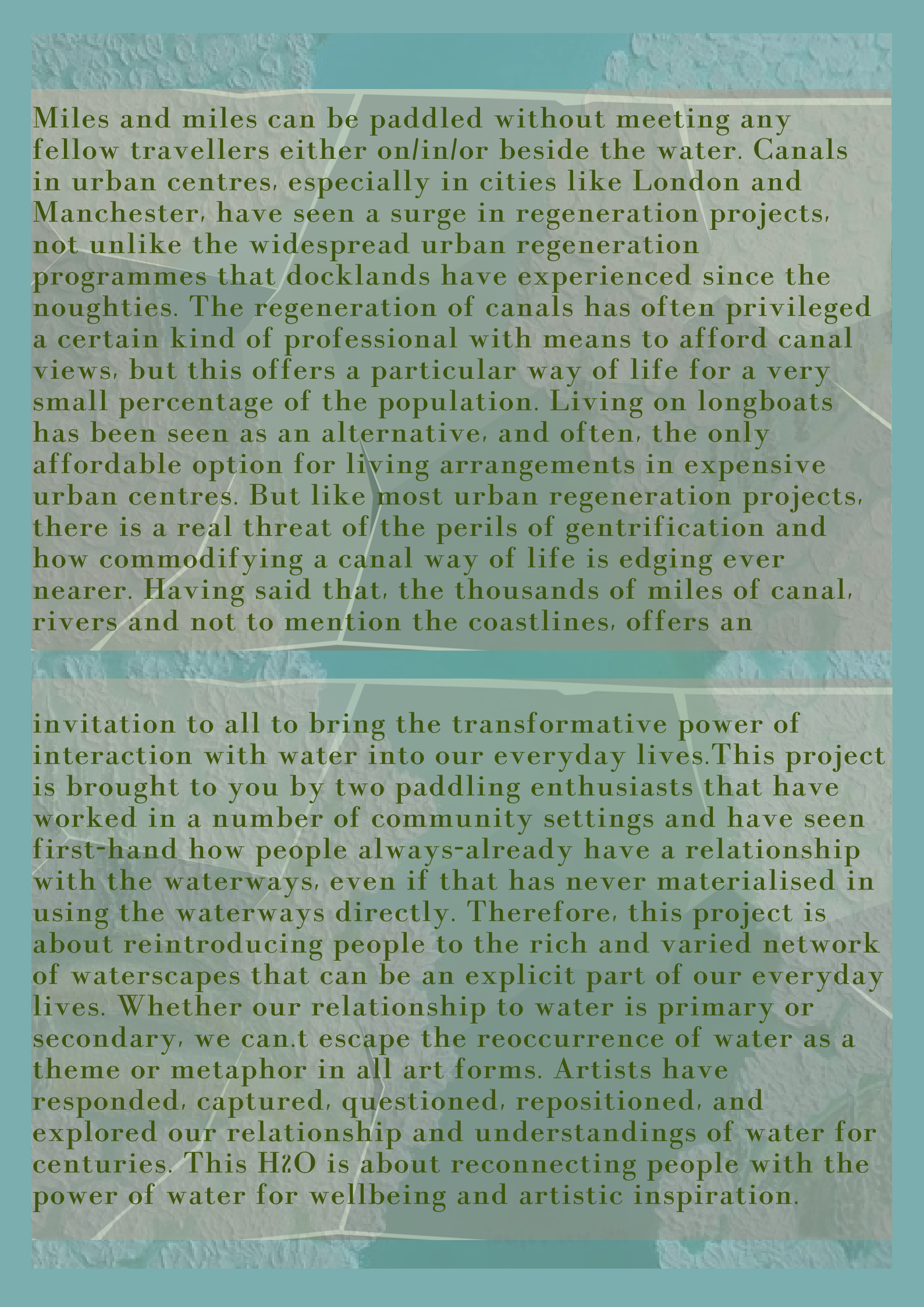
'H2O' IS AN ARTS-LED, COMMUNITY FACILITATION PROJECT DESIGNED TO HELP PROVIDE ACCESS TO THE UK'S MORE THAN 2000 MILES OF WATERWAYS AVAILABLE FOR PUBLIC USE.

The H2O project was conceived to share and inspire people who do not currently have access to the waterways. We want to build imaginative bridges that will lead them to the waters edge to the point where they feel able and entitled to dip their toes in the waterways.

HAVE YOU EVER ASKED YOURSELF WHO HAS ACCESS TO THE WATERWAYS?

Many assume that the waters are for the wealthy in pursuit of expensive water sports, or for those whose trade depends on water, the fisheries, ferry routes or ocean liners. That is not entirely true. This project is an attempt to demystify such perceptions. We aim to invite those who are particularly disadvantaged when it comes to accessing the waterways, to build a relationship and develop an understanding of how the waterways can become part of their lives, regardless of their current situation.

Since the early 60s at least, there have been considerable national efforts to clean up our canals and rivers, to encourage public use and go messing about on the river, as the well-known Josh MacRae songs goes. While there have been significant improvements, all of which encourage access and usage, from our experience of paddling many miles of the waterways in the UK, we notice how little they are used and how underpopulated many waterways are.

The background of the image is a map, likely of a city or region, with various streets and waterways visible. A teal-colored overlay is present, and a semi-transparent text box is centered on the map. The text is white and reads:

Miles and miles can be paddled without meeting any fellow travellers either on/in/or beside the water. Canals in urban centres, especially in cities like London and Manchester, have seen a surge in regeneration projects, not unlike the widespread urban regeneration programmes that docklands have experienced since the noughties. The regeneration of canals has often privileged a certain kind of professional with means to afford canal views, but this offers a particular way of life for a very small percentage of the population. Living on longboats has been seen as an alternative, and often, the only affordable option for living arrangements in expensive urban centres. But like most urban regeneration projects, there is a real threat of the perils of gentrification and how commodifying a canal way of life is edging ever nearer. Having said that, the thousands of miles of canal, rivers and not to mention the coastlines, offers an

invitation to all to bring the transformative power of interaction with water into our everyday lives. This project is brought to you by two paddling enthusiasts that have worked in a number of community settings and have seen first-hand how people always-already have a relationship with the waterways, even if that has never materialised in using the waterways directly. Therefore, this project is about reintroducing people to the rich and varied network of waterscapes that can be an explicit part of our everyday lives. Whether our relationship to water is primary or secondary, we can't escape the reoccurrence of water as a theme or metaphor in all art forms. Artists have responded, captured, questioned, repositioned, and explored our relationship and understandings of water for centuries. This H₂O is about reconnecting people with the power of water for wellbeing and artistic inspiration.

This project starts by getting people who, for the most part, don't have an immediate relationship, or access with the waterways, to consider how they feel about the waterways and what potential there is to develop this relationship further in the future. For many, the inability to interact directly with the waterways may be due to a number of reasons, this may include living restrictions such as incarceration, immobility, people living with dementia, or sick children. The H2O project aims to work with these groups of people and explore the therapeutic power of the waterways to aid their wellbeing.

As part of our preparation and generation of workshop material for delivering the H2O project, we have been very lucky to work with some great people:

At TATE Liverpool, Alison Jones needs particular recognition for her continued support for our projects. We built a canoe, engaging in the ancient craft of canoe building under the generous guidance of John Clohesy at birchcanoes.com. We had members of Amathus Dragon Boating Club based in Liverpool give their blood, sweat and tears (of laughter) into the canoe building - with thanks to Amy Courtenay, Oliver Cristian, Anne Darvill and Callum McShane.

A special thank you to our talented undergraduate students from Liverpool Hope University Krushnaa Chousalkar and Sean Fullwood for their talents in documenting the project.

The



Song

-Lenore Hetrick

The little waves of
water

ripple over the
thirsting sands;

The little shafts of
sunlight

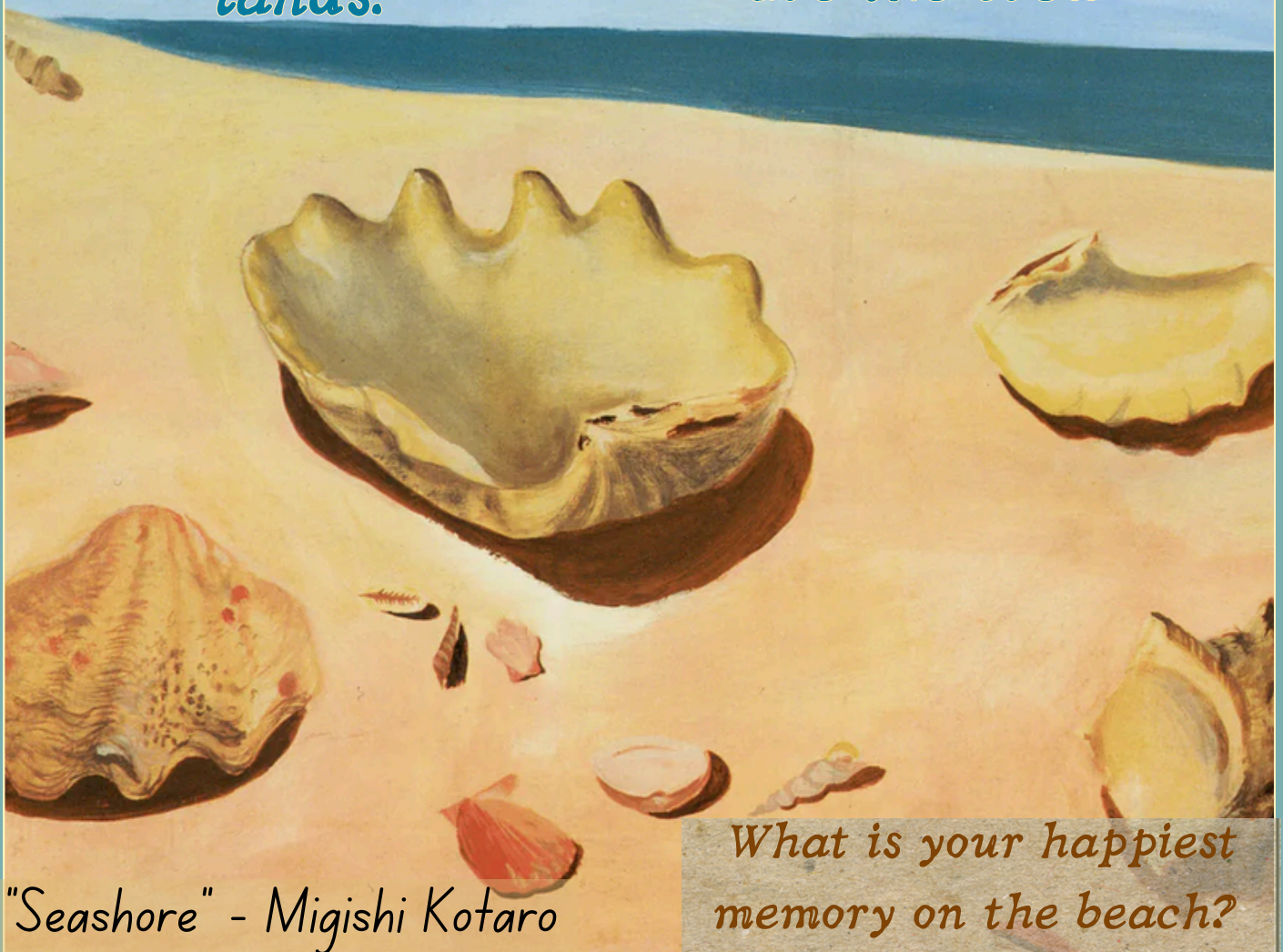
Sail off to distant
lands.

The little clam and
seashells

Are the ships of
ocean blue,

The seashells are the
captains

And the clam shells
are the crew



"Seashore" - Migishi Kotaro

What is your happiest
memory on the beach?

Beach Feelings

-Maria Cole

The beach has feelings, just
like me and just like you,
The sand feels squishy and
the ocean feels quite blue.



The sunshine feels quite warm
As it shines down on my skin,
And the water feels so cool
I feel like jumping in.

'Dog Beach Day', Jan Matson

What sound(s) come to
mind when you read this
poem?



'Gulls and Sailing Boats', E. Owen Jones

Two seagulls carved of ivory
stand by the early morning
sea,
One has a head and one has
none,

His clean white breast
feathers run up and over and
do not stop,
There is no sign of that large
drop
Of dark fire round a sky,
That could be called a
seagull's eye

One Who Knows His Seagulls - Robert Tristram Coffin

Yet one who knows
his seagulls knows,
There is a head hid
in the snows
Of the feathers on the back
of the headless one

And black beads of life are
sheathed their sound,
Ready to build a world around,
The circle of a seagull's head
At the lightest alien tread.
A seagull's beak is made to slide
Between his wings in back and
hide.
His head is made exactly right
To go between his
wings for night.

*What do the seagulls in this
poem symbolise according to
you?*

Sea Fever

- John Masefield

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
And the wheels kick and the winds song and the white sails shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn breaking.
I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide,
Is a wild call, and a clear call, That may not be denied.

And all I ask is a windy
day, with the white
Clouds flying,
And the flung spray, and
The blown spume,
And the seagulls crying
I must go down
to the seas again,
To the vagrant
gypsy life,

To the gulls' way and the
whales' way, where the wind's
like a whetted knife,
And all I ask is a merry yarn
from a laughing
fellow rover,
And a quiet sleep and a
sweet dream
when the
long trick's over.

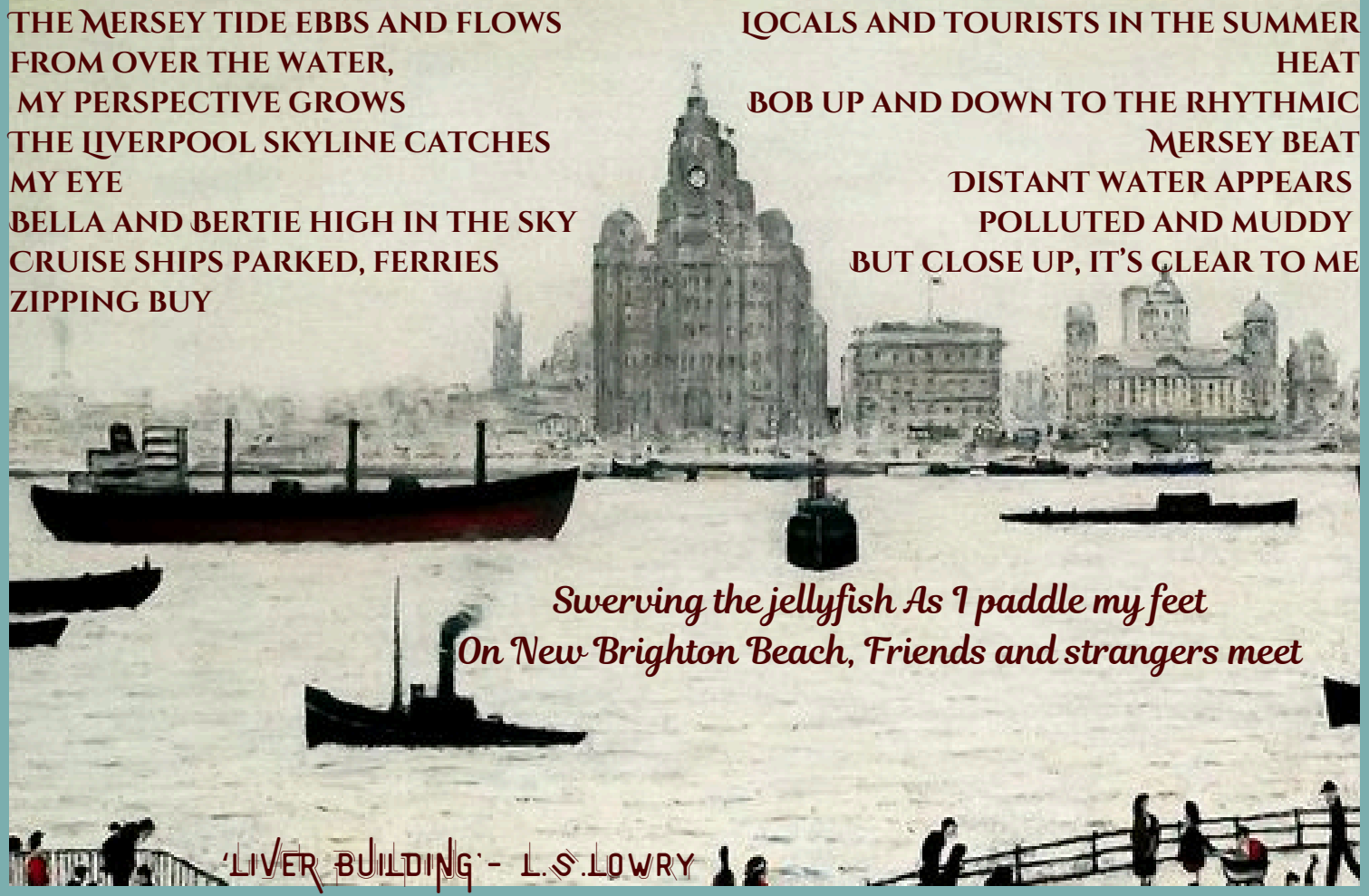
Untitled, Lisk Feng

*In what ways do you think
the ocean can be liberating?*

OVER THE WATER- JOANNE COLLINS

THE MERSEY TIDE EBBS AND FLOWS
FROM OVER THE WATER,
MY PERSPECTIVE GROWS
THE LIVERPOOL SKYLINE CATCHES
MY EYE
BELLA AND BERTIE HIGH IN THE SKY
CRUISE SHIPS PARKED, FERRIES
ZIPPING BUY

LOCALS AND TOURISTS IN THE SUMMER
HEAT
BOB UP AND DOWN TO THE RHYTHMIC
MERSEY BEAT
DISTANT WATER APPEARS
POLLUTED AND MUDDY
BUT CLOSE UP, IT'S CLEAR TO ME

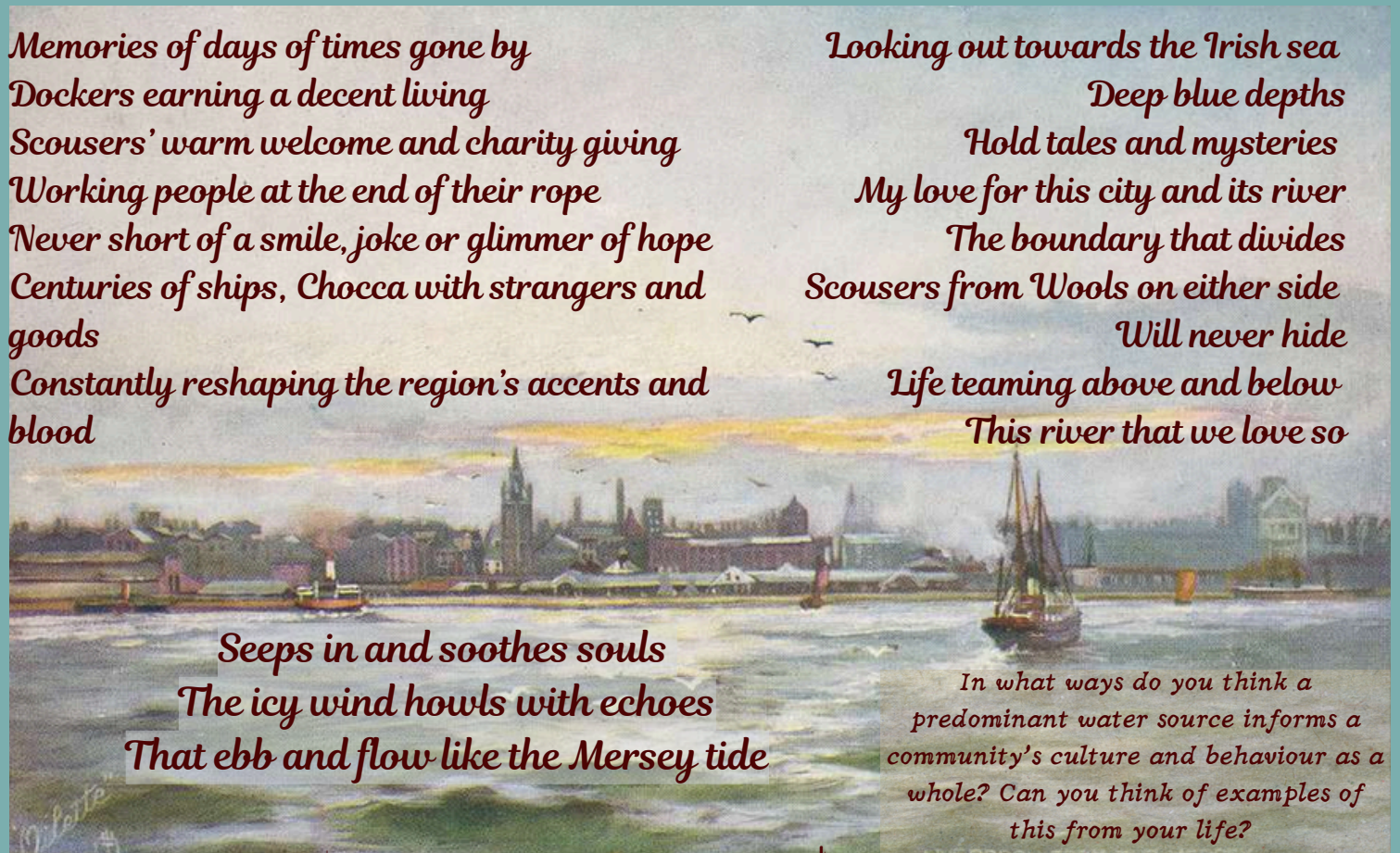


*Swerving the jellyfish As I paddle my feet
On New Brighton Beach, Friends and strangers meet*

'LIVER BUILDING' - L.S. LOWRY

Memories of days of times gone by
Dockers earning a decent living
Scousers' warm welcome and charity giving
Working people at the end of their rope
Never short of a smile, joke or glimmer of hope
Centuries of ships, Chocca with strangers and
goods
Constantly reshaping the region's accents and
blood

Looking out towards the Irish sea
Deep blue depths
Hold tales and mysteries
My love for this city and its river
The boundary that divides
Scousers from Wools on either side
Will never hide
Life teaming above and below
This river that we love so



*Seeps in and soothes souls
The icy wind howls with echoes
That ebb and flow like the Mersey tide*

*In what ways do you think a
predominant water source informs a
community's culture and behaviour as a
whole? Can you think of examples of
this from your life?*

'LIVERPOOL FROM THE MERSEY' UNKNOWN

BOATS AT NIGHT

-EDWARD SHANKS

HOW LOVELY IS THE SOUND OF OARS AT NIGHT
AND UNKNOWN VOICES, BORNE THROUGH WINDLESS
AIR,

FROM SHADOWY VESSELS FLOATING OUT OF SIGHT
BEYOND THE HARBOUR LANTERN'S' BROKEN GLARE

TO THOSE PILED ROCKS THAT MAKE ON THE DARK
WAVE

ONLY A DARKER STAIN, THE SPLASHING OARS
SLIDE SOFTLY ON AS IN AN ECHOING CAVE
AND WITH THE WHISPER OF THE UNSEEN SHORES

MINGLE THEIR MUSIC, TILL THE BELL OF NIGHT
MURMURS REVERBERATIONS LOW AND DEEP
THAT DROOP TOWARDS THE LAND IN SWOONING FLIGHT
LIKE WHISPERS FROM THE LAZY LIPS OF SLEEP.

THE OARS GROW FAINT.
BELOW THE CLOUD-DIM HILL
THE SHADOWS FADE AND NOW THE BAY IS
STILL.

*Does the idea of
the ocean / river
at night frighten
you / intrigue
you? Why?*

THE SHELL

-JAMES STEPHENS

And then I pressed the
shell close to my ear
And listened well,
And straightway like a
bell,
Came low and clear

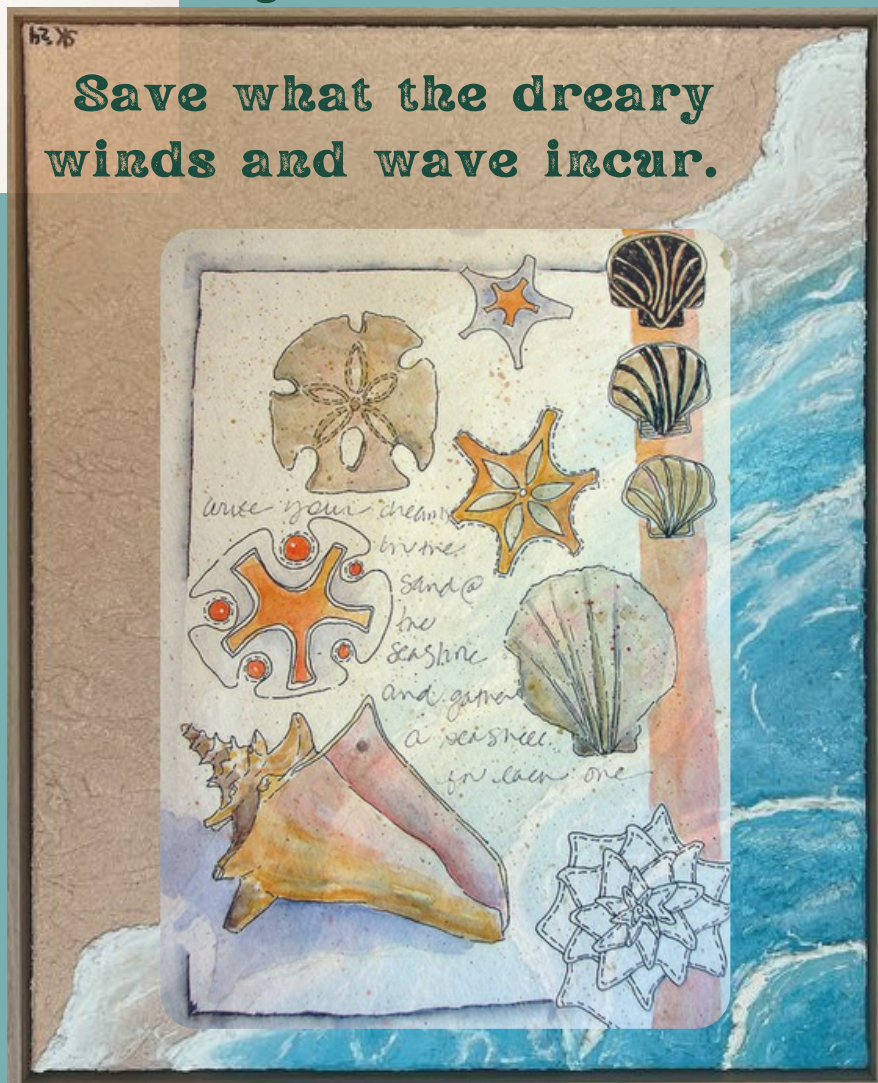
The slow, sad murmur of far distant seas
Whipped by an icy breeze upon a shore
Wind-swept and desolate, It was a sunless
strand that never bore
The footprint of a man, Nor felt the weight
Since time began

Of any human
quality or stir

And in the hush of
waters was the sound
Of pebbles rolling
round,
Forever rolling with a
hollow sound.

And bubbling sea-weeds
as the waters go
Swish to and fro
Their long, cold
tentacles of slimy grey.
There was no day,

Save what the dreary
winds and wave incur.



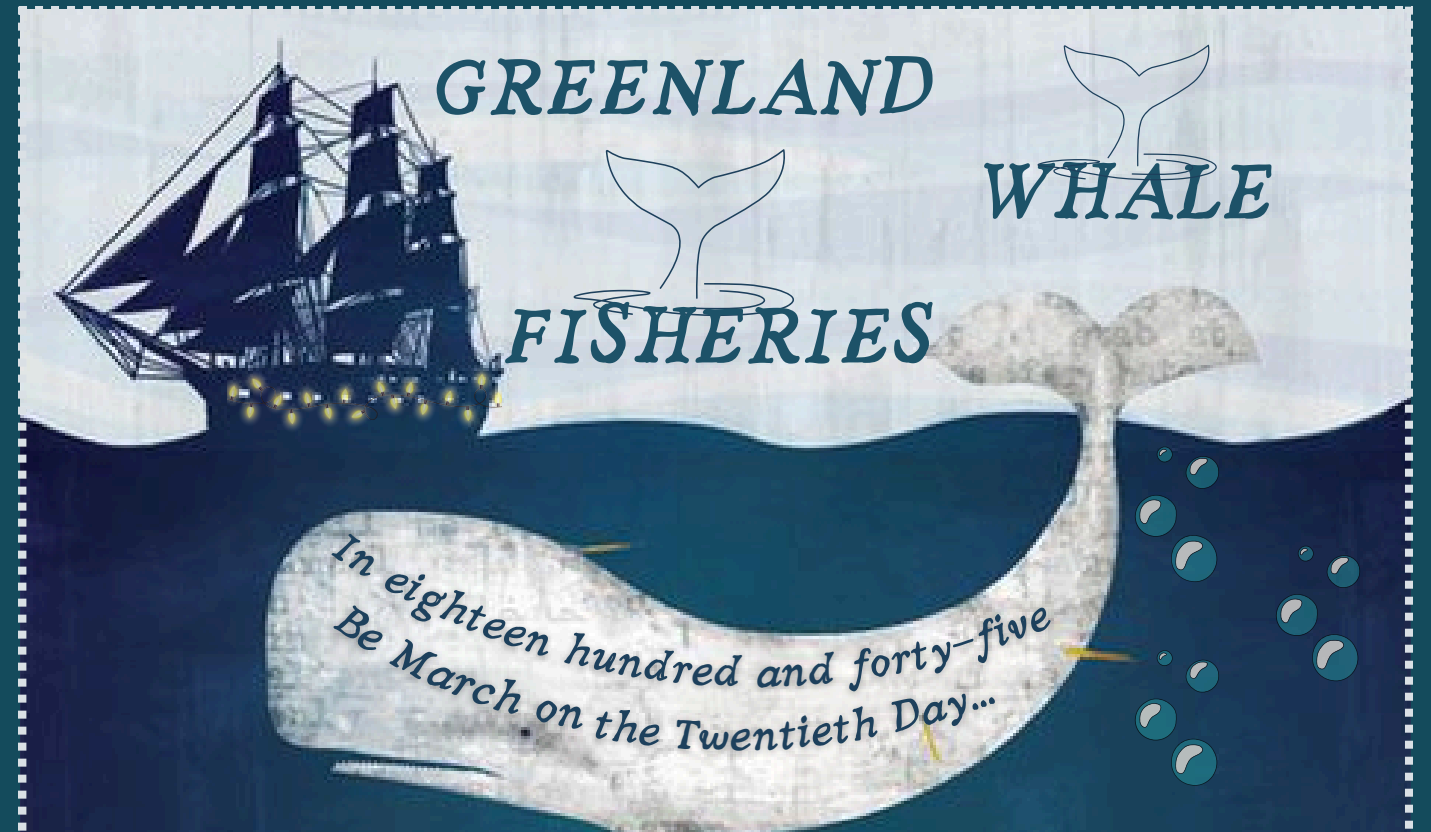


Nor ever came a night,
Setting the stars alight
To wonder at the moon:
Was twilight only and the
frightened croon,

Smitten to whimpers, of the
dreary wind
And waves that journeyed
blind—
And then I loosed my ear ...
O, it was sweet
To hear a cart go jolting
down the street.

Aleksandr Mihaltchuk.
'Seashell Music'.

What aspect of the ocean
do you find to be most
immersive?



GREENLAND

WHALE

FISHERIES

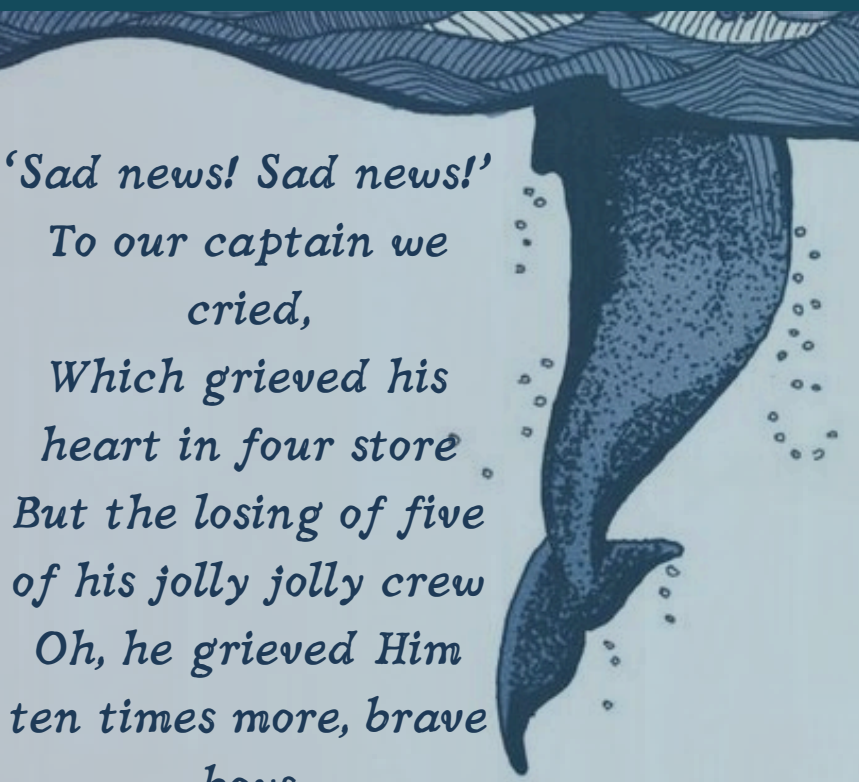
*In eighteen hundred and forty-five
Be March on the Twentieth Day...*

*Oh we hoisted our colours to
our top most high
And for Greenland forged
away, brave boys,
And for Greenland forged
away.*

*When we struck that
Greenland shore
With our gallant ship in full
fold,
We wished ourselves back
safe home again
With our friends all on the
shore, brave boys
With our friends all on the
shore.*

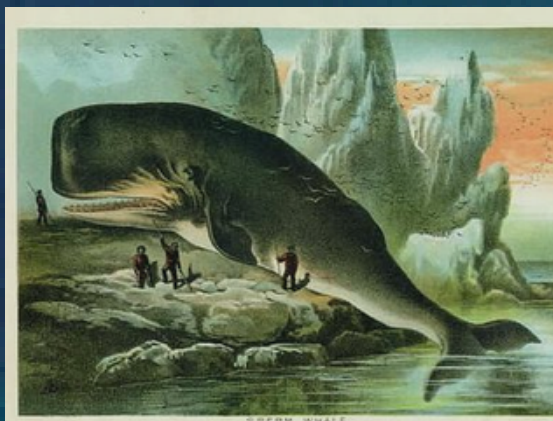
*Our mate stood on the four
castle yard
With a spyglass in his hand;
'There's a whale! There's a
whale! There's a whale!'
Cried he,
And she blows at every span,
brave boys
And she blows at every
span.*

*Oh, when this whale we did
harpoon,
She made one slap with her
tail,
She capsized our boat, we lost
five of our crew
Neither did we catch that
whale, brave boys,
Neither did we catch that
whale.*



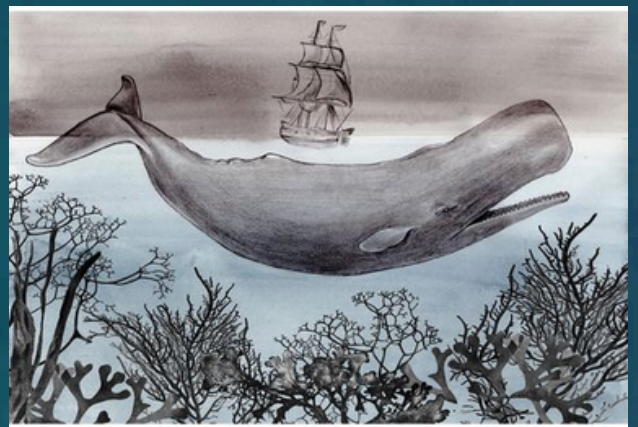
'Sad news! Sad news!'
To our captain we
cried,
Which grieved his
heart in four store
But the losing of five
of his jolly jolly crew
Oh, he grieved Him
ten times more, brave
boys
Oh that grieved him
ten times more.

'Sperm Whale', Johnson's
Household Book of Nature



Do you think the repetition of the
last line of each verse is a
deliberate choice? If so, do you
think it adds to the layers of
emotion in the poem?

← *Hump Back breaching in Stormy Sea -*
Dario Fisher



The Sea- ↑
Christine Lindstorm

'Hist your anchor
then, brave boys!'
said he
Let us leave this
cold country
Where the storm
and the snow and
the whalefish
does blow



You Think You're Sailing-
Rebecca Rebouché

And daylight
seldom seen,
brave boys
And daylight
seldom seen.



SOURCE OF THE CLYDE

-SEAN FULWOOD

It all starts at the river

This city was made from it,
If you take a walk along its
banks,
you can still see the ghosts
of old industry,
Forgotten trade and steel,
That's long gone now

The empty warehouses that once
held the workers in solidarity,
That were then abandoned and
gave way for ravers and their
repetitive beats,
Now have been brought to the
ground

The rubble has been cleared and
now they're building more office
blocks,
Building more banks,
Or just leaving them as
abandoned wastes where the
young run off
to escape in their drink

This city was made on the river,
It would be nothing without it
Our murky reflection shimmers
across the treacherous depths
The churning current pulling us in
and then spitting us back out

The dirt, the waste, the cold dark
People say, that if you were to fall in
you'd emerge with three extra arms
or a thousand eyes
But people seldom emerge from this river
It's water is the type that is unforgiving,
It has grown tough in its journey
through this city

But it didn't begin here

You see, this water was once pure
Unsullied by the sins of modern man
If you follow it far enough,
you may find its source
As you leave the city and
wind through the hills,
you emerge at the most beautiful sight,
A great Loch deep and calm

Nature still has its claim here
The birds bob and dunk
to catch food down below,
The fish can be seen swimming through
the now clear liquid,
If you're lucky, you may even see the sun
reflecting on its surface

Could this be the source?

Have we returned to our roots?
Well, not exactly
For deep down below the ducks and the
fish, lies a great monster
Not Nessie, no, nothing so natural
'Cause this monster is real
It is made of iron and steel
The ultimate weapon of the Great British
Empire lies dormant in submarines,
Ready at a moments notice to follow the
river through the city and out to sea,
To unleash it's terror
And one bad move and our rivers gone
forever...

"The Liver Buildings", L. S. Lowry, 1950



No, this can't be the source
These can't be our roots
There must be more to our history
than tyranny and abuse
Let's go further now, further up into the
Past the great fault line that separates
highland from low,
A place where all has enough space to grow
Follow the current as it rises,
As it makes its journey,
waterfalls and streams,
Across the valleys and through the forests
Where the animals stop to drink
and it's here we can stop to think
To listen
Can you hear it?

"Autumn In Sefton Park", Brian McKay

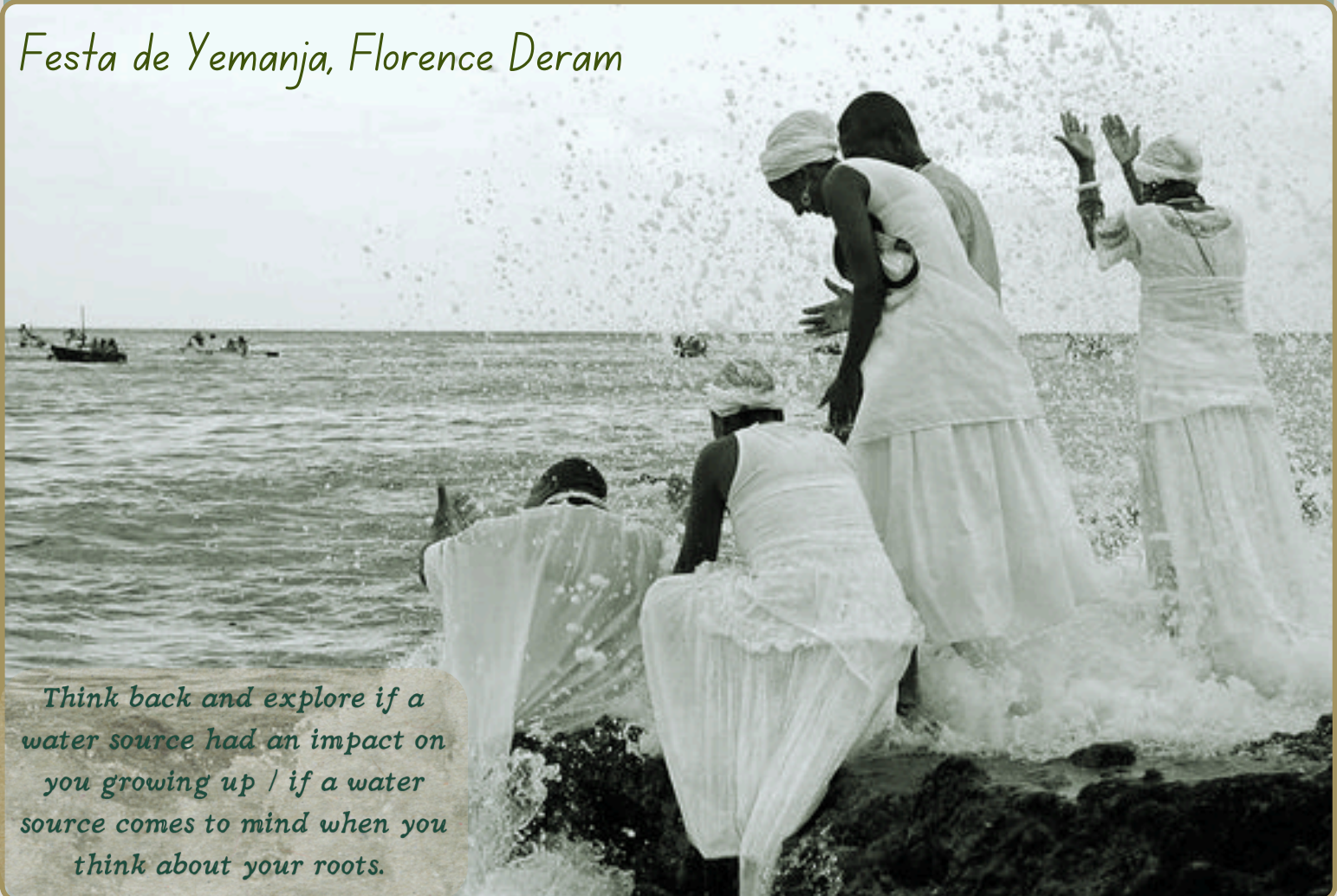


Birdsong from ancient trees
The gentle blowing of wind through the branch
The quiet bubbling stream,
That will one day reach our great river and
return to the sea
And look up there, just above
A great mountain stands proud

And our water falls down on it from the low flying clouds,
Then makes its way down to the side and joins our stream
Aye, this must be the source,
This is where we come from,
Before the trade and before the industry and the smoke and the steel
And let me be clear that stuffs not all bad, no
The river has done many great things for us,
So many comforts we take for granted are thanks to it
But every now and then we must look for the source
Walk back to our roots
Sit by the streams and just shut up and listen, To the place we are from,
Where we truly belong
Like the rivers, we have our own journeys
But when all's said and done
We must find time to go back and remember what it means to be human

Festa de Yemanjá, Florence Deram

*Think back and explore if a
water source had an impact on
you growing up / if a water
source comes to mind when you
think about your roots.*



I Am Water, Water Is Me

- Joanne Collins

I AM WATER, WATER IS ME
SEA'S RHYTHMIC SOUNDS SOOTHE ANXIETY
HEALS MY SOUL,
AS EACH WAVE ROLLS
A MOMENT EACH DAY,
BREATHE SALTY OCEAN SPRAY
WASH MY CARES AWAY
I ALIGN WITH LIFE'S PURPOSE AND GOALS.

My first memories of the sea,
Given from my Nan to me
A strong scouse woman on Prestatyn Sands,
Laughing and paddling, hand in hand
After a jellyfish stung me,
She insisted, "Jelly shoes in the sea";
A bag of broken biscuits to munch,
Melodies of lapping waves and biscuit crunch
A memory so vivid it's almost real
The Welsh Sea, my Nan, a joyful place to heal

I AM WATER, WATER IS ME
SEA'S RHYTHMIC SOUNDS SOOTHE ANXIETY
HEALS MY SOUL,
AS EACH WAVE ROLLS
A MOMENT EACH DAY,
BREATHE SALTY OCEAN SPRAY
WASH MY CARES AWAY
I ALIGN WITH LIFE'S PURPOSE AND GOALS.



A childhood beside the
Leeds Liverpool Canal
In Wigan, a mining mill
town was far from banal
The water still, dirty and
dark
The perfect setting for
us to lark
Colourful barges sail
slowly by
"Let us open the lock",
we would cry
The rusty handle, heavy
and stiff
Sun beats down, brown
water whiffs

This mighty waterway
transported coal and cotton
Its former glory, barren,
bereft, rotten, forgotten
Not safe to swim here; we
were told
Go over to Scotsman's flash;
mind it's cold
Slag heaps become hilltops,
and flowers grow
Erasing history of mines
closed long ago
Still I always find comfort at
the Flash and Canalside
Walking along the towpath,
dog alongside

The polluted water
seemed sad to me
Littered with trolleys and
rubbish aplenty

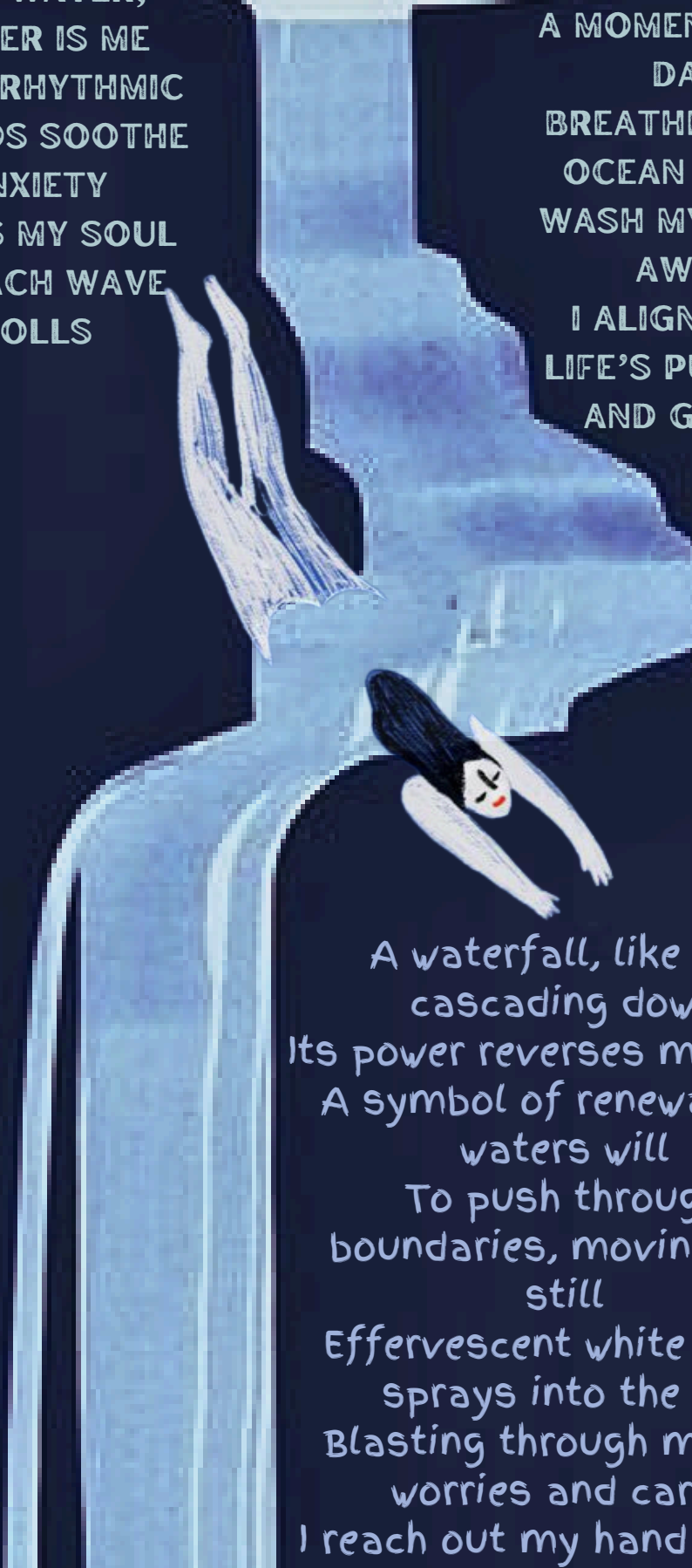
Surrounded by green nature,
reclaiming the land
Undoing the damage of
human hands



'WHAT LIES UNDER' - FERDI RIZKIYANTO

I AM WATER,
WATER IS ME
SEA'S RHYTHMIC
SOUNDS SOOTHE
ANXIETY
HEALS MY SOUL
AS EACH WAVE
ROLLS

A MOMENT EACH
DAY
BREATHE SALTY
OCEAN SPRAY
WASH MY CARES
AWAY
I ALIGN WITH
LIFE'S PURPOSE
AND GOALS



A waterfall, like life
cascading down
Its power reverses my frown
A symbol of renewal and
waters will
To push through
boundaries, moving and
still
Effervescent white foam
sprays into the air
Blasting through me, my
worries and cares
I reach out my hand to this
powerful force
Momentarily one, changing
each other's course



'WOMAN READING
ON THE BEACH'-
LAJOYEUSEBOHEME

I AM WATER, WATER IS ME
SEA'S RHYTHMIC SOUNDS
SOOTHE ANXIETY
HEALS MY SOUL
AS EACH WAVE ROLLS
A MOMENT EACH DAY
BREATHE SALTY OCEAN
SPRAY
WASH MY CARES AWAY
I ALIGN WITH LIFE'S
PURPOSE AND GOALS

I know this as I gaze out
At the choppy waters of the Irish Sea
The crashing waves soothe my soul
Water healing what's broken
Filling hidden gaps and holes

This sea carried my ancestors to this
land

Making a home in this city
I gaze across at Bella and Bertie
From New Brighton's golden sands
My heart floods with peace; I have
made it back

From the overwhelming waves
that tried to make me crack
I know that I'm alive by the
waters edge

Not just existing
but resisting
and starting
to thrive

ljb studio

I AM WATER, WATER IS ME
SEA'S RHYTHMIC SOUNDS
SOOTHE ANXIETY
HEALS MY SOUL
AS EACH WAVE ROLLS

A MOMENT EACH DAY
BREATHE SALTY OCEAN SPRAY
WASH MY CARES AWAY
I ALIGN WITH LIFE'S PURPOSE
AND GOALS

Thunder, grumbling loud, vibrates
through me
Pitter patter of rain falls hard,
I can hardly see
Soaks through to my skin and bone
I wade into the sea as though I'm
alone

The people on shore, distant,
forgotten
Along with every moment
that has been rotten
Waves wildly crash over my head
Sweeping away worry and dread
Lightning strikes,
fierce and stark
Reflecting on
the waves so dark
I look up at the glowing
sky
I smile brightly and
wonder why

'ESCAPISM' - SAISHO
ILLUSTRATION

This glimmer of light sets fire to my soul
Waves sweep me to shore, thunder rolls
I know I'm through the worst
My heart floods with joy; it almost bursts
I know life's granted me a second chance
Filled with gratitude I start to dance

*Do you find any characteristics
of water in your own self? If yes,
which and how?*

I AM WATER, WATER IS ME

Canoe Building





