



MISSING LONDON Arts Weeks 2021



MISSING LONDON: A MICRO-ARCHIVE

We asked our contributors to think about the London that is missing and to write about a specific place or location. Many of us have been deeply missing the London we know and love, but – at the same time – large parts of London have been, themselves, missing – such as audiences, theatres, galleries. Moreover, London is built on, in and over parts of itself that are, in themselves, missing or buried. To walk our city's streets is to be aware of buildings, palaces, places, livelihoods and events that have gone before. And some places, even in Bloomsbury, saw extraordinary events whose stories have gone missing. We asked our contributors to donate an experience of our city suburbs or centre and we collected the places and memories that presented themselves as subjects. Our lead article, on the Africa Centre, is a little longer but we asked most of our authors for just a hundred words.



A IS FOR... AFRICA CENTRE

There is an invisible African presence in London's Covent Garden. At 38 King Street you will find a nearly nondescript building, currently being redeveloped into a retail space. But this place has a special significance to me and fellow Africans in Britain and in Africa as well as many British people with an interest in Africa and the Global South. Nowadays its quiet appearance belies its hidden history as a vibrant centre of African culture, politics and entertainment and there is little to suggest that until 2012, it housed the Africa Centre. The Africa Centre was opened in 1964 by Kenneth Kaunda, the first President of Zambia, and assumed a symbolic role in Post-colonial and Post-imperial Britain and Africa as a site of the continual celebration of all things African right in the centre of the former colonial metropole. The Africa Centre was a point of cultural exchange, offering the possibility of exploring new, and potentially more equal and deeper, kinds of African-British relations – it initiated exchanges that could go far beyond the colonial Manicheism and Anthropological gaze explored by Frantz Fanon (*The Wretched of the Earth* (Penguin, 2020, orig. 1963)).

The Centre began as the brainchild of African students in London, and took shape when they were joined by a small group of British people with an interest in Africa, including Margaret Feeney and Antony Allott, a founding member off the SOAS Law Department. In a crucial development, the building was given to the African community and its Board of Trustees in perpetuity by the Roman Catholic Church in Britain. In 1962 Feeney became its first Director - and I was greatly honoured to serve on the Management Council, and briefly as its chair, from 1998 to 2003.

An early aim of the centre was to provide a home away from home for the many African students studying in the UK. But it also promoted everything African: music, dance, politics, education. Within its walls academic debates could be fuelled by African food served from its basement restaurant, The Calabash. It also had a bookshop dedicated to African books. It was one of the few places in the UK where refugees, exiles, members of the various liberation movements, High Commissioners as well as some visiting Generals and Cabinet Ministers mingled, albeit not always with the greatest ease (see [Farai Sevenzo](#)).

There was something uncanny about the choice of the building for an African Centre. The structure itself turned out to have some previous connections with Africa and the global south generally, having been an auction house for Benin arts in the eighteenth century and subsequently a tomato and banana warehouse. It had been a veritable conduit of colonial exploitation of cultural artefacts as well as part of the network of colonial global capitalism. In its new life, it was remade as a counterhegemonic space of anti-colonialism, decolonisation and possibly Post-colonial 'futuring.' It was a vibrant presence of Post-colonial and Post-imperial Africa in the very spaces where metropolitans had profited from colonialism.

Leading members of the ANC such as Desmond Tutu and Thabo Mbeki patronised the place. Tutu recalls that: 'I do remember that when you were feeling a little low and homesick and everything seemed so foreign - you'd have this place, [the Africa Centre], it was so heart-warming.' ([Sevenzo](#)). Equally memorable and renowned writers visited. For example, Wole Soyinka, Buchi Emecheta, Ben Okri and Ngugi wa Thiong'o and Michere Mugo each at one time or another spoke at the Centre. Ngugi's *The Trial of Dedan Kimathi* was performed there in the 1980s. Dambudzo Marechera's ground-breaking novel, *The House of Hunger*, was celebrated there. Yet another milestone was Michael Walling's production of *Toufann* by the Mauritian writer, Dev Virahsawmy, an appropriation of Shakespeare's *The Tempest* for the particular cultural and linguistic hybridity of Mauritius. With the intensification of the liberation struggles in Zimbabwe, South African and Namibia in the 1970s, it became a forum for intense and passionate debate about the future of those countries and Africa generally. It also welcomed the birth of new countries, for instance, it joined in the 1991 independence celebrations of Eritrea.

As a space for discussion, it was naturally also a space for thinking through new democracies. It hosted the burgeoning African pro-democracy groups that emerged in the early 1990s. In 1993, as the newly formed Malawi Association UK, we organised, perhaps, the first public meeting in the UK by groups opposed to the one-party state in Malawi. The main speaker, Bakili Muluzi, would later become the first president of multiparty Malawi. The recently retired president of Malawi, Arthur Peter Mutharika also visited the Centre after his talk at Birkbeck in the late 1990s.

The Centre had a deep personal meaning for many: when we were campaigning against its closure, someone told me that, 'without it, I would not be here – my parents met there.' It could be that all buildings' brick and mortar endure across time, but their meanings change with different occupants and functions. Even so, it can be contended that their meanings, their semiotic and affective significance, still persist in the numerous personal worlds of the former inhabitants as multiple memories of contingent and lived experience. These afterlives continue not so much in the lean terrain of solipsistic Cartesian pure thought, but more in the Kantian mode of existing both inside and outside consciousness simultaneously. So, it is with the Africa Centre in Covent Garden: it is no longer there, but it still abides in our memories and our affective histories. It is alive in the friendships we formed there and in the joys and sorrows we shared, as well as in the solidarity of the resistance to the decision to sell the building. It is remade in the public lives of many who have passed through it and who continue to contribute to advocating Africa, its arts, cultural practices, and its intellectual contribution to the world.

Though invisible and silent to the passers-by and future shoppers, the Africa Centre is still there at 38 King Street. Perhaps, from a different order of things, in another way of seeing, the building itself remembers.

Mpalive-Hangson Msiska

A IS FOR... ARTEMISIA – ATTENTION

I minded missing Artemisia Gentileschi at the National Gallery. Tickets for November 2020: cancelled; rebooked tickets for January 2021: cancelled. I missed the woman that much of art history has until recently persisted in missing. What effort must go into this kind of missing that refused to see such staggeringly vivid effects of paint on canvas? And what attention Artemisia brings to make her Judith and Holofernes: attention to what it means for muscle, skin, cloth, breath, and gut when a woman severs the head of a man.

Carolyn Burdett



B IS FOR... BUS

I miss the No. 14 bus route from Russell Square to the Victoria & Albert Museum, a journey that, P.C. (pre covid), I used to make often. Sitting on the upper deck, in the window seat at the front, I would open a book but never read. Instead I would gaze, an indulgent flâneuse, at the 'West End': Shaftesbury Avenue; Piccadilly; the Royal Academy; Knightsbridge and, at last, the V&A, always getting off a stop early to walk past the Brompton Oratory. As someone whose childhood was spent in suburban London, this journey always thrills me. I miss it.

Lynda Nead



C IS FOR... CHRISTMASTIME

I love London at Christmastime. One of our family's London Christmas traditions that was scuppered by the pandemic was our annual visit to Denis Severs' House in Spitalfields. In a city full of interesting museums and galleries, Severs' House is truly unique. After acquiring a Georgian terraced house on Folgate Street in 1979, the artist Severs recreated a series of period rooms, each telling the story of a family of Huguenot weavers who might have lived there between 1725 and 1919. With hearth and candles burning, and objects scattered haphazardly, it's as if the inhabitants only left the rooms a second ago. Every Christmas season, the rooms are decorated with the sights and smells of Christmases past, making it a particularly special time to visit.

Andrew Regan



D IS FOR... DALSTON

Elephants once roamed Dalston. The North London Colosseum, with a capacity of 4,000, opened in Dalston in 1886, starring Professor Collier's Elephants. But tastes change: in 1898 it was converted into a variety theatre and in 1920 to a cinema. In the 1960s it became one of the first venues for black music in the UK, with Bob Marley, Stevie Wonder and Jimmy Cliff appearing. It transformed again in the 1990's, becoming Club Labyrinth, home of rave. The building was demolished in 2007, despite much dissent, to make way for Dalston Junction station which regularly disgorges revellers into the night.

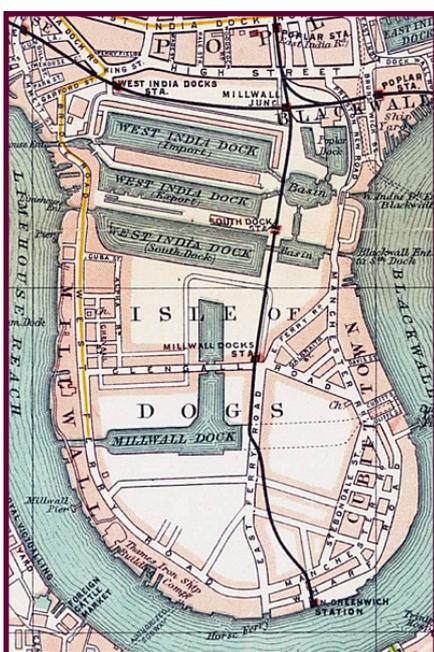
Sue Jones



D IS FOR... DOCKS

This word names a maze of of canals, one-way systems, deep dark waters. First there was the East India company's early dock at Blackwall (they needed a wall to keep their produce safe). Produce came in - desireables, some bloodstained, from India, Sumatra, China and then the colonies. Then the war, container ships that were too big, decay, and a famous notice 'You're welcome to Millwall'. Dockers, too, are amongst London's missing. Whole suburbs grew up in service of the docks. Electric light illuminated the docks early – to stop the pilfering. For some boys education meant learning to swim.

Thanks to Oliver Chinyere



D IS FOR... OPEN DOOR

Lock Down for me erased one of the glories of London ... serendipitous discoveries.

As a London based guide and author my life is spent walking the streets, dipping in and out of alleyways and courtyards, and visiting small independent galleries. Each day brought new experiences but best of all were the things you found when least expecting them when entering an open door. With London's doors shut and nobody on the streets the random meetings with artists and the public were gone and visits to the city were poorer without them.

Rachel Klosky



E IS FOR... EXCUSES

I miss excuses to borrow my favourite children and go to the panto at Hackney Empire. We would sit in cheap seats in a high balcony, at the front row. And when the cast threw sweets into the crowd I would say, 'now is the time they want us to throw our sweetie papers, one, two, three', and down would drift the papers on to the stalls. Ha, serve them right. But this year all the parents are home-schoolteachers, and the other grown ups have masks on and scuffle tactfully to the other side of the pavement. Here's to knowing the small people again, as humans.



E IS FOR... EXECUTION DOCK

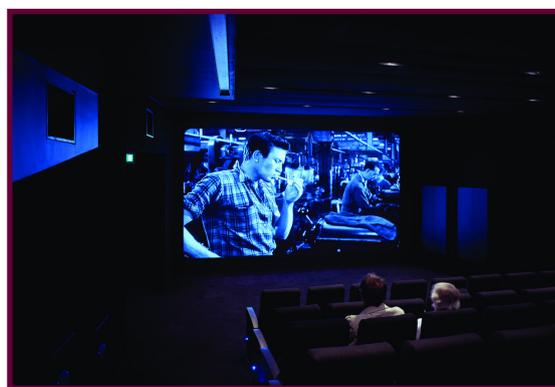
Execution Dock, the centuries-old site of pirate execution, stood at the low tide point on Wapping foreshore. Following a final ale at the nearby Turks Head, condemned pirates would be hanged at Execution Dock and their bodies left on the gallows until three tides had washed over them. Audiences thronged to witness these events. Pirates continue to exert a fascination today. One Wapping pub has erected a gallows and customers drink their pints in its shadow. But Execution Dock itself is lost in the Thames mud and only the nearby Thames River Police HQ is left to administer watery discipline.

Sue Jones

F IS FOR... FILM

The first time I went, my friend Chloe tried to convince me to adopt an axolotl. (I considered it until discovering they eat live fish). She then presented a film she had not seen and was herself introduced by a video of Stanley, the curator, singing her name from the sandstone mountains of Wadi Rum. None of those present knew what the film would be. Liberated Film Club featured, once a month, an incognito film. I miss it and its ardent attendees. That night we saw *Passion*, by György Fehér, based on the crime novel *The Postman Always Rings Twice*.

Mara Polgovsky Ezcurra



G IS FOR... GORILLA

In 2016, a silverback gorilla named Kambuka went missing at London Zoo by exiting through an unlocked 'entrance'. In this ironic twist of events, the patrons and staff at the zoo locked themselves into buildings around the site to counter the danger presented by this unleashed 'wildness'. These spectators watched through phone screens and the windows of their temporary enclosures as the gorilla strolled freely around the grounds of the zoo. There is a delicate balance central to zoological spectatorship where the rules and expectations of such tangled space are quickly surpassed when the boundaries established by captivity are transgressed.

Lee Christian

G IS FOR... GREEN PARK



Green Park is a central London park missing lakes, buildings or playgrounds. Can it be a park with all those gone? It may not have buildings of its own, but it is hedged by shopping paradises and palaces (see T is for Townhouse) as well as, apparently, RAF Bomber Command Memorial (which sounds like something your grandad would require you see on a trip to London). Also, was it really a burial ground for sufferers from leprosy?

Thanks to Oliver Chinyere

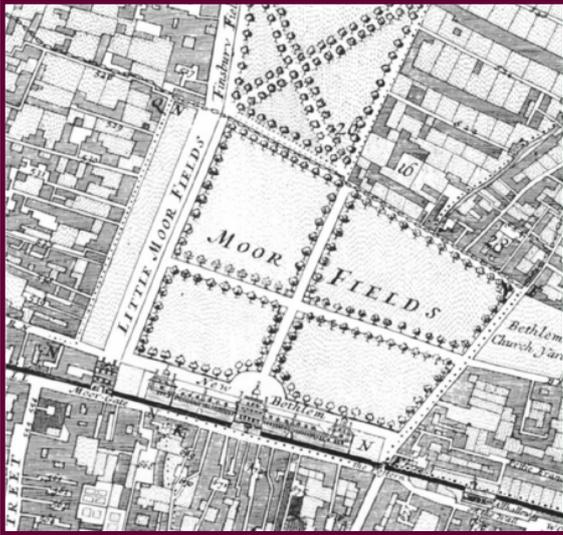


H IS FOR... HAVE WE GOT HORSES - OR EVEN HORSE-SCENTS?

It's very rare that you see or smell a horse in London these days; police horses, ceremonial uses, the occasional brewers' dray kept for show. It's a bit of a thrill to hear the clop of hooves. But horses occupied the London streets alongside humans for most of the city's history. For many centuries, the horse was the only means of powered transport, apart from the river, for goods and people within and beyond the metropolis. Horse-related activities proliferated: the Saddlers are one of the earliest documented city companies, while the horse-market at Smithfield is mentioned in the 1170s. Carts and packhorses thronged London's streets from the middle ages, and coaches and private vehicles from the 16th century. Even a century ago, in 1919, though the motor was already dominant in passenger transport in London, three-quarters of trade vehicles were still horse-drawn. Visitors commented on how London smelt of horses, and the 3-4 tons of dung each one produced in a year made no small contribution to the capital's problems of cleanliness and congestion.

Vanessa Harding

I IS FOR... ICE



In his twelfth-century account of the city of London, William Fitzstephen, hagiographer of Thomas Becket, described skating on the frozen marsh at Moorfields on skates fashioned from cattle bone. Just such a pair is held by the Museum of London, a type of skate in use since prehistory. A fragment of Old English riddle may allude to this collocation of ice and bone: *wundor wearð on wege; wæter wearð to bane* (a wonder happened on the way; water turned to bone). Ice, brittle and pale as bone, without doubt, but perhaps also the inter-objective *pas de deux* of ice and bone, dancing together?

Mike Bintley

J... IS HIDING, WITH K.

L IS FOR... LONDON BRIDGE

Old London Bridge looms spectacular in the imagination. Containing on its span houses and businesses, water mills, fortified gates, heads on spikes, it was pre-modern London in microcosm. It hindered the flow of the mighty Thames, causing rapids between the bridge's piers. To steer a boat through was 'shooting the bridge', a hazardous and often fatal endeavour. In 1831 the bridge was replaced by a more orderly structure, traces of the original effaced. The stones of Old London Bridge now languish, hidden, lining the West Reservoir in Hackney. I swim over them and – sometimes – glimpse ghosts of heads on spikes.

Sue Jones

M IS FOR... MISSING (OBVIOUSLY)



In 1827, when John Simpson's painting [*Head of a Man \(?Ira Frederick Aldridge\)*](#) was first exhibited at the British Institution on Pall Mall, it was called *Head of a Black*. Owned by the National Gallery since 1847, it remained mostly in storage. Transferred to Tate in 1919, it has only been on permanent display since 2013. Within Tate's collection of British art the painting is significant as one of very few historical portraits of Black sitters. Yet it is revealing – and troubling – that even today researchers have not been able to establish with certainty this man's identity. The title hints at an unconfirmed link with the famous Shakespearean actor Ira Aldridge. Our knowledge

of the Black presence in nineteenth century London remains seriously under-researched, and difficult to access because most archives did not record a person's ethnicity, or the colour of their skin. Scholars now try hard to recuperate the identities of sitters such as the one in Simpson's painting. This is difficult and painstaking work, but it is urgent business: we need to know more about these 'missing' people that inhabit many of the galleries and historic collections in London. Their contributions to the city's history must be more widely known and understood.

Sarah Thomas

N IS FOR... NEIGHBOURHOOD

Was St Buttolphe's Without Aldgate London's first multi-cultural community? When Shakespeare wrote *Othello* he didn't have to use his imagination to conjure up 'the Moor of Venice'. Michael Wood's research in the Guildhall archives has revealed that a small parish outside the city gates at Aldgate was home to around twenty-five 'moors' at the end of the sixteenth century, including Isabell Peeters 'a Blackmore lodging in Blew Anchor Alley', Symon Valencia, 'a black moore servaunt to Stephen Drifyeld a nedellmaker', and Christopher Cappavert 'a black moore' who probably hailed from the Cape Verde Islands. The district was



also inhabited by French and Dutch immigrants, a Persian, and several people from the Indian sub-continent. Life was hard for these denizens, however, and John Stow's *Survey of London* (1598) describes the parish as full of 'filthy Cotages, and ... other preposterous like inclosures ... which is no small blemish to so famous a citie.'

Stephen Clucas

O IS FOR... OBSCENE PUBLICATIONS ACT



If you walk down Kingsway to the Aldwych and stand midway between St Clement Danes and St Mary-le-Strand, you are standing on a slice of missing London. This was the site of Holywell Street, a narrow Elizabethan lane, which The Times called 'the most vile street in the civilised world'. Holywell Street sold indecent books and prints and in 1857 became the focus of a moral panic about obscenity that led to the passing of the first Obscene Publications Act. It was dirty and seditious and stood in the way of London's modernisation. RIP Holywell Street.

Lynda Nead

O IS FOR... OUR DESIGNER

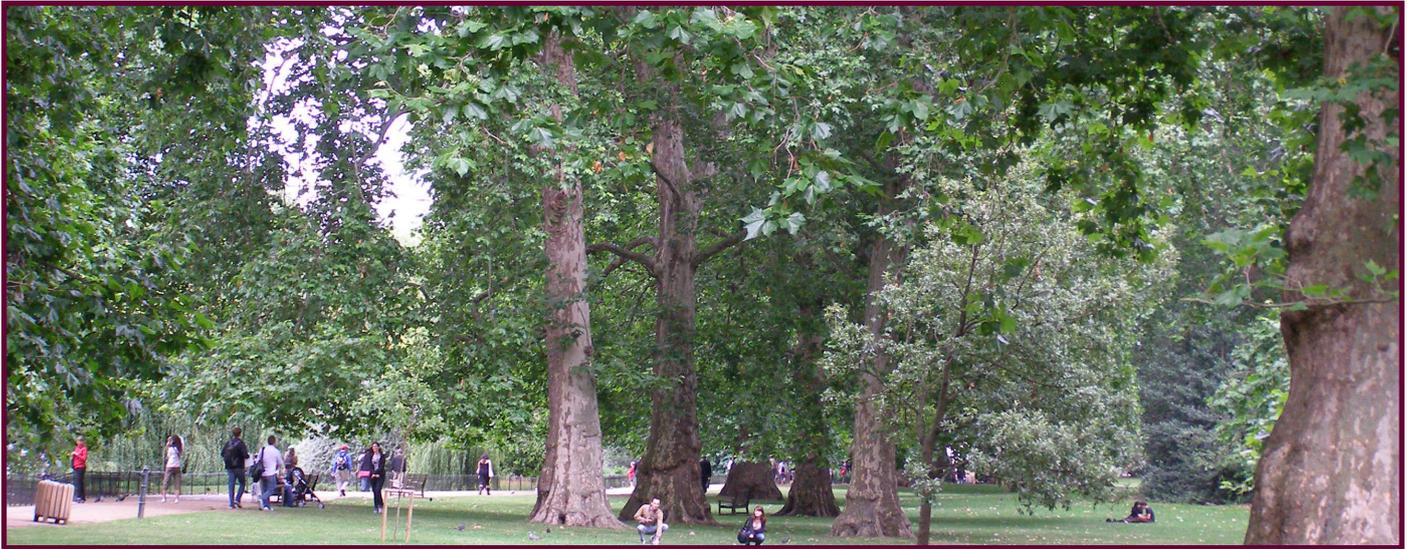
Now mysteriously missing, our designer, O, is gone! OC has now exited the Missing London vault, slammed the big door; crossed the Threshold; passed the Plane trees and is undoubtedly Missing to be met only serendipitously or in Series Three *The Return* a Castle Own production coming soon in the smoking ruin of british higher education- maybe as our defence lawyer?

Gordon Cole

P IS FOR... PLANE TREES

I'm not missing London. I'm not missing my commute, expensive take-out cups of tea on Kings Cross station because my train's delayed. I'm not missing my ancient work PC. I'm not even missing the books I've left in my office. I'm not missing the clouds of choking seed heads that come off the plane trees and drift on the steps of our building, making eyes itch and throats close. But actually, I am missing those plane trees. Their sheer audacity: to be so huge, their crunchy, then slippery, leaves on pavements, roots undermining buildings, insisting they belong in the city.

Rosie Cox



Q IS FOR... QUADRANGLE



Having never once attended Somerset House's annual ice-skating rink in the Before Times, it was a bit weird to find myself missing it in 2020. In my mind: arctic light, the scraping of skates, the warmth of people in the cold air. Maybe it was just the people I was missing. To me, that iconic Georgian quadrangle means picking my way across it to meet my family members in its café, a hazy recollection of my nephew running through its summer fountains, Erykah Badu in concert there 15 years ago. Much more recently, my niece dancing alongside hundreds of other women: bodies congregating in a

courtyard choreography, others gathering to delightedly watch.

Louise Owen

R IS FOR... ROUTE

Tottenham Court Road, gritty and polluted, I don't miss but turning into Store Street and seeing ahead, looming, almost surreal, the monolith of Senate House. I miss my walk past the Building Centre with its architectural models and the enticing diversion into the fug of Store Street Espresso. Then on I walk, drinking my coffee, across Gower Street and Malet Street, towards Senate House, stepping down and through its travertine entrance space and up and out the other side, heading toward the plane trees of Russell Square, vivid green against the massy terracotta of the (sometime) Russell Hotel behind.

Catharine Edwards



S IS FOR... SONGS



Early English poetry drips with twisted gold, but makes little mention of money. Battlefields are plentiful, but markets are missing, being perhaps too mundane a subject in comparison with the sunlit groves of *The Phoenix*, the fen-lairs of *Beowulf*, or the shining city of *Judith*. Yet London's earliest incarnation in the Middle Ages was exactly this: a mercantile and artisanal settlement stretching from Trafalgar Square to Aldwych (the old *wic*, or market), and following the slope of Covent Garden down to the *strand* – Old English for 'shore'. *Lundenwic*

is alive in place names, but its songs have not survived.

Mike Bintley

T IS FOR... THRESHOLDS

Walking from Euston station to Gordon Square, the morning sun shining in my eyes, the plane trees waving me hello. Arriving at the entrance to number 43, imagining the past steps of people who have worked in that building over the last 200 years. Remembering the times I've stood with co-workers in all weathers trying to encourage others not to cross the picket line. This site of solidarity is an emotional threshold where I get to know more about the people I work with and my workplace than I often get the chance to once I'm back inside, feet under my desk.

Sophie Hope



T IS FOR... TOWN HOUSES - KATE RETFORD TAKES A TOUR



Devonshire House, Piccadilly

Chatsworth House, that great baroque pile in the Derbyshire Dales, has been hailed as one of the UK's greatest national treasures. Yet visitors in the eighteenth century found it decidedly disappointing. One Thomas Martyn commented in 1767: 'Chatsworth has very little in it that can attract the eye of the Connoisseur'. That was because, during this period, all the good stuff was in the Cavendish family's London town house, which stood more or less opposite the current premises of the Ritz on Piccadilly. However, those prized possessions were sent up to Derbyshire ahead of the sale of Devonshire House in 1920. [The building was then](#)

[demolished in 1925](#), and all that's left are the gates from the forecourt, topped by sphinxes, which now stand on the opposite side of the street, opening into Green Park. Look on these and think of Siegfried Sassoon's wry poetical tribute: 'not one nook survived to screen a mouse/ In what was Devonshire (God rest it) House'.

Norfolk House, No. 31 St James's Square

Parties seem a thing of the dim and distant past. They had a particularly good one at Norfolk House in St James's Square early in 1756, to mark the completion of this lavish new building. One guest, Captain William Farington, sat down on 18th February to describe the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk's soirée for the benefit of his sisters. His breathy account of 'the finest assembly ever known in this Kingdom' describes each room in turn, innovatively 'furnished with a different colour'. [The Music Room, which survives intact at the V&A](#), was white: 'wainscotted in a whimsical taste, the panels filled with extreme fine carvings, the arts and sciences, all gilt, as well as the ceiling



... here the Dutchess sat, the whole night that she might speak to everyone as they came in.' Demolished in 1938, you'll find a rather underwhelming office block in place of this party house today.

No. 100 Pall Mall

My last lost town house stood roughly on the current site of the Reform Club on Pall Mall. Designed by Charles Barry (1837-41), based on the Palazzo Farnese in Rome, the Club is a good sight more impressive than the standard, three storey terrace house which John Julius Angerstein inhabited in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Here, he built up the art collection that became the nucleus of the National Gallery. After Angerstein's death in 1823, Lord Liverpool's government bought 38 pictures from his collection as well as the lease on the building, where the work continued to be displayed until its move

to Trafalgar Square the following decade. A [watercolour made by Frederick Mackenzie](#) shortly after the purchase shows students diligently copying paintings, including the most valuable from Angerstein's collection: Sebastiano del Piombo's *Raising of Lazarus* (1517-19). [Catalogued as 'NG1', it retains this accession number to this day.](#)



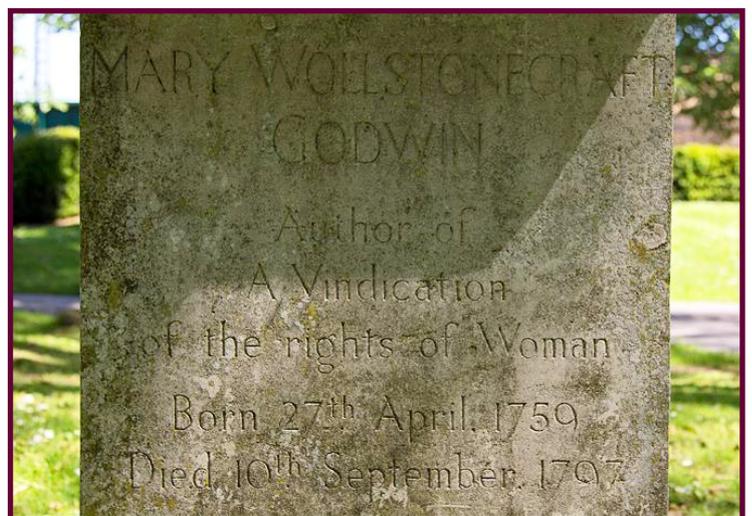
U IS FOR... UNDERGROUND (SEE ALSO WRESTLING)

The Underground is our quotidian catabasis, or descent to hell. Those who work there know most of its mysterious passages and dual tracks. They know too much of us, also, and have codes for what we leave behind. Sometimes, above ground, abandoned stations appear like places where the world used to be thin but has scarred. These tile buildings are all called Mornington Crescent. The underground. Will we go down and if we do will we come up?



V IS FOR... VINDICATION OF WOMEN'S RIGHTS

The tomb of Mary Wollstonecraft, William Godwin and Mary Jane Godwin, St Pancras Old Church Gardens is a monument to missing. Mary Wollstonecraft died in 1797 after giving birth to her daughter, the writer Mary Shelley, who learned her alphabet by tracing the letters on her lost mother's tombstone. These commemorate the 'Author of A Vindication of the Rights of Woman', Wollstonecraft's feminist manifesto on behalf of the women missing from the Rights of Man debates. Wollstonecraft herself has been missing from her grave since 1851 when, after Mary Shelley's death, her parents' remains were moved to the Shelley family tomb in Bournemouth. Away from London during Covid, I miss my proximity to this dedicated place of missing.



Hilary Fraser

W IS FOR... WRESTLING



An estimated 500,000 mice live in London's underground. Once I saw one wrestle an abandoned burger onto the tracks at Euston Square. Another time, beneath Tottenham Court Road, one charged with a plastic fork in its mouth, like a pole-vaulter in training. These days, when I'm stuck inside, or rifling through more takeaway, I find myself wondering what they are up to with so few of us around – how they are coping without our snacks, our threatening patter; do they miss us and wish we'd come home? Maybe hunger is a fair price for extra freedom, a little longing the cost of keeping safe.

Fintan Walsh

X IS FOR... XTREME VIOLENCE

The current Eagle Tavern on Shepherdess Walk, Hoxton, is a mere fraction of its former size and glory. Once it was Hoxton's favourite pub, and with its Grecian Theatre could hold 10,000. In 1882 the Salvation Army acquired it for their meetings and a temperance bar: and thousands of residents of this working-class area turned out to object. A series of riots saw Salvationists brutally battered and savagely used, and forced off the streets. The theatre and pub were demolished in the 1890s, and the violence of 1882/3 is now all but forgotten. Remember it as you pass by.

Ed Lyon





Z IS FOR... ZOO

Barthes on alphabetic order:

an idea per fragment, a fragment per idea, and as for the succession of these atoms...

If alphabetical letters are the smallest unit signalling matter then fragments correspond to zoological display.

*

Marx:

The name of a thing is entirely external to its nature. I know nothing...if I merely know his name is Jacob.

In an unobserved enclosure, dazzling pelt and jutting jaw intersect behind boundary-architecture. Carnassial teeth shear in diagonals, slicing like a butcher's knife, our diurnal sequence.

*

Under Zoonotic time, the living monuments of the zoo recede further backwards as we slump forwards.

Lee Christian

CONTRIBUTORS

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