

**#7
tuesday 26
may 2020**

MIMAZINA #7

ARTWORK OF THE WEEK

Vase by Loretta Braganza (1989)

TEES VALLEY TREASURE

Josie reflects upon Claes Oldenburg & Coosje van Bruggen's sculpture
Bottle of Notes

THE MIDDLESBROUGH SETTLEMENT

Talking about Boro bread AKA fadgies

GROWING UP

DIY decorations

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George Vasey's junk shop find; a Mick Jagger scrap book

POSSIBLY BASED ON A TRUE STORY?

The Ballard of Peg Powler

THINGS TO DO

Test your local knowledge and cryptic skills with our crossword

FOLK STORIES

John Fleming and the greatest lie he ever told

ARLO'S COMIC STRIP

Fresh from the mind of MIMAZINA's 'in-house' cartoonist

ENTERTAIN ME

Recommendations and links including *The Way Things Go*

CONTRIBUTIONS

Help us make more editions of MIMAZINA

Words: Carly Rybak / Image: MIMA / © Loretta Braganza



The Middlesbrough Collection, held at MIMA, encompasses 2,250 works from 1870 to 2020, made by local and international artists. The Tees Valley's art historical depository, it holds many voices and stories, intertwining various media, styles, periods, and subjects. Each issue we select an artwork to share...

Vase, c.1989

Loretta Braganza
b. Mumbai, India; lives in York, UK

Stoneware
(Gifted by Dr Terry Friedman, 2007)



‘I came to potting so late, I wanted to express what was in me quickly’.

After previously gaining a degree in English and Graphic Design in Mumbai, in 1987 Loretta Braganza began a Sculpture and Ceramics course at York College.

This piece, made in 1989, is one of her earlier ceramic pieces. A hand-built stoneware vessel, it is coloured with a cobalt blue slip and underglaze colours.

Braganza recalls her love for pots on shelves in old kitchens and from this sprang her desire to build a classical form, to use as a blank canvas. She focuses on process and produces sculptural, geometric forms.

Her distinctive patterning is often created using household tools on the surface of these pieces. Experimentation in making her own coloured slip gives her work its distinct visual language. This shared language allows her pieces to function together in groups.

Braganza explores spatial relationships through a series of installations of ceramic forms. Object groups can be moved to change the viewer’s perception of a piece as well as the work as a whole. She explains that grouping is very important to her and connects the work to the choreography of Indian dance •

TEES VALLEY TREASURE

This article asks readers to propose overlooked or unknown gems from the Tees Valley. Each week we ask you to tell us about something – it could be very old or more recent – but it has to be treasure to you.

The Boro's Bottle Revisited

Bottle of Notes has lived in Central Square, Middlesbrough for the last twenty-seven years. Standing thirty-three-foot-high, designed by one of America's leading Pop artists (Claes Oldenburg, with Coosje van Bruggen) it *should* have become as much a visual indicator of Middlesbrough as the Transporter Bridge.

Words: Josie Bland / Image: Courtesy of MIMA, photography by Judy Hume.



Images of its near neighbour, the *Angel of the North*, are everywhere – on mugs, t-shirts, film and TV, signifying Newcastle-Gateshead. But the Bottle hasn't become a signifier of Middlesbrough or found a place in the hearts and minds of Teessiders. When I wrote about *Bottle of Notes* in 2002, I asked the question why? Eighteen years on my answer hasn't changed.

Standing outside MIMA, *Bottle of Notes* functions as a piece of international art linked to a gallery of modern and contemporary art. But for the fifteen years it preceded MIMA, its purpose in life was to be a piece of public art. It's worth taking a moment to think about what public art is. Critic Richard Cork had a useful definition. He claimed it shouldn't just be artwork that happens to be in public. Rather, public art should be site specific. It should be a powerful reminder of the place in which it is located. It should put the viewer in touch with something that was special to that location.

For those who don't know, *Bottle of Notes* is a bottle made from writing, a play on the idea of a message in a bottle. In this case the message is the bottle. It references Captain Cook, a native of this area, and suggests a bottle washed up on the shore. The outer ring of writing is taken from Captain Cook's log. He was moored off Tahiti watching a Venus transit.

“We had every advantage we could desire in observing the whole of the passage of the Planet Venus over the Sun's disk.”

The inner ring of writing is from a poem by Coosje van Bruggen.





Claes Oldenburg & Coosje van Bruggen
b. Sweden, 1929; b. Netherlands, 1942, d.2009

***Bottle of Notes, Version 2* (Art Forum Cover 3/88), 1988**
Coloured pencil on paper
Gifted by the artist, courtesy MIMA

Is the message from this bottle a powerful reminder of Middlesbrough? Not really. When Cook was born in 1728 Middlesbrough didn't exist. Marton, where he was born, was the local port, stretching down to the River Tees. The message becomes further confused when we realise that its words, taken from Cook's log, have had Cook's handwriting changed to that of Claes Oldenburg. A sentence from the letters of Cook's wife, that were found with the log, would have made more sense than one from Van Bruggen. The colours of the bottle, evoking a nautical theme, don't suggest Middlesbrough. Add to this the fact that the steel isn't from Teesside, and the sculpture was made in Hebburn, then the chances of the work 'putting the viewer in touch with something that was special to (its) location' are remote.

Thankfully, once MIMA was built, *Bottle of Notes* shed its role as 'public art' and became a piece of international contemporary art. Which is why it hasn't become 'ours'. That role was never intended.

THE MIDDLESBROUGH SETTLEMENT

How We Eat is a programme of creative cooking sessions which explores where, what and how we eat with Trinity Youth Group, North Ormesby, Middlesbrough. Part of MIMA's Great Place Tees Valley project, the Middlesbrough Settlement is funded by Arts Council England and Heritage Lottery.

This week Elizabeth Homan explores Middlesbrough's much-loved bread bun, which she and the young people made in 2018.



Words and images by Elizabeth Homan, Barefoot Kitchen CIC

Boro Bread

Fadgies. There's a word. A word that has always been in my life, always been part of my family's life. Yet say it to anyone outside of Middlesbrough and they often just blink and say "what?", or as a colleague from Hartlepool once said to me; "Liz, I can't say it, it means something else entirely". I will leave that nugget there...

After some digging about, reading blogs and asking the world of social media, it seems a fadgie is very much a Boro thing. They have certainly travelled, but fadgies seem to have found their place in our local folklore with everyone's Nana or Grandma able to make the best. Soft, white, yeast intoxicating bread buns, with a tea towel draped over them in the boiler cupboard to prove. Fadgies should be Middlesbrough's food of choice, not the lauded parmo. I used to watch my Grandma make them, clicking her long, lovely nails off the kitchen table while she kneaded the dough, pinny on, rollers in her hair, deftly cutting the dough into triangles and leaving them to prove before picking the flour out of her nails with a butter knife. Boxing Day was the day I loved them most, eaten warm with slivers of leftover festive meat, crinkle cut chips and pickled beetroot.

Fadgies are a simple, single prove bread with no fancy ingredients and are great if you are beginning to bake. The use of lard seems to be important, I've used veg replacements in the past, but lard just seems to sit better with the fadgie alongside the memories of housecoats, curlers and sitting at the kids table. Best served warm with proper butter and a pot of tea. They don't keep well, but I've rarely known them last until they are cold.

On the next page is the recipe...



Ingredients

675g white bread flour
Pinch of salt
½ tsp sugar
1 sachet of dried yeast
1 good tbsp lard
400ml warm water

Method

1.

Mix together the flour, salt, sugar and yeast in a bowl.

2.

Add the lard and rub into the flour mixture with your fingertips until you have a crumbed mix.

3.

Add the water and bring together with your hands (if the mix is too wet, add a touch more flour, if too dry, add a touch more water).

4.

Turn out onto a floured surface and knead for 4-5 minutes until you have a smooth, elastic and silky dough.

5.

From into a rough square and cut out into 3 strips. Cut the strips into triangles, I do them quite small as the rise on these is fantastic, but whatever you fancy!

6.

Place onto a floured baking tray, cover with cling film or a damp tea towel and leave in a warm place for about 30-40 minutes until double in size.

7.

Heat the oven to 170°C, remove the covering and bake for 15 minutes. When they are cooked the buns should be browned and sound hollow when you tap their bottoms!



GROWING UP

Here we share tips from Community Campus Learning Garden. MIMA works with experts, students and artists who are passionate about the environment. Weekly sessions focus on food, ecology, horticulture and sharing skills with other gardening and growing enthusiasts.

DIY Decorations

Decorate your garden, yarden or window sill with these attractive decorations. Go large for impact or stay small to display around your home. There are no rules...

1.

Gather your bits: string, paper, cardboard, sticks, all the stuff you fancy.



2.

Draw! Use something to draw around or go freestyle. I'm going to do birds but it could be a fish, dog, car...



Words and Images: Kate Pounder

3.

Colour your bird in, or paint, stick glue with scraps of paper, whatever you have about the house. Then cut them out.

4.

Fold, fan or pleat your paper and pop it through a slit in the bird, so you can thread your paper wings through. You could do something similar with fish to give them tails.



5.

All done! Hang it in a plant or fly it in the trees.



Share pictures of
your decorations
with MIMA by
tagging
@mimauseful

OUR HOMES ARE A MUSEUM

Mick Jagger Scrapbook


One of my favourite possessions is a scrapbook of Mick Jagger pictures that I picked up in a junk shop in Greenwich about 10 years ago. It cost a few quid and it's a modest thing.

What art in your home do you think should be added to these pages? Each week we would love to share a piece from people's homes. We are really interested in art that speaks to you, or that has an interesting story. Send us a photograph of the artwork and 300-750 words describing what it is and what it means to you.



Words and images: George Vasey

The yellowing paper is held together with a couple of pieces of string. The person who made the book has obvious skill and the pictures are put together with formal




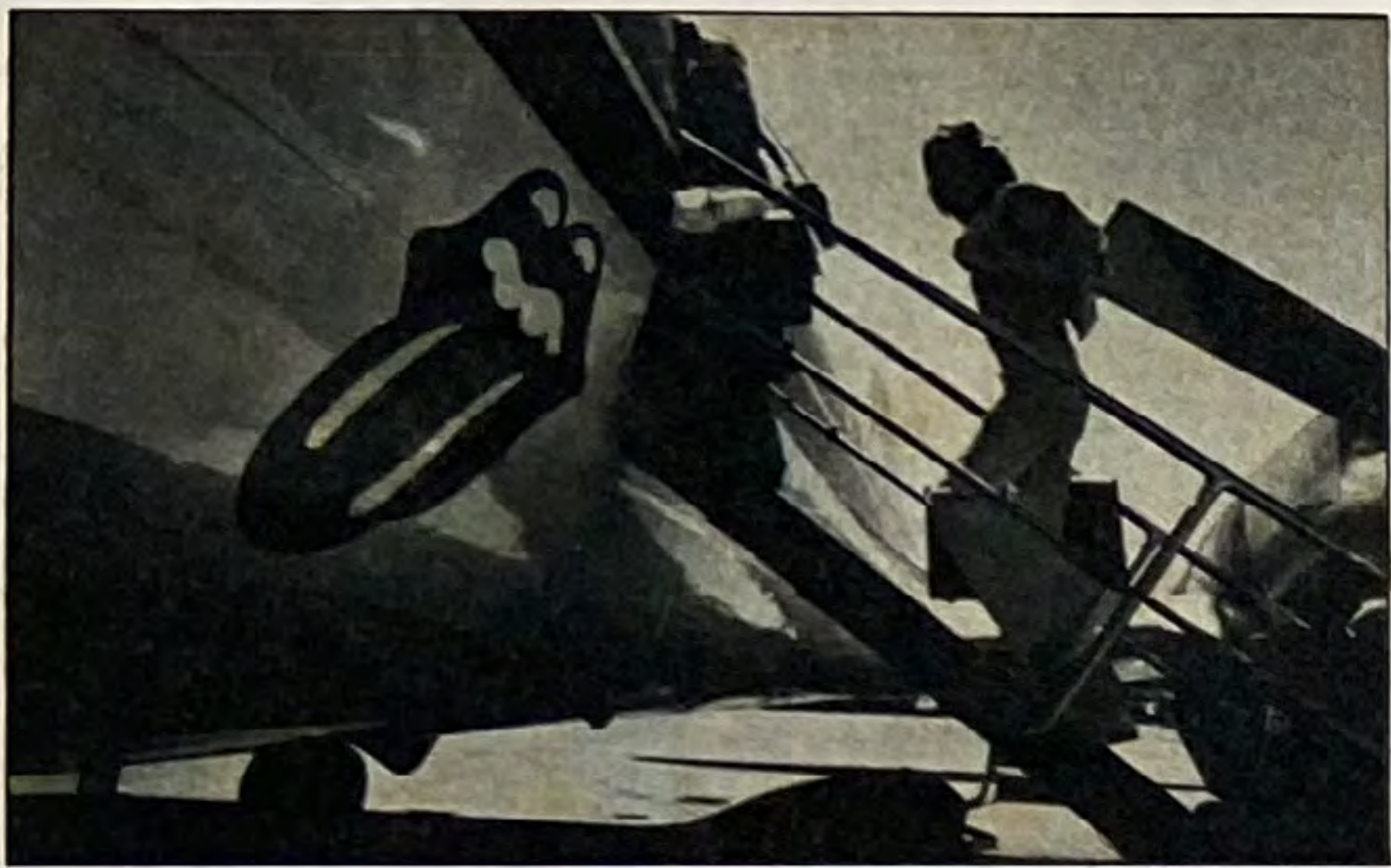
dexterity. Who made it? Where are they now? Are they still obsessed by The Rolling Stones' front man? Someone once said to me that it was made by Jagger's mum. Perhaps it was put together by rubbery lips himself?

It looks like it's from the early Eighties, with Jagger at his pinnacle, in the imperial phase. It's full of pictures of him pouting to the paparazzi and hanging around with glamorous super models. I imagine a teenager in Slough sitting on their bedroom floor, dissecting the latest copy of Smash Hits magazine, records piled in the corner with Sympathy For The Devil on repeat. The images offer up every available male archetype. Jagger with a full on beard doing his Jesus impression. Jagger in a tweed suit looking sulky. Jagger with his face to the side, eyes averted looking pensive. Pop star as chameleon; Jagger moving effortlessly between cherubic, bookish and amorous. Who do you want to be today? It's all here.

The scrapbook is a portal into the imaginative space of pop music. When I leaf through its pages I think about the amount of time it must have taken to make it. I think about the dishes washed and cars cleaned, gathering the pocket money together to buy the weekly and monthly magazines. I think about family and friends, attentively scanning the Sunday supplements eyes peeled for a sight of Jagger.

In buying the book I felt like I was rescuing it. By looking at it I feel like I'm reciprocating the care that has gone into making it. In my job I spend a lot of time looking at art made by other





people trying to get into their heads and understand where they are coming from. I'm reminded of a work by the artist Tom Friedman called '1000 Hours of Staring'. It's basically a blank piece of paper that the artist has supposedly stared at for 1000 hours. Has Friedman actually done what he has said? Who knows, but what I love about this work is that it distills ideas of attention and imagination. It's about art as a portal.

I'm a huge music fan and while I never made scrapbooks as a teenager, I would often close my eyes and imagine my own videos to visualise the music I was listening to. The scrapbook means a lot to me because I think it illustrates the power of art. I think about the importance of The Rolling Stones' music in this person's life and how — in making the scrapbook — the person was trying to capture those feelings. I've been thinking a lot about fandom recently. It's an uncool word; conjuring a sense of uncritical devotion. As someone professionally involved in contemporary art as a curator and writer I think about how I'm a professional fan in many ways. I'm making exhibitions rather than scrapbooks — waving my arms eagerly at artists until they notice me.



POSSIBLY BASED ON A TRUE STORY?

The Ballard of Peg Powler

Beware children stay within the trees.

Be careful children when you stray to the
banks of the Tees.

There lies old Peg. Waiting.

Beware her lair; for she will drag the foolish
wanderers there.

The water witch will drag to your doom and
the Tees will be forever your tomb.

She has her foam, and skin of green, pray
that you are in a dream.

Beware children stay within the trees.

Be careful children don't go near the Tees.

Words and Images: Jamie Sample

Do you have a tall tale
you would like to tell?

We are looking to
collect fanciful,
elaborate, potentially
exaggerated stories
about the Tees Valley.
Urban legends, local
myths, tales of the
unexplained...

Email your stories to:
info@
foundationpress.org

TEES VALLEY



Across

4. A Chris Rea song, which is also the French name for an inn (7)
7. Helena de Inferno, Alison Lawe, Ellen Thompson and Old Mother Midnight, all of Hart and Elwick, suffered punishment for being what? (7)
11. Glam rock band featured heavily in the Jamie Bell film 'Billy Elliot'. (1,3)
13. Irrate four-wheeled seaside (6)
16. Bartender rigs port in Boro's iconic landmark? (11,6)
17. Famous painter of Boro's Old Town Hall (5)
18. South Bank's 'Golden Boy' footballer: Wilf... (7)
19. Billingham Gladiator (3)
20. Which bottle-blond soft-rocker from round our way asked 'Is This Love?' in 1987? David... (9)
21. Mud loving creature, prehistorical resident of Stockton (5)
22. Middlesbrough's first mayor (7)
24. Metal; farmyard golf equipment (3,4)
25. River you might taunt (4)

Down

1. Teesside native Paul Rodgers, ended up being the frontman of which royally-named group after their singer passed away? (5)
2. Victorian time travellers gather at this attraction (7,4)
3. Not the kind of Topping you'd find on a pizza (9)
5. One of the most famous class of ships built at Smith's Dock (6)
6. Seaside cinema used as the end point for the famous beach scene in the 2007 film Atonement (6)
8. Famous Vin Garbutt song 'The Land Of...' (5,6)
9. A takeaway that isn't this is subpar, mother! (5)
10. This town is in our attic (5)
12. Supposedly asleep with his knights under Freebrough Hill? (4,6)
14. Mary quite contrary for this North Yorkshire town (4)
15. The 9th greatest comedy act ever, always shooting for the stars. (3,3,3)
23. If you listen to local born Florence Easton you might be a fan of the... (5)
24. Stockton and Darlington Railway founding family; North East's favourite pudding (5)

The Best Lie I Ever Told

My Grandfather John Fleming was born in 1913 and raised in Thornaby. During World War II he moved away from Teesside and I knew him living in Herefordshire with his wife Barbara who was originally from Lancashire. I used to go and visit from Sheffield where I was brought up and I was fascinated by the artifacts from their lives which filled their house.



Words: Mat Fleming
 Images: Andrew Fleming

Tell us about someone you remember -perhaps mothers, grandparents, old friends. A page to remember and share descriptions of people from your past.

 Send a description and any images to info@foundationpress.org

Above the fireplace was a watercolour painting of Roseberry Topping which John said was the first proper hill he ever went up as a boy. He said he'd resolved to go up it as a lad standing on the loo and admiring it through a high window. That watercolour would often get him telling stories of his youth exploring Teesside, Cleveland and the North Yorkshire hills. I was especially keen to hear those tales after I moved to the North East and wanted to learn about my new home. John loved the countryside;

he could speak knowledgeably, insightfully and poetically about everything from the formation of a whole landscape to the tiniest insects and flowers. He didn't only like the picturesque bits either; he was also a keen observer of country people, their culture, how they spoke, and especially the skills they used to look after their homes, the land, the crops and the livestock. John was an eternal student of all of this even though with more than half a lifetime living and working in rural Herefordshire he should really have considered himself a native.


Maybe the reason he sometimes spoke like an outsider was that his early life was spent in the industrial heart of Teesside. He said that as a boy he thought the sun was red, it was the only colour he ever saw it. The family lived close to Head Wrightson, the iron works where his dad Herbert worked as a clerk. Herbert's wife Florence had been a milliner before they had married. John told me that his proper introduction to the countryside was the result of what he called 'the best lie I ever told'. He would have been around 8 years old and this fib changed the course of his life. By extension it changed all our lives in the family because of how it opened doors for him at a formative age.

One winter young John developed a nasty cough. Ever fearful of TB (not least because Florence had family in Glasgow*) the doctor asked if there wasn't a relative living out of town whom John might be able to stay with to get some fresh air. As it happened his aunt Laura lived in West Ayton in North Yorkshire and he was duly packed off to stay with her. She and her husband Will ran the post office there since Will had returned from the gold rush with a little money. Not long after John got there the matter of schooling came up. This is how I remember John retelling that brief conversation:

"Well, I suppose we'd better get you registered at school then."

"Oh, no, the doctor said I wasn't to go to school."

And that was it. It just popped out and he was taken at his word, no grown-ups from back home were there to contradict him. So because his aunt and uncle were busy with their work, and I suppose because of the different attitudes people took back then towards children he was left more or less to his own devices roaming the countryside the whole spring and summer long.





John and Barbara with their eldest 3 children Andrew, Richard and Jane

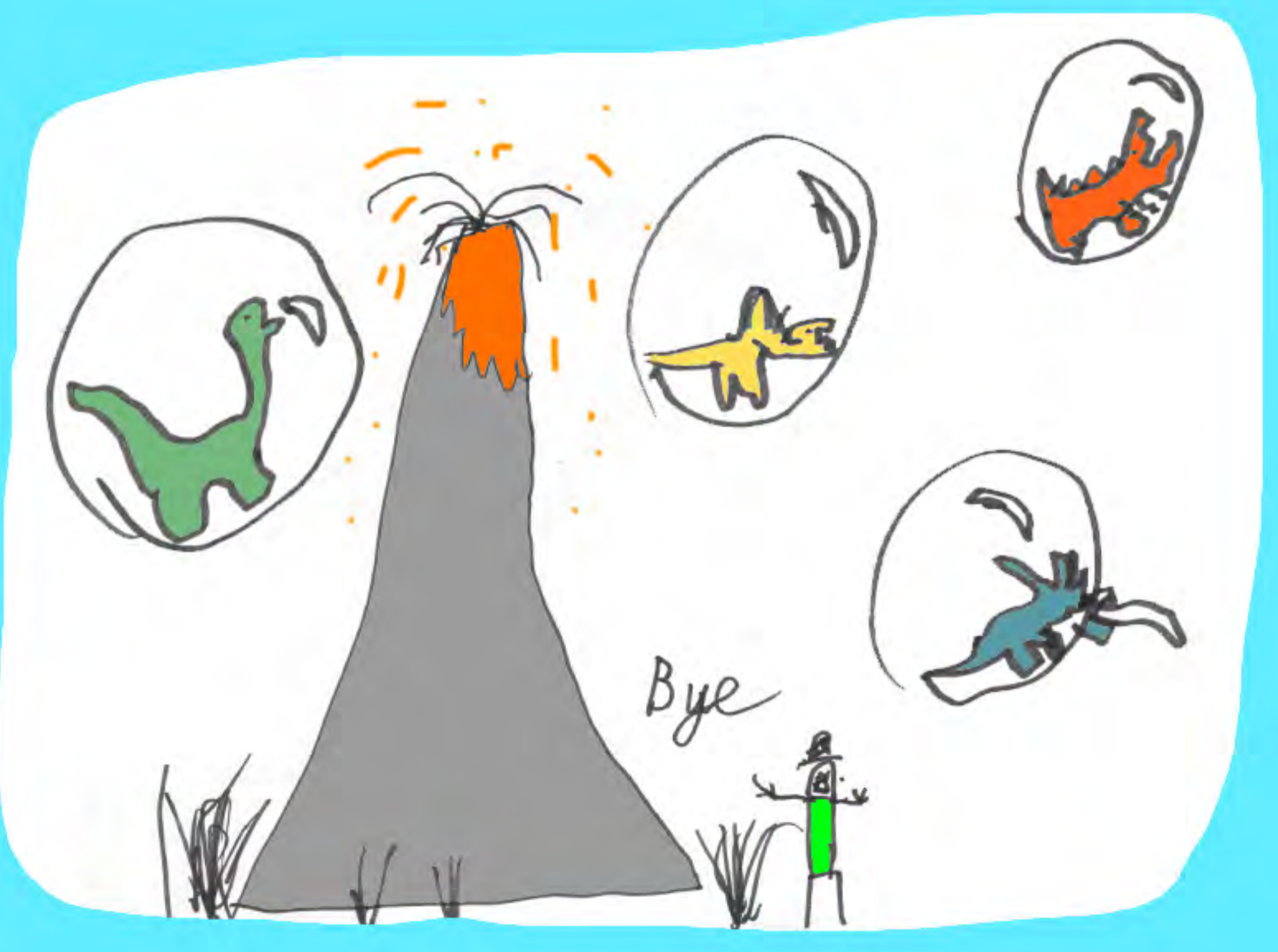
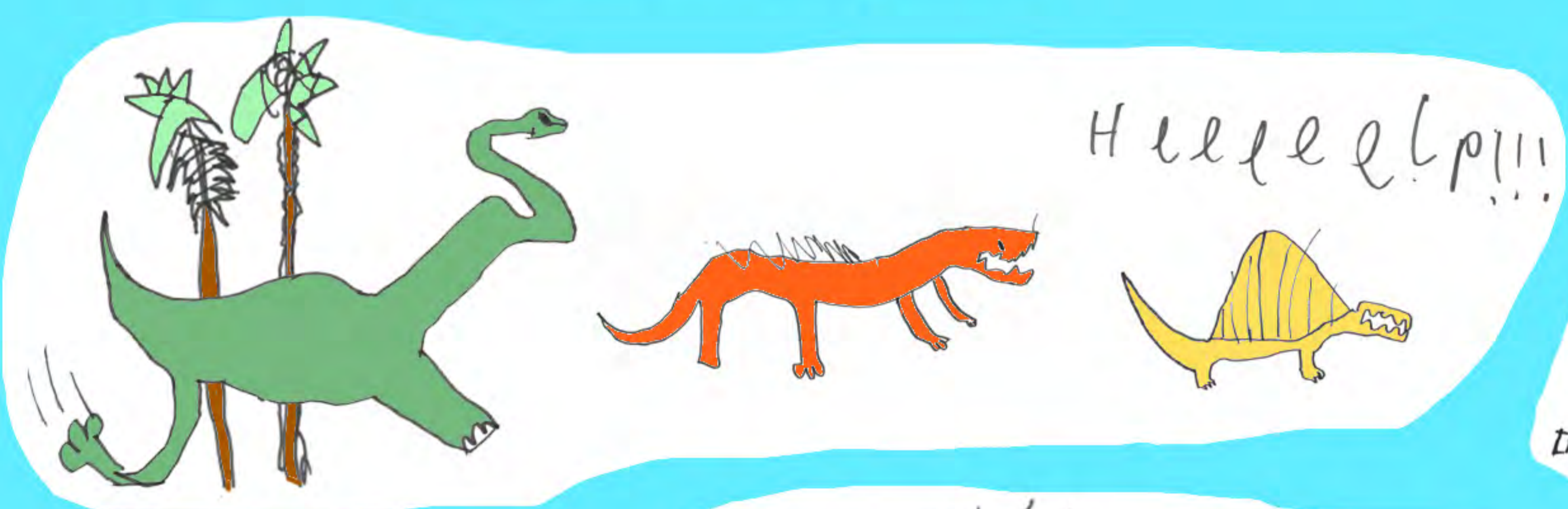
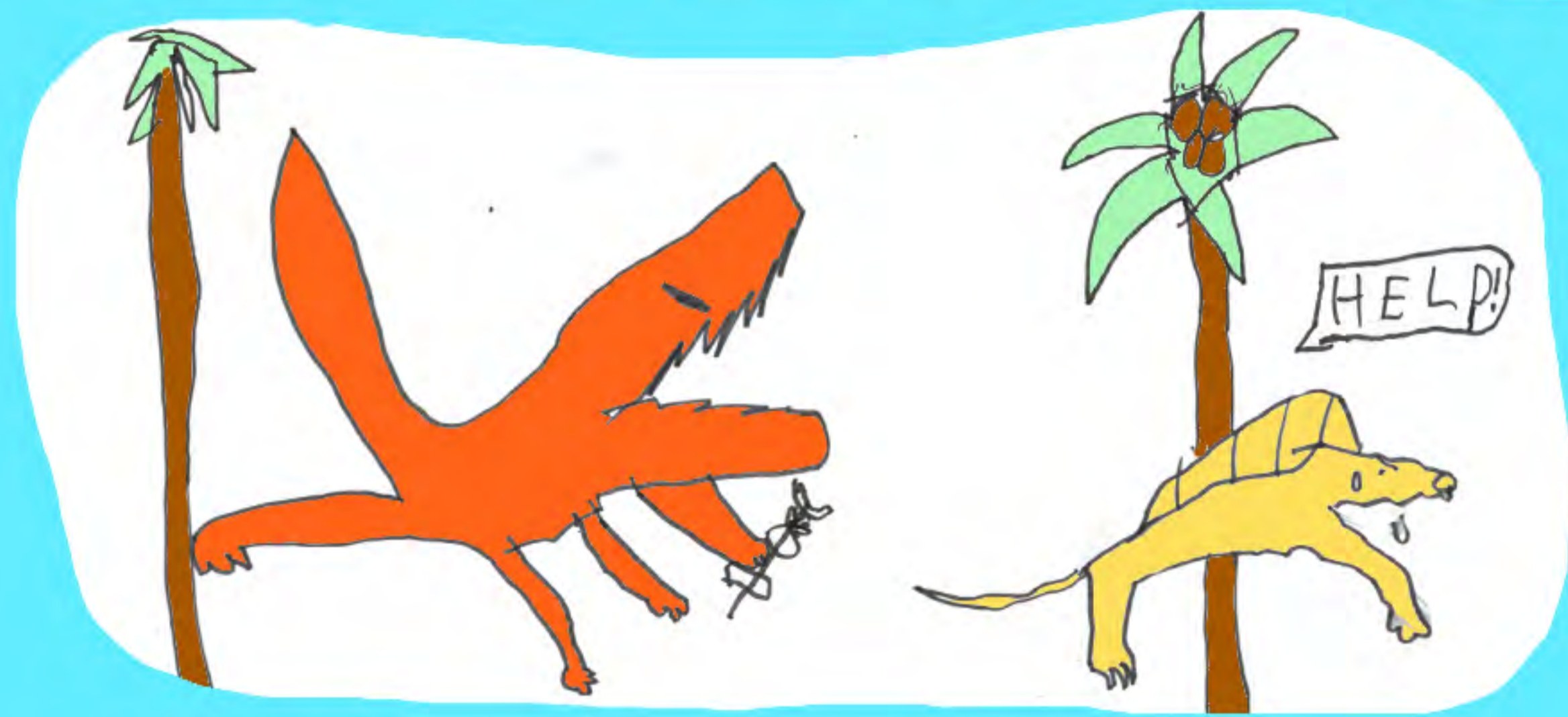


That's really the whole story except for how it changed his life. Not just because it was an utterly revelatory time for him, where he gained the love of nature and the outdoors which he carried on his whole life. The atmosphere at his childless aunt's was lighthearted compared to what was going on at home. She'd let him take a chocolate bar from the shop in the morning and away he'd go. He'd also found his great escape from the life he might otherwise have been expected to lead. He always used to say he never got on much with boys his own age and I don't want to cast aspersions about Teessider masculinity but I think he might have been just a bit soft for the average 1920s schoolyard.

He eventually got hold of a push bike and that was it, he was off. He explored far and wide, often overnight, sometimes with his sisters Kay and Sylvia. It was a short step to joining the Labour League for Youth in the 30s when his dad was suffering unemployment. He became part of that whole movement of working class people making their own further education above the factory smoke, exchanging progressive new ideas some of which would coalesce to bring about positive change for people after the war. He and Barbara met on one of these socialist outings. They met on the bus and he apparently rescued her from a bore, lecturing the girls about Russian literature. John and Barbara had four children and 11 grandchildren, some of us have children of our own now. We're all pretty different of course and there are lots of family and experience we don't share. But I still reckon we all carry around the benefit of that childhood lie John told and the opportunity he seized to make new discoveries about his world almost 100 years ago •

* Tuberculosis (TB) was a major public health problem in the West of Scotland and especially Glasgow in the first half of the twentieth century.

Starting...



ENTERTAIN ME

Weekly Thunk

Philosophical fun for all the family. A thunk is a simple question with NO right or wrong answer. It makes you stop and think about the world around you. The thunk for this week is:

Can you touch a rainbow?

Isla Falloon Recommends

The Big Show Show
(Netflix)

The Healing Powers of Dude (Netflix)

This week Isla, a year 5 Agent of Change an Art Ambassador for MIMA's schools programme gives us her fun family recommendations.

Jamie's Jammin'

Song: *Get Lucky*
Artist: Daft Punk

Jamie is the award-winning MIMA Community Day volunteer who brightens up everyone's day. Here he shares top tunes for isolation boogies.

YouTubing?

Title: *The Way Things Go*
Artists: Peter Fischli & David Weiss
Year: 1987
Duration: 30 mins
[Click Here](#)

The Way Things Go is not only a classic piece of video art – but also a truly hypnotic watch. The video documents an elaborate chain reaction of materials reacting to each other set up in the artists' studio. Fischli & Weiss threatened to take legal action against Honda for a popular advert, which borrowed elements of the artwork, in 2003.

Share your stories, photographs and letters in future issues of MIMAZINA.

WE NEED YOU!

CONTRIBUTIONS WANTED, INCLUDING:

LOCKDOWN FAN ART

We are looking for hand-drawn fan art celebrating something you have enjoyed during lockdown, it could be a TV show, book, music album or a daily walk or job.

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?!

Share a picture of your activities and creative work.

OUR HOMES ARE A MUSEUM

Send pictures of an artwork from your home that you love or that has an interesting story behind it.

TEES VALLEY TREASURE

Suggest intriguing artefacts from the Tees Valley. We are interested in a real variety and those that have a story to tell! They can be historical or more recent.

FOLK STORIES

Tell us about someone you remember – perhaps mothers, grandparents, old friends. A page to remember and share descriptions of people past.

BASED ON A TRUE STORY?

Share your own stories and myths relating to the region. It could be an urban legend, folk story or a tale of the unexplained.

ONE-OFF ARTICLES

Write us a short article on a subject of your choosing. We are specifically interested in writing relating to personal experience of lockdown and the Tees Valley past, present and future.

Notes for submissions:

- Content should be sent via email to info@foundationpress.org
- Please keep written contributions to less than 1000 words.
- Please only submit content that you would be happy for us to publish in MIMAZINA.
- We will try our best to share as much content as possible but cannot guarantee to publish all suggestions and content we receive.
- Content may be edited before publication.
- Content should be appropriate for audiences of all ages.

MIMAZINA #7

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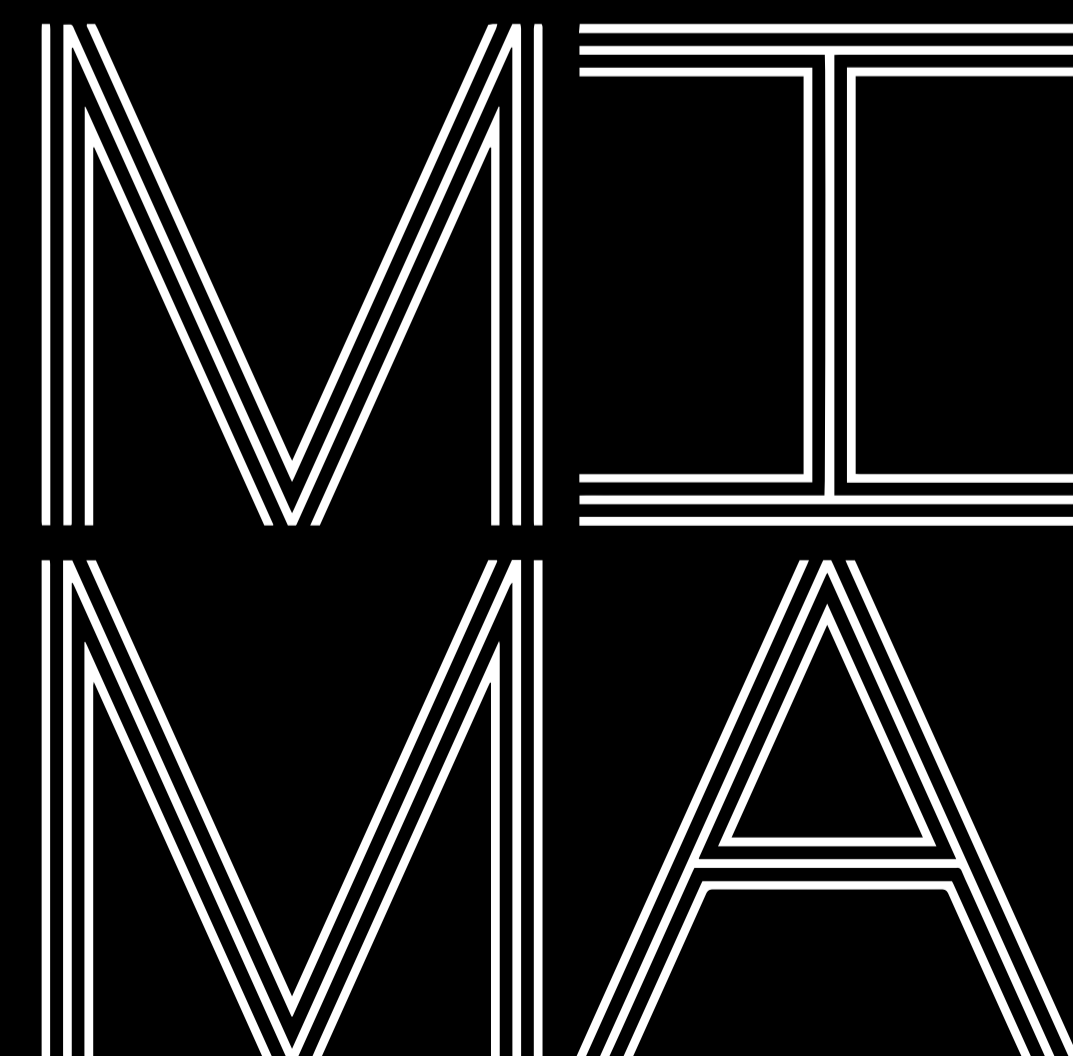
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**That's all for now –
see you next week.**