i•see

public artwork

County Durham

Barnard Castle / Bishop Auckland / Chester-le-Street / Chilton / Consett / Durham City / Easington / Framwellgate Moor / Leadgate / Murton / Newton Aycliffe / Peterlee / Seaham / Shildon / Spennymoor / Teesdale / Ushaw Moor / Wynyard /

Pasmore Apollo Pavillion / The Upper Room / The Lambot Worm / The Old Transformers / The Bath / Parish Markers / Terris Novalis / Durham Cow / Jolly Drovers Maze / Sheep at Low Force / Charybdis / The Roundy / The Gala Theatre / Wynyard Gateway Bridge / Sculpture in the Park / Light Engine / Jewels of the Sea / Hawthorn Wordworks / Imagining Aurora / Spennymoor Letters / Civic Heart / Enlightenment / 200 Million Years / The Journey / Chilton Prospect / The Box / In Our Image / Plexus /

Durham Skybowl /

Henry Amos / Andrew Burton / Dan Civico / Tony Cragg /
Jo Fairfax / Peter Fink / Linda France / Peter Freeman /
Sanahayan Ghosh / Andy Goldsworthy / Joseph Hillier /
Kathryn Hodgkinson / David Kemp / Fenwick Lawson /
Ira Lightman / Gavin Marshall / Andrew McKeown /
Stephen Newby / Maddi Nicholson /
Nandita Palchoudhuri / Victor Pasmore /
William Pye / William Pym / Colin Rose /
Pal Svensson / Jim Unsworth /
Simon Watkinson / Richard Wentworth /
Colin Wilbourn / x-site /
Welcome!

*i-see public artwork County Durham* will introduce young people and teachers to a range of artworks in and around the Durham area.

The guide brings together – for the first time – information on 30 different pieces of public art in the area. The projects span a time period of over 35 years: some are well loved and familiar, others are still ideas. The artists range from internationally established figures to the up and coming.

Many of the featured projects have been developed with local people but commissioned by different authorities and organisations. Public art can enhance our environment and challenge our perceptions. Alongside each project is a series of questions designed to provoke debate in the classroom and beyond.

**Notes for discussion, groups and teachers**

The series of *i-see* public art guides aims to provide a resource to support the development of children’s learning and cultural awareness of the environment.

The questions have been written by poet Anna Woodford and aim to stimulate debate and to encourage the use of these public artworks as an educational resource across the curriculum. This approach demonstrates how learning about the local environment can be transferred from classroom to geographical location and offer opportunities to engage children of all abilities.
It is in exactly the right place and exactly the wrong place.

Head for the Sunny Blunts Housing Estate. Go past the playing fields, past the first rows of houses and then take a left: things take a funny turn. There is – what, exactly? The Pavillion. Some call it The Pasmore Pavillion or The Apollo Pavillion.

For some it is the ugly-beautiful height of modernism, others can’t see past the kids who hang off it. Part-inspired by the architecture of Malta, it has been standing (out) in the cooler climes of Peterlee since 1973 – the date of the first moon landings. Every year it appears to get squarer and squatter. Graffiti came and went.

Until now. That was then. This is 2009. The Pavillion is being restored. Its original staircase and feature lighting are being reinstated. Its concrete cleaned up. Designed by Victor Pasmore, an artist long-dead who is up there in the National Gallery with Turner. What would it take to shift the Pasmore Pavillion? It has its own Facebook site dedicated to protecting it.

Where do you stand on it? Look at the questions it raises:

What would you do with it?

Do only people in the know love it (architects, artists, etc)?

Could you learn to love it?

What is it for?

Should new buildings around the estate be built to blend in with The Pavillion?

Can everyone appreciate art?
You’re on the right track then you’re starting to wiggle. Veering left then right.

You’re walking into the artist’s hands. Andy Goldsworthy is at it again. He is messing with the paths round here, messing with your mind. Slowing you up. Spinning you round. Drawing you deeper into a maze where every everyday blade of grass is precious, worth lingering over.

It breaks up the journey. “It’s a bit of delight”, the man pedalling the Coast to Coast route breathlessly tells me. It lightens the cyclist’s load.

Can art improve on nature?

How is this artwork different from Andy Goldsworthy’s ‘Lambton Worm’ earthwork? Is it?

LOCATION
Leadgate

ARTIST
Andy Goldsworthy

MATERIALS
Earthwork

YEAR
1989

Jolly Drovers Maze

Is it more important to experience art than to look at it?
Is this earthwork more art or more nature?

Here is where the path goes crazy. Curly-wurly. Uppy-downy. Suggesting all the roads untaken. Forking and slithering. It could drive you round the bend. Round and round it. Taking the scenic route. Where there is no simple path from A to B. It is slippery. Celebrating the joy of not getting anywhere. Getting in deeper. Not arriving.

This earthwork takes you where the straight road can’t. There is no meeting in the middle without expansive swerving.

Wheeeeee! It is like turning a card with PTO on either side. Over and over.

Meanwhile, all around, the book of grass gets deeper and thicker, sinking the paths. Water pools. Crisp bags and cans and balls collect (occasionally fridges) Some cyclists are thrown by it. Some drive at it headlong on their BMXs.

Local people call this sculpture ‘The Lambton Worm’, after the legend of a monster who lived in the area nearby. The artist – Andy Goldsworthy – says it has nothing to do with this. Should people be able to interpret an artwork how they like?

Is it more important that people enjoy an artwork and use it, or that it is tidy?

If people cut the grass around this earthwork would they be interfering with it?

The Lambton Worm

LOCATION
Chester-le-Street

ARTIST
Andy Goldsworthy

MATERIALS
Earthwork

YEAR
1989
You happened upon it. Down by the river near Durham Cathedral. People try to tell you about it now.

There was a ring of carved trees. Inside the circle, everything was laid out for a picnic. There were carved wooden plates, wooden food and drink – all the things that connect us. When you sat on the wooden seat, you were at the Last Supper. Everything suddenly came together: the wooden wineglasses, the 12 places. There were no disciples. You had to imagine them. Not hard. Given where you were sitting. In the shadow of the great Cathedral. Above your head, bells were ringing. Maybe angels were singing.

It wasn’t meant to last for ever. After ten years it got worn away. The memory of it lingers. People carry the Upper Room in the backs of their minds. Sometimes they forget, and direct you to it – as though it was still there, down by the river.

Can you improve on art with your imagination?

LOCATION
Durham City

ARTIST
Colin Wilbourn

MATERIALS
Wood

YEAR
1989

Is the memory of art as good as the art itself?

Should a new artwork be built where the Upper Room was?
These two alone have been saved from the scrapheap. Square-jawed, broad-shouldered: they are solid, dependable as my grandfather, and all the men like him who worked on the land round here in coal and steel, who had steel running through them.

Rain bounces off them. Wind isn’t a bother. They have been left to rust, put out to grass. Marking a point in the middle of nowhere, bringing cyclists up short.

Is rust part of the attraction of these sculptures or should they be cleaned up?
There are many strange things under the sun. Of all of these I would mention one. The bath that appeared out of the blue. Under the eye of the old town clock. It perched on a balcony in Bishop Auckland. High above the everyday marketplace.

Odd thing. People craned their necks to see. Who would use it? The idea of someone taking a bath up there challenged the gravity of the clock tower. It seemed to threaten official business.

Six foot. Made of plastic. Two hot taps. Designed to make you look. Twice. This bath wasn’t made to blend into the scenery. Then, one day it disappeared. People still talk about it. Some look for the next big thing up there. What next? A shower? A toilet? A flying pig?

LOCATION
Bishop Auckland

ARTIST
Maddi Nicholson

MATERIALS
PVC

YEAR
1996

Shall I Draw You A Bath My Dear

Would any bath look the same up there?
A walker picks up first on one chimney pot, then another. These boundary markers thread the Teesdale Way all the way from Rokeby Park to Barnard Castle.

They spur a walker on like a ‘hello’, like Kendal Mint Cake, like a donkey or a splash of colour.

There are twelve of them. Squat apostles. Huddled at becks, and stepping stones and fences. Their names are cut through them like seaside rock – look out at Lartington, at Hunderthwaite, at Egglestone Abbey.

Parish Markers

LOCATION
Teesdale

ARTIST
Richard Wentworth

MATERIALS
Cast iron

YEAR
1996

How are these boundary markers different from ordinary signposts?

Would you go on a walk just to see these boundary markers?

Do you think walkers see these boundary markers as art? Does it matter?
Let the sheep make sense of these strange instruments. Like spaceships landed on a windy outcrop. Here in Consett. Where trees must bend if they are not to break, and snow is quick to fall. Where steel was made, is Matalan now and KFC.

These structures stand stout on their beastly legs. They keep their place. Way out there. Communicating with the weather. Reporting back to somewhere on high. Up above.

They stand for ancient surveyors’ instruments – magnified 20 times. But who would know that? There are no signs to tell the passing cyclists.

Would this sculpture have worked indoors?

Should there be signs explaining this sculpture, or is it better not to know?
According to legend, Durham was built on the back of this cow. The legend of the cow, the monks and the wandering milkmaid. (apparently monks carrying St Cuthbert’s coffin bumped into a milkmaid who was out looking for her lost cow. Thinking she was a sign from above, they followed her and built the Cathedral on the ground where she led them).

But the little girl on the cow’s back doesn’t care about any of that. She climbs the battered rope of the cow’s spine. Her hands beat sighs from its wan bronze sides. When she can’t go any further, she sticks her head through the cow’s horns and stares at the sky.

The cow bears it. (And her feet – when she jumps off – in the sockets of its eyes.) And the rain and the cricket. Its features are drawn into a mask that suggest an ancient tribe. It looks odd sitting out here, but no odder than the bandstand.

**Durham Cow**

**LOCATION**
Durham Riverside

**ARTIST**
Andrew Burton

**MATERIALS**
Bronze

**YEAR**
1997

*Do you know the legend of the Dun Cow? Do you care?*

*Is art a play-thing?*

*Do you think this cow is cute?*

*Do you think art like this should be incorporated into playgrounds?*
Charybdis

Does the sculpture work if you don’t see it in person.

With Charybdis, you have to be there. To see it? Yes. But to hear it. The sound sucks you in.

Go as close as you can to the sculpture. Be drawn up the semi-circle of steps that surround it. Above the noise of people, cars, your own breathing – you can hear water endlessly repeating itself. Holding forth. Echoing, and arguing with itself.

Installed within the grounds of a spa hotel, Charybdis might look like the whirlpool baths and Jacuzzis inside but it has a colder, more sinister undercurrent. Put your hand in and let Charybdis lick your finger. Then step away. The sculpture is named after a sea-monster that (allegedly) swallowed whole boatloads of people. When the wind comes up, Charybdis can’t contain itself. Listen to it roar!

How is this sculpture different from a stream or a waterfall or a shower of rain?

Why is this sculpture in the grounds of a big hotel?

How much is this sculpture art? How much is it water?

Should you be able to hear a sculpture? And feel it? And smell it?

Why is there no signpost to explain who made Charybdis?
Will The Roundy still mean as much to people in Ushaw Moor in ten years time? Twenty?

Do you need to have worked in a mine to appreciate The Roundy?

There’s no getting over it. Getting past it. Awkward. Immoveable as history. The Roundy – the biggest one in the world – is landed in Ushaw Moor.

It is a slow-burner: an over-sized lump of coal. All the old men in the village know what a roundy is. None of the kids do. Not since the pit closed years ago.

It is the same with all the villages round here and they have their models of ponies and pit-wheels to commemorate the mines. But The Roundy sticks out. From every angle. Flattening all the flowers in its bed. Scaring the crows.

Does art have to mean something?
Sheep at Low Force

The artist argued that the most important part of this artwork was his interaction with the public – does art have to be visible?

It would take a heart of stone not to be moved by these two – carved onto the wall like topiary.

Round here where sheep are as common as muck, where they follow each other over the fields around Low Force: these two stand out. Apart from the flock. Testimony to the spirit of adventure. To those who wander. And those who create.

The hard bodies of these sheep – their dogged faces and matted fleeces – were made in the open air. In full view of the trampling public. The artist wanted to become a part of the scenery. It was an essential part of the process, he argued. Elemental.

He has gone home now. Leaving his sheep lagging behind him.

LOCATION
Low Force, Teesdale

ARTIST
Keith Alexander

MATERIALS
Stone

YEAR
2002
Counterweight:
It is hard to see at first, high above the box office. Missed by theatre-goers who are running late for dates or dashing for the loo.

It represents, according to the artist, the machinery of the theatre fly tower and lifts in a mineshaft.

I imagine a miner fetching up in this foyer. A ‘hewler’ or a ‘wailer’ mucky with smut at the end of the working day.

Seating:
The seats in the café remember the miners too. Glass inserts are lit from below like the boxes pitmen used to collect and fill with semi-precious stones. They are far too good to sit on, one woman comments hauling off her child.
Is it important for people to know when they have seen art?

A bridge is always half-way to heaven.

Here, on this dry stretch of A689, an artist has fanned the sides of the bridge out into colour. Green down one side, yellow down the other. It is not designed to stop the traffic. Just make the long road ahead a little easier.

The people in cars blink and they miss it. Exotic insect hovering for a second or so above their bonnets.
Sculpture in the Park

Every so often things in the park get colourful. There was the time a pink lady hare frolicked with a big brown dog. Steel elephants played ball. A girl-child with a cat’s head sprung up among the trees. Joe Public – a man cast in bronze, going nowhere – made passers-by stop and wonder. Schoolchildren were drawn in from all over the county on big yellow buses.

One year, a dinner service was laid out for a giant’s picnic. Another, small naked figures parted the grasses.

Every so often in May different sculptures come. Then in October they go. All standing for contemporary art, whatever else they stand for. Strange and delicate flowers. Unpredictable as weather.

Can art improve on flowers?
How do you read this signal? This crazy beacon at the end of the line, in the middle of where? All of Shildon’s railway history is now a museum.

Mixed-up traffic light. Flaming totem. The light sculpture stands for communication. New-ways-of-doing-things. The space age the old boys on the railway could only have dreamt of.

Text an old engine name and set the lights a-blazing. The sculpture beams back at you day or night. It cuts through the darkness that settles over Shildon. This signal refuses to die. People can text it – make a connection – from the houses across the road. Or from anywhere. Hong-Kong. Timbuktu.

Light Engine

You need a mobile phone to fully interact with this sculpture. Which is the most effective way of communicating with people – art or technology?

There is already a museum at Shildon, is an artwork needed here?

LOCATION
Shildon

ARTIST
Peter Freeman

MATERIALS
Steel, LED lighting

YEAR
2004

Should art be concerned with the future or the past?
Jewels of the Sea

Where the pit stood, houses have sprung up. Big and bigger houses. Ahead is clear blue water. Clean beach flags are flying. These are the jewels of the sea. Coils and swirls and strung and unstrung pearls for kids to swing from. What do they stand for? Diatoms, the sign tells us, for the unfolding regeneration. It is in the air all around East Shore.

The largest jewel looks like nothing so much as a backbone. A pitmen’s backbone that won’t be broken. It rises from the once-more fertile ground.

Would you like a piece of art outside your house?

What are Diatoms?

Why is there not a statue of a miner here?

Does art need to stand for anything?

Where the pit stood, houses have sprung up. Big and bigger houses. Ahead is clear blue water. Clean beach flags are flying. These are the jewels of the sea. Coils and swirls and strung and unstrung pearls for kids to swing from. What do they stand for? Diatoms, the sign tells us, for the unfolding regeneration. It is in the air all around East Shore.

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Would you like a piece of art outside your house?

What are Diatoms?

Why is there not a statue of a miner here?

Does art need to stand for anything?
Is poetry out of place anywhere?

See how poetry thrives here. On this decontaminated land between grassland and overpowered by an electricity substation.

See how the poems have sprung up like flowers. How hardy they are: built to last on iron posts rooted to the earth, fired by a blacksmith.

See these words as elemental. They are connected with water, earth, air – all the things we need.

This is no place for daffodils or fluffy lambs. See how poetry survives without them – out in the open, embracing ill winds.

Is anything a fit subject for a poem?

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Can art change your view of a place?

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Is poetry out of place anywhere?
There is possibility all around us. Connections sparking. Ideas lightbulb-ing. Above us there is nothing to hem us in but the limits of our own thinking and these dazzling silver balls.

They remind us we are connected to the sun. And each other. They twitch with every move we make, cause ripples around the room.

It is done by a network of electro-magnets. And radio antennas. And sensors. Here in the hub of the Science Learning Centre, science is behind everything we do. But these 233 acrylic balls uplift us. And show there is room in our lives for art too.

**Imagining Aurora**

**LOCATION**
Framwellgate

**ARTIST**
Henry Amos

**MATERIALS**
Mixed media

**YEAR**
2005

**Are art and science separate?**

**Should science receive more money than art?**

**Are scientists cleverer than artists?**

**Is an artistic discovery more important than a scientific discovery?**

And all along the High Street poems are thrown in: above The Flower Shop, The Bingo Hall, William Hill. Above the signs for ‘pie’s’ and ‘we buy gold’ there are signs of poems that spell out Spennymoor.

I crane my neck to catch the words of Thomas Conlan (75, retired miner) who wrote 35 poems in his desire to be exhibited here. A man comes up and stands beside me: ‘What are you looking at up there, a gold crested Grebe?’

Would more people read a poem on a wall than in a book?

Spennymoor Letters

LOCATION
Spennymoor

ARTIST
Ira Lightman
Dan Civico

MATERIALS
Perspex

YEAR
2006

Lots of members of the public were involved in writing poems for this project. Do you think local people should contribute to art projects or is it better left to professional artists?

How is this project different from grafitti? Is it?

Will these letters put Spennymoor on the map?
Look what has arisen in the marketplace. Above the clack of tongues and clatter of coins. Above the stallholders’ Saturday patter. A puffed-up arch. An old lady’s rain-hood. A swollen sunset. A cover for the town’s dealings with sides so padded that it looks like kids could take a run at them, and bounce off or be absorbed. All around the arch benches are inscribed with words for passers-by to pick up and turn over. Perhaps to take home, with their bargains. Try a few – ‘the black gold’, ‘miners’ galleries’.

This is art lit-up and in-amongst-it. Jostling for prime position with Tesco and the pub and church. Overhead trains sweep past to London, but the arch says stop a while. Shelter here.

Is the arch there to keep people dry?

Can the arch compete with the viaduct and nearby Durham Cathedral?

Do you prefer art or shopping?

Do poems belong on benches or in books?
200 Million Years

Come on in. The water’s lovely. Drift off to another time. Doggy-paddle down the centuries. You’re headed for swamps and marshlands. You’re turning into ancient man.

Here is where imagination floats. Where everyday playing fields are screened off by otherworldly plants. Plants that thrived two million years ago. That are from the Triassic and Jurassic periods. They are dinosaurs now.

See how they thrive by the still waters of our pool, a stone’s throw from the River Wear. These plants have come from fossils, been recreated with the help of the University’s Botanic Garden. They are cast in glass, fired by the artist’s vision.

Do these plants look more exciting than local plants you’d find now?

LOCATIION
Durham

ARTIST
Gavin Marshall

MATERIALS
Glass

YEAR
2007

Would a real display of plants be better here?

Why did the artist choose to put these plants by a swimming pool?

Would this artwork encourage you to exercise?
Trust your eyes. They will not deceive you. If you look hard enough, two watery eyes will appear under Framwellgate Bridge.

They are made from miners’ helmets. They shine for the pitmen who worked in darkness while, above them, fuelled by their labours, homes were lit up and enlightened.

Close your eyes. And keep looking. The way the artist did. The way she saw these eyes before they existed. They way you can imagine things. The sculpture celebrates also the inner eye. The power of looking that you hold inside you.

All around Durham City late in 2008, there were tricks of the light. Shops and the post-office shimmered after hours. If you walked across Elvet Bridge you entered India. Two bamboo arches, inspired by Calcutta’s Durga Festival, were decorated with images of Durham Cathedral and strung with 120,000 hand-wrapped light-bulbs. People came and saw and believed their eyes. They celebrated the light-fantastic.

How is this art different from fireworks?

**Enlightenment**

These artworks were part of Durham’s international light festival Enlightenment which was held over one weekend. Should they be made permanent?

LOCATION
Durham City

ARTIST
Sanchayan Ghosh, Nandita Palchoudhuri, Isis Arts

MATERIALS
Time based lighting

YEAR
2008

Is it more important to create permanent works of art, than temporary ones?
Fenwick Lawson, who created The Journey, was born locally and lives in Durham. Is it important for artists to know the area where their art is on display?

The Journey

Make way for us here. Six cowled monks arrested by grief. We have been travelling since the year dot. Something AD. Now watch out for us outside Clayport Library. Caught mid-stride in 2008/09/10…

People come up to us. Touch us. Pregnant women. Dogs. Our eyes are averted. Kids fill the gaps between our heavy bodies.

Our bodies started as wood but were turned into bronze so we could stand it out here in all weathers. Unflinching. Hard.

We carry the weight of the world on our shoulders, but are uplifted by the thought of Cuthbert’s body up there. It is out of our hands in the coffin. Too holy to touch. We will rest when he does. Elsewhere. On high.

Do you like your art to have a face(s)?

Do you think this sculpture will be popular locally?
Blazing lampposts. Columns of light. Everyone in Chilton is looking upwards.

Above the houses. Among the stars. The columns lift our eyes higher. They show how far we’ve come, how far we’re reaching.

Each column is rooted in the earth, in coal and industry. They represent the pits of Chilton. They tower over other mining memorials – new and shiny, forward-looking.

They are bright and colourful as a future. Already here. Lit up among us.

Chilton Prospect

LOCATION
Chilton

ARTIST
Simon Watkinson

MATERIALS
Steel, Acrylic, LED lighting

YEAR
2008

Does it matter to you that this artwork commemorates the mining industry?

Should art be careful not to get stuck in the past?
‘The Box’ landed at Barnard Castle as if from another planet. Bluetooth? Yes. Digital screening? Yes. WiFi? Why aye. The Box has the lot. And free music downloads. It is designed to tell people about events in the neighbourhood. What is happening on the streets.

It reflects the streets. It is not just any box. It is a beacon. You can see yourself coming in it. It lights up the place. It started out as a temporary installation, but now people have got used to having it around.

**LOCATION**
Barnard Castle

**ARCHITECT**
x-site

**MATERIALS**
Glass, digital media

**YEAR**
2009

**Questions**

Do you think the look of The Box matters or is the technology it offers more important?

What makes this artwork different from a telephone box?

Should all art have a function?
Big-head. He will be raised above Newton Aycliffe. 16m high. Made of steel.

He is the face of the Business Park. Buffeted by winds. Hard-headed in all weathers. His eyes are fixed stars.

Hanging off him will be little men. Steely figures. They will cling to his jaw. They will sweat on his brow. They will hold tight to a mask he can’t take off.

These are the people who made him. They will be there at dawn and there at dusk (they are hard at work always). They are flies that can’t be batted away. Lilliputian next to him. Little men and little women.

LOCATION
Newton Aycliffe

ARTIST
Joseph Hillier

MATERIALS
Steel

YEAR
2009

What point is this sculpture making? Should art make a point?

Who is more important in this sculpture – the big figure or the little ones?
Plexus

Design proposal

Is science more important than art?

Should art come with an explanation?

It is about putting science up there, out there. Our sculpture shows how we are stretching boundaries of science. Of engineering. Of technology. How all these things are intertwined.

It shows how we work together. Every stainless steel segment is part of something bigger.

Our sculpture is new and shiny. Behind the ancient trees of this site – in our cutting edge technology park – we are moving forward, making discoveries.

Nothing is too small for us – we deal in tiny things, nanotechnology – but we are a giant in our field. And we are getting bigger.

Our sculpture flies high at our doorway to the future. It is symbol. Banner. Emblem. It lifts the spirits of passing motorists. It is blue down one side, and green down the other.

LOCATION
Netpark

ARTIST
Stephen Newby

MATERIALS
Stainless steel

YEAR
2009

Is science more important than art?

Would this sculpture interest you in science?

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Stainless steel

YEAR
2009

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Would this sculpture interest you in science?
Imagine it. We all are. Willing it to be there.

A bowl, big as a moon, balanced on top of a hill. A bowl up there where the imagination runs wild. A bowl a passing god might reach down and dip his hand into.

A bowl to ruffle feathers. A bowl to bowl people over for miles around. To lift up the commuters on the A1 (M). To draw in passing tourists on the East Coast line. A bowl wide and far-reaching.

A bowl big enough to contain all the visitors who will come. A bowl to push their heads up further into the clouds. Inside it is an observatory – you will only be able to see blue skies above and all around. A bowl to put on postcards: to write home about.

A bowl is our vision of the future. It has been pencilled in. Sketched under a low sky. Pinpointed for a hillock at Aykley Heads. Watch this space.

Is art worth paying for?

Is looking forward to Skybowl as exciting as the artwork itself?

How many people does it take to create a work of art?
Commissions North
Established in 1999 within Arts Council England, North East, Commissions North provides advice, design development and promotion for public art commissioning across the North East of England.

The North East is now known internationally for its public art and the way contemporary art has helped to develop the image of the region. Within County Durham artists have played a consistent role within forward thinking public realm and regeneration projects and as a new era of local government begins this publication provides an educational resource free to schools across the County.

For more information on public art in the North East and to download i-see Public Art publications please visit; www.commissionsnorth.org

Credits
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Written by poet Anna Woodford
Edited by Matthew Jarratt
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Please note that the ‘greyed’ names were temporary artworks.

*Durham Skybowl is a proposed artwork and has yet to be commissioned.