



Your Manchester Fund

he world of tomorrow

Lemn Sissay is a poet and playwright. Born just outside of Wigan, Lancashire, he moved to Manchester at the age of eighteen. He is the author of five poetry collections and was the first poet commissioned to write for the 2012 Olympics; his poem Spark Catchers is etched into a Transformer on The Olympic Site. The Council and other groups commissioned Lemn to devise an inventive new set of creations to be placed around Manchester. Rain, commissioned by Contact Theatre when Lemn was resident artist there, occupies a wall above Gemini takeaway on Wilmslow Road. The full version of the poem can be seen on the wall of the atrium in University Place, outside the Accommodation Office.

Text – From Listener (2008) by Lemn Sissay, by kind permission of the author. Image – \bigcirc The University of Manchester

Let there be peace So frowns fly away like albatross And skeletons foxtrot from cupboards; So war correspondants become travel show presenters. And magpies bring back lost property, Children, engagement rings, broken things.







Bethany Hermitt is a poet, visual artist, graphic designer and illustrator currently based in Leeds. She is a member of Young Identity, a Manchester-based arts collective comprising musicians, poets, actors and visual artists. Founded in 2006 in Moss Side, they perform locally, nationally and internationally, providing young people with a platform to explore their expression.

Image – © Steve Devine/The Manchester Museum, The University of Manchester Your Manchester Fund

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would evolve **Darwin by Bethany Hermitt**





Linda Chase (1941-2011) was an American poet. Having lived in New York and San Francisco as a young woman, she spent 40 years living in the UK, much of it in south Manchester. She and musician Chris Davies founded 'Poets and Players', a programme of contemporary arts events combining poetry with music, dance and visual art. Events are held monthly in the Whitworth Art Gallery and in other spectacular locations across Manchester.



Text – From Shooting the Breeze (2010) by Linda Chase, by kind permission of Carcanet Press Ltd. Image – Lucienne Day Manufactured by Heal Fabrics Ltd. "Spectators" 1953 Screen printing – Black colourway – 1220 x 1220mm ©The Whitworth Art Gallery, The University of Manchester You say it's like Brooklyn here – windswept with litter – attitude in the air. Who couldn't notice this jagged cityscape, scattering people from everywhere who cover their heads, in so many different ways?

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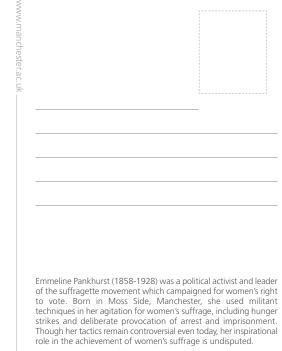


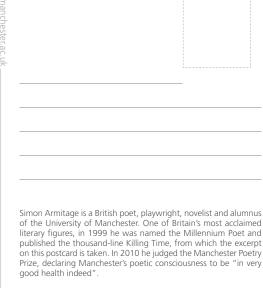
Image – Whitworth Art Gallery 'Liberty Art Fabric'

The moving spirit of militancy is deep and abiding reverence for human life. My Own Story (1914) – Emmeline Pankhurst

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Text – From Millennium Poem: Killing Time (1999) by Simon Armitage, by kind permission of the author and Faber and Faber Ltd. Image – Red pottery 'Bes' figure vase with lug handles forming ears, and rough incisions for arms and hands. From Isna, Upper Egypt. Late Period. ©Steve DevineThe Manchester Museum, The University of Manchester Your Manchester Fund

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A man strolls past the town hall wearing a sandwich-board for a coat, and it ain't for the next closing-down sa or the time of the next coach, and it ain't for the price of a fake tan or bringing the government down, or happy hour, or two-for-one, or the circus coming to town, or a secret truth that God knows, or the end of the world being nigh, it says NO NEWS IS GOOD NEWS but it don't say why.

/lillennium Poem: Killing Time by Simon Armitage





Carole Houlston is a British poet based in Leigh, Lancashire. After completing a BA (Hons) in Literature, PGCE and Masters as a mature student, Carole began writing and performing, which she has been doing for around ten years now. Her achievements include being selected as a finalist in the 'Poem for Manchester' competition, having a Christmas ghost story shown on the screen in Exchange Square in Manchester city centre, and being published in anthologies A Generation Defining Itself and Best of Manchester Poets Volume 2. Carole formerly ran a creative writing group called 24 Hour Arty People, and now runs the Write Nice Folk in Leigh.

Image – Lead alloy figurine with raised arms. Found on Barton Street, Manchester. © Steve Devine/The Manchester Museum, The University of Manchester High rising Energising Spirit raising Flag waving Lowry-loving Boundary-shoving Cottonmilled Fountain-filled Sculpture clad

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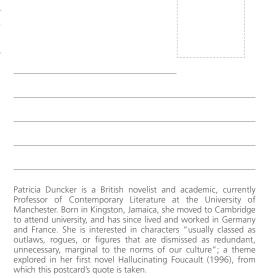
Football mad RainwashedCanal-crossed Night clubbing Shoulder rubbing Cultureshocked Bomb-rocked Unbroken Outspoken Manchester

Manchester by Carole Houlston (now Ogden)









Text – From Hallucinating Foucault (1996) by Patricia Duncker, by kind permission of the author and Profile Books Ltd. Image – David Hockney "Peter Schlesinger" 1967 – Colored pencil on paper – 16 ¾ x 14"

©David Hockney, The Whitworth Art Gallery, The University of Manchester

Writing a thesis is a lonely obsessive activity. You live inside your head, nowhere else. University libraries are like madhouses, full of people pursuing wraiths, hunches, obsessions. The person with whom you spend most of your time is the person you're writing about.

Hallucinating Foucault (1996) by Patricia Duncker

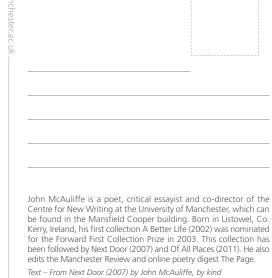
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Text – From Next Door (2007) by John McAuliffe, by kind permission of the author and The Gallery Press www.gallerypress.com Image – Utagawa Hiroshige

"One Hundred Famous Views of Edo: Sudden Shower at Ohashi Bridge at Atake" 1857 – Woodcut (colour) ©The Whitworth Art Gallery, The University of Manchester

Your Manchester Together we're shaping the world of tomorrow A desk, three chairs, some paper, paper clips, two elastic bands, a hole puncher. A mini stapler. A note to say a computer is on its way. A fold-up map of the city centre, an instruction manual for a printer. No printer. A phone, a bin. And in the binthere's a black plastic strip that bears

A phone, a bin. And in the binthere's a black plastic strip that b the name and title of the previous occupant.

A feeling that nothing will happen if I don't pick up when my number is called, if I idle at the desk instead looking at the tangle of strings that might operate the blinds, thinking about a pun, or a metaphor, and how, as a matter of fact, it's not the end of the world. The End of the World by John McAuliffe

