

# THE SHRIEKING VIOLET

issue

12

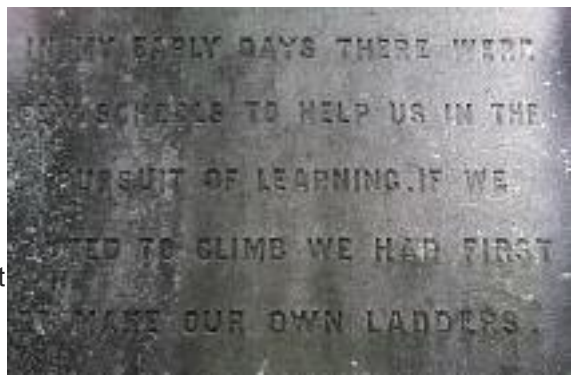
AN UNDERGROUND FOR MANCHESTER?  
WORKING IN THE EXPRESS BUILDING  
SEED BOMBING · CREATIVE WRITING  
GRANADA IDENTS · PHOTOCOPIERS  
ART



Free



# 1 ISSUE 12 of the Shrieking



Violet has no theme. If it did, it might be ‘leftovers’, picking up on topics explored in earlier issues, such as the media — Steve Hanson has written about what it was like to work inside the Daily Express Building and I have interviewed artist Maurice Carlin about his self publishing project — and public transport — Tom Hiles has done a mockup of how a Manchester underground map could look and Stuart Vallantine gives background into a proposed underground connection between Piccadilly and Victoria stations in the 1970s.

If you’re interested in finding out more about the history of public transport in Manchester, a trip to the Manchester Museum of Transport, which I recently visited for the first time for a New Year’s outing, would be a good starting place (you could even make a day of it and visit to the nearby Jewish Museum on Cheetham Hill Road or go and have a peek at Strangeways). The Museum, which is in a former bus garage and tram depot in Cheetham Hill, just north of the city centre, is packed with artefacts to see and explore, including old buses, tramcars and even an unused Metrolink.

Incidentally, in an early issue of the Shrieking Violet I included a guide to the parks and gardens of Manchester. Just down the road from the Museum of Transport, on Queen’s Road, is one park that was lacking from the guide because I hadn’t yet had the pleasure of visiting it. Queen’s Park, which borders Cheetham Hill, Harpurhey and Collyhurst and stands on gentle slopes with sweeping views over the city, was one of the city’s two first public parks (along with Philips Park in Bradford), which opened on the same day in 1846. The park once had its own branch of Manchester Art Gallery, and the building is still there, apparently derelict. Nearby is a monument to local man Ben Brierley, a working class boy with little education who went on to sub-edit the Oldham Times and became a founding member of the Manchester Literary Club. It has the following inspiring inscription:

***In my early days there were few schools to help us in the pursuit of learning. If we wanted to climb we had first to make our own ladders.***

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To tell me what I’ve got wrong/contribute/tell me off for leaving The Shrieking Violet in your cafe/bar/shop/cinema/gallery/library without permission/request back copies, email: [Natalie.Rose.Bradbury@googlemail.com](mailto:Natalie.Rose.Bradbury@googlemail.com)

# Ghosts in the Machine: <sup>2</sup> found art from photocopiers



THE SELF PUBLISHERS



EVERY TWO months, artist Maurice Carlin does a sweep around the photocopying shops of Manchester and Salford, gathers unwanted copies that are left on the glass or discarded around the machines, enlarges them to A3 and collects them into a publication about the cities and the people who live in them called *The Self Publishers*. As well as including what you'd expect to find scattered around the shops — maps, adverts for rooms to rent, posters for missing pets, failed attempts at reproducing academic texts, sheet music, even a poem by Manchester poet Carol Batton who distributes her photocopied works around the city — some of the material is surprisingly personal. Since it started late in 2009 *The Self Publishers* has constituted a city-wide scrapbook or diary, with letters and children's drawings popping up next to Primark pay slips and to do lists. In September Morry exhibited the work at the Pigeon Wing Gallery in London and he was also invited to take the project to *Midnight Coffee Preview* in Antwerp in December. *The Shrieking Violet* had a chat with Morry at Islington Mill, where he is based.

**SV: What inspired the project? Were people's leftover bits of paper something you had been interested in for a while?**

MC: I mistakenly took some stuff that had been left behind in a copy shop and I had it around for a while — I do tend to collect stuff. Sometimes you have something and you don't know why you're interested in it then later you realise why. Then later I thought 'maybe all I need to do is present it differently.'

I'm interested in the photocopier as a format as it's democratic — it reduces everything to a black and white image and flattens it all out. Even glossy magazine articles are reduced to a bit of text.

**SV: What are the most common mistakes that are made when photocopying?**

MC: There are quite often bits missing, pages the wrong size or copies are too light or too dark. In one copy someone's hand somehow got in there. But the bits that have gone wrong are more interesting.

**SV: It's interesting that you've chosen to call the publications *The Self Publishers* (and chosen quite a decorative font for the title, in contrast to the mainly functional nature of what's inside), as the people who made these copies probably didn't intend to publish to a wider audience — with a few possible exceptions, I imagine most of the copies were made for personal use.**

MC: It is accidental publishing. It would be quite different if I collected all the material I found on the street like scraps of paper — it is found in a place of publication and reproduction. Even if it is being reproduced for one person it is still being reproduced and published.

**SV: What interests you about looking through these unwanted documents from other people's lives?**

MC: I'm interested in how meaning is formed. The material I collect is both mundane and vital. A lot of it is things that are really important to people, for example propaganda — people copying 100 posters saying 'Say no to the English Defence League' — or forms motivating people to do something. It's a document of a moment just gone. I take all these different narratives and put them back to back.

I'm interested in Chantal Mouffe and the idea of agonistic democracy. The public sphere should be based on dissensus rather than consensus. We should be a community of difference rather than a community of



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one and acknowledge our differences and that we can still get things done.

**SV: What's the most interesting or surprising thing you've found?**

MC: There are grievance forms about being sacked, documents relating to harassment and someone's personal fitness report. Some of it is copyrighted material, and there's an article about JD Salinger suing Random House and copyright law. There's a seating plan for a bar mitzvah party which I love as it's really visual and pages with random letters at the top — I don't know what they are but they remind me of concrete poetry.



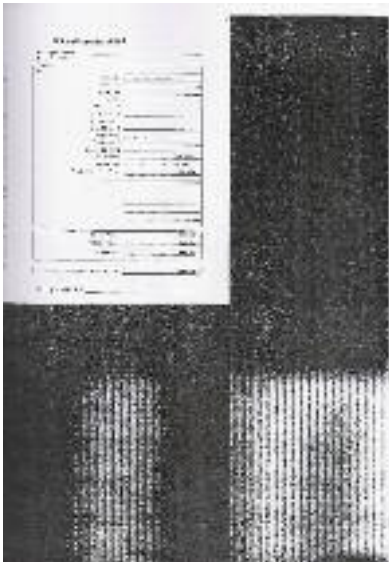
**SV: Do you feel voyeuristic, like you're looking at something you're not supposed to? What if you were looking through a copy and you found something of yours staring back at you?**

MC: The ethics of it is something I've thought a lot about. It was a shock when I came across someone's death certificate. Sometimes I've blocked out names and personal information but sometimes it's an essential part of that story. It's an internal seesaw but there's something about wanting to present the material in its purest form.

We leave a trail behind us all over the place — online, on social networking sites. There's a residue of human activity everywhere and artists are among the few people who take an interest in it and find it poetic. They sift through the refuse to find something that says something about people and what they care about and what they don't care about and leave behind.

**SV: How do you go about putting the material together? Apart from adding a cover and stapling the material together, is there an editing process?**

MC: In one way you could look through this and think that it's a random jumble of stuff one after the other but in the way I do it there is a kind of mechanism. Some people suggested I should take the text and put it into some kind of design format but there is a sensibility. It follows a sort of rule of publishing, for example



when I have found an abstract, introductory remarks or contents list I put that at the front and when I have found acknowledgements, conclusions and evaluations or indexes they have gone at the back, even if they didn't relate to what's inside. But in other ways it makes no sense at all and things don't really belong together. It could be quite a surreal experience to read through from the front cover but I always want to find the narrative thread — that's a natural instinct.

It's a bit like reading a newspaper, which has a design aesthetic but apart from that it's a jumble of different information, reports and trivia.

**SV: If there is too much duplication in the material you collect do you limit what you put in?**

MC: I use 90 per cent of the material I find, for example there were four copies of the same photograph but each one was slightly different so someone had obviously been trying to get something right and they were failed attempts. I put them all in.



**SV: Don't you find it frustrating that you only have a part of the story when you include a page that is just one part of a longer article, for instance? Don't you ever find that there's a page or scrap that interests you so much that you want to go away and read more?**

MC: Through one page you can read a whole story about what might have happened. It reflects my own reading habits — I have five or six different things on the go at once and quite often only read a page or a paragraph at one time. I like that I've only got a section of the story or a part of it and you have to fill in the rest yourself.

It's quite in tune with life, which is full of different voices and sources for information and knowledge constantly competing for your attention. I don't really want to read all of them but I will take in something of all of them.

### **SV: How does the project work in other cities?**

MC: I had no idea if it would translate into a different place. In Antwerp I had to make more of a choice when deciding which material to put in. There was more material in English than I had expected and I chose more in English than was perhaps representative.

I was really surprised the things I found related so directly to the place. Lots of the material related to Antwerp, for example one person wrote an abstract about Antwerp as a port town.

Someone suggested I should go ask copy shops for the material. I went in to shops and asked if they had any old paper they were going to dump. There's less suspicion of that kind of thing there and they handed a pile over. I asked copy shops when I got back to Manchester and they said they couldn't possibly give it out for confidentiality reasons. There is more openness and transparency in Antwerp.

I also spent some time at the Middlesex University Philosophy Department occupation in May and June and did an edition there as they were producing lots of material related to the occupation.

### **SV: Is there a noticeable difference between material collected from copy shops in different areas of Manchester and Salford and do you have a favoured photocopying shop?**

MC: It is a barometer of what's going on around the copy shop. What you find in Staples in Salford is different to what you might get in the Northern Quarter. The ones on Oxford Road are the best for collecting material as they're really untidy.

### **SV: How do other people react to the project?**

MC: People either love it or hate it. I'm not sure that the project really works in a gallery setting though. It would work much better if you could buy it like any other magazine.

To purchase a copy of *The Self Publishers* email Morry at [deaddigital@islingtonmill.com](mailto:deaddigital@islingtonmill.com).

[www.islingtonmillartacademy.blogspot.com](http://www.islingtonmillartacademy.blogspot.com)





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## Adventures in the Trans-Fictional Express by Steve Hanson

IN 2001, I came across a tiny ad in the back of the Manchester Evening News, no bigger than a fingernail, which asked for page layout artists who could operate Quark Xpress and Photoshop, for 'a major publication company'. Beyond this there was little information, just a Manchester phone number. I rang it and after a brief chat about my previous page layout experience, the rather cheery man told me to turn up at the Express building in Manchester on Monday morning. He told me that I would be given a few days of work, maybe more if things went well, and that I would be working for a 'wide range of newspapers and magazines'. I arrived at a generic reception and was met by the cheery man, who took me upstairs.

My jaw dropped. I was in the offices of The Daily Sport. Cheery man didn't seem concerned that he hadn't warned me about the notoriety of the 'newspapers' in question. Perhaps it was deliberate, perhaps many people, when told who they will be working for, decline the offer. Perhaps they had recruitment problems, after all, I wasn't formally interviewed. I will never know.

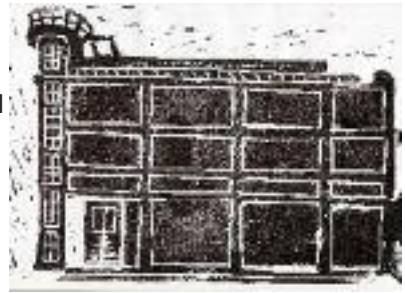
In front of me was a bustling news desk over which a huge banner proclaimed 'SIMPLY THE BREAST'. There were Burnley FC posters on the wall. A woman behind news desk must have been an ex-page three model, with her cleavage bursting out like balloons. Seaside postcard breasts, but nobody batted an eyelid, in the way that I imagine nobody packing for Cadbury all day will have an insatiable lust for chocolate.

Cheery man took me to an office and sat me in front of a G4 Apple Mac with Quark and Photoshop. He showed me how to pull up a template, where to find copy and scanned images for specific pages. Next, he sent me to a room where a group of men, two of whom were very camp, were working on marker roughs of Daily Sport pages. The dialogue in this room was from a non-existent film called Carry On Newspaper! The gay guy read the sub-headings out as he sketched them in, 'three in a bed romp, who wouldn't!'

Much of this, I am guessing, was for my benefit. I asked for my 'roughs', the purpose of sending me in the first place, the Daily Sport version of sending the new boy to ask for spirit level bubbles, and after some giggling they gave me three beautiful illustrations of inside pages, for an edition which would be printed in two days' time. I went back to the office and found cheery man. He took them off me, screwed them up and threw them in a bin, 'just lay the page out how you want to', he grinned.

I asked if there were any style sheets to work from and he laughed, before telling me the font and size for body copy, headlines and sub-headings. 'Just pump headlines up to fill the space', he concluded, 'there's no rule for them, but always pump them UP.'

I soon discovered that you could teach a monkey to lay out a Daily Sport page and you wouldn't have to pay it £130 per day. At one point cheery man almost told me off for laying things out too elegantly. 'I know you've worked at all these posh places', he said, 'just fill every bit of space, we don't need fancy design.'



All the other workers in my office were male, and they were very laddish. One kept getting up and belting a football at the beautiful, floor-to-ceiling plate glass windows. 'It'll go through one day', he said, disappointed, as the ball ricocheted around our heads. I shuddered inside every time I heard his foot strike leather.

One man across from me was working on 'Adult Sport' and kept shouting questions at cheery man, who didn't really seem to do anything, except grin like a Mancunian Dudley Moore, drink tea and say things like 'who's going to the Land 'O' Cakes for a Cherry B later?' The questions put to him were libel checks, which I was used to from working at other newspapers, but they were checks like 'can I call her a porn star?'

I asked one of my co-workers about the marker roughs and he explained that the guys in that department knew full well that their work wasn't being used, that it was a unionised 'closed-shop', so they were running desktop publishing alongside them 'for the time being', until they 'solved the problem.' I expect this was the real reason for the mysterious, tiny advert and my enigmatic introduction to the place. I felt like a scab, but it was interesting. I was suddenly helicoptered into a conflict, part of the break-up of traditional print cultures, of which the Wapping upheaval is still the most iconic signifier. The death of Fleet Street, and there were lots of rather horrible old ex-Fleet Street hacks going in and out, but mainly out, in pursuit of that elusive, perfect, 'Cherry B' across the road.

I wish I had folded one of the marker roughs up and hid it, kept it. It was a bit of history, a product of a working practice which was about to be swept away. The Sport were siphoning their labour power off slowly, until they could find a legal solution which would leave the production of the paper in the hands of cheery man, and some lads who kick footballs at windows. What was I saying earlier about typewriters, monkeys, and not paying them?

You couldn't make it up. Although I did discover that they really do make it up, during my second day there. A group of blokes were crowding around a G4 screen in the office, laughing, with a slightly tubby young man. I went over to see what they were laughing at. It was a story for an inside page of tomorrow's Daily Sport featuring the young journalist trussed up like a chicken in stockings and suspenders, below a headline of 'MY TRANSVESTITE SHAME'. I was beginning to feel uncomfortable, and not with the sexualised content, the laddish environment, or even the man opposite, essentially working on pornography, but with the culture of disgust at the other — and otherness — which operated through pieces like the one they had just concocted. I sloped off to finish my pages.

On Thursday, cheery man offered me some more days the following week. He said I had worked well, and quickly, although he conceded, cheerily, that he didn't think I was 'a Sport type'. I never did go to the Land 'O' Cakes with them (your honour). Still, he gave me his card and told me to phone back the following Tuesday, if interested.

On Monday I went to Jobcentre Plus and signed on again.



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## Subterranean Transport blues:

The Picc-Vic Project by **Stuart Vallantine**

BY 1984, we would have been travelling from Buxton to Oldham Mumps without touching Manchester's Piccadilly and Victoria stations. Our journey would have been made by clean, fast, direct electric trains with a tunnel through the city centre. Alas this wasn't the case, as in 1984 this would have meant two smoky diesel trains running half hourly at best with a Centreline bus between Piccadilly and Victoria.

As part of the 1968 Transport Act, SELNEC PTE (South East Lancashire, North Cheshire Passenger Transport Executive and latterly GMPTE in its present day guise) are obliged to provide a fully integrated public transport system. As well as developing a standard route numbering system and a standard double decker bus design, they created what would have been their flagship project — that of a subterranean city tunnel forming part of The Picc-Vic Project.

For several years, Manchester had been devoid of a north-south rail route. It was felt that the Picc-Vic Project would be the answer to their problems. Through-ticketing between the two main stations would have been improved. In 1973, one Parliamentary Bill later, preparations for its construction began. The first four platforms of Victoria station were closed to allow for the city centre tunnel. Arndale Centre at the Corporation Street end was constructed to accommodate the Picc-Vic line.

The city centre route would serve Piccadilly and Victoria stations with intermediate stops at Royal Exchange serving the Arndale Centre, Central (for the Town Hall and Central Library) and Whitworth (for the Manchester Polytechnic and Chorlton Street coach station). Passenger conveyors would offer fast subterranean from Oxford Road station to Central, and Piccadilly Gardens to Piccadilly Low Level station. Phase One of the system would include a line from Bury to Alderley Edge (via Handforth) and Bolton to Wilmslow (via Mauldeth Road). Phase Two would include lines from Buxton and Manchester. This would have complemented Rapid Transit lines for North East Manchester, Wythenshawe and Salford and Manchester universities. Part of the package included bus/rail interchanges.

Unfortunately, the plans were scrapped on the 19th December 1974 as costs soared to £105 million from £21.5 million. Some parts of the scheme went ahead, such as new bus/rail interchanges in Bury, Whitefield and Altrincham. From the hangover of Picc-Vic came the Centreline city shuttle buses, and the Hazel Grove Chord (and accompanying electrification). Today's Metrolink system also owes a debt to Picc-Vic. The 1974 Centreline routes, originally a stop-gap for the Picc-Vic works became a success and led to today's successful Metroshuttle buses.

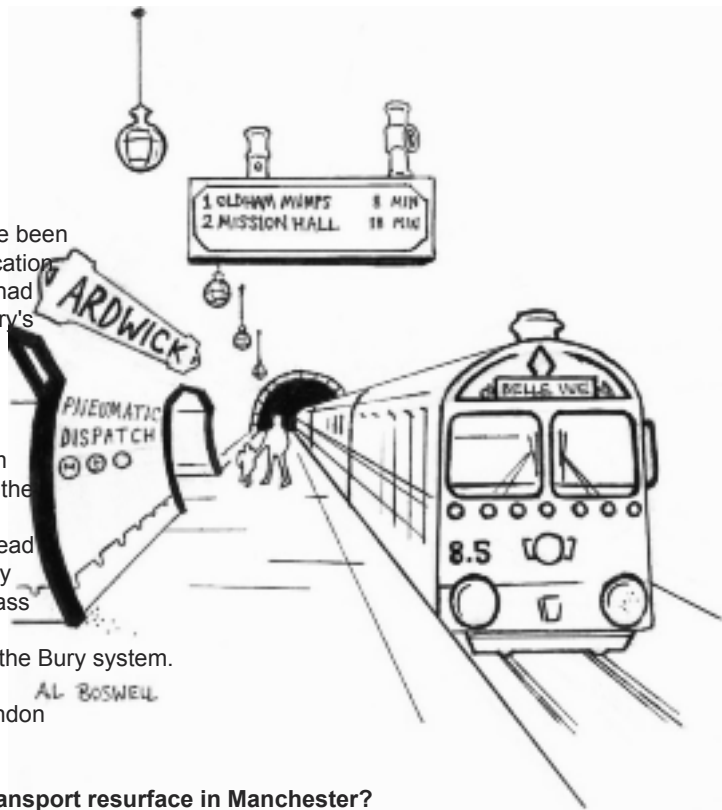
### Manchester post Picc-Vic?

Had the Picc-Vic project been fully realised, it could have been Manchester's answer to Thameslink, with through ticketing using an Oystercard style system (as proposed for 2013). Bury would have been as successful under Picc-Vic as it is now with the Metrolink. British Rail/National Rail through ticketing and season tickets would have continued to benefit Altrincham and Sale with regular services connecting the Bury - Alderley Edge and Bolton - Wilmslow ones. Altrincham trains could have continued to Hazel Grove, Buxton or Macclesfield.

Much of the success would have also depended on the stations. Whitworth would have been a boon for the Gay Village. Central and Royal Exchange would have been busy stations in their own right due to the proximity of the Arndale and today's shopping developments. However, the line would be inconvenient for Shudehill, Northern Quarter and Spinningfields — all of which I assume could have been accommodated by the present day Metroshuttle service and accompanying light rail lines.



Among the main issues would have been standardising Manchester's electrification systems. Before 1971, Manchester had three types: 25kV a.c. overhead; Bury's 1200V d.c. third rail; and the 1500V d.c. overhead system used by the Altrincham and Woodhead lines. Perhaps the fully realised Picc-Vic would have gone for a hybrid system extending Bury's third rail system to the underground section with 25kV a.c. overhead catenary overground. Instead of a bespoke set of rolling stock, they could have adapted British Rail's Class 313 units, seen Drayton Park and King's Cross/Moorgate to work with the Bury system. These could have been allocated a sub-class to distinguish from the London counterparts.



### Could Picc-Vic or underground transport resurface in Manchester?

At this very moment, no, given the struggle GMPTC is experiencing in trying to get more carriages, let alone a state-of-the-art underground system. At present, the Metrolink system covers most of the Greater Manchester area which Picc-Vic intended to do and penetrates the centre of Manchester better than the Picc-Vic plans did. The proposed second city crossing will enhance this further.

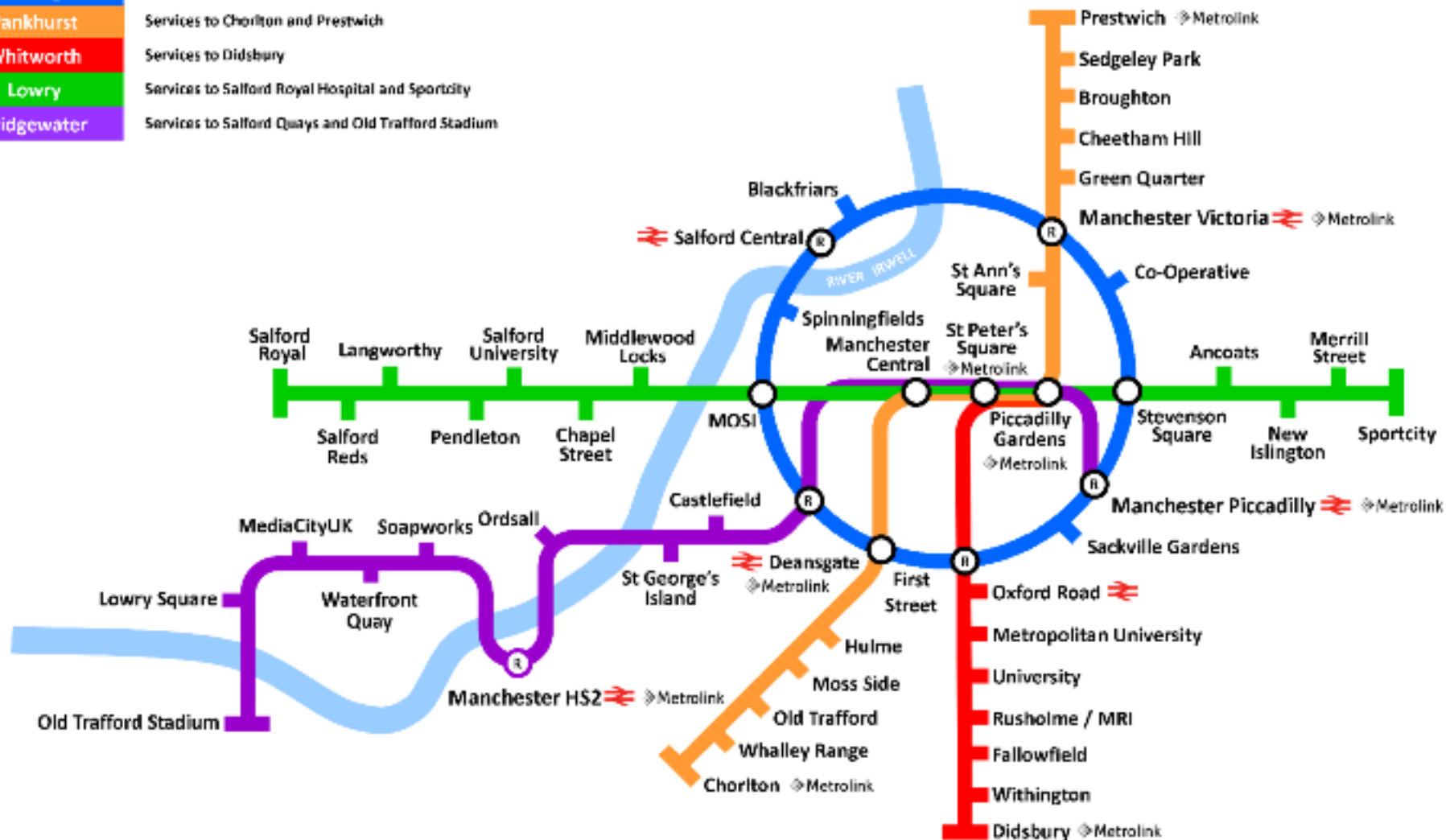
If (and this is probably a Huge If) the notion of underground transport in Manchester resurfaced, an effective solution could involve expanding electrification to Bolton and Wigan stations. This could involve extension of the Hadfield/Glossop services to Wigan North Western or Wigan Wallgate. An underground tunnel could start at Piccadilly with the line re-emerging at Salford Crescent. Intermediate stops could be at Piccadilly Gardens (tram/bus interchange opportunities) and King Street (interchange with prospective second city Metrolink crossing). Hadfield/Glossop services could be extended to Bolton to meet up any future Manchester - Preston electrification projects. Potentially, the Rose Hill and Marple services could be extended through the same tunnel to serve Wigan Wallgate, Kirkby and Liverpool (Hunts Cross). Some could serve Wigan North Western (as a diversion if the Wigan Wallgate - Kirkby section came to grief) and Leigh — with heavy rail instead of a busway.

The underground sections could be energised to 750V d.c. third rail, which would be compatible with the Merseyrail Electrics system from Kirkby to Liverpool (Hunts Cross). Marple to Ardwick, Salford Crescent to Wigan/Leigh/Bolton could be electrified to 25kV overhead, which allows for compatibility with the Hadfield/Glossop section.

Perhaps the notion of an underground railway in Manchester is on a long list of the city's many transport pipe dreams. Then again, how many people would have thought 50 years ago that Wigan Athletic would be playing the likes of Manchester United?

# Manchester Underground

Turing	Centre Centre circular line
Pankhurst	Services to Chorlton and Prestwich
Whitworth	Services to Didsbury
Lowry	Services to Salford Royal Hospital and Sportcity
Bridgewater	Services to Salford Quays and Old Trafford Stadium



# GRANADA IDENTS: AN INTRODUCTION

By Daniel Fogarty

Please regard the following text as a few sketched out thoughts on the evolution of Granada Television's idents. Hopefully this will be a starting point of a much larger text that will take into consideration the transformation of the ident, its use in broadcasting, its design and relation to social dynamics and the rich history of the Granada Productions Ltd.

The chronological order of the idents is not exhaustive, but comes to present the most striking and important developments in the history of Granada's idents.

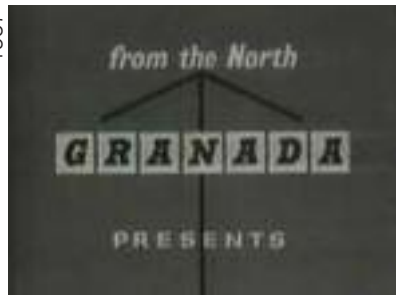
1956 - 'Must be just a matter of seconds before the Northern region airs itself to the independent television network. The signal's coming up clearly, he says, we're getting the network on our monitors beautifully. The count will begin now 9...8...7...6 (the screen turns grey)...5 (a thin black arrow rises from the bottom of the screen)...4 (the arrow halts and a the words 'from the North' sit atop the arrow, a white sans-serif font) ...3 (from left to right a cascade of white boxes rotate into view presenting the word GRANADA, below this the third font Grotesque No. 9 reads PRESENTS).

1956



1957 - The arrow pointing to the top of the screen was the only pictorial reference to the North in the early idents from Granada. The arrow also gestures to something more domestic, the dipole antenna used to pick up transmission signals for household televisions. The ident presents an inversion of the dipole transforming it into an arrow. This subtle arrangement could possibly go unnoticed in today's context, yet the dipole also plays another role with the tip of the arrowhead following the line of the 'N' in 'GRANADA' forming a complete u-turn from the arrow to the dipole and utilising the functionality of the compass.

1957



1959 - The inclusion of contemporary typefaces was constant in the progression of Granada and its image in broadcasting. Previously a cinema chain Granada decided to keep the popular slab serif font, legible, economic and technically executed in style. Stymie Black was used across the country in the 1950s and became a popular choice for sign makers and in turn the high street adding another air of domesticity to the ident. Using such a stylised and definitive font was always going to have downfalls, eventually becoming dated. To combat this a number of cutting edge serif typefaces would be added throughout the years.

1959



1959 - In the years following the ident would become cropped and more focused. The grey background disappeared and was replaced by a more arresting black. This development reflects the television broadcast taken back to its formal limits. Any marking on the screen would come to represent itself as a 'pure' picture from the screen. The white graphics present Granada on top

1959



1962



of the very medium it produces. This formal arrangement would last a few years before it was changed.

1962 - Now we see a modern and slightly journalistic approach to the ident. The original inverted dipole is 'beefed up' by the designers and now performs a single act of pin pointing the location of 'Granadaland'. No longer a playful tool but a direct presentation. The design seems more aligned with a news presentation rather than the broader range of programming presented across the station.

1968



1968 - The boundary changes of July 1968 rendered the arrow and the message that it originally imposed obsolete and a new direction required. Now two black lines held a shadowed non-italicised GRANADA pulled forward from the screen by a drop-shadow. No longer pin pointing location but relying on the name alone 'from the North' became obsolete and a new direction was needed for the branding and the locality of the station.

1968



1968 - The black background is reinstated and the introduction of the first logo. The design came about in a brilliantly ad-hoc way. During the production of a Children's Quiz Show earlier in the year the programming designers created a logo for t-shirts worn by the production crew. An acute angled arrow teamed with the letter G was now the new direction of Granada's branding, later other elements would be added to the 'G-arrow' logo that was carried for the next 30 years. For now the simple logo is presented below the station name establishing a clean and clear branding that will follow on for a few years.

1969



1969 - October 1969 saw the first injection of color to Granada's idents. Sticking to the simple dialect now established with the addition of the words Colour Production in a simple Helvetica, adhering to the simplicity of the new well established Swiss model. The design had to be sympathetic in its adjustments so not to affect the tonal balance when viewed on a black and white set and a blue background with the addition of yellow lettering was adopted. The change would be virtually non-existent for black and white sets.

1981



1981 - The ident remained slower paced, not differing for the past ten years. The static ident was in huge contrast to other stations, but now well established. The colour would change over the years, upping the contrast and by 1981 a royal blue became the background colour. Slight changes would be made. The G-Arrow would come to be shadowed making the identity in the simple lifting from the background adding a further depth to the ident.

1986 - 1986 saw the thirtieth anniversary of Granada as a broadcasting station with the ident reflecting this. The GRANADA lettering would be held tighter together and dropped to the bottom of the screen. The G-Arrow is reproduced with a large number of decoratively turned candles burning bright as if a table centerpiece. Presented against a black background the camera picks up the detail of the candles, seemingly abstract shapes until panning out revealing a logo in high activity.

1986



1986 - With the celebrations over, the G-Arrow becomes digitally animated with the camera following the curvature of the logo as it is constructed before the eye. Close to the way in which molten metal would flow to fill a mould (albeit rendered in a classical animated graphical style). The final product is presented, a tarnished yellow G-Arrow lit from above hanging in the space between programming.

1986



1987 - Rendering the logo in three dimensions gave rise to another detail in its design and presentation. By tilting the arrow back we now see the bottom of the shape, this creates a fixed view of Granada (as it was when the station was first launched) from the South. This stature of the logo is seen across many corporations, presenting it as almost a monolithic object or close to a sculpture. Albeit the delivery of the logo in this manner suggests the locality of Granada something of a constant in its programming and vision.

1987



1988 - Changing materials again the G-Arrow and the word GRANADA are finished in platinum, stainless steel or high-end material. The angle of presentation became subtler, but the finish is somewhat grander and less brash in comparison to its predecessor. A generic reflection is seen in the polished surfaces suggesting the logo is held in a constant landscape of graduated backdrops. The ident requires no animation and becomes a backdrop for the announcer to introduce the next program.

1988



Due to standardisation by ITV in the following years Granada would no longer have dedicated idents presented before productions. The familiar Granada fonts were discarded by the introduction of a single font for (almost) every local station. Other national and local stations were treated with the same design restraints pushing the production company to the back end of its productions.

This text is reproduced in Grottesque No. 9 by Eleisha Pechey used in the Granada ident as a secondary font from 1956-1957.



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# Why is it so hard to make a living out of being an artist?

by Anouska Smith

SOMETIMES WHEN I look back at what I should have chosen for a career I do have to ask myself why did I go into art and design? When I was at primary school I wanted to be a lawyer or a vet, but I was drawn to English and art subjects and this is where I started to focus my attention. At this point, I should have been forced to do science subjects and made to make sense of the Bunsen burners. If I'd maybe I'd of had a bit more direction at home, maybe my parents would have insisted I get a 'well paid job' with 'prospects' but as it happened I was left with free reign to make my own decisions. I'm pretty sure if my parents had intervened I'm sure my career options would not have included being an artist. Being a creative of any sort whether its fine art, performance or music is a risky business. When I signed up for my degree I might as well have bought a lottery ticket as well. The chances of making a lucrative career in the art world can be an all or nothing business. So why is it so hard to make a living out of being an artist?

Why is it that creativity is not typically financially rewarded in our society and why do we still do it? Artists need some adversity to really do great things; it's the hard times which bring out the best work and generates motivation. However I don't want to popularise living in constant hardship because we all know that isn't much fun.

The Western world is based on capitalist values, we need money to survive. A vicious circle of need and want keep us grinding on the conveyer belt. So what happens when you decide to step off?

I decided to step off a few years ago and venture into the unknown. With absolute naivety I decided to open my own shop selling handmade and craft things, vintage bits and pieces of art work. I really didn't know at the time what I was letting myself in for. Faced with dealing with corporate suits, I was totally out of my depth and unprepared. By the end of it, all my creativity had been zapped out of me and I was jaded, lost and disillusioned. I know of no artist that isn't trying to support his or her craft without trying to juggle other jobs as well to make ends meet, whether it's doing some teaching hours or working in a pub, the necessities of life mean you have to get by somehow, anyhow.

So in reflection does that mean I should have done something different to make a living? Perhaps, but the reality is I didn't choose art, art chose me. Being creative is something you can't help. Even if I'd have tried my hand at a more secure occupation the itch would have started to scratch at some point. I would have felt stifled and uninspired; I would have still wanted to reach out on my own. I have to do something I believe in. I believe in helping others too, and although my job doesn't directly involve saving peoples lives, I think sharing happiness, ideas and captivating people's imagination has its value in the world. We need creative people in society because we need ideas. Everything in the world started off as an idea in someone's head. So it might be a little less conventional trying to make a living financially by being creative and I may never be rich but at least I decided to do what I believe in and that is where I get my wealth.

*Cause And Effect is for artists of any background, medium and ability based in Manchester. We aim to collaborate with other artists in showcasing their work on the walls of pleasant looking buildings. Cause And Effect is also an artist resource of information that may or may not be interesting or relevant but we are happy to let you decide! Please get in touch via [causeandeffectart@blogspot.com](mailto:causeandeffectart@blogspot.com) to keep up to date with future events and exhibitions.*





# 15

## Do you remember the time when we lived in France? I would cycle home

drunk on warm summer nights, floating on the smooth asphalt and breeze of rubber tyres filled with pressurised air. I have never felt so free. I would ignore traffic lights, go through reds, ride on the wrong side of the road, weaving in erratic and crazy zig-zags. Just before the bridge over the abandoned railway tracks I would ride roughshod over the roundabout, my tyres leaving the ground as I went over the elevation in the middle. But there was nobody else on the road; it was deserted, it was mine.

I used to think this a very funny hobby. Then Youssef, as my older brother, told me a cautionary tale. Apparently a friend of his used to do the same until one night he came off his bike and smashed all his teeth in.

“C'est pas marrant, ça,” I said, rubbing my gums.

“Et c'est pas normale, ce que tu fais.” He raised his eyebrow in that reproachful way of his, then left the room. He never admitted when he liked somebody.

Once when I couldn't find my tyre levers Ludvi had shown me how to take off my tyres using a pair of spoons.

“I used to like doing that kind of thing when I was little”, he said. “I was handy then.” Now he just smoked cigarettes all day and sometimes cooked liver; you knew when he had been around, for its acrid odour crept up the stairs like a pest.

He told me off once for leaving my bike outside the house, unlocked, at night.

“You'll get it stolen by doing that!” he warned me.

When he wasn't there one of his friends told me how that had nearly happened to him. He had only gone inside for a second to get a light, but when he came back out again he saw the back wheel of his bike disappear around the corner of the front gate like the lingering tail of a fox. According to this guy Ludvi blew a fuse and chased this little kid all the way down the street and grabbed him off the bike by the scruff of his neck. When I mentioned it to Ludvi he blushed and wouldn't speak about it, even though everybody else laughed. It is a funny and awkward sight to see a large man with thick arms blush.

Well I don't know if You knew but when my bike was broke I was very sad, in fact I was full on depressed for a whole week. I hated having to walk —it is so slow, and boring; you have less time in bed when you wake and have to crawl like a caterpillar across the cracked paving flags. In the mornings I would wake up pissed off and spit my toothpaste down the plug hole as though it were venom. I resented being slowed down to the pace of mere mortals.

One night I stole a hammer from Dub's house and put it in my back pocket. I don't know why; I didn't intend to do anything with it. I get a devil in me like that sometimes. I was very drunk and on the way home I punched in the wing mirrors of some cars. Again I don't know why: I wasn't angry; it just seemed funny at the time. It certainly made me laugh.

I must admit that once I get a drink down my throat it is as though a magnet is put next to my moral compass: the needle oscillates wildly and anything seems like good idea. Caution is thrown to the wind and flung around like a flimsy paper airplane in a hurricane.

Straight after I just cracked a wing mirror right hard with a tight-knuckled right fist I hear this cry from across the deserted street:

“Hey! Qu’est-ce que tu fous?!”

And I tell you what it put the fear of God in me.

I shit one and bolted like a dart, sprinting all the way home. Somehow in that heady mix of cheap wine and animal adrenaline I had the sense — or the crazed intuition, call it what you will — to hide the hammer, just in case I ended up getting caught by the police. I wasn't keen on exchanging pleasantries with the local gendarmes at three o'clock in the morning. And so I concealed it beneath a great pile of rusty brown leaves next to a short brick wall, where there was a strip of grass in front of a block of flats. Just across the way from our local bakers, the one with the nice lady who smiled on Sundays.

Anyway I ran all the way home with a spring in my step, terrified and elated, as slick as a cheetah in the savannah, cutting like a blade through the soft night air. When I got back, safe and unapprehended, I collapsed and lay on the stubbly grass in my back yard for what seemed like an eternity. Maybe it was the booze in my veins mixed with that sudden rush of excitement, or maybe it was the air, fragrant and full of cinnamon as it always was in that town where we lived. All I know is that as I lay back, breathing heavily and staring at the stars, a wave of ecstasy more incredible than any chemical or sexual high I have ever known transcended upon me. Deep breathing filled my lungs in slow measures and the air felt like a velvety liquid poured into a cool vase, darkening sight and sending tingles to my fingertips. I was absorbed by everything and in its turn everything breathed me in, humming its silent wisdom through me like a tuning fork.

I laughed. I laughed out loud, and them some more; and the crazy alcoholic Russian Igor must have heard for I wasn't a stone's throw from where he lived in the basement. I used to be slightly scared of him, for he had thrown in the bin a pair of my trainers that I had left in the washing machine once. That was my suspicion at any rate. But now he, like everybody else — the memory of my departed bike included — melted away as my laughter issued forth like a spring. Perhaps he heard; perhaps he was asleep, or just too drunk for it to make sense in his broken glass world of Russian memories and French words.

I don't know how long I stayed there for. It was impossible to tell. My body dissolved into the sensations captured by my prickled nerves - short, stubbly grass; warm air; fists, smarting pleasantly; white pricks on a sheet of blue velvet — my self vanished into the whole. It no longer mattered, just an awe that rid me of all else.

At some point I must have staggered to bed because the next morning I woke up considerably hungover. My knuckles were bruised and cut and all my clothes were still on. An acidity cursed through my body and that uneasy feeling of guilt, or dread, at having done something you know you will soon remember smouldered in my stomach. Maybe it was the thought of having to tell You. I still have the scars on my knuckles now if you look closely enough.

Later on that day, at night when it was dark and nobody was about, I crept out of the house and went to look for that hammer under the pile of leaves. But it was gone.

**By Michael Cassidy**







Dear 71 Parkside Road,

You are my house. Or the house I grew up in at any rate. Last year I decided to start writing letters to all of my heroes, but it isn't last year anymore, is it 71 Parkside Road? And so, with the New Year, comes a new angle. The old expression goes 'if these walls could speak...', which got me thinking, could they also write letters? And that is why I am writing to you! All of my letters, and any replies I receive, will be posted at <http://heroesofmine.blogspot.com>.

I thought you might like to know that I remember you fondly and often think of you. When you last saw me I was a mere lad of eleven, so you may be surprised to learn that with each year that has passed since our parting, I have aged – that is unless you have a gift for maths not normally attributed to your creed (houses).

I am now twenty-four years old, and sometimes I think that I would quite like to visit you again to see if I would feel like a giant. I refer, of course, to the fact that I am also now much bigger than I was when I lived in you. Fear not, this is a normal part of the aging process and in fact I write to you in rude health.

But anyway, enough about me, how are you?!? Do you still have fishes painted on your bathroom walls? And do you still have the garden gate my granddad made out front? Does my bedroom miss me? Do you remember the time I was trying to answer the phone, but the receiver wouldn't budge and in my confusion I shouted out "The stone's fuck!", instead of "The phone's stuck!" So many questions! So many memories!

I also want to use this letter as an opportunity to apologise for some of the misdemeanours I committed whilst you were my house. I am sure there are many I have forgotten, but there is one in particular I wish to 'fess up' to. This one time, in the midst of a sibling-war with my sister, I unleashed a whole canister of fart spray on her bedroom door. In retrospect I realise I was using the door, a door which belonged to you, to facilitate my desire for revenge. This was a childish, unfair act to carry out on that sweet, innocent door and I can only apologise.

I do hope that you will not hold this against me, and that instead you will remember all the good times. Should it turn out that walls can in fact write letters, I look forward to reading your reply. Call me naïve, but after seeing what walls are truly capable of in that Harry Potter documentary, I am quietly confident I will hear from you soon enough.

Until then, all the best house,

Your Friend,

Joe Troop

*The above letter is taken from a blog that I started in the summer of 2010, called You Are My Hero. The idea behind the blog being that I would write letters to all those figures in the public eye with whom I felt a certain affinity, the ultimate aim was to try and get them to meet me. I have now written letters to, amongst others, Stewart Lee, David Attenborough and Jeremy Paxman. I even got a reply from Louis Theroux! The letters themselves are written with tongue firmly in cheek, and more than anything else are designed to raise a smile. For my first letter of 2011, I decided to change tack slightly, and have sent a letter to the house I spent my childhood in, at 71 Parkside Road, Moss Side, Manchester. Above is the result, a love letter to a childhood spent mucking about in the first house I called 'home'.*

# Guerilla Gardening with Seed Bombs

By Tom Hiles



Seed bombing is one of the oldest, easiest and most fun methods of guerrilla gardening—that is, making things grow in public (or private) places without permission—an act that reclaims ignored and unloved corners or empty land from neglect and ugliness. Seed bombing works well because it doesn't require any digging or other in-situ preparation—an advantage for making things grow in busy or surveilled places where you might want to be discreet about your illicit green-fingered shenanigans. They're also the easiest and safest way to get things growing in off limits spots—a likely-looking patch of soil in a fenced-off derelict building site, or a mossed-over gutter up high out of reach. It's also an incredibly quick method of seeding a large area. All you need are a handful of seed bombs, a good throwing arm and a half-decent aim.

There are various ways of making seed bombs. The simplest recipe uses the following:

- Powdered clay (from arts shops)
- Clean compost (if you use wild soil, make sure it doesn't have seeds of any invasive nasties in it!)
- Seeds (mixed native wildflowers are good to start with)
- A bucket and a stick to mix them together



Mix the clay, compost and seeds roughly in proportion of 5:5:1, carefully adding just enough water to make the mixture sticky enough to hold together. Roll the mixture into small balls about the size of golf balls, then leave them to dry for 2-3 days, so the clay can set firm.

Then find your target area! You might already have somewhere in mind, or you might enjoy wandering aimlessly in the hope of stumbling on a likely spot. Take the time to look out for somewhere the seeds will have a decent chance – a few inches of bare soil is best—forgotten raised beds, broken paving stones, or maybe bare ground at the side of an unmade car park. It might be useful to take a map with you and make a note of where you dropped your seeds, to make it easier to return and see what has grown ...





# Good things happening soon

**Thursday February 3 and following Thursdays, *Say Something Serious***, Islington Mill, Salford, 6pm. New series of artist talks, performances and lectures. (weekly)

*Counting Backwards*, Fuel, Withington. Poetry and sound art performances. (bi-monthly)

**Friday February 4, *Wire***, Roadhouse. Post-punk legends.

**Saturday February 5, *Memento Park***, Cornerhouse Galleries. New exhibition by Carey Young including video works encompassing performance and politics. (exhibition runs until Sunday March 20)

*The Vaselines*, Sound Control. One reunion that was a good idea — the Vaselines are one of the happiest, funnest bands you can have the pleasure of seeing live.

**Sunday February 6, *Loiterers Resistance Movement psychogeographic walk*** around Manchester. See [www.nowhere-fest.blogspot.com](http://www.nowhere-fest.blogspot.com) for details. (monthly)

**Wednesdays February 9 and 23, *Pull Yourself Together***, Common. Indie-pop night with zines. (twice monthly)

**Wednesday February 9, *Stop Mithering***, Fuel, Withington. New Golden Lab Records night — recommended! (weekly).

**Thursday February 10, *OWT Creative***, Cord Bar. Exhibition of work from OWT Creative zine. (quarterly)

**Saturdays February 12 and 26, *Underachievers Please Try Harder***, Gullivers. Classic indie disco with live bands, including the Lovely Eggs and The Thyme Machine from Lancaster plus This Many Boyfriends and Hillary and the Democrats (February 12). (twice monthly)

**Tuesday February 15, *Craftivism***, Nexus Art Cafe, 6pm. Learn how to change the world through craft. (monthly)

**Wednesday February 16, *A City in Shot***, Cornerhouse, 6pm. A history of filmmaking in Manchester by local historian CP Lee.

*Victoria Baths Swimming Club*, Levenshulme Baths, 7pm. Friends of Victoria Baths swim in another Edwardian pool. (monthly)

**Thursday February 17, *Gruff Rhys***, St Philip's Church, Salford. Super Furry Animals singer in one of the most imposing

sights on the Salford skyline, with support from Welsh surf-rock band Y Niwl.

**Friday February 18, *Born after 1924***, Castlefield Gallery. German artist Ingo Gerken reinterprets *Nasci*, an issue of an avant-garde magazine produced by Kurt Schwitters, as part of a city-wide celebration of the artist's Merzbar project. (exhibition runs until Sunday April 10)

*Oza/Merzen*, CUBE. Office for Subversive Architecture have been commissioned to create an installation responding to Kurt Schwitters' Merzbar (exhibition runs until Saturday April 16)

*Something in the Pipeline*, CUBE. Jason Minsky and William Titley explore Manchester via a journey in the Lake District, filling the gallery with artefacts including edible models. (exhibition runs until Saturday April 16)

**Saturday February 19, *Hobo Sonn & Duncan Harrison***, Fuel, Withington. Electronic and tape noise.

**Monday February 21, *Beatification***, Sandbar. Beat poetry and film night with a screening of student protest documentary *Berkeley in the*

*Sixties*. (monthly)

*Our Love Will Destroy The World*, Neil Campbell & Mick Flower, Islington Mill, Salford. Noise.

**Tuesday February 22, *General Interest***, Soup Kitchen. Actor Michael Justice gives the second in a series of talks by Manchester-based arts practitioners. See <http://general-interest.tumblr.com> for times. (monthly)

*Guantanamera*, Kings Arms, Salford, 7.45pm. Manchester Film Co-operative shows films based around themes that challenge current economics, politics and society, with speakers and discussion, in one of Manchester and Salford's best pubs. '90s Cuban film *Guantanamera* is part of the co-operative's Humour series. (monthly)

**Thursday February 24, *Velvet and Corduroy Club***, Manchester Modernist Society HQ, 142 Chapel Street, Salford, 6pm. Informal discussion salon based around a different topic each time. (monthly)

**Monday February 28, *Urbis Research Forum***, Renold Building (UMIST campus), 6pm. Public lecture and discussion of topics concerning the city. (monthly)

**Things that might be in the next issue: Features, recipes, photographs, creative writing, listings, illustration, music, things to make and do and more.**