

# NORTH

Volume 2

Featuring

Abigail Moss-Coomes p.17 Becca Wood p.20  
Charles Stanton p.24 David Lester p.26  
Jason Rose p.30 Kirsty Burston p.32 Ryan Wagstaff p.34  
Seing Ta p.36 Tom Rees p.38  
Andrea Carroll p.44 Nicola Brophy p.46

*With...*

Jonathan Purcell p.04 Lauren Jo Kelly p.53  
John van Aitken p.58  
□ Kevin Crooks p.64

# Jonathan Purcell

there is no city. only us.

Imagine the city. Only now. A moment. In this instance, a population of unfolding thoughts, emotions and drama. Moments. Each enriched and constructed in conjunction with the landscape that surrounds it. Politics of spaces. Territories. Alleyways, corners and doorways with an ever changing complexity of interaction, situation and emotion. The intricacies of human being. The collisions and the chaos, the euphoria and the despair, the subplots and the sideshows, the voyeurism and the voyages. In the city. The desperation to return and the longing to leave. Each life and each moment a glorious equal. There is no city. Only us.

In collaboration with Philip Michael Morris  
 Images by Jonathan Purcell  
 Words by Phillip Michael Morris



Kirsty watched the clock. The dawn forecourt was deserted and she admired the light and the reflections. There was beauty there that she knew others could not see. At six Bryan would relieve her and continue selling fuel to the taxis and the miscreants. She knew he would read all the pornography. She finished her Snickers and leant on her hand, nursing a stolen library copy of Murakami. She glanced at the camera in the corner and made sure her card reader was out of sight. She didn't rip everyone's card. Only the people with poor footwear. They deserved it.





dennis Kirkham backed his own horse with the same desperate luck. The hammer that struck his left metacarpal was well judged and deserved. a dramatic lieu of payment, but not his first. The emergency department's automatic doors hushed to a close behind him. his freshly bandaged hand ached as the silver splint flashed morning light. he slid the stolen greeting card in his blazer pocket and spotted a discarded half smoked cigarette at his feet. opposite, Blackmeadow hill pointed home past Flat 421a. If he walked quickly he would be home to make her breakfast. and wish her happy Birthday.

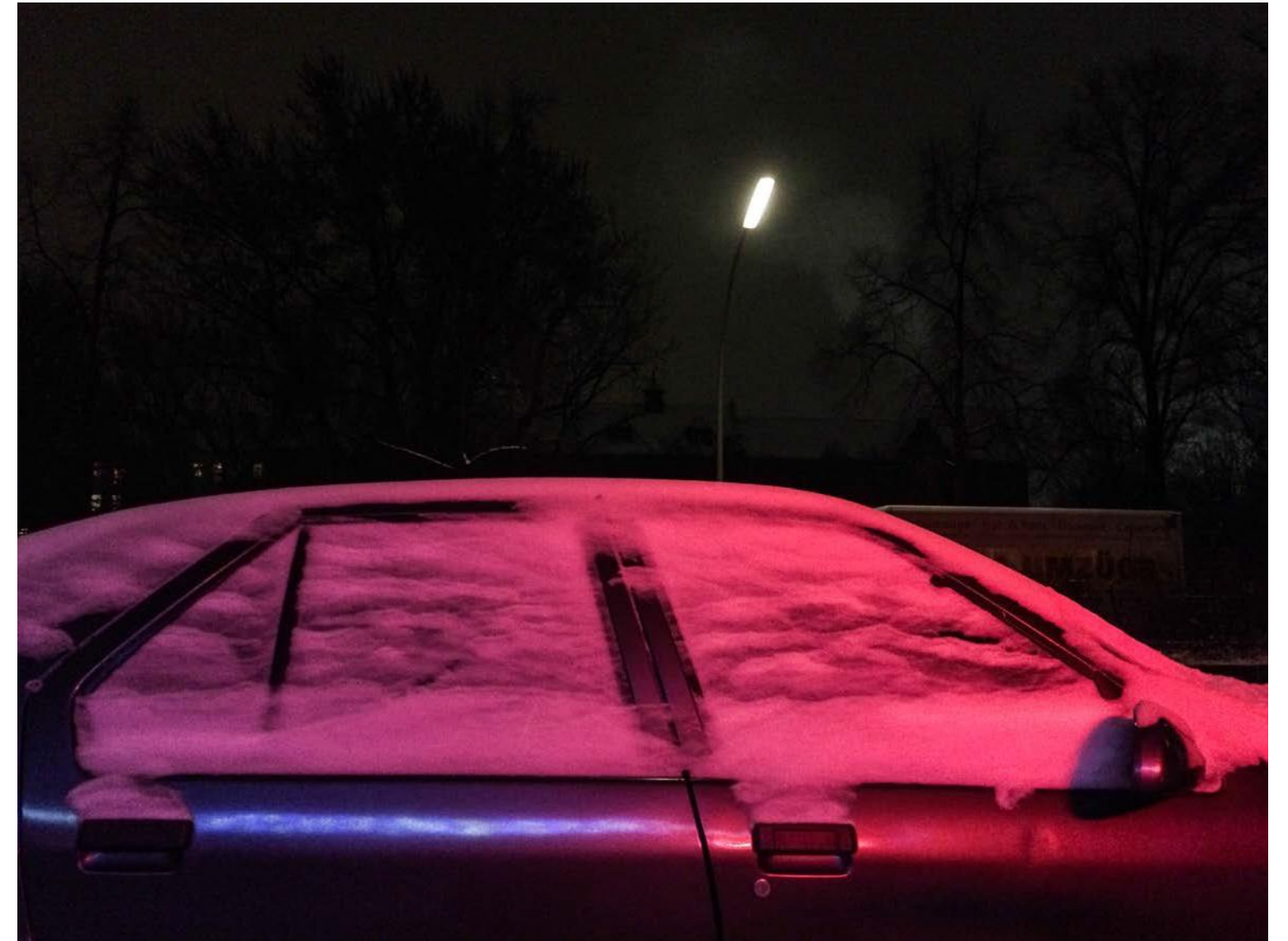


William John Godwin did not wake, in spite of the crash of the glassware in the street outside. an early morning was seldom his to know. Snookered in a disheveled terrace that was once his mother's, his cue lay at the bottom of the stairs in its case. Blue chalk still marked his left hand. Just another morning. he fought life with bitterness and old excuses that convinced only himself. There was no future, only now. Sleep without dreams. he dribbled and smeared the chalk across his face as the bin lorry pulled away. he was rubbish at snooker too.





Tired, Samuel Banner freewheeled down Union Street. his bronchioles braced by freezing air that came in with daggers from the ocean. he had three hours on the government inspectors, before they would blame his failing school on him and not the deprivation they ignored. Pedalling around the hairpin, the splendour of civic buildings arched in a municipal velodrome. he recollected his interview twenty years before and stopped to admire St Bartholomew's School on the hill. he wanted one last walk around on his own. he had already decided that he was going to punch the lanky one in the face.



erstwhile ronald Jacobs hurled the orange peel into the bushes as juice ran down his chin. his calloused hands mimicked the cracked concrete service road on the fringes of the industrial estate. The bus stop to his left was similarly neglected. across the road beyond the gorse and the wooden fence, he saw the first floor light come on. her naked silhouette appearing at the bathroom window unaware. he rolled the pips across his teeth as she stepped out of view into the shower. You could set your watch by her. his bus was not due for another fourteen minutes.





arthur Visqueen was motionless and bent thirty degrees forward in aisle five. he combed what remained of his hair in the reflection of the freezer chests that ran the length of the frozen food section. he saw a younger man in his reflection and not the pallid nuisance that he had become. he liked it here and often visited when he could not sleep. Twenty-four hour retail brought function and company, but his conversation never quite connected. It pushed people away and most of the staff sought to avoid him. everyone except Carole Transom, who had a use for him.



Buzzed up fuzzy. Warm. Jacqueline blew a slow motion breath of nicotine and relief. Three lanes of heavy traffic began to clear from the rush hour inside her head. escape from the power-pointed passive aggression. her seat upon the nibbled concrete step, looking down upon the broken traffic lights and the converging crossroad commuters. She marveled at the simple democracy unfolding. a spectacle of coexistence and exchange. Shift workers and office angels extending courtesy and fairness. harmony and civic symmetry. Waving each other home with their reflected smiles. New possibilities. a better place. and no red lights, only green ones.

Jonathan Purcell is Photographer and lecturer, based between Berlin and Manchester. his practice is exploring the 'everyday' through photographing places whilst wandering and people by convening. [jonathanpurcell.eu](http://jonathanpurcell.eu)

Philip Michael Morris writes novels and short stories. his work has appeared in the *New Welsh Review*, *Architectural Review* and published by *Capsica*. @PhilipMMorris

Graduates  
&  
Postgraduates  
years 2013–2016

Abigail Moss-Coomes

becca Wood

Charles Stanton

David Lester

Jason Rose

Kirsty Burston

Ryan Wagstaff

Seing Ta

Tom Rees

Andrea Carroll

Nicola Brophy

## School of Journalism and Media

dr andreW ireland  
executiVe dean

John holloWay  
head oF school

alan keegan  
programme leader

## Photography department

John Van aitken  
Ba & ma course leader

dr gary BratchFord  
senior lecturer

daVid dennison  
lecturer

Joanna garrett  
technician

adam mead  
lecturer &  
technical demonstrator

Brian Jmorrison  
lecturer

Jonathan purcell  
lecturer

markreeVes  
lecturer

daVid schoField  
senior technician

dan tierney  
lecturer &  
technical demonstrator

## North

project manager  
Brian J morrison

designed By  
Ben mclaughlin

printed By  
unicum/gianotten printed media

With a special thanks to the  
continued support From the uniVersity  
oF central lancashire, preston

puBlished noVemBer 2016  
isBn 978-1-909755-08-6

First published 2016 by the University of  
Central Lancashire, Preston, pr1 2he.

all rights reserved. No part of this publication  
may be reprinted or reproduced or utilised in any  
form or by any electronic, mechanical or other  
means, now known or hereafter invented, including  
photocopying and recording, or in any information  
storage or retrieval system, without permission  
in writing from the publishers.

a catalogue record for this publication is available  
from the British Library.

Part of The Great Northern Creative Festival,  
The Fieldworks Conference and the Photography  
research Group.

WWW.uclan.ac.uk  
WWW.photouclan.com





voluMe 2

ISBN:

978-1-909755-08-6

