

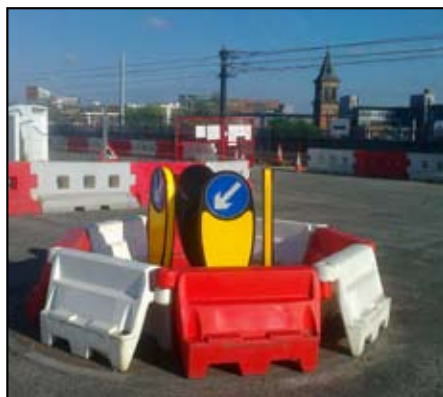


**1** COMPILED IN the middle of another heat wave, as the first blackberries of the summer come to ripen and it's time to start thinking about

plunging into Salford Quays for a brisk dip, **the Shrieking Violet** celebrates its fifth birthday in print this August. Although there is still a sense of the publication's original mission, to provide an alternative guide to the city, to make the reader look again at what's around them every day and to shed a new light on the overlooked, along with providing a place to read about what isn't written about elsewhere and offering a way into those seemingly arcane and obscure topics in which you might not have otherwise known you had an interest, the 'zine's scope has widened somewhat over the past five years, to look beyond the city boundaries and embrace all aspects of popular, self-initiated and alternative culture.

As August looms on the horizon, on a personal level it's time to say goodbye to another area of the city, on the very edge of the centre, where Hulme/Old Trafford meets Castlefield and looks across the Ship Canal to Salford, as I get ready for the perhaps inevitable move to suburbia (in this case the leafy Heaton Moor area of Stockport) which seems to befall people of a certain age and point in their life. Strangely, having spent the last six years living next to inland urban waterways, I suspect it's going to be the most urban place I've ever lived, surrounded by rows and rows of houses rather than the post-industrial city landscape of vast, vacant areas of land and the new urban, if unofficial, parks created inadvertently in the spaces left between new developments.

Over the last year and a half I've honed my cycling skills and boosted my confidence on the nearby suburban cycle paths and trails which make it easier to zip from southern suburb to southern suburb on bike than navigate the confusing tangle of public transport operators and routes, as well as exploring the area on foot. I've wandered the green wastes of Pomona Island in search of blackberries in the summer, followed the Bridgewater Canal out from inner-city Manchester to reach, eventually, the fields and hay bales of Cheshire, crossed railway tracks to nowhere and been the only person in sight in deserted Trafford Park, where I'm always both thrown and infuriated by towpath diversions, and ambled along the Irwell to explore the former grandeur of Broughton, picking cherries from the river's banks. Now, it's time to brave the A6 and shift my attention to another river, the Mersey, which skirts the outer suburbs of Manchester, marking the historic boundary between Lancashire and Cheshire.



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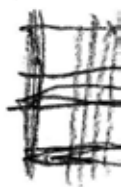
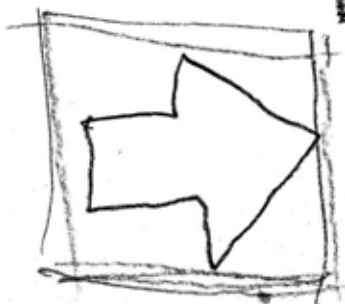
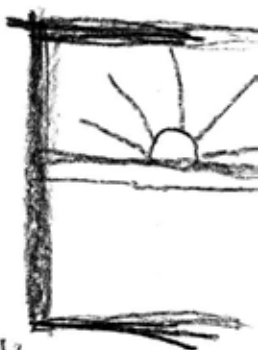
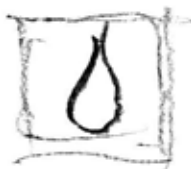
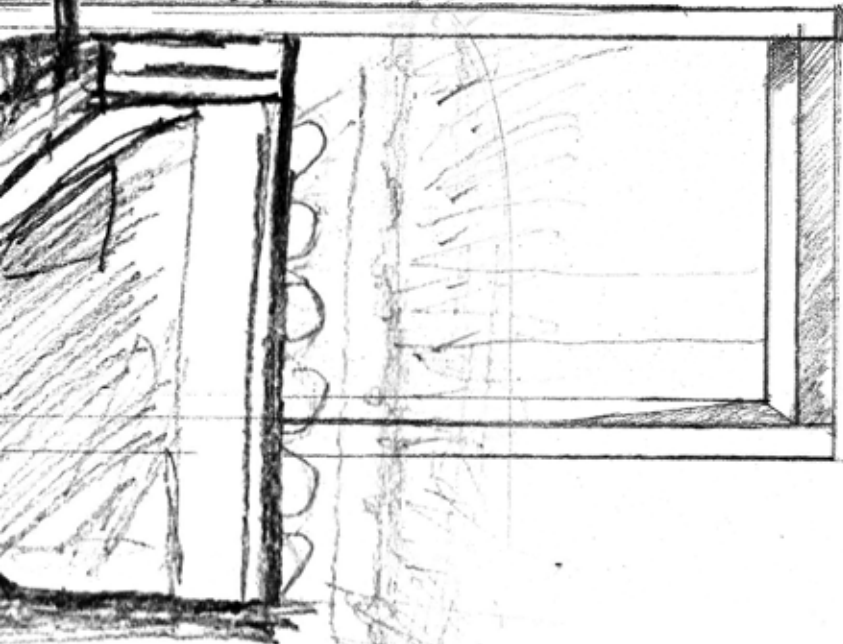
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# 3

## In search of the Basque children in Salford

by **Claire Hignett**

I'VE ALWAYS had a vague interest in the Spanish Civil War, but not being a historian and having a busy life, this notion has never gained enough momentum to arrive at the top of my to-do list. This all changed in spring 2012 when I found a little book I had bought on a whim – who knows when? – called *From Manchester to Spain* by Bernard Barry. It's about the men and women from Greater Manchester who went to Spain to join the International Brigade. I read all 57 pages of it in one sitting and became intrigued by four paragraphs towards the end, under the title 'Basque children'.

There wasn't a great deal of information, just a simple explanation that in June 1937 around 250 Basque children orphaned by the Spanish Civil War arrived in the area. They were split into groups and stayed in Salford, Manchester, Rochdale, Tottington, Watermillock and Bolton. Then, in paragraph two, was the hook that got me!

*"For those at Harold's Memorial Orphanage Home in Seedley Road the Friends' Meeting House on Langworthy Road was loaned to them for use as a school and a Panamanian student from Manchester University assisted with lessons."*

I live near Seedley Road and I know the building that was the Friends' Meeting House. It's now the British Legion, but has its former title outlined in brick above the door. I realised that it was exactly 75 years since they arrived and wondered if anyone would remember them. I asked my mother-in-law, who is in her eighties, and she remembers being nine years old and leaving hospital after a bout of mumps. She went with her friends to look at the refugees because "we thought they would be dead exotic but we were dead disappointed because they looked just like us!" I loved the way she responded in an almost childlike way. This memory was completely uncontaminated with hindsight.

She told me they walked down 'Dog Entry' (the local term for a redbrick path and steps running alongside Buile Hill Park) to look at the children in the big house at the bottom. I knew exactly which house she meant. It was a very large house in its own grounds with huge trees, situated in a triangle of land separating Seedley Road from Sandy Lane. It was demolished about 15 years ago to make way for a development of houses. I remember it well!

On Friday 21 May 1937, to the sound of honking fishing boat horns, in an old and decrepit vessel called the *Habana*, 4,000 Basque children left Bilbao for Southampton, where they initially lived in a tented camp at Stoneham. These evacuees from the Basque region of Spain were amongst around 20,000 children who fled the civil war, leaving behind family, friends and everything they knew. Many went to France and others to Belgium, Denmark, Switzerland, Mexico and the Soviet Union. Franco had a particular distaste for the Basques and the region experienced the first ever aerial bombardments, not only by Franco's planes but by his allies the Germans and the Italians.

The bombing of Guernica utilised all that was new in Hitler's Nazi Condor Legion, including new aeroplanes the Dornier and (according to some) the Messerschmitt BF109, causing an outcry and fear around the world. These planes could do the same to Southampton or Portsmouth!

In order to maintain its 'neutrality' in the war in Spain, the British Government initially refused to support the request from the Basque government to protect their children. After a campaign by various religious, socialist and humanitarian organisations, it was agreed they could come to Britain, but all financial support had to be found from voluntary donations.

Following a trail left behind in reports from *the Salford Reporter* (the local newspaper of the day) I have uncovered the following story.

In a report on the 28th May 1937, readers are informed that "The Bishop of Salford (Dr. Thomas Henshaw) announced that some of the Basque children who are being evacuated from war-torn



areas are to be cared for in the homes of the Salford Catholic Protection Society". This is the only reference in the paper to the Salford Catholic Protection Society and it refers to 8 or 10 children who were assigned to St. Joseph's Home in Eccles, run by the Missionary Sisters of St. Joseph. Eccles at that time was a separate borough with its own town council and local newspaper, *the Eccles and Patricroft Journal*. I've not yet had the opportunity to explore the Eccles strand of the story, so don't yet know whether they were treated as a separate colony or as part of the Salford group.

4



On Friday 18 June 1937, *the Salford Reporter* announced:

***"BASQUE CHILDREN IN SEEDLEY – About 30 Expected to Arrive Tonight – OFFICERS OVERWHELMED WITH OFFERS OF HELP"***

The children were part of a group of 100 who were to be cared for by the Christian Volunteer Force in Salford, Glasgow and Edinburgh. Unfortunately, due to a typhoid scare, their journey to Salford was delayed by 48 hours for their vaccinations to take effect.

There was a lot of interest from the public, and the officers from the Christian Volunteer Force – Staff Captain and Acting Matron Mr and Mrs Hutchinson, Adjutant McMullen and Commadore Hill – posted regular bulletins to "acquaint the public of the latest developments". Over 150 people visited the home to offer help, and a Manchester firm donated "forty dolls – baby-dolls with eyes that open and shut, 'aristocrats' with silky curls and woolly cuddly dolls" and "sets of tools for the boys, puzzles, miniature planes and other games".

With an air of excited expectation, the correspondent describes "an atmosphere of busy happiness over the house" as preparations go "full steam ahead" for their arrival, describing the dormitories as "bright, cheerful rooms decorated in yellows and browns with blue coverlets on the beds and blue floor coverings". He then goes on in great detail to describe specimen menus for potential meals, obviously trying to fill the void of news before their expected arrival.





**5** “SPANISH CHILDREN LIKE SEEDLEY – A Birthday and a visit to the Dentist Already – MONDAY WASHING DAY AS USUAL” was the enticing headline to a completely impossible-to-read article dated 25 June 1937. June 1937. Placed at the edge of the page, just where the microfilm was fed through the machine at the Local History Library, it had become scratched and illegible. Further articles mention a trip to Blackpool and going to school, but this was about the really normal stuff.

I paid a visit to The British Library Newspaper Section at Collindale to see an original copy (this building is now closed as the newspaper section is being re-located, so I feel privileged to have visited). I sat at a huge bench with a bound volume of original *Salford Reporters* for 1937 on a stand in front of me. There was so much in there that I wanted to read, but I stayed focused and turned the lovely old pages carefully until I came to 25 June and there, fully legible, was an unexpected treasure, the names of three of the children and not only an insight into their lives, but an insight into how two similar and yet subtly different cultures viewed each other.

A Mr T Clinton from Seedley was acting as interpreter and through him, the children reported that they had settled down and preferred sleeping in the house to being in a tent. 15-year-old Luis Gonzalez said that they liked being here. Senorita Juanita Ibanez y Echarre celebrated her 16th birthday on the Wednesday after their arrival, “her first away from home”. Before the start of the war she had been an apprentice tailor in San Sebastian, moving to Durango to sew overalls for government troops and left for Bilbao only six days before Franco’s troops entered. She was “very afraid in Spain”, with air raid sirens sounding up to 15 times a day because the front was quite close.

We need to remember that at this point in 1937, Britain was not at war so had not suffered aerial bombardment, and that the cities in the Basque region were among the first to experience this phenomenon. We also learn that Juanita thought English women wore their dresses too short! There is a bemused description of how the children approached wash day, highlighting the differences between cultures:

*“They soaked their clothes for an hour in liquid soap, then simply wrung them through in clean water and hung them out to dry. After a time they ceased work and when it was pointed out that they had not finished came the traditional Spanish reply ‘Tomorrow’.”*

There is another slightly bemused description of personal hygiene:

*“They will not go to bed until they have had a bath, and they like baths in cold water. Mrs. Hutchinson (known to the children as Capitan Elsie) comments that: ‘It seems as if they are washing their hands every two minutes’.”*

The toothache of the headline was suffered by nine year old Teresa Serrano, who “developed toothache on Sunday night and was found crying very quietly to herself”. She was taken to a local dentist and had two extractions; the dentist apparently “did not hurt as much as the dentist in Spain”.

After a week, crowds still gathered outside the home to watch the children play, confirming my mother-in-law’s description of going to look at them. I have conducted some telephone interviews with people who remember them. Dorothy remembers asking her mother why the children looked so sad and being told that they were children with no mummies and daddies who had left Spain because of a war. When she was later evacuated herself during the Second World War, she thought of the Spanish children and was terrified she might never see her parents again. Vicki sent me a photograph of the children; her mother used to play with them and would often talk about them, knowing all their names. I wonder if she was the girl mentioned in the article “who brought with her a gift of cigarette cards and was seen to be obtaining autographs”.

For me, this was the most interesting article, as it discussed the normal activities the children were involved in and hints at their personalities. Although there is a slightly anthropological

tone to the article, which emphasises their differences, their similarities as working-class children shine through. As my Mother-in-law stated: "They were just like us!"

6



In 1999, over 120 refugees from Kosovo arrived in Salford. They were moved into an empty tower block and had nothing. A public appeal secured toys, cooking equipment and clothing and there were crowds of well-wishers bearing gifts when they arrived. The council news magazine, *Salford People*, for October 1999, quotes: "The response to the public appeal was wonderful. There was so little time to prepare but people gave so much, and it has all been so useful", adding "everyone has mucked in". I find the similarities between these two events, separated by 67 years, heart-warming.

In an article dated 2 July 1937 we learn that the friends Meeting House was loaned out until Christmas for the children to use as a school and that they were so excited they were all ready an hour before they were due to leave. They were to be taught by Senora Martin, who travelled with them from Spain, and Senorita Sarita Castel, a Panamanian Honours student at Manchester University. Three of the children were over school age, Juanita and Nata Ibanez y Echarre and a 14-year-old boy. The two girls were trained "in the mysteries of housework", and again emphasis is placed on how they do things differently:

*"Juanita's idea of washing a floor is to wring out a cloth nearly dry and wipe the floor carefully with it."*

In July, the Mayors of Salford and Blackpool, with the help of the Rotary Club, arranged a trip to Blackpool. The mayor presented each child with a mug inscribed "City of Salford 1937". They visited the Pleasure Beach and the South Shore bathing pool, where "a number of the children enjoyed a frolic", and were given a block of rock at the Tower. Lunch was provided by the Blackpool Rotary Club, and tea by a local hotel manager, and they were given a Spanish hat. Interestingly, Vicki, who sent me the photo of the children which had been her mother's, commented that someone is wearing a Spanish hat in the photo, and we assumed he must have brought it with him. However I now think the photo was probably taken as a souvenir of the Blackpool trip.

In October, the children left Salford and moved to Grindleford near Sheffield, where they were to stay at the Holiday Fellowship Home at Froggatt Edge at the expense of organisers in Sheffield. *The Salford Reporter* headline reads:

**"WEEPING BASQUE CHILDREN LEAVE SALFORD – Now in Residence in Sheffield – SPANISH SAILORS' GIFT OF CLOTHING"**

Apparently it took 20 minutes to load up their bus with the cases (bought with money donated locally), toys and their other belongings. The crew of the Bartello, a Spanish ship berthed in Salford Docks, raised £20 and took the children on a shopping trip buying the boys new suits and the girls new party frocks which they were wearing as they left Salford. The children were apparently weeping as they boarded the bus, crying: "No more Salford! No more Salford!" A short article a week later tells us that Mr and Mrs Hutchinson received several letters beginning "Dear father and mother" and ending "your affectionate son and daughter". One child wrote: "I send you the kisses of a daughter as a souvenir." Most letters mentioned trying to "keep back their tears" as they left.

By the start of Second World War most of the Basque children who came to Britain had returned to Spain. Those over 16 or whose parents were imprisoned or dead were allowed to remain in Britain, and about 250 did so. I'm curious to find out what happened to those who came to Salford. The next stage of my research is to follow the children to Grindleford and to find out more about the eight to ten children who went to St. Joseph's Home in Eccles. I want to interview more of the older residents of Salford who remember them from childhood and research those who helped them. I think I've taken on a lifetime project!



## 7 AGender: A conference on female and transgender masculinities by Jade Montserrat

THE QUESTION of gender as a construct sets off amplified alarm bells peeling, "but whose agenda?" Conventional gender binaries, based on sex, are glossed over in childhood and categorisation can later reveal itself as an imposition. This is campaigned against more and more as equality is far from a given and diversity is not always embraced, as has recently been promulgated in the press: 'Entrepreneur Barbie' revealed as stereotypically 'flawless and gorgeous', pandering to an incessant and demoralising celebrity culture; faith leaders' discriminating letters to Obama calling for exemption for religious groups from an order barring an LGBT bias in hiring; Deirdre Borlase's admittance to Bob & Roberta Smith in an video interview that she elected to opt for a masculine name when submitting to the Royal Academy to avoid discrimination. So yes, there's an agenda based on human value and this must be understood clearly against discrimination from perspectives including race, religious persuasion, sex, class and gender.

The two-day AGender Conference was held at Leeds City Art Gallery last month. AGender was incorporated within the PoMoGaze Summer of 2014 festival programme and critically complemented the *Parallel Lives* exhibition (June 6-September 7), which looks at works by Marlow Moss and Claude Cahun. AGender explored female and transgender masculinities in the context of visual arts, queer culture and community engagement, discussing strategies to challenge negative attitudes to gender variance.

'Gender variance' is, thankfully, an evolving landscape. Gender variance demands immediate legislative rights that surpass any notion of 'tolerance' (an overused word sought as a convenient method for aversion or passive-aggressive and ignorant brush-offs), rather normalisation, understanding and celebration of every individual's right to freedom. This, of course, starts with education and calls for LGBTQ as an integral part of awareness within the school curriculum.

Bureaucracy: tick boxes, "What gender are you?", ask for us to recognise ourselves according to an ascribed gender, a totalitarian assignation built on phallogocentrism. The future of freedom is choice: the freedom to be and room to manoeuvre. One of the questions raised at AGender, in Dr Lucy Howarth's 'Marlow Moss: "Dress Address Name"', was whether Marlow Moss' self identification extended to her passport. Marlow Moss was a gallant Modernist who challenged gender stereotypes to the extent that any notion of femininity appears categorically exempt from photographic documentation. Marlow Moss and Claude Cahun, revolutionaries, in art as in life, were authors of their own gendered identities.

Moss and Cahun, creatives clothed in avant-garde decorum, shielded from hesitancy and gen-



Claude Cahun, 1929, Courtesy of the Jersey Heritage Collections.



der control, progressive and fearless, had, to an extent, luck on their side. The kindness they afforded themselves and subsequently, the company they kept, afforded them not luxury, but significant comfort, enabling them to be and to work under the auspices of the masculine paradigm. Understanding one's identity, allowing for a malleable approach to identity and reinvention, is not afforded to everyone in their adolescence or as 'young' adults.

8



Dr Nina Kane, whose paper “‘I Am Half – Sick of Shadows’: Finding Queer Agency through Life-Model Theatre in Body Art Projects and Gallery Spaces”, discussed binary gender ‘diagnosis’ from birth within the context of artists’ depictions of the life-model and their relation to municipal collections. Kane veered off, revealing a personal trajectory and unveiling something so accepting of herself quite matter-of-factly. Dr. Kane, mother, artistic director, teacher and independent researcher, is “a man trapped inside a woman’s body”. As a middle-aged mother, she expressed that she’d accepted that surgery was probably now out of the question. Her surrender and understanding of her body, identity and gender belied any urgency or desire for sex reassignment surgery.

That Dr Kane is transgender should, like all self-ascriptions, come neither as a surprise nor as a subject for contention but as an invitation to question our own duplicity having been categorised, as well as our complicity in culturally ascribed hierarchical gender indicators. We are well on the way in dismantling outdated constructions of gender: clear tribes are not as universally readable as they once were or devised.

Dr Sally Hines’ paper “‘I am a Feminist but ...’: Transgender Men and Feminism’ pre-empted Dr. Kane’s conversation, taking Stephen Whittle’s question from 1998, “How can feminism accept men with women’s bodies (or is that women with men’s bodies)?” as central to feminist debates and the continuing controversial relationship between transgender and feminism.

Solidarity: the PoMoGaze festival is one of many calls for action and inclusivity worldwide, including the ending of victim-blaming, the policing of women and the use of language as a weapon and we might look at the empowering potential of SlutWalk as an all embracing movement to end violence against women and the elimination of heteropatriarchy. PoMoGaze, a project spearheaded by Leeds Museums and Galleries, is initiating collaborative working with communities to raise the profile of queer cultural activities across West Yorkshire and links cultural activities being delivered and promoted by queer artists, organisations and academics. It is an inclusive cross-cultural programme of events that, for the interested, will increase understanding: this is a model to be capitalised on.



***Balanced Forms in Gunmetal on Cornish Granite, Marlow Moss, 1956–7. Reinforced metal and granite. Courtesy of Tate.***

# KNOTT END by ROB JACKSON



GOD, IT'S BORING HERE IN WINTER.

I HAVEN'T GOT ANY MONEY.

LET'S GET FISH AND CHIPS.

THE SEA IS FUCKIN' MILES AWAY.

IT'S JUST MUD.

THEN LET'S GO THROW ROCKS IN THE SEA... THAT'S FREE.



WHAT WE NEED IS TO GET TO FLEETWOOD.

THERE'S GIRLS THERE.



GIRLS AND CRAZY GOLF.

GOD! I LOVE CRAZY GOLF. I THINK IT'S THE ONE THING I'M ANY GOOD AT.

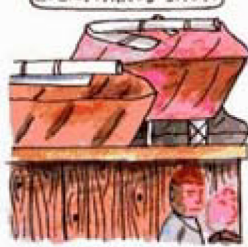
THE FERRY WON'T RUN AGAIN TILL MARCH AND THAT'S MONTHS OFF.



YOU ARE GOOD, I HAVE TO ADMIT IT.

AND IT'S MILES AND MILES TO THE BRIDGE. IT'S A TOLL BRIDGE TOO.

EVERYTHING'S SHUT.



HEY! WHAT ARE YOU TWO DICKS DOIN' HERE?

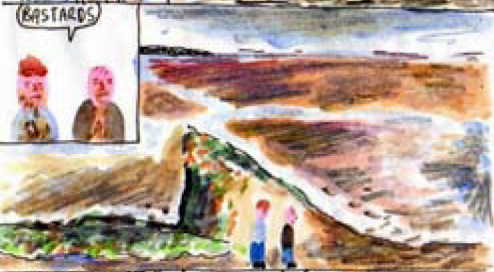


OH SHIT!



TIME FOR YOUR BATH, BOYS!

BASTARDS



CRAZY GOLF  
TWO TOURNAMENTS  
IN THREE DAYS  
BIG PRIZES  
FLEETWOOD

WE'VE GOT TO GO!

YOU'RE NOT EVEN ALLOWED TO PLAY CRAZY GOLF. THAT'S HOW YOUR DAD DIED.

HOW?



THAT'S RIGHT!



DAD

THERE'S A STORM COMING, RUN!

JUST LET ME MAKE THIS SHOT...

YEAH! HE WAS STRUCK BY LIGHTNING ON THE 13TH HOLE

ALL THEY FOUND OF HIM WAS HIS BOOTS AND HIS CLUB. I'VE STILL GOT THEM.

YOU'VE GOT TO USE IT AND WIN THE TOURNAMENT, FOR YOUR DAD, LIKE.



CLUB'S A BIT MELTED THOUGH

THERE'S ONLY TWO WAYS OUT OF THIS DEAD END VILLAGE, PLAYING CRAZY GOLF... OR YOU COULD GET THE BUS I SUPPOSE, GO TO POULTON

THEN CHANGE TO THE TRAIN.









# 11 The secret history of the synthesizer

by **Adrian Slatcher**

## Patch 1.0 – Dusseldorf

AROUND 14 minutes into a live performance for Rockpalast in 1970, a three-piece Kraftwerk (drums, flute, keyboards) hit a metronomic groove, a proto-techno rhythm, that has the German hippy audience – up until then seated, dope-smoking, earnest – clap their hands, shuffle their shoulders and shake their heads to this new music. Ralf Hutter is playing a 'keytar' but their music is only vaguely electronic. Four years later, the predominantly electronic *Autobahn* album gives Kraftwerk a large hit in the USA and England. The music that they are playing is futuristic, but at the same time rooted in their Dusseldorf base. The 'autobahn' is the German motorway system; Kraftwerk means 'power plant'. Like other German bands Popol Vuh, Amon Duul II, Tangerine Dream and Can, their choice of long primarily instrumental music owes little to the 'rock and roll' that the American soldiers brought to Germany after the war, nor to the popular 'schlager' music of the German hit parade. Yet, the use of electronic instruments, and then commercial synthesizers developed by Moog and EMS, was deliberate. In recent retrospectives, Kraftwerk's pre-*Autobahn* work has been excluded. The albums that followed, with motifs around nuclear power, trains, robots and computers complete a futurist canon to which electronics are the only allowable soundtrack.



## Patch 2.0 – Telstar

In the movie *the Joe Meek Story*, there are a few early scenes where we see the inventive producer, living and working in cramped rooms above a shop, experimenting with new sounds. During one

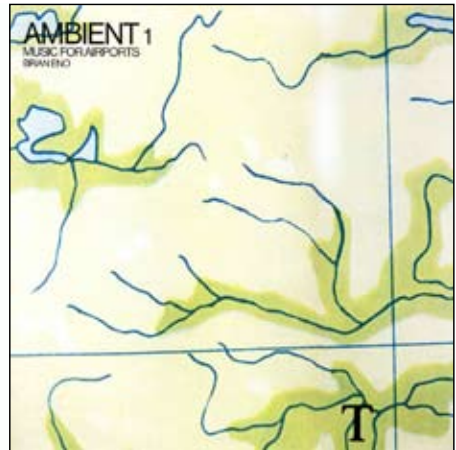


of these sessions, the songwriter Geoff Goddard plays the distinctive tune that Meek has come up with for a new instrumental song that will become 'Telstar'. Named after the first telecommunications satellite, and credited to a group, the Tornados, the song was the first by a British group to top the American chart, and went on to sell five million copies worldwide. It used an early electronic keyboard, the 'clavoline', but Meek, one of the first independent producers was a genius at producing new and unexpected sounds. His masterpiece, *I Hear A New World*, by the Blue Men, was recorded in 1959 and was a space concept album which only saw a full release many years later. Meek died before bands as popular as the Beatles, Pink Floyd and the Who would start using synthesizers in their work.



### Patch 3.0 - Futurist

In FT Marinetti's *Futurist Manifesto* (1909), he writes "we will sing of great crowds excited by work, by pleasure, and by riot ... we will sing of the vibrant nightly fervour of arsenals and shipyards blazing with violent electric moons". Luigi Russolo, in 1914, followed with *the Art of Noises*, a concert of different noises. He suggest an orchestra consisting, not of different instrument types, but of different groups of noises. 'The Art of Noise' name would be appropriated by Trevor Horn and Paul Morley for their electronic music group in the 1980s, most obviously visiting the junkyard of Russolo's dream in their single 'Close (to the edit)'. Earlier, the journalist Dave Simpson remembers going to the first 'Futurama' festival in 1979. "I went to Futurama liking Sham 69. I came out rejecting everything I knew, having realised that music could be about power, passion, psychology, even the genuinely futuristic ...". Amongst the bands there were Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark and A Certain Ratio. A couple of years before, the ex-Roxy Music keyboardist Brian Eno had started a series of ambient music albums, aimed at particular environments, beginning with *Music for Airports*.



### Patch 4.0 – Abbey Road

On *Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* the Beatles tried to create a 'studio' music that had the complexity of classical music, even if it still came packaged as the three-minute pop song. Across the corridor in Abbey Road, Pink Floyd were working on their debut album *Piper at the Gates of Dawn*, which included the long spacey track 'Interstellar Overdrive' alongside Syd Barrett's more quirky nuggets of pop psychedelia. We know that the Beatles used a Moog synthesizer on the *Abbey Road* album, most effectively on the delicate melody of George Harrison's 'Here Comes the Sun'. They had previously experimented with 'musique concrète' on the *White Album*'s sound collage 'Revolution 9' and Harrison had used synthesizers on the forgotten soundtrack album *Wonderwall Music*. Another sound collage track – McCartney's 'Carnival of Light' – remains unreleased. It had performed at an experimental music festival at London's Roundhouse in 1967, and amongst the other performers were Unit Delta Plus, which included Delia Derbyshire from the BBC Radiophonic Workshop.

### Patch 5.0 – Delia

The BBC Radiophonic Workshop was established to enable the BBC to construct suitable music as a soundtrack for its television programmes. These were engineers primarily, not musicians, yet when a young woman, Delia Derbyshire, joined in 1962, she quickly brought a musicality to their work. Given the theme to a new television show, Dr. Who, by its composer Ron Grainger, she constructed a unique musical backing. The instruments that the BBC Radiophonic Workshop used could literally be anything – and for Derbyshire, electronic music was primarily about the construction and creation of new sounds, rather than the 'playing' of an instrument. As well as Unit Delta Plus, she was part of the psychedelic band White Noise. Also in Unit Delta Plus was Peter Zinovieff, one of the founders of EMS, whose synthesizers would be used by Pink Floyd, Kraftwerk and others. Towards the end of her life Delia Derbyshire was tracked down by fans of her music, and since her death there has been a flurry of activity including a short film about her life, and the creation of an archive of her recordings.



## 13 Patch 6.0 – Motown

Turning 21, the ‘little genius’ that was Stevie Wonder signed an unprecedented new contract

with Motown records. Whereas his previous records had seen him part of the Motown assembly line, his new albums were self-produced. Wanting new sounds to illuminate the songs he was writing for 1972’s *Music of the Mind*, he brought in two electronic musicians, from Tonto’s Expanding Head Band, to act as engineers and operators for their T.O.N.T.O., a first polyphonic synthesizer which they’d already showcased on their album *Zero Time*. Simultaneously, the jazz pianist Herbie Hancock was increasingly incorporating synthesizers in his work, culminating in the electro record ‘Rockit’ and its parent album *Future Shock*.



## Patch 7.0 – Electro

The first hip-hop records were raps over established breaks such as ‘Good Times’ by Chic, but when Afrika Bambaataa chose not a soul record, but Kraftwerk’s *Trans Europe Express* as the breakbeat for ‘Planet Rock’, electro was born. By the early ‘80s cheap synthesizers from Korg, Roland and other companies were readily available, and the first rudimentary drum machines were taken up with enthusiasm by hip-hop artists and synth duos who were beginning to make records without recourse to a band. By the time that New Order made it over to New York to work with Arthur Baker, their own music had changed from the predominantly guitar-based music of their previous band Joy Division, to a more electronic hybrid. In the UK, massive hit records from Gary Numan and Tubeway Army, Soft Cell and the Human League had created a new electronic pop music where, for a while, traditional instruments like drums, guitars and pianos were all but banished.

## Patch 8.0 – Technology

This explosion of electronic music led to a much larger market for synthesizers and drum machines and just as the success of the Shadows in the late ‘50s



had led to every teenager buying an electric guitar, by the early ‘80s, the cheap synthesizer took on the same role. When a £30 ‘toy’ such as the aesthetically pleasing, but musically weedy, Casio VL-Tone could see its distinctive beat played on a top ten record (‘Da Da Da’ by Trio), it seemed that electronic music was here to stay. Technology got better – with digital synthesis, polyphonic synthesizers, and computer generated music. Rock music had always used the occasional synthesizer, though usually as an easier option than bringing in a string section. Van Halen had a massive hit with ‘Jump’, basically a rock band with its lead part played on a synthesizer. The ‘80s sound was suddenly expensive, digital and soulless. Bands like Tears for Fears spent months in the studio constructing drum parts. Cheap drum machines and other analogue instruments were going cheap in secondhand shops.

## Patch 9.0 – Chicago

The Roland TB-303 was a bass line/synthesizer aimed at guitarists. Only 10,000 units were made and it quickly slipped out of production. When it was discovered by house music acts in the mid-80s it became a legendary instrument, used extensively on the earliest 'acid house' tracks by artists like Mr. Fingers and Phuture.

Chicago's Trax records was responsible for many of these early house records, which were often minimalist or instrumental, and usually only used electronic instruments. House music had hit big in the UK when Steve 'Silk' Hurley's 'Jack Your Body' went to number one in 1987. House music became one of the biggest musical genres around, a purely electronic music that utilised the drum machine, sequencer – and later, the sampler and computer – to make a new kind of irresistible dance music.



## Patch 10.0 – User-defined

*The Fall*, an album by Gorillaz, aka Damon Albarn, made entirely on the iPad. 'Umbrella' by Rihanna, which uses the preset on the Apple music software 'Garageband'. 'Crank That' by Soulja Boy, seven weeks at the top of the US chart, and initially recorded using the 'Fruity Loops' software programme. Just three more recent examples. The secret history of the synthesizer is in the parallel histories of the instruments, and the music that was made with them. Whereas many technological advances in music are done for a reason, electronic music has often been an accidental by-product of technological advance. It's what connects avant-garde composers like Stockhausen with the inventiveness of Delia Derbyshire at the BBC Radiophonic Workshop. It's how come

Tonto's Expanding Head Band have an important role to play in the history of soul music, and how come Kraftwerk were critical to the development of electro. It's why Roland are putting back into production a new version of their TB-303, nearly thirty years after it was discontinued. Though we often think of the synthesizer as keyboard based, it's actually the oscillators and modulators – firstly analogue electronics, more recently computerised or software based patches – which enable us to create these unpredictable sounds. As tempting as it is to use a familiar preset, it's when the sound, and not just the notes, of a synthesizer can be altered, that we see new forms and styles of music developed.

For the history of synthesizer or electronic music is both dependent on the machines with which this music was made and somehow divorced from it, an accidental artistic by-product of the science department, as if the art class had invaded the chemistry laboratory after midnight in search of a new colour. In many ways it is the 'search for a new colour' – whether a particular noise to soundtrack an otherworldly scene, or a new instrument to add differentiation to a standard pop song – that is at the heart of this secret history.





# 15 Co-operative buildings of Greater Manchester

by Stephen Marland



*I HELD onto my Mam's hand, her other holding a sturdy brown bag. We went shopping, entering the rumbustious, gregarious, gossipy and convivial streets of hardware, markets, bakers, butchers, greengrocers and Co-ops. Later in life, I have chosen to explore the streets of Greater Manchester on my bike, in search of the architecture of the co-operative movement. Buildings of a distinctive and varied faded grandeur, few are what they were, yet they still exude a calm civic grandeur. They speak of permanence, but some no longer exist at all.*



16







17





# 15 SECONDS

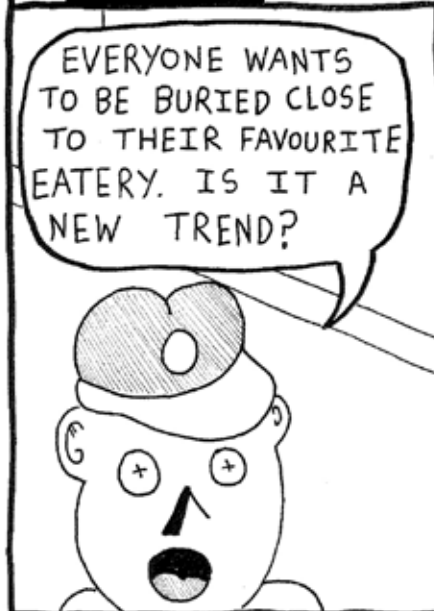
KBR  
2013



HERE  
WE ARE,  
MALVIS.  
WELCOME  
TO YOUR  
FUTURE  
BURIAL  
GROUND.



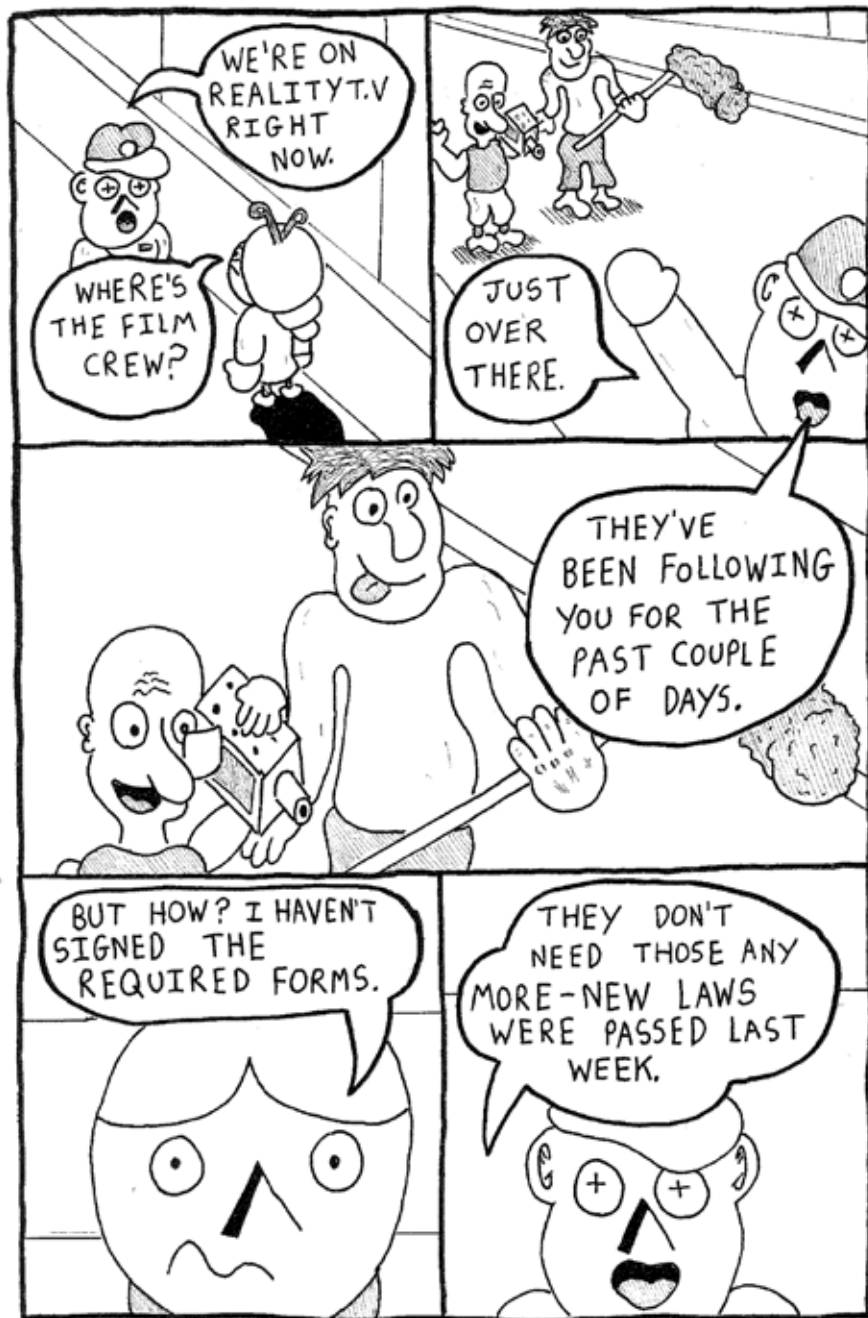
I LIKE IT, BUT I'D  
PREFER A SPOT IN  
FRONT OF THE FAST  
FOOD OUTLET.



EVERYONE WANTS  
TO BE BURIED CLOSE  
TO THEIR FAVOURITE  
EATERY. IS IT A  
NEW TREND?



HAVEN'T YOU HEARD  
OF THE POST-MORTEM  
MUNCHIES? LAUGH  
IF YOU WANT TO,  
I'VE SEEN IT ON  
REALITY T.V.





DON'T WORRY ABOUT  
IT - YOU'RE VERY  
POPULAR IN JAPAN.



THEY WON'T BE  
ABLE TO FILM ME  
FOR MUCH LONGER  
ANYWAY...

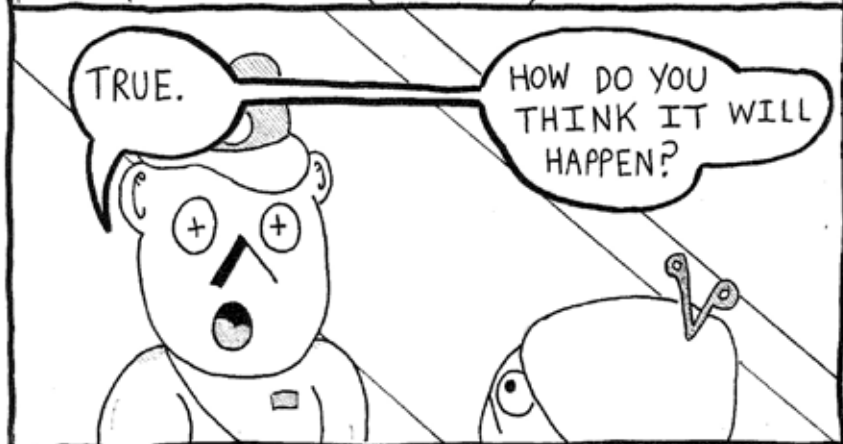


**WHAT  
WITH  
MY  
IMMINENT  
DEATH!**



TRUE.

HOW DO YOU  
THINK IT WILL  
HAPPEN?



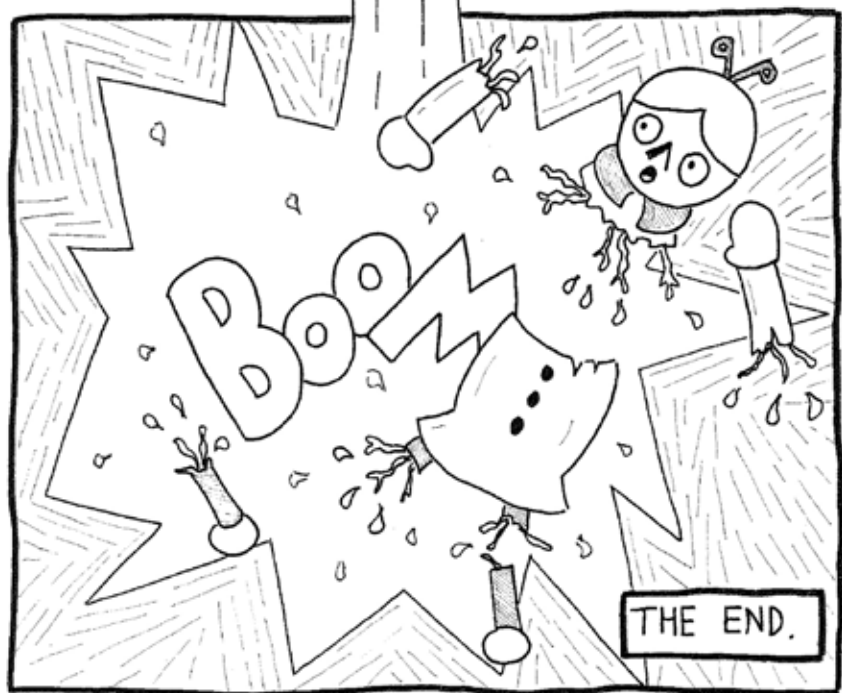
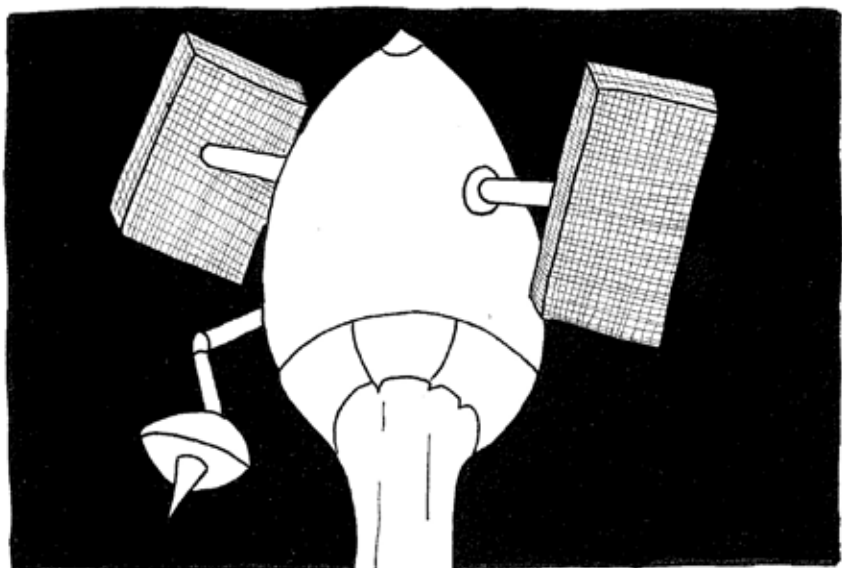
GOKAYAMA, JAPAN.

DARLING  
MALVIS!



WHY IS  
SHE HANGING  
AROUND WITH  
HIM?









# 25 Welsh Streets

by **Kenn Taylor**

Ominous  
as evening draws in.  
The deep red  
that cuts through this decay  
is dragged back to the west.  
Past the mountains  
from where the builders  
of these streets  
came.

Sheet steel, not glass,  
fills windows.  
Buddleia spurt from rooflines  
in roads where even streetlights  
have died.

Indifferent now to the dereliction  
that awes some.  
There is little romance  
in domestic decay  
when you see it every day.

The silence though.  
'What happened here?'  
A passer by may ask.  
'Fire, flood, famine, war?'  
All this and more.  
Though this place in England  
is really the result  
of the dropping  
of a thousand bombs  
of ideology.

In times past  
the few with power  
saw money to be made.  
Scraping back the fields  
to cram in labour,  
filling demand in a fierce new era.  
Keeping the trade turning,  
taking and not giving  
from places faraway.

People came  
looking for opportunity.  
They built proud,  
as if still for themselves,  
in the hills  
to last a thousand years.

Homes for those  
seeking a better life.  
Trying to get by,  
though always in the firing line  
through depressions and wars.  
See a 1950s house  
in-between Victorian walls.

From peace came another boom  
that saw many out  
to leafier spots.  
A rare time  
when people  
maybe  
had a chance.

The more desperate though  
moved in from around the world.  
To the houses  
not yet pulled down  
in the name of improvement  
by those who felt they knew better.

New communities  
trying to get by,  
despite the vicious treatment  
from those who hate difference.  
Until Orford's tactics  
see bricks thrown back  
at the thin line of authority,  
shocked  
that the worm could turn.

Sadly though  
the end result,  
even more labels put on a place  
no longer treated as a community,  
instead  
abused as byword.



Left and right  
claim it as their quarry.  
Use it to blame each other,  
as photo-journalists from Hampstead fight  
to take the best pictures  
of trainers hanging from telegraph poles.

Here though  
a new plan emerges.  
From clever types  
in league with  
desperate politicians  
in a desperate city  
and a few descendants also  
of those with an eye  
for profits from the land.  
They all conspire from on high  
to drop another bomb,  
one of renewal.  
'This land must be cleared,'  
traded again,  
razed of its problems.

Those who remain though  
just getting by,  
trying to fight their corner,  
are drowned out again  
by those who feel  
they know better.

The developers on one side,  
scrabbling for deeds.  
On the other  
the creatives and  
heritage enthusiasts.  
Martyrs to old bricks  
who set themselves up  
as defenders  
of what was never theirs.  
Fantasists of a culture  
they have never known,  
they stalk around  
writing of  
tiling and wrought iron,  
missing out the  
rising damp and  
regulation  
Corporation Green doors.  
Until they head back

far away  
to quaint, expensive  
places of no change.

No longer a place  
in all its complexity,  
instead just more bywords  
for the ideologues.  
Abused by both  
poet and profiteer,  
they squabble over the moral high ground  
as the streets beneath them decay.  
A battlefield.

One day,  
can they just be homes?  
Or do they have to wait  
for the next bomb  
from those  
after money,  
power,  
or truth?

Long after opportunities rot away,  
bonds remain.  
Money gets throw in  
then taken away  
just as quick.  
Everyone  
carries on getting by  
trying to rebuild  
brick by brick.  
Let people decide their own fate,  
their own path for their community.  
Is it so much to ask?

A car speeds down the silent street,  
the sun has gone.  
No light from the windows.  
I reach the end of the road  
and turn away.



## 27 Mental health at the movies: *12 Monkeys* (1995) by Terry Gilliam by Richard Howe



TIME, SPACE, activism, a virus, a threat to the whole planet. Bruce Willis as James Cole is a violent prisoner on earth in the future, one of the 1 per cent of humans left alive after the virus. He volunteers to be sent back in time, to collect evidence on the origins of the deadly virus for scientists in the future. In one of these precarious, time-travelling journeys he ends up an inmate in a secure mental hospital. There he is shown the ropes by fellow inmate Jeffrey (Brad Pitt) the son of a Nobel prize-winning, animal-testing virologist and himself a future conspirator.

Earning an Oscar nomination for his acting, Brad Pitt's performance is full of quirks, facial ticks and pulsing plastic eyeballs. He is the sane one surrounded by the loonies, or so he thinks anyway. His dialogue and actions are abstractions, playing idiot one second, genius the next, as he follows from one train of thought to another, midway through his thought pattern. Halfway through giving Willis a tour around the mental ward, he turns 180 degrees on a six pence to scold, yell and push an old man to "get out of my chair". Whilst he is guiding, Brad Pitt rants at consumerism, 'the man', big business, and authority's control over the nation, culture, and society, grandiose visions of restricted personal individual freedom which have in turn restricted his freedom.

Handheld camera, tracking camera, wide-angle lens and the end point of an edit linger on screen a few moments longer to show the close-up face of an inmate squinting a second longer before returning to the action. This leaves the viewer with the feeling of being, if not trapped, surrounded and inside the on-screen environment.

The tracking shots follow Cole (Willis) when he enters the secure unit, until the camera lens is pressed up against locked gates and montage clips of crazed cartoon characters. When the protagonists stand up close to the lens, wide angle lens distorts the face physically, as well as minds, environment, time and space and gives deep background. Glaring, overexposed light – sign and destination of freedom – shine in the distance and out of locked windows and gates. White walls, mixed with the patients' white dressing gowns, blend into the walls and environment.

*The Hamster Factory* is an interesting documentary about the making of *12 Monkeys*, the efforts director Terry Gilliam (*Monty Python*, *Brazil*) had to go through and which hoops he jumped



through or avoided to make what is essentially an European arthouse film in Hollywood. The film's roots are in the 28 minute long, 1959 French arthouse, black and white, still photomontage film *Le Jeteé*, directed by Chris Marker, which screenwriters David and Janet Peoples and Gilliam extended under Hollywood gaze and conditions. Gilliam stuck to his guns though, which helps the success of the film.

The inmates watch Marx Brothers film *Monkey*. This, a cartoon-like time tunnel and references to time travel and monkeys reappear as associative transference into *12 Monkeys*, prompting the film's narrative future? Gilliam is quoted as saying he wanted to ask the question: "Is he (Willis) mad or are we?" You'll have to watch my favourite Terry Gilliam film to find out.

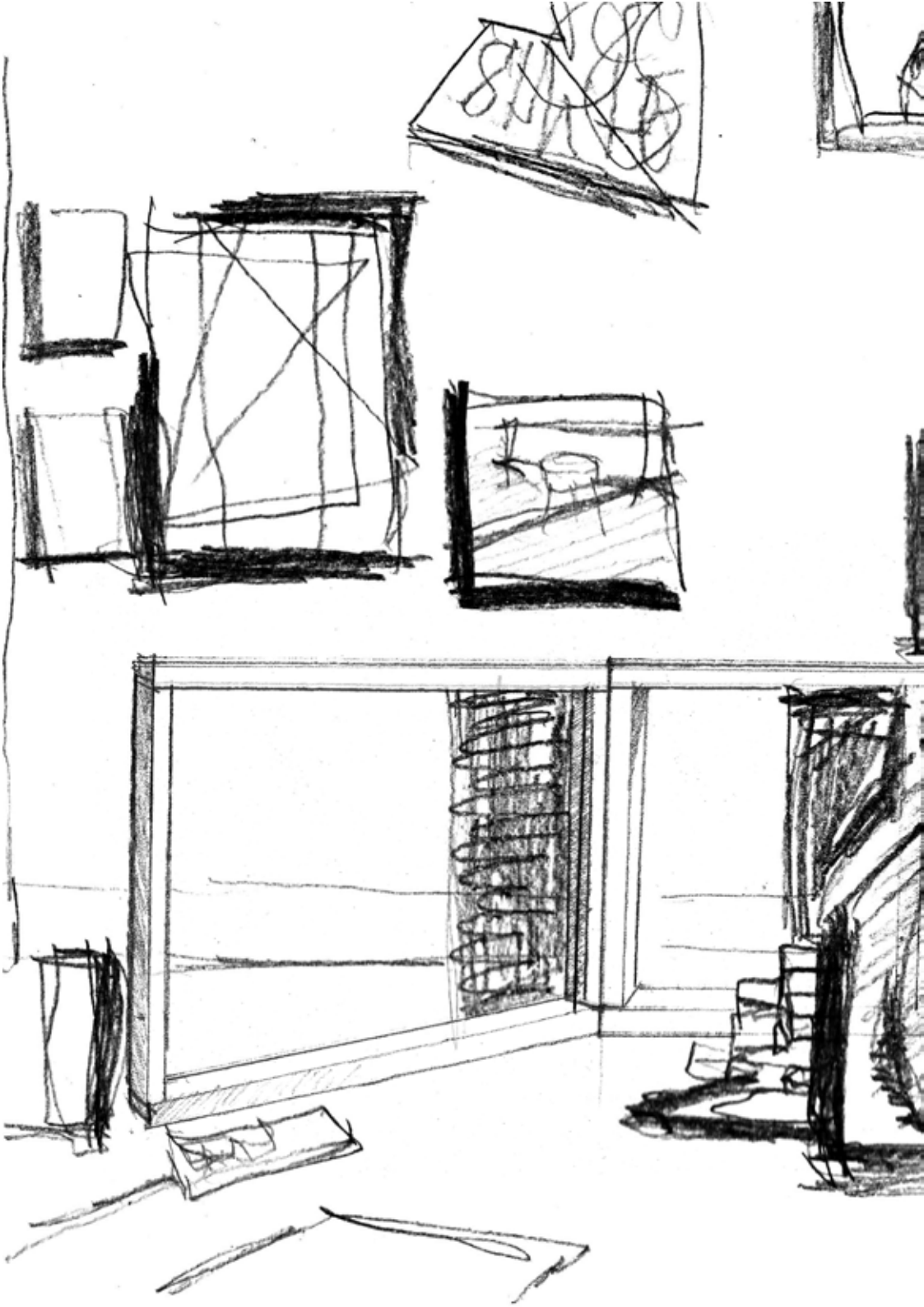
*Richard is co-editing Realitease and The Were Squirrel. Go to Massive Badgers Film Productions Facebook page at [www.facebook.com/MassiveBadgers?ref=hl](https://www.facebook.com/MassiveBadgers?ref=hl).*

*Short films about a variety of things:*

[www.youtube.com/channel/UC1tCl13aUbRbNSatyCAKNOW](https://www.youtube.com/channel/UC1tCl13aUbRbNSatyCAKNOW)

[www.youtube.com/watch?v=28W8muNaik0](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=28W8muNaik0)







# Satay tofu & aubergine skewers

by Steve Connor

# 30



## INGREDIENTS:

- 500g firm tofu
- 1 medium-sized aubergine
- Tbsp light soy sauce
- Tbsp sesame oil
- Tbsp tomato ketchup
- 4 tbsp peanut butter
- 150ml boiling water
- 3 tsp tamari or dark soy sauce
- 1 tsp rice wine vinegar

## METHOD:

First of all make a marinade with the light soy sauce, sesame oil and ketchup. Slice the tofu into small cubes and then cover with the marinade and set aside for 30 minutes or so. Slice the aubergine into similar sized cubes and then salt (to reduce bitterness later) and leave to one side for 10 minutes or so, then cover with boiling water and leave for another 5 minutes, then drain. Toss the aubergine in a little sesame oil and then bake it, along with the tofu cubes, at 200 degrees C for around 30 minutes.

While the cubes are baking, crack on with the marinade. Put the peanut butter (crunchy or smooth, doesn't matter), boiling water, tamari and rice wine vinegar in a blender and blend down to a smooth sauce. If you're not worried about spiciness, add a little fresh chilli and ginger at this point too.

When the cubes are baked, pop them onto the skewers, smother with the satay, and serve! I did these on cocktail sticks to make them bite-sized, and you could even put them on a barbecue ...



# 31

## Good things happening soon

**Until Monday 25 August, *POUTfest* 2014**, Cornerhouse. Annual queer cinema festival to coincide with Manchester Pride (Saturday August 23) and sexuality summer school, showcasing films from around the world (visit [www.cornerhouse.org/film/film-events/poutfest-2014](http://www.cornerhouse.org/film/film-events/poutfest-2014) for what's on).

**Friday August 1, *The Morrissey Smiths disco***, Star and Garter. Disco playing solely the music of Morrissey and the Smiths (monthly).

**Saturday August 2-Sunday August 10, *Dig the City***. Urban gardening festival with food, music, events and gardens to explore across the city. Visit [www.digthecity.co.uk](http://www.digthecity.co.uk) for more information.

**Saturday August 2, *Unstable Ground***, Paper Gallery. Artists including Annabel Dover, Laura Oldfield Ford, Reece Jones, David Miles, George Shaw, Stephen Walter, Lisa Wilkens and Simon Woolham explore the links between drawing and autobiographical memory. (exhibition continues until Saturday September 13.)

**Francis McKee**, Castlefield Gallery. Talk by the writer and Glasgow School of Art research fellow, discussing open source theory and responding to some of the themes of current exhibition *I Would Like to Join a Club and Hit Myself with It*, a group show of young Manchester artists.

**Saturday August 2 and Sunday August 3, *part wild horses mane on both sides: Conduit of the bottomless submundane***, Toast. Manchester experimental noise duo take over Manchester's newest art space, Toast, part of Castlefield Gallery's New Art Spaces project in a vast former Co-operative office building, for two evenings of immersive art and noise, followed by Gesamtkunstwerk DJs.

**Sunday August 3 *Loiterers Resistance Movement***. Psychogeographic walk around Manchester (see [nowhere-fest.blogspot.com](http://nowhere-fest.blogspot.com) for more details). (monthly)

***Tea dance***, Victoria Baths. Featuring live songs from the musicals and coinciding with August's open day at Manchester's former water palace, with guided tours and more.

***Storytime's August Moon Festival***, Antwerp Mansion. Bands, art, stalls and performance.

***Eleanor Friedberger***, the Castle. Solo show by one half of Fiery Furnaces, one of the most intriguing indie bands of the past decade.

**Sunday August 3 and Wednesday August 6, *Sebastiene***, Cornerhouse. Derek Jarman and Paul Humfress' sensual retelling of a 4th century Praetorian Guard.

**Tuesday August 5, *First Tuesday current affairs review***, the Shakespeare. Manchester Salon discusses the latest news, in a pub, this time with a focus on proposals for a northern supercity. (monthly)

**Wednesday August 6, *World War One – Myths and Realities***. Working Class Movement Library, Salford. The first of a series of WWI-themed exhibitions at the Library will explore not just why some young Salfordians were eager to fight but the stories of soldiers who refused to fight and the strength of the anti-war movement. (exhibition continues until Friday October 17.)

***Summer evening gardening***, Angel Meadow. Informal get together to maintain one of central Manchester's most tranquil green spaces.

**Thursday August 7, *Twelve Views of Kensal House***, Central Library. Manchester Modernist Society present a screening of Peter Wyeth's 1984 documentary about Maxwell Fry's 1938 social housing project in Ladbroke Grove to coincide with a new issue of the modernist magazine themed 'Domestic'.

**Sunday August 10, *Hito Steyerl***, Cornerhouse. Screening of the Berlin-based artist and writer's work as part of the ICA Artists' Moving Image Network.

**Wednesday August 13, *The Other Room***, Castle. Night of experimental poetry performances in the back room of one of Manchester's best pubs.

**Thursday August 14, *Cockadoodle: The Erogenous Art of Maurice Vellekoop***, 20022NQ. Exhibition of the Canadian erotic artist as part of Manchester Pride Fringe, including a performance of Naked Boys Reading: TRUE NORTH (Friday August 15, £5 advance) and an information presentation on Vellekoop's practice as an illustrator, comic book artist and gay eroticist (Saturday August 16, £5 advance). (exhibition continues until Sunday September 14.)

***Ultimate Painting***. Castle. Veronica Falls/ Mazes supergroup, inspired by sixties American artists' community Drop City.

**Friday 15 August, *The Exhibition Centre for the Use and Abuse of***

***Books***, International Anthony Burgess Foundation. Salford reading room and publishing project the Exhibition Centre for the Life and Use of Books presents an exhibition delving into the history of alternative sci-fi publisher Savoy Books, with contemporary artists responding to the seven issues of *Corridor* magazine. (exhibition continues until Friday September 5.)

**Saturday 16 August, *Party Hard***, Star and Garter. Guilty pleasures rock disco celebrates its second birthday with live bands Falls and the Hyena Kill.

**Saturday 16 and Sunday 17 August, *Undressed***, St Peter's and St Michael's Churches. Hey! Manchester's first two-day, two-stage festival presents Mancunian folk and alt-country in beautiful surroundings, including the Travelling Band, Liz Green, Bird to Beast, Seventh House, Olympian, Jake Mattison, Elle Mary and Elizabeth Presto, Jesca Hoop, Josephine, Jo Rose, Race to the Sea, Cavan Moran, Matthew Whitaker and Stefan Melbourne.

**Sunday August 17 and Wednesday August 20, *Jubilee***, Cornerhouse. Derek Jarman's politically charged punk-era film.

**Wednesday August 20, *Victoria Baths Swimming Club***, Levenshulme Baths, 7pm. Friends of Victoria Baths swim in another historic pool. Pay by donation. (monthly)

**Thursday August 21, *Art Party***, Cornerhouse. The first screening of a documentary about artist Bob and Roberta Smith's alternative 'party conference' in Scarborough last year, standing up for the place of the arts in the curriculum, coincides with GCSE results day. The Cornerhouse is also holding a free party featuring a giant cake construction and dirty paint protest.

**Saturday August 23, *Jeffrey Lewis***, Deaf Institute. New York anti-folker and comic book artist makes his first visit to Manchester in three years with his new band, the The Jrams, and support from Onions and Seth Faergolzia. A must see.

**Thursday August 28, *the Gravehounds of Bone Street***, Common. New hedonistic canine street gang-themed exhibition of Brighton/Leeds/London design and illustration collective Skull Paradise, whose members include Kate Prior, one of the Shrieking Violet's favourite designers of band and event artwork. (exhibition continues until February 2015)