THE SHRIEKING VIOLET

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1 THE Shrieking Violet issue 17 is

the first of 2012, and as I've been putting it together I've been thinking of what a year 2011 was.

The Shrieking Violet fitted in more than I would have ever thought it possible to fit into one year, from Manchester's Modernist Heroines, a collaboration with Manchester Modernist Society and the Loiterers Resistance Movement, in March to organising the first Victoria Baths Fanzine Convention in May and celebrating the Shrieking Violet fanzine's second birthday in July.

I also visited lots of towns and cities for the first time, saw loads of great factual TV and went to lots of exciting exhibitions, both in Manchester and other towns and cities.

A Stockholm bridge

Although I've vowed to calm down a bit and make sure this year is less hectic, as 2012 gets underway it's already time to start planning the second Victoria Baths Fanzine Convention, which will take place on Saturday May 19 during Future Everything. Drawing on the 2012 Future Everything theme of mass participation, the second Victoria Baths Fanzine Convention will look at how the virtual world is allowing networks of zine makers to share publications, news and experiences all over the world. The next issue of the Shrieking Violet is likely to be a special souvenir programme to accompany the Fanzine Convention – keep an eye on the Shrieking Violet blog for details!

There's no forgetting that 2012 is also Olympic year, and the Shrieking Violet is really looking forward to events and exhibitions promising to excite as part of the Cultural Olympiad. Especially worth getting out of bed for will be Martin Creed's *All the Bells*, a mass ringing of all the bells in the country, from church bells to bicycle bells, at 8am on July 27. I'll also be sure to head over to the North East for the Owl Project (based in Manchester's Rogue Studios) and Ed Carter's commission *Flow*, which will take the form of a floating waterwheel and interactive musical artwork on the River Tyne from March. Can't wait!

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Mental health in the movies

by **Riche Howe**

A disturbing movie flashback: Spellbound – Alfred Hitchcock, 1945

THIS film features one of the most disturbing flashbacks in cinema history: the death of a child by impaling on a spike. The narrative is built upon a psychological character disorder. Gregory Peck's character (John Ballantyne) attempts to recover his identity – is he a doctor? Psychiatrist? Victim? Witness to a crime, or murderer? He is helped on his adventure by his memory, and physically and mentally by his lover Dr Constance Patterson, a psychoanalyst played by the beautiful, blooming Ingrid Bergman. The film comments on sexist, patronising attitudes to woman thinkers ahead of it time.

The narrative story points are built on psychological character disorders Peck experiences or imagines. The emphasis on suspense, surprise and delayed revelation of information key to the plot is similar to detective and crime movies (capers).

The film captures a time in history in the first few years after the Second World War when people were asking and demanding answers to the question: "How could we have had a holocaust Hiroshima and how could our leaders have a second world war in the first place?"

What is wrong with man? "I got to get some answers.'"

And instead of taking to the street they kept their head down to their navel and looked to the work of Freud for studious certainty, grey answers of understanding.

Gregory Peck's character's phobia of parallel lines, ski tracks, staircases and folded sheets is expressed and demonstrated in Salvador Dali's visceral dream sequences. The film is worth a view simply for the powerful, kinetic dream sequences alone, but there's some brilliant melodrama too (don't go on YouTube) dreams based on the drawings and designs of Dali and filmed by Hitchcock's Second unit.

The studio did not know at all what to makes of a dashing strange rebel figure like Dali but Hitchcock met Dali and the men liked each other. Hitchcock was busy and Dali aloof and eccentric. They vowed to work together on another project, rumoured to be for Walt Disney – in the words of Dali, 'America's greatest artist'– but of course Hitchcock had contracts to a different studio. We can just imagine. Alas... Check it out. Cushions up on the 'chaise lounge', please. Click off reading light.

3 Neighbourhood No. 9:

The Live Architecture exhibition at Poplar

by **Joe Austin**

I HAVE to start by admitting that I'm unsure as to how much last year's 60th anniversary Festival of Britain celebrations were felt, not just up in the north of the country, but even north of the River Thames. On London's South Bank itself however, at the site of the original event, the joyousness was almost palpable…

The basement of the Festival's most visual legacy, The Royal Festival Hall, was given over to a comprehensive and well considered collection of memorabilia that effectively caught the spirit of the 'Tonic to the Nation' and with the exception of the appalling addition of the red and orange MasterCard circles to Abram Games's timeless and iconic Festival emblem, I felt was a fitting reminder of one of the key moments in our post war social history.

Much has been written about the beneficial effects that the Festival had on the spirits of the still rationed, post-war nation, and it is not my intention to delve too deeply into that aspect here. What I wanted to consider (if somewhat briefly) was an under publicised and hence relatively little known aspect of the Festival of Britain, that I believe should have been at the very heart of its success.

The clock tower, Lansbury Estate

The Exhibition of Architecture, Town Planning and Building Research opened with little fanfare on 3 May 1951, and over the next five months, during what I gather was an exceptionally wet and windy summer, the sprawling, bomb damaged site in Poplar, East London was visited by nearly 870,000 people. Whilst at first glance this figure seems pretty impressive (roughly 600 visitors per day) compared to the pre-Festival daily estimates of 10,000 to 25,000 or indeed the eight million who made it to the South Bank, it was a huge disappointment for the organisers, especially as it had all started out so positively…

The idea for an exhibition of Architecture as part of the main Festival programme had been mooted as early as 1947. Post war reconstruction was still in its infancy and the Festival was seen as a major opportunity to demonstrate recent developments in all aspects of the built environment, both theoretical and technical.

In the late 1940s, Frederick Gibberd (later famous for designing Liverpool's Metropolitan Cathedral, and the UK's first tower block at Harlow New Town) was a young architect with a strong belief in the socially progressive Town Planning movement developing out of Abercrombie's 'Greater London Plan' proposals of 1943, a movement that was beginning to find its voice in the New Town and Green Belt proposals being implemented across the country.

It was Gibberd's suggestion that the most effective way to get the general public interested in new housing and construction was to let them experience it hands on, to give people an opportunity to walk around a new development, where people lived, shopped and went out. This key aspect of the Poplar Exhibition was summed up by the use of the word 'Live' in the title. The inclusion of a wide variety of permanent building types (inhabited wherever possible), in as many stages of completion as was practicable, was by far the best way to demonstrate how an existing community might be rehoused and re-provided for in new residential neighbourhoods.

The obvious location for this event would be a bomb damaged site as close as possible to the main exhibition on the South Bank. Frustratingly for the organisers, however, and due to all the usual political and financial constraints (not to mention the worryingly short time span in which they had to get the whole thing organised) the choice of site finally went to Neighbourhood No. 9, a rather Orwellian working name for a 12.5 acre patch of ground that had already been desig-

nated for redevelopment and which upon completion would house nearly 1,450 residents in 400 new homes.
The site formed part of the larger Stepney and Poplar Reconstruction Area and was chosen partly because it was already in line to be redeveloped (hence saving time) but also, and somewhat ironically, as its location near to the River Thames was felt to be advantageous in terms of access to the River Bus services and all those hoped for visitors.

Along with some last minute cuts to the event's advertising budget, the biggest contribution to the perceived lack of success of the Live Architecture Exhibition was undoubtedly its location. Despite the organisers laying on special, free direct bus and river services to and from the main South Bank site, Poplar was still a long way to the east of the city centre, both in physical and social terms. Sadly, the initially lower than expected numbers resulted in many of these free services being cut, some of the River Buses within the first six weeks, an action that arguably set the tone for the rest of the summer's attendance. But this was all still in the future.

The chosen site was approved, and renamed The Lansbury Estate (after the great Labour Politician and Local Mayor George Lansbury), and despite on-going rationing and challenging materials shortages, the proposals progressed well (if somewhat slower than was anticipated) throughout 1950 and early 1951. As the May 1951 opening date finally arrived, a quarter of the new estate was fully occupied, and although not entirely complete, the exhibition facilities themselves were deemed acceptable and the gates were opened with high expectations.

On arrival at the site, visitors that had made the trek from The South Bank began their visit in the Festival Enclosure, where a number of brightly coloured pavilions provided the explanations and background information that would help make sense of the development beyond that was considered the Exhibition's main event.

These pavilions were considered as a direct visual link to those at the main Festival site and like them were mainly experimental in nature. The Building Research Pavilion was possibly the most impressive, with its interior-themed displays expressed externally in the form of a series of boxes lined up along the main road and painted red, blue, white, pink and purple, striking colours in a grey, post war Britain. The prelude to this pavilion was Gremlin Grange, a three quarter scale Mock Tudor house that displayed all the symptoms of poor pre-War construction: damp walls, structural cracks, leaning chimney stacks, bad lighting, smoky rooms etc. The intention was to shock visitors into accepting the modern, scientific construction methods they were about to experience. At least one commentator noted, however, that the Grange's reduced scale and exaggerated list of problems gave it an almost pantomime quality, resulting in it being seen more as an amusing side show than an educational device.

Of the other attractions in the Enclosure, The Town Planning Pavilion (a large red and white striped tented structure hung off huge A-shaped scaffold frames in which a scale model of the imaginary, and perfectly formed, town of Avoncaster was presented below an impressive white domed structure) and The Rosie Lee café (immediately recognisable for its 8ft high teapot sitting atop a yellow and green striped canopy) were to some extent outdone by a 200ft high crane, leased from McAlpine and located on a corner next to the main road.

This highly effective and visual feature was reportedly the only one in London at that time and, interestingly, as it also prominently

The Market Place, Lansbury Estate

5 displayed the owner's name along its primary structure, was one of the very few examples of advertising within the entire Festival of Britain. (Contrast this with the aforementioned MasterCard circles which believe me, throughout last year's events, seemed to defile everything they could). Sadly, initial proposals to allow visitors to ride in the crane's bucket and see the whole site from about 75ft off the ground never got off the ground…

Public House, Lansbury Estate

Once through the Festival Enclosure, the Live Exhibition proper began and visitors were encouraged to follow a suggested route through Neighbourhood No. 9. Their journey would take them through four distinct sites (Central, North, East & West) and provide opportunities to see everything that a new community could possibly want: housing (both occupied and unoccupied), churches, schools, an old people's home, public houses, open play areas and The Market Place, a large open space with shops along two sides where daily market stalls could be set up, which is generally accepted to be the first pedestrianised precinct to be completed certainly in the UK, and possibly Europe (designed by none other than Frederick Gibberd).

As to what visitors saw, it would be easy for me to write many pages on the choice of architects, the variety and layout of the buildings and spaces and the architectural styles of the buildings on display at Lansbury. The phrase that I've come across most often, however, in respect of this aspect is 'worthy but dull'. So, whilst there were undoubtedly some flashes of true inspiration (the Market Place and Trinity Church for example), on the whole the housing was considered rather too plain and unassuming for many critics' tastes. The influences of Scandinavian Modernism, where the use of traditional materials such as brick and timber helped to soften the harder white concrete edges of the International Style, were plain to see, but there was a lack of scale in the overall arrangements and a paucity of detail that pushed the whole ensemble towards more of a domestic feel than an International one. And whilst this worked well in respect of the long term residents who ended up living there (the lack of tower blocks has especially been appreciated), it did mean that nothing really stood out in design terms for the contemporary commentators

Estate map, Lansbury Estate

The Live Exhibition show houses that were available for inspection also didn't stand

out too well, being far more limited than had initially been suggested. Indeed from what I can gather, there were actually only two: a house and a flat, hardly the experience that was hoped for (This situation was justified by the organisers as a response to the dire housing shortages of the Poplar area: too many finished houses standing empty over the whole of the summer, was not a smart political move).

Additionally, complaints about lack of signposts and little indication as which direction the white dotted line on the ground was supposed to lead, meant that many visitors gave up half way round, heading back to the Festival Enclosure, and in so doing missing one of the key drivers for the whole event.

The Live Architecture Exhibition closed, as it opened, with little ceremony on 28 September 1951. At the time, despite the disappointing attendance figures and a predominantly, if not hostile, then generally critical press, it was deemed a success by the Festival Organisers.

60 years on, the most enduring legacy of the Exhibition at Lansbury lies in its permanence. It is a reminder of the brave new thinking that lifted our nation out of the post war doldrums, and I believe represents a genuine desire to make a difference to people's lives, to rehouse local people in modern, well-built and spacious homes within existing communities, that the whole nation could rightly be proud of.

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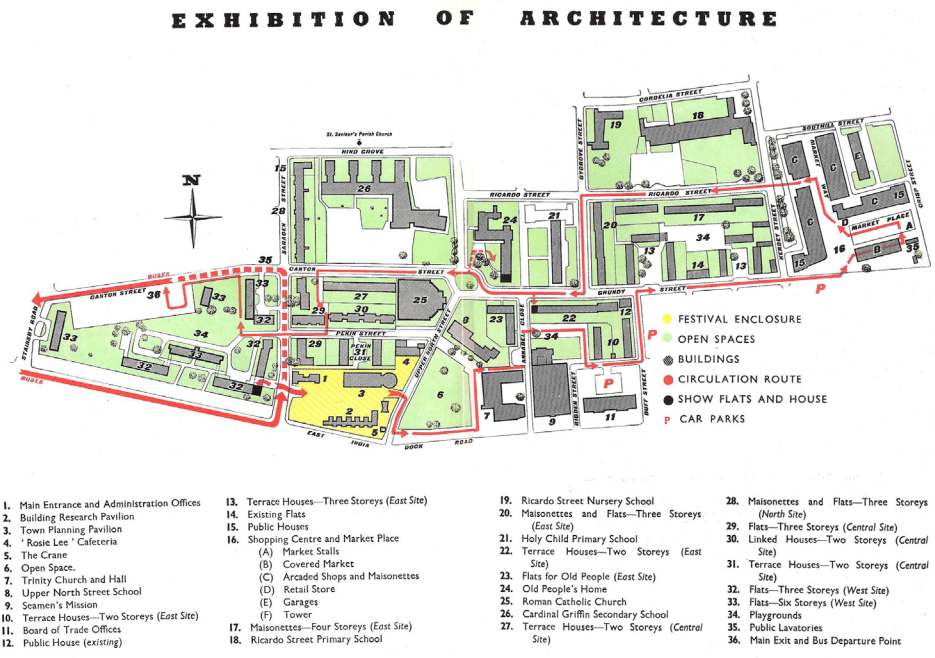


Route plan, Live Architecture exhibition

7 The Memory of a Hope:

The boom and bust of Council Housing and the Modernist ideal

by **Kenn Taylor**

"Ideology collapses and vanishes, utopianism atrophies, but something great is left behind: the memory of a hope".
Henri Lefebvre

AS A child, on every walk to and from my Primary School, I would pass a large plaque that fascinated me:

The Woodchurch Estate
Will on completion contain the houses and other buildings necessary to the fully developed life of a community of some 10,000 persons. The land was formerly part of the Royden Estate and was purchased by the Birkenhead Corporation in 1926. Building operations were inaugurated in 1946.

That plaque, on the first house built on the estate, I have no doubt helped spark what would become my fascination for history, a desire to know just why things where the way they were. Its hope, for a new community started a year after the end of World War II, also resonated with me.

Older, and my curiosity having pushed me towards an understanding of Modernism and social housing, I came to realise how standing on the edge of the valley where I grew up, between Arrowe Park and Bidston Hill in Birkenhead, it was possible to look upon the rise and fall of Modernist social housing.

The Woodchurch estate began construction immediately after WWII, a shortage of wood meaning metal windows and concrete ceilings where the norm. Despite this, they were pretty decent houses, built in a self-consciously cottagey style. The shops even had windows with 'bullseye' glass panels that suggested a vintage far earlier than the 1950s. They represented the optimism of decent, sound homes for everyone after the horrors of two world wars and the shocks of revolution, totalitarian dictatorships and the Great Depression. The same world shifting factors that, combined with technological advance, helped lead many artists and intellectuals to wish to break away from the past and create what we now understand as Modernism.

Estates like Woodchurch has their roots in the model industrial villages such as Port Sunlight, down the road from Birkenhead, developed by William Hesketh Lever for his soap factory workers, and the 'Garden City' movement, that inspired Letchworth and Welwyn in the south of England. Places that gave ordinary people far better living conditions than was the norm in Britain after the Industrial Revolution. In the post-war era, such estates were constructed en-masse to replace the vast amount of housing stock destroyed by the Blitz and cope with the rapidly rising population. The plan was to finally take working people out of the city centre slums that dogged Britain's urban areas.

Banked by plenty of grass, with shops, schools, a park and a leisure centre, Woodchurch was a pretty decent place to grow up. The dramatic Modernism of my childhood church, St Michael and All Angels, a still-today stunning pyramid of aluminium, concrete and pine, seemed to represent the high point of the estate and the new ideals of the era; of light and space and new materials that would lead to a better society.

But if you look across to where the Woodchurch developed as time wore on into the 1950s and 60s, you can see where the dream began to fade as the idea of the 'new village' was lost and replaced with something much more stark. Instead of the earlier cottage-type houses, they now

built maisonettes and tower blocks. Influenced by the visionary designs proposed by Le Corbusier and others, these structures were seen as the physical embodiment of the new society being fashioned after the war. Their new materials and designs were also easier and cheaper to construct than the earlier houses, making them popular with local authorities with tight budgets and growing populations. The neighbouring, later estate, Ford, now renamed Beechwood, was built at the zenith of such ideas.

Largely denied the facilities of Woodchurch, Ford/Beechwood's green spaces were fewer and there were even more concrete towers and flats. The houses themselves were both structurally and aesthetically poorer. Modernist certainly, but built quickly and cheaply and with none of the heart or soul that went into St Michael's Church. The estate was also more isolated its crime and social problems inevitably much worse. A 1984 World in Action documentary 'On the Scrapheap' highlighted its decaying fabric only a few years after construction. The Modernist dream of a better world through design had collapsed.

Thus in this largely unremarkable corner of North West England it is possible to look at the gradation between the start of the boom and then the end of the dream of post-war Council estates. What we must remember though, is that Modernism's failure was not the root of its intentions; that of a better world for all, but that it ran away with itself. The human concern that had led to the development of such estates was lost in a zeal for new ideas, grand plans and overarching solutions. With supposed utopias developed by elites dropped straight from drawing boards onto fields often miles from everything their residents knew, and needed.

It wasn't just the fault of architects and planners as some would have it, or even those often equally well-meaning local authorities who adopted their ideas, but that in the sheer mass scale of post-war rebuilding, the spirit of their intentions was lost. With the desperate speed in construction and limited budgets, the facilities, transport links and industry that had been vital to the success of the 'factory villages' and 'garden cities' that such estates had been influenced by were lacking, often resulting in just banks of isolated, poorly-built housing. And, with the post-war boom waning and government policy turning away from social housing as a right for all, these issues were further compounded by lack of support and economic malaise.

Modernist social housing was the product of a hope for a better world. That hope was lost amongst the absolute self-belief in the righteousness of these new ideas and indifference to the needs and wants of people. The notion that just in building new housing to new designs in new locations, it was possible to remake society was both arrogant and naïve. Communities, human beings, are far more complex than that, and in their desire to "Make it new!" as Modernist poet Ezra Pound demanded, they forgot who they were meant to be building that world for. Both Woodchurch and Beechwood have now seen most of their later tower blocks and flats removed, but that first house, with its hopeful plaque, remains.

What we should take from this is that good intentions can be easily be lost in the fervour of a new idea. If any plans become too big, too inhuman, they risk forgetting why they began in the first place. We may like to revel in new ideas, new designs, new perspectives, but they should never be taken as gospel, for one day they too will be rejected. There is no endpoint.

Whilst acknowledging their failures, we must remember where such Council estates came from, the idea that ordinary people deserve a decent place to live. There may be no utopia possible, but there is always hope for a better world, even in the darkest of times, and it is perhaps in this that we find the real beauty when we look back on Modernist social housing.

St Michael and All Angels Church, Woodchurch Estate, Birkenhead

9 Apollo Pavilion, Peterlee

by Stuart Wheeler

10

11 Pavilions

by Natalie Bradbury

The staircase, De La Warr Pavilion, Bexhilll on Sea, East Sussex

WHEN I was growing up, I had an usual pin-up on my bedroom wall; a sight to gaze at longingly and incorporate into the daydreams I constructed around my future. The pin-up was the Royal Pavilion, Brighton. To my teenage self, with its domes which appeared to glow softly golden in sunlight and extravagant details like no building I had seen before, the Pavilion represented a world that was exotic and glamorous. It was also tantalisingly within reach and grounded in the familiar English environment of the seaside town. I vowed that, as soon as I was old enough, I was going to move to Brighton and start an exciting new life in a flat in a Regency terrace within walking distance of the Brighton Pavilion. Living the building's distinctive shadow would surely imbue my life with excitement and adventure.

Although I didn't end up moving to Brighton, the Royal Pavilion sparked an interest in pavilions that stays with me today, from temporary structures and pavilions as works of art, to permanent and now iconic buildings.

Pavilions, which are defined as buildings dedicated to pleasure, encompass structures ranging from humble sports pavilions housing changing rooms to Mies Van der Rohe's Barcelona pavilion, which provided a setting for his now famous Barcelona chair. Pavilions have often been used to showcase and show off technical innovations, from the succession of World's fairs, held throughout the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, which dazzled consumers with everything from automobiles to the latest products for the home (and wowed audiences at the 1939 New York World's Fair with the highway-based model city of Futurama, a display sponsored by General Motors), to the 1951 Festival of Britain which was held to celebrate the centenary of Great Exhibition of 1851. The main Festival of Britain site was on the South Bank of the Thames in London, where 22 pavilions told the story of the British people and their achievements in science, technology and industrial design, themed The Land of Britain, The People of Britain and Discovery.

Pavilions still give nations a chance to show off their innovation at EXPOs (or world's fairs) today. British designer Thomas Heatherwick's spectacular pavilion for the 2010 Shanghai EXPO, a twenty high foot structure inspired by seeds which was designed to sway in the breeze, comprised acrylic sections each holding a seed from Kew Gardens' Millennium Seed Bank.

Brighton's Royal Pavilion is very much in the tradition of showing off, albeit the wealth of a private individual. It was completed in the early nineteenth century on the site of an earlier Marine Pavilion. Designed by John Nash, it exuded Oriental influences, inspired by India externally and using China as the basis for its decor. The Pavilion was the seaside home of George IV (then Prince Regent), where he could live a life of pleasure and excess far from the constraining

influence of his parents. As Jonathan Meades put it in his 2005 TV documentary about the Pavilion, it was a place for George to live, entertain and pose, 'the stage for a perpetual party'. The Pavilion is completely out of place in the town and is an especially striking sight at sunset and at night when it is illuminated. It is now such a symbol of the city that a simplified version appears in Brighton & Hove council's logo.

Tastes change, and now I'm a bigger fan of the De La Warr Pavilion in Bexhill on Sea, just around the coast from Brighton in East Sussex, which was built in the International Modernist style. The sleek, streamlined Pavilion faces out to sea and has an escapist glamour, incorporating a sweeping staircase, sun terraces and big windows. Its sleek curves help the Pavilion settle into its surroundings: the bay windows of traditional seaside houses.

Whereas the Royal Pavilion was exclusive, extravagant and fanciful, however, the De La Warr pavilion is clean and unfussy, pragmatic and democratic, a public building that aimed to bring culture and leisure to the people of Bexhill, originally designed to incorporate an entertainment hall, restaurant and reading room. Like the Royal Pavilion, which featured gas lighting and flushing toilets (even for the servants!), the De La Warr was at the cutting edge of modernity when it opened in 1935 and was the first building in England to be constructed with a welded steel frame. It, too, was associated with a member of the aristocracy. The Pavilion was funded by the 9th Earl of De La Warr, who was mayor at the time.

Looking out to sea from the De La Warr Pavilion, Bexhill on Sea, East Sussex

The De La Warr Pavilion was designed by young architects Erich Mendelsohn (who came to Britain shortly beforehand to escape the Nazis) and Serge Chermayeff. During the war the building was used by the military, and fell into disrepair. The Pavilion narrowly avoided becoming a Wetherspoon's pub, but, after restoration in the late twentieth century, is now back to serving its original purpose bringing leisure and entertainment to the people of Bexhill, from exhibitions of nationally and internationally renowned artists to concerts and film screenings.

Another Pavilion that has seen its fortunes change since it was built is the Apollo Pavilion in Peterlee, County Durham, which was back in the news in late-2011 after it was awarded Grade II* listed status. Built in the Brutalist style out of reinforced concrete, and originally functioning as a bridge over a lake, it was designed by renowned abstract artist Victor Pasmore to be the focal point of a new town in a former mining area. As well as acting as a giant, outdoor public artwork in itself, it incorporated murals by the artist. Pasmore was used to collaborating with architects (he designed a mural for the Festival of Britain in 1951 and another for Kingston Bus Station) and was appointed Consulting director of urban design with Peterlee development corporation, where his role went beyond that of mere artist to have an input into the design of houses and other buildings. Pasmore envisaged 'a synthesis of architect and artist in which common factors…were pooled in the interests of a common end', and wanted the Pavilion to be named Apollo after the 1969 moon landing. Like the innovative design of the town itself,

the Pavilion symbolised a brighter future of hope, optimism and adventure.

Unfortunately, the Pavilion soon became neglected and vandalised (though, reportedly, Pasmore welcomed graffiti as he thought it 'humanised' the structure) and, in the 1980s, a local councillor mounted a campaign to demolish the Pavilion.

I first became fascinated by the Apollo Pavilion a few years ago after I saw artists Jane and Louise Wilson's four screen video installation *Monument (Apollo Pavilion, Peterlee)* at the Whitworth Art Gallery in Manchester. Made in 2003, it shows local children clambering over the structure and using it as a giant climbing frame. It's an image that has stayed with me ever since: the fusion of art and the everyday, the practical and the decorative. Though the post-war architectural optimism the Pavilion epitomises has long since evaporated, the Pavilion itself has stood the test of time and underwent a major restoration 2009.

Among my favourite pavilions are those designed by the American artist Dan Graham. Since the 1980s, Graham has been constructing two way mirror pavilions that sit somewhere between art and architecture, acting as kaleidoscopic halls of mirrors to be explored by the public. Two way mirror glass is both reflective and transparent, and Graham's pavilions raise questions about corporate architecture and surveillance: who can see in and who can see out? The audience is spectator but also performer, highlighting the gap between the way we are seen by others and the way we see ourselves. Installed in towns and cities around the world, often in public spaces and parks, Graham's pavilions question boundaries and reflect their surroundings but also corrupt them, reinterpreting the everyday day environment as a place of play and leisure, a space where the real becomes real and the natural unnatural (and vice versa). They're places to people watch and watch the world go round, or just observe the changing sky. Play is important to Graham's pavilions, from those designed especially for children and old people to watch cartoons, such as the drop-in daycare centre *Waterloo Sunset*, an installation at the Hayward Gallery from 2002-2003, to his 1989 *Skateboard Pavilion*.

The staircase from above, the De La Warr Pavilion, Bexhill on Sea, East Sussex

Another pavilion which makes you look more closely at your surroundings is Luke Jerram's acoustic wind pavilion *Aeolus*, which visited Salford Quays in 2011 as part of a tour that also took in sites as diverse as Lyme Park, Cheshire, and the Eden Project in Cornwall. The Pavilion consists of stainless steel tubes that emit a low murmur when wind hits strings attached to the pavilion at the right frequency and causes them to vibrate Press your ears to ears to the tubes and they hum different notes, speak into them and your voice bounces back at you.

An accompanying exhibition in the University of Salford explained that the pavilion was influenced by the concept of a room where the silence is so complete you can hear your own blood, and the beauty of the pavilion is that it makes you stop and listen and makes you more aware of

what's around you, whether it's trams and cars or passing people. The structure also reflects and highlights the light outside.

One of the most impressive clusters of pavilions is in Venice, where the canal-side Giardini (gardens) holds 30 national pavilions built to show off the talents of their countries at the city's famous biennial art show (the city is also scattered with pavilions in old palazzi and churches). They were built in different styles over the twentieth century, from elaborate and neoclassical to solemn white cubes and light, airy modernist masterpieces, by some of the most important architects of the twentieth century including Alvar Aalto. Exploring the different pavilions is often as exciting as seeing the art they contain within – especially when the artwork transforms or disguises the building itself, for example Mike Nelson's 2011 British Pavilion which turned the space into an uncannily lifelike recreation of a Turkish house. At the 2011 Biennale, the festival hosted for the first time para-pavilions – pavilions within pavilions curated by different artists – which comprised some of the most interesting exhibitions.

Since 2000, leading architects who had not hitherto built anything in Britain have been commissioned to create temporary pavilions, lasting for six months, outside the Serpentine Gallery in London's Hyde Park. Architects have interpreted the brief in different ways, from Daniel Libeskind's scrap metal-esque pavilion to Zaha Hadid's marquee. Rem Koolhaas built a gas-filled orb, which was used for his regular collaborator Hans Ulrich Obrist's 24 hour interview marathons, whereas Peter Zumthor envisaged a garden within a garden, installed in 2011. The Serpentine Pavilions can be purchased and reused, though they are generally not reinstalled in public places.

In Manchester, we have our own small bit of star architect. Tadao Ando was commissioned to design the Japanese Pavilion in Piccadilly Gardens as part of the redesign of city centre Manchester that took place after the 1996 IRA bomb and in the run up to the 2003 Commonwealth games. The Pavilion, which takes the form of a concrete wall separating the gardens from the bus interchange, has long divided Mancunians, who often see it as stark and unwelcoming. Ando has done some spectacular work, incorporating light and water into buildings such as museums and churches elsewhere in the world, but maybe there's something lost in translation under the frequently grey skies of Manchester. My main complaint, though, is the use of the Pavilion: far from being an open public space for pleasure and enjoyment it holds, rather unimaginatively, a chain coffee shop and chain restaurant (neither of which I've ever felt any urge to pay to visit). With the city noticeably lacking bandstands from its public parks, couldn't it at least be put to use as a space for performance and recreation, a stage for buskers?

Old style seaside architecture meets International Modernism: a back view from the De La Warr Pavilion, Bexhill on Sea, East Sussex

15 Review: Lost is Found, Cornerhouse

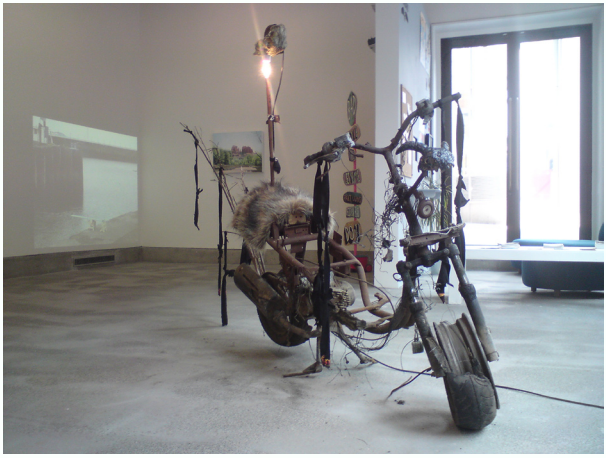
by Liz Buckley

THERE are many that say that the home is like a nest. It is a place which accumulates all traces of life, past and present, and the thoughts, memories and experiences which create a person's identity. It may be that the nest is a perfect physical metaphor for a home; just as the twigs and leaves of the nest are weaved together, so too are houses weaved by their inhabitants, to become a place to exist. I felt that this idea may be at the heart of the new exhibition 'Lost is Found' at Manchester's Cornerhouse, which involves a collection of pieces all exploring the complexity of identity and memory, as well as glorifying the lost and discarded.

Andrea Booker, *spilt milk* (2009)
Image courtesy Cornerhouse, Manchester
Photo credit Paul Greenwood

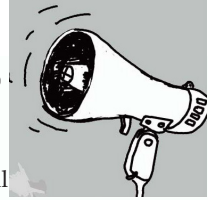
When it comes to personal interpretation, it is often the case that an object will have a thousand meanings, one being its literal use, and the others being secret connotations which an item holds for different people. Of course interpretations, and certainly conflicting interpretations, have been integral to Art from the word go, and it is this intriguing connection which this exhibition has used for inspiration.

Despite only consisting of nine artists, this show demonstrates an impressive variety of media. Being a fan of Rauschenberg and his combines, I was particularly drawn to the pieces using 'found objects,' perhaps the most accessible medium to work with, but often overlooked. Andrea Brooker, a Manchester-based artist, creates her work using redundant lettering from regenerated or discarded buildings in surrounding areas. *Spilt Milk* does what it says on the carton, literally spelling out the words of its title on the wall of the room; however this piece is a comment on the displacement of identity which can often be felt when a place from your memory is demolished. In rescuing this lettering from the wreckage, Brooker shows viewers that objects can, and often do, adopt new purpose and meaning.

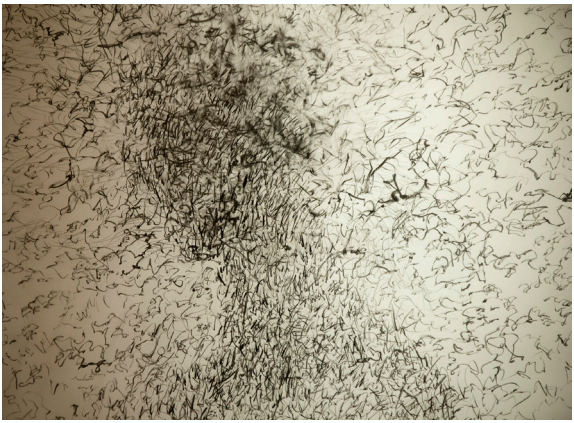


Richard Proffitt, *Louisiana Blues, Anywhere* (2010)
Moped, branches, sheep skull, light bulb, wood, twigs, t-shirts, blu tack, fake fur
Image courtesy of the Artist

Richard Proffitt, another emerging patron of the found object, is the creator of a quirky looking 'bike' entitled *Louisiana Blues, Anywhere*, which certainly can't be missed when walking into the exhibition. This piece uses everything from sheep skulls to blu tack to faux fur



to a light bulb. While Proffitt states that his scrap amalgamation is a 'relic inspired by biker subculture,' it ties in perfectly with the ethos of the rest of the pieces in Lost is Found. Strung with fur and all kinds of threads, twigs and bits of everything, all is recycled here to create a living moped, emblazoned with secret metaphors of personal culture and identity.



Jon Barraclough, *Everything and Nothing* (2011)
Image courtesy the artist and Cornerhouse, Manchester
Photo credit Paul Greenwood

Emily Speed is more concerned with implying the fragility of the home. *Egg, nest, home, country, universe* involves little plaster eggs with tiny houses built on their outer shells, a clever comment on the delicate nature of a home, whether it be the relationships within it or the physical foundations, easily defeated by nature.

An idea that can be felt throughout Lost is Found is the precarious nature of life, of objects, buildings, and of identity. A network is easily broken just as a memory is easily forgotten and an item is easily thrown away. Experiences in life vary greatly, just as I'm sure the interpretation of all these pieces will, but that's the beauty of Art and of life. What makes our existence so interesting and often surprising is the differing history and meaning that a binds a place or object to someone's identity, and certainly the fragility of this connection. However what this exhibition celebrates is that there are many places we can look for a misplaced identity, and that whatever we've lost, physical or metaphorical, can very often be found in the right place.

***Lost is Found* is at Cornerhouse, Manchester until February 19**

As I mentioned previously, the home can be very much like a nest. This is the place in which we build a life, and even build ourselves, until we are ready to fly. It is this comfort of safety contrasted with the experiences of the outside world which creates a complex network of existence. Jon Barraclough's pieces *Everything and Nothing #5 and #8* are a manifestation of such networks. His graphite drawings even have a nest-like quality, and connote all the secret little traces of memories and constant fleeting thoughts within our minds. Like many of the other artworks in this exhibition, this piece hopes to note the traces we all leave behind throughout life, as well as the ease of misplacing a memory in the chaos of the human brain.

Emily Speed, *egg, nest, home, country, universe* (2010)
Image courtesy of the Artist

17

PHANTOM

I peered out the window to see who was knocking. I recognised him as the man from the flat upstairs so I opened the front door and said, "Hello. What can I do for you?" "It's about the screaming," he said. "What screaming?" I said. "The screaming coming from your flat at three in the morning," he said. "I was in bed, fast asleep at three in the morning, mate," I said. "Just so long as everything's OK," he said. I reassured him that everything was fine and sent him on his way.

One day, a few months later, I left the flat and there he was, standing in the driveway. "Killed anyone lately?" he asked, confirming the insanity I had suspected at our previous meeting.

SAMBUCA

"Have you seen what they've got in?" Paul asked, holding up the bottle of pink sambuca. "You know what this means, don't you?" "What?" I asked. "There'll be pink sick all over the bogs later." At three o' clock in the morning, after we'd finished kicking everyone out and set to cleaning the place down, it turned out he was right. Still, it wasn't as bad as the time I found a pint pot down one of the women's toilets with a stool in it.

by **Nick Mitchell**

Liverpool Corpse Cakes or, Try to eat everything

by **Jessica Mautner**

IN NOVEMBER I was invited by Liverpudlian artist-curator Tim Jeeves and the Bluecoat to make a work in the public realm about gift. Responding to research in and about Liverpool, it's Anglican Cathedral and silent churchyard, its Chinatown and history of trade and underhand expulsion, its commercial mecca of a centre, its boutique street festival, Victorian funeral customs, sin eaters, Baudrillard's *Symbolic Exchange and Death*, Marcel Mauss, and a monastic self-immolation in the news, I developed a recipe for an unsettling encounter, an everyday exchange. I handed these biscuits out in the street to passers by, neatly gift-wrapped and printed with the Chinese character for Congratulations/Long Life/Prosperity. Inside the wrapper was a poem about death. More information and photos are at *www.mixedfibres.wordpress.com*.

The pale ascetic shortbread version that can be wrapped in an origami envelope:

2 cups plain white flour	1/2 cup white sugar
1/4 cup cold butter	1/2 tsp baking powder
2.5 tsp caraway seeds	3 cardamom pods
1 tsp ground ginger	1.5 tsp finely ground black pepper
1 egg	6 drops jasmine flavour

1. Remove the seeds from the cardamom pods, discard the pods and crush the seeds well with a pestle and mortar. Add the caraway seeds and crush them too, until they are broken down. This takes a while; you could also use a spice/coffee grinder.
2. Sieve the flour and baking powder into a mixing bowl, then add all the spices and the sugar, and mix well. Add the butter in cubes and rub in with the fingertips until it is evenly distributed and the mixture resembles breadcrumbs.
3. Beat the egg and jasmine flavour well in a separate bowl to get a bit of air into it then begin to add it a bit at a time to the rest of the ingredients, just until the dough is combined but not sticky (you won't need it all). Wrap the dough in cling film and chill it in the fridge for half an hour or so. If there's space, chill the baking tray too.
4. Preheat the oven to 150 degrees (fan oven). Roll the dough out to a good 1/2cm thick and cut out big rounds with a biscuit cutter or the top of a glass or teacup. Lay the biscuits on an ungreased baking tray and bake in the middle of the oven for about 10 minutes, until they just start to change colour (don't let them brown). Put them on a rack to cool.
Makes about 15 biscuits.

The extravagant bun version with a surprise in the middle:

3.5 cups plain flour	1 egg	For the filling:
1/2 cup sugar	1/4 cup milk	1.5 cups lotus seed paste
1/3 cup butter	1 cup molasses	1 tsp ground ginger
1 tsp five-spice powder	2.5 tsp caraway seeds	2 tsp sesame oil
2 cardamom pods	1/2 tsp finely ground black pepper	2-3 tsp honey (to taste)

Follow the method above for the dry ingredients. At stage 3, after beating the egg, add the milk and molasses to it and mix really well. Add the whole thing to the dry ingredients and knead the sticky dough a bit so it's all well combined. Wrap and chill as above. Meanwhile prepare the filling. Warm the lotus paste in a small pan on a very low heat (or in a bain marie), then mix in the other ingredients. When the paste is smooth and the ingredients all combined, take the pan off the heat. Preheat the oven to 180 degrees (fan oven). On a well floured surface, roll the dough out to 1/2cm or thinner and cut out large rounds. Put half the rounds on an ungreased baking tray and leave half on the side. Put a blob of filling in the middle of each round on the tray. Then cover these with the leftover rounds, pressing all around the edges to make sure the filling is safe inside. Bake the biscuits in the middle of the oven for 10-12 minutes until they start to change colour, then put them on a rack to cool. Makes about 12 biscuits.

You can find jasmine extract, canned lotus seed paste and five-spice powder in most Chinese supermarkets. Mong lee shang brand lotus seed paste is by far the best, and worth seeking out.

Good things happening soon

Friday February 3, *Curious Pursuits*, Portico Library. Art historians Porter & Jenkinson present an exhibition inspired by Victorian collectors in this historic library, well worth visiting for its own sake! (until February 29)

Birchall/Brice/Marks Trio, St Margaret's Church, Whalley Range. Night of noisy and experimental music in a big, beautiful old church, also featuring Inca Eyeball and *Castles Built from Sand*, a selection of short films by local filmmakers.

Saturday February 4, *Upset the Rhythm 'Kingdom' Tour*, Kraak. The underground record label goes on tour with Way Through, Peepholes and Gentle Friendly.

Sunday February 5, *Victoria Baths swimming trip*, leaves Victoria Baths 10am. Friends of Victoria Baths visit tiny, historic Brinscall Baths near Chorley. Call 0161 224 2020 for more details.

*Loiterers Resistance Movemen*t psychoegeographic walk around Manchester. (see www.nowherefest.blogspot.com for meeting place and time.) (monthly)

Tuesday February 7 and following Tuesdays, *Tuesday Talks*, Whitworth Art Gallery, 11am. Free talks by a range of people drawn from the art world.

Wednesday February 8 and following Wednesdays, *4th Floor Film Night*, Hotspur House, 7pm. Manchester Municipal Design Corporation presents a varied programme of free film nights in their creative space the fourth floor of a former printing building. (See http://thefourthfloor.tumblr.com for listings) (weekly)

Friday February 10, *Totem*, Bureau. Daniel Fogarty solo exhibition starts at small gallery in the Northern Quarter. (until March 17)

Trash-o-Rama, Gullivers. Live bands Chalaque (featuring Float Riverer's Nick Mitchell) and Waterworld from Manchester plus Base Ventura, with DJs. (monthly)

The Pixies Disco, Star & Garter. Pixies-based night of late '80s and '90s indie rock. (monthly)

Saturday February 11, *Mark Leckey*, Manchester Art Gallery. New exhibition of the former Turner Prize winner, including work inspired by the Manchester dance music scene. (until March 11). Other highlights include In Translation: Women, Migration and Britishness, starting on Friday February 25, an exhibition of Empire Marketing Board posters curated by migrant women's groups with artists' co-operative Ultimate Holding Company.

Molly Nilsson, Ape & Apple. Evocative Swedish synthpop with support from Apostille.

Underachievers Please Try Harder, Roadhouse. Classic indie disco with live bands Mozart Parties and Daniel Land & the Modern Painters. (twice monthly)

Tuesday February 14, *Ian Nagoski presents 'To What Strange Place'*, Kraak. Film about collecting 78 records featuring lost music from the Ottoman Empire, with live music from the eastern-European influenced the Family Elan.

Wednesday February 15, *Victoria Baths Swimming Club*, Levenshulme Baths, 7pm. Friends of Victoria Baths swim in another Edwardian pool. Pay by donation. (monthly)

Friday February 17, *Real Estate*, Deaf Institute. Dreamy, jangly indie-pop.

Dancing and Laughing, Fuel, Withington. New indie disco playing post-punk, synthpop etc. (monthly)

Saturday February 18, *Caroline Kraabel/John Edwards/Richard Harrison*, St Margaret's Church, Whalley Range. Night of improvised and experimental music, also featuring With Lumps.

Wednesday February 22, *Seven Sites*, United Reformed Chapel, Salford, 4.30pm. The sixth in a series of events, installations and performances in unexpected places. (continues until February 16)

Thursday February 23, *Allo Darlin*', Deaf Institute. Underachievers Please Try Harder and Hey! Manchester present the danceable indie-pop band, with support from This Many Boyfriends and Manchester's Letter to Fiesta.

Friday February 24, *Manchester Histories Festival*, various locations. City-wide events, exhibitions and activities exploring Manchester's history. See www.manchesterhistoriesfestival.org.uk for what's on. (until March 4)

Infra_MANC, RIBA Hub (at CUBE gallery). New exhibition about four post-war infrastructure projects in Manchester, two completed and two uncompleted, including the Mancunian Way and Picc-Vic tunnel. (until March 23).

Underachievers Please Try Harder, Roadhouse. Classic indie disco with live bands The Longcut and Victories at Sea. (twice monthly)

Saturday February 26, *Clarion cycling club and family cycle rides*. Cycle rides from Bolton and Stockport to the People's History Museum, Manchester, where members of the historic Clarion Cycle Club will arrive on Penny Farthings and vintage bicycles and material on the history of the Clarion movement will be displayed. Culminates with a Clarion tea at the Working Class Movement Library in Salford, which has an exhibition entitled *Clarion – a paper, a movement, a way of life* (until March 30). Other February highlights at the WCML include free talk *Eleanor Rathbone: the polite revolutionary* (Saturday February 4, 2pm), campaigner for women's rights.