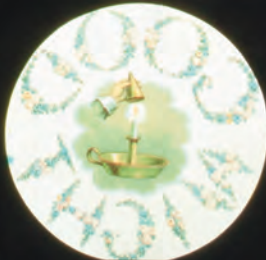


# MAGIC LANTERN TALES

BY IAN BEESLEY AND IAN MCMILLAN



... Sing  
... RD SONG.  
... LARD FONG,  
... LARD FONG  
... CARED AWAY,  
... EVER PTAND A CHANCE,  
... WE CAN PING AND DANCE,  
... MAKES THE RAFTER' BING,  
... Dan-oy DAR.



## MAGIC LANTERN TALES

### OVERHEREVERTURE

Come into the dark and settle down  
With a great reshuffling and kerfuffling  
And ruffling of hankies as you get them ready  
And hold them tight for the bits of tonight  
That might make you cry.

Come into the dark and settle down  
With a long bustling and re-rustling  
And muscling aside neighbours who sit far too close.  
And like Uncle Trevor in the old tin bath,  
This might make you laugh.

We're gathered here tonight in the sight of Magic  
Some of it's uplifting and some of it is tragic  
Some could be sentimental or mawkish or nostalgic  
But we'll light up the dark with all kinds of magic.  
We're gathered here tonight in this well-appointed hall  
We're picking up some images to chuck them at the wall  
Pull these pictures round you like a muffler or a shawl  
As we edge closer to each other in this warm and friendly hall

Come into the dark and listen in  
To living stories of forgotten glory  
And gory afternoons where the light seemed to fade  
Far too quickly for the time of year  
To a loud evening of fear.

Come into the dark and listen in  
To the unsubtle suitable subtitles  
To the slides that will slip right into your minds  
And all the way into your waiting hearts  
This is where the story really starts.

Ian McMillan



Magic Lantern slide circa 1900s  
Hand-painted on glass 3.25" x 3.25"



Magic Lantern slide  
 Theatre announcement- composite photograph  
 American circa 1920s  
 3.25"x 3.25"



Magic lantern slides  
 Photographs printed on glass 1900s  
 3.25"x 3.25"

**WILL YOU TAKE THAT 'AT OFF?**

*Will you take that 'at off?  
 Will you remove that titfer?  
 Will you take that 'at off?  
 Please shed your titfer tat!*

I've come to a magic lantern show  
 Not to a milliners shop!  
 The ceiling in this hall is low  
 And your hats reach to the top!  
 I've come for entertainment  
 But I can't see a thing!  
 I've come to be enlightened  
 Now, everybody sing...

*Will you take that 'at off?  
 Will you remove that titfer?  
 Will you take that 'at off?  
 Please shed your titfer tat!*

It's like sitting behind a chimney  
 Like sitting behind a wall  
 It makes me say 'cor blimey!  
 Now I can't see at all!  
 Like sitting behind The Major Oak  
 Or a giant redwood tree  
 This is just beyond a joke  
 I can't flipping see!

*Will you take your 'at off?  
 Will you remove that titfer?  
 Will you take your 'at off?  
 Please shed your titfer tat!*

There's one over there with flowers  
 There's one over there with bows  
 It must have taken hours  
 To get the petals on that rose  
 To grow vaster than their normal size  
 And reach up to the sky  
 I really can't believe my eyes  
 And I am asking why...  
 Oh...

*Will you take that 'at off?  
 Will you remove that titfer?  
 Will you take that 'at off?  
 Please shed your titfer tat!*

I should have got here early  
 I'm stranded at the back!  
 My neck's all curly-wurly  
 And my spinal chord is slack  
 I came to gaze at lantern slides  
 For profit and for gain  
 I'd be better off standing outside  
 At the window in the rain!

*Will you take that 'at off?  
 Will you remove that titfer?  
 Will you take that 'at off?  
 Please shed your titfer tat!*

Ian McMillan



Magic Lantern Slide  
 Photograph printed on glass  
 American 1920s



Magic Lantern Slide  
Colour hand tinted photograph on glass 1900's  
3.25" X 3.25"

## TO THE MAGIC LANTERN SHOW

A knock at the door. I'm ready,  
So is she. And so am I. Best hat,  
Best coat. Umbrella, in case.

*Out of the door with Albert and Flo  
To the wonderful Magic Lantern Show.*

Four of us, down the dark street.  
Tin hut, lit. Queue's like a snake;  
Squeeze in before the rain starts.

*Into the door with Doreen and Jack  
Seats at the front or stand at the back.*

The room's full of smoke. Smoke, talk.  
A laugh that's too loud for the place,  
Echoing round. Suddenly, it's dark.

*Sit in a row with Norman and Joan.  
She's always laughing; he likes to moan.*

And now the light comes;  
The stained-glass light, enchanted light  
Of the lantern slides.

*Space full of wonder with Mary and Bill  
Boat on an ocean, Christ on a hill:*

Rain piles down; tin hut roof  
Drum, drumming. Nobody minds:  
This lantern is magic, magical.

*We're all together with Henry and Jean  
Transported away by this glowing machine.*

Even thunder doesn't worry them,  
Shaking the hut. Laughter louder  
Than the heaviest rain, breaking.

*Lives lit by images, family and friends  
Held by this artistry that never ends*

Except it does. Applause: bright  
Lightning, lighting the hut. Magic  
Has been here. It will return.

*See you next week with Albert and Flo  
See you next week with Doreen and Jack  
See you next week with Norman and Joan  
See you next week with Mary and Bill  
See you next week with Henry and Jean  
See you next week with family and friends  
Held by this lantern show that never ends.*

Ian McMillan



## BACKGROUND

In 1994 I was appointed artist in residence at the Moor Psychiatric Hospital in Lancaster and worked on the unit specifically for the care of the extreme elderly. The majority of the patients suffered from senile dementia or Alzheimer's, many had been in the Moor for decades, many still held memories of the First World War.

The hospital was in the process of closing down and a number of wards in the unit were being emptied.

On one such ward I found a chest of drawers.

In the top drawer was a selection of old glasses; in the drawer beneath was a collection of old photographs.

Many of the photographs were related to WW1, soldiers in uniform, family gatherings, and weddings with the grooms in uniform.

The ward orderly told me the glasses and photographs were those of patients who had died in the hospital and who unfortunately had no living relatives.

Their last few personal possessions were placed carefully into the drawers.

These glasses were the glasses they must have used to look at their fading photographs perhaps to attempt to pull back some fading memory.

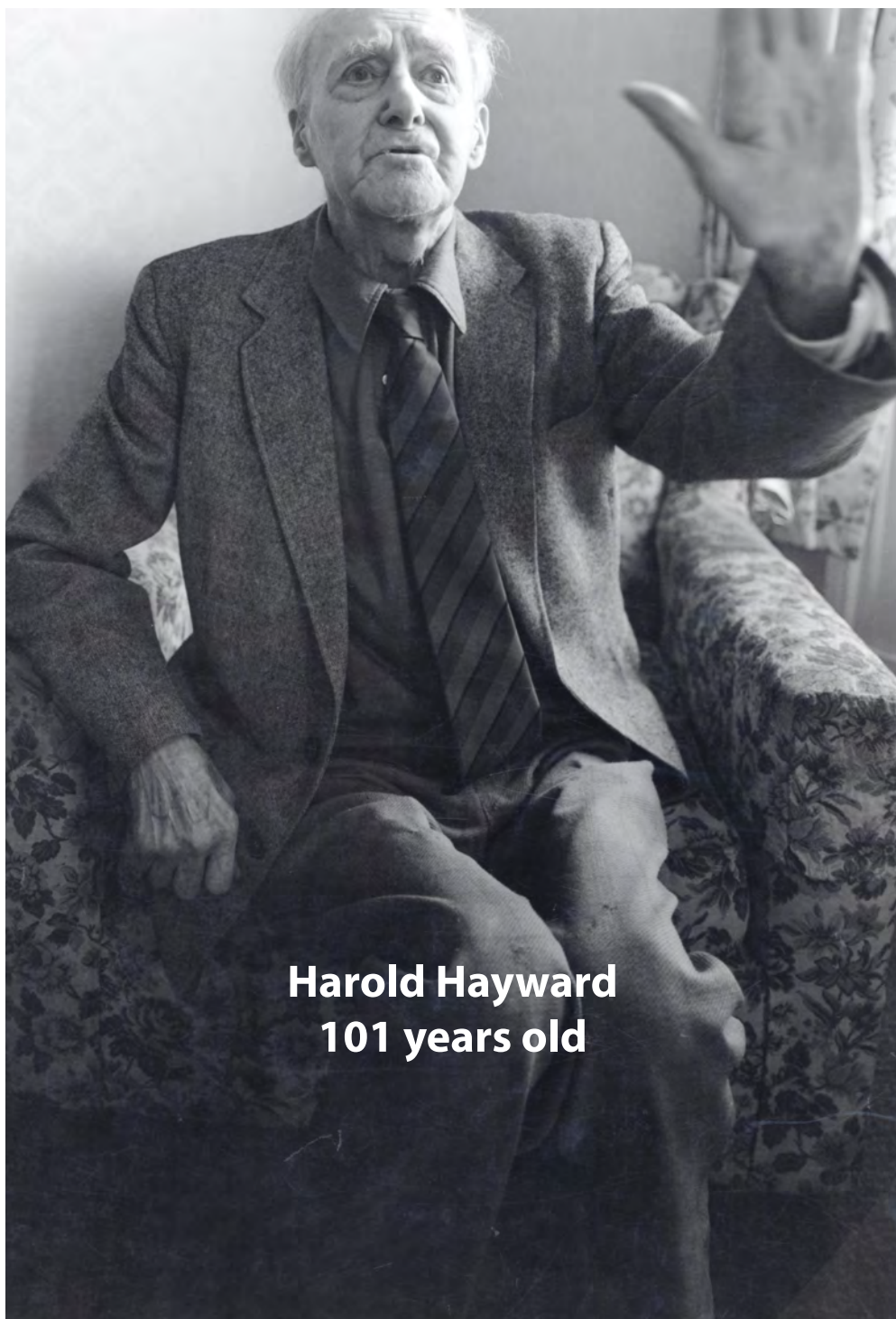
Two simple wooden drawers containing a visual eulogy to forgotten lives.



This experience prompted me to photograph and interview as many men and women who had experienced the First World War before it was too late.

These are some of their stories.

Ian Beesley



**Harold Hayward**  
**101 years old**

## CHESAPEAKE BAY

Come on Harold, sing to us again,  
Sing 'Chesapeake Bay';  
Your voice is thin and reedy, Harold.  
If it was paper you'd be able to see right through it.  
Come on Harold. Chesapeake Bay.

*Over the top not once, not twice, but three times;  
each time so scared you just said, in a clear loud whisper 'I can not do this'  
And each time you did it. The Somme. Even the name sounds like a  
muffled shell exploding or a word cut short. Even the name wounds.*

Come on, Harold, a couple of verses.  
It helps to drain the memory, Harold, doesn't it?  
You turned them on their stomachs,  
all your fallen comrades, so the mud  
wouldn't land on their faces. Just the chorus.

*A brother's voice got fainter; fading in the air like the sunset does,  
behind the place where the trees used to be. It stopped, after a  
while, as a song stops when the words run out. Or drain away.  
In that moment of silence; that's where Harold lives.*

Come on Harold. Just the chorus. We'll join in.  
Then it'll be time to go to the library, Harold;  
A book can grip you, you told me that time.  
Like history grips you. The past grips  
Like a song that won't let you go. Deep breath...

*Harold comes out of the library on a day in Preston  
Where the sky reminds him of those wartime mornings*

When something was about to happen. Something  
Is about to happen. The shouting, the blows. Over the top.

*The book's spine snapped. The change rolling, rolling,  
Changeless in the timeless morning. Chesapeake Bay.*

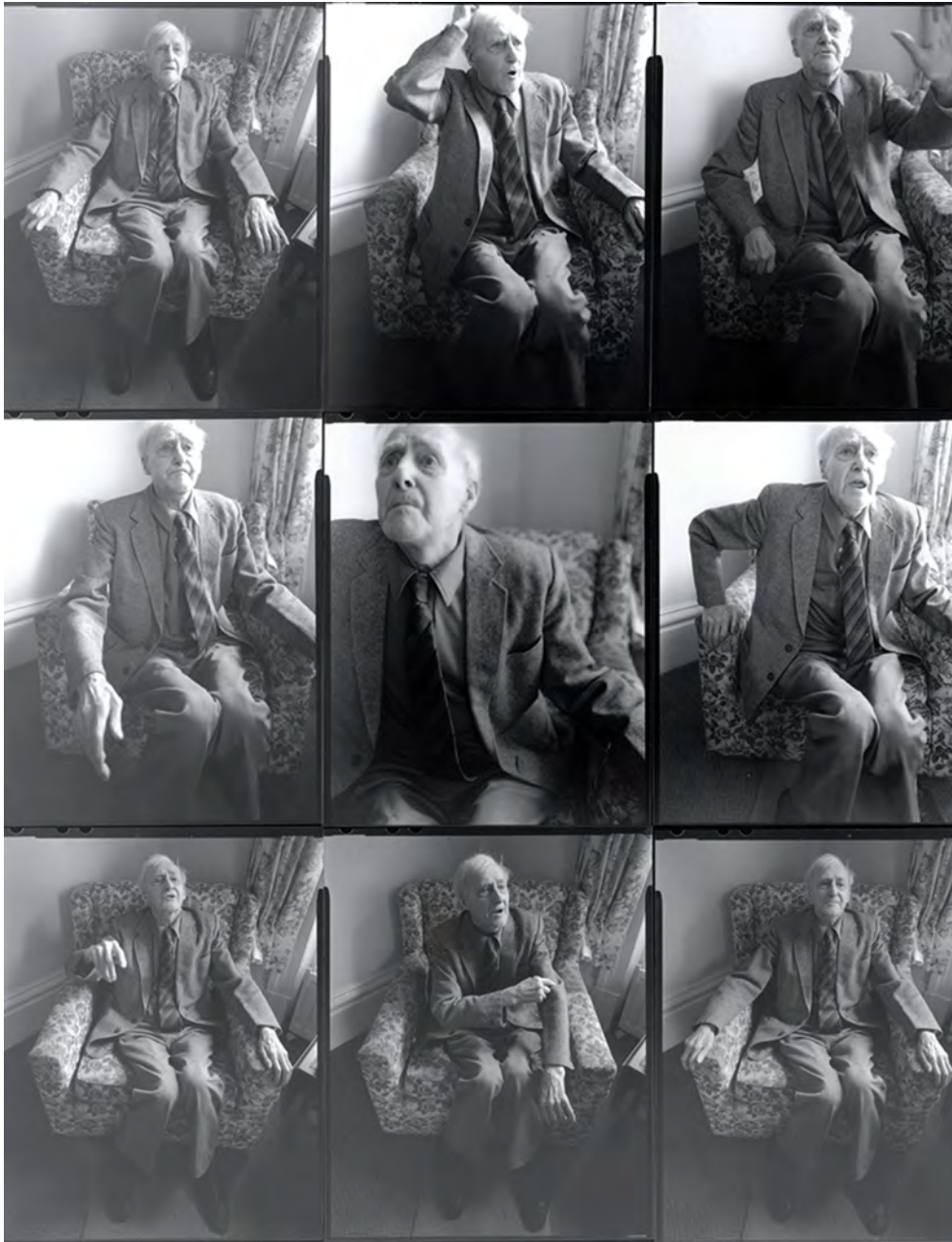
Ian McMillan

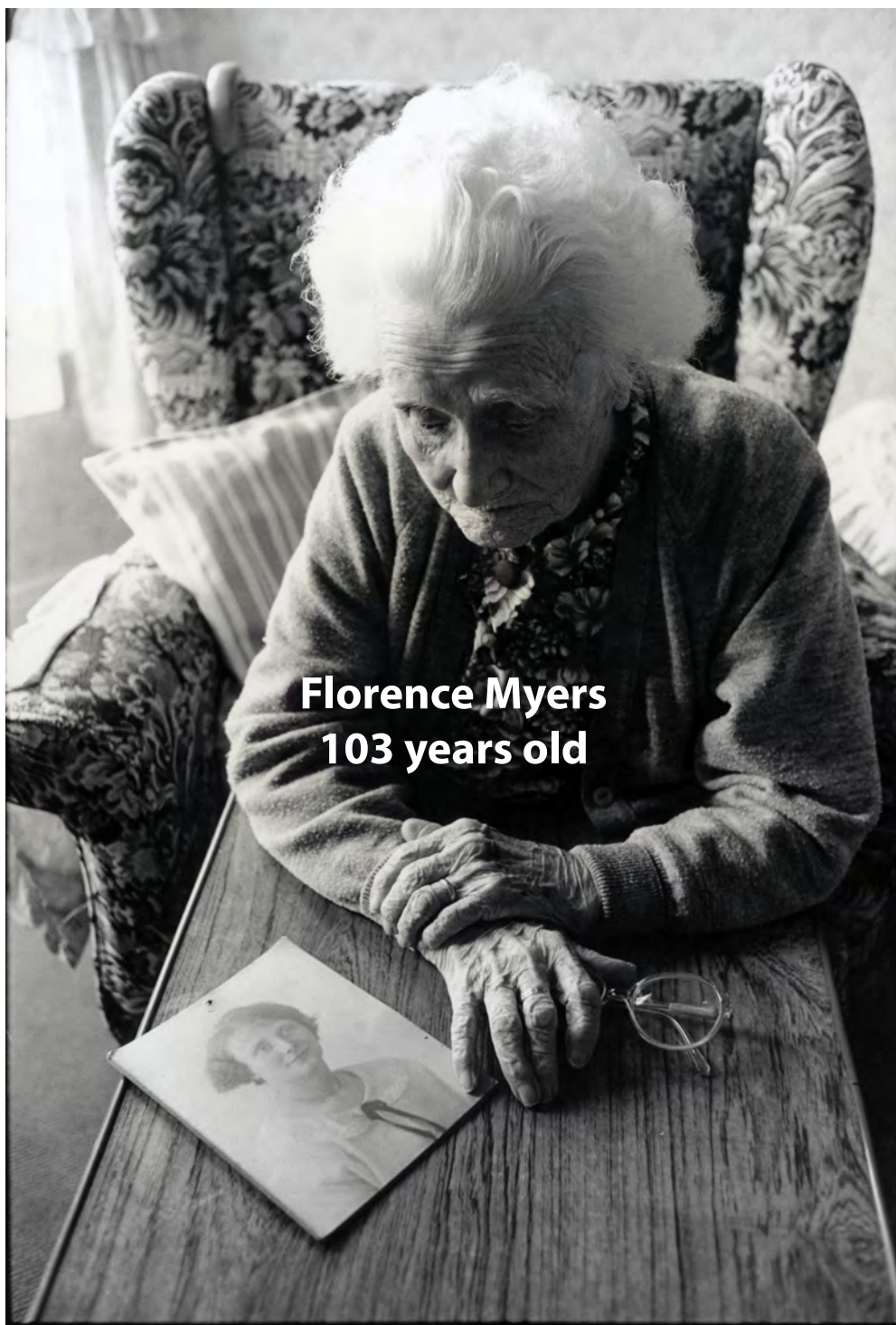
## Harold Hayward went over the top three times in the battle of the Somme.

*"I was on burial duty hundreds and hundreds of men,  
I couldn't shovel that dirty stinking mud onto their faces  
I would turn them over and bury them face down.  
I got across into the German trenches but had to come back  
there was no support and only a few of us survived crossing no mans land"*

Harold was captured at Passchendaele and interned in a prisoner of war camp. He returned to live in Preston; he was an avid reader and visited his local library 3 to 4 times a week. Shortly after I took his photograph Harold was mugged whilst walking back from the library by two young lads. He died a few days later in hospital.

Ian Beesley





**Florence Myers**  
**103 years old**

## FLORENCE MYERS

*In the cold back yard she scrubbed them raw  
Layers of skin and layers of war*

They went as brothers  
Came back as strangers  
Stood at the door like ghosts.  
They went as boys  
Came back as scarecrows  
Staring through the window  
with their pale, pale faces.

*In the cold back yard she scrubbed them raw  
Layers of skin and layers of war*

They went away laughing  
Came back crying;  
Stared in the darkened hallway.  
They went away laughing  
Came back weeping,  
Sitting in the kitchen  
With their long distant silences.

*In the cold back yard she scrubbed them raw  
Layers of skin and layers of war.*

They went away in uniform  
Came back in rags  
That stunk as they staggered home.  
They said 'Florence, burn them'  
And the smoke turned the morning  
To The Somme's dark hell-hole,  
The brothers' eyes smarting.

*In the cold back yard she scrubbed them raw  
Layers of skin and layers of war*

They went away alive,  
Came back dead,  
Still breathing but lacking a spark.  
They said 'Florence, remember  
The torn looks on our faces'  
And she saw them each morning  
Till the day that she left us.

*In the cold back yard she scrubbed them raw  
Layers of skin and layers of war.*

Ian McMillan





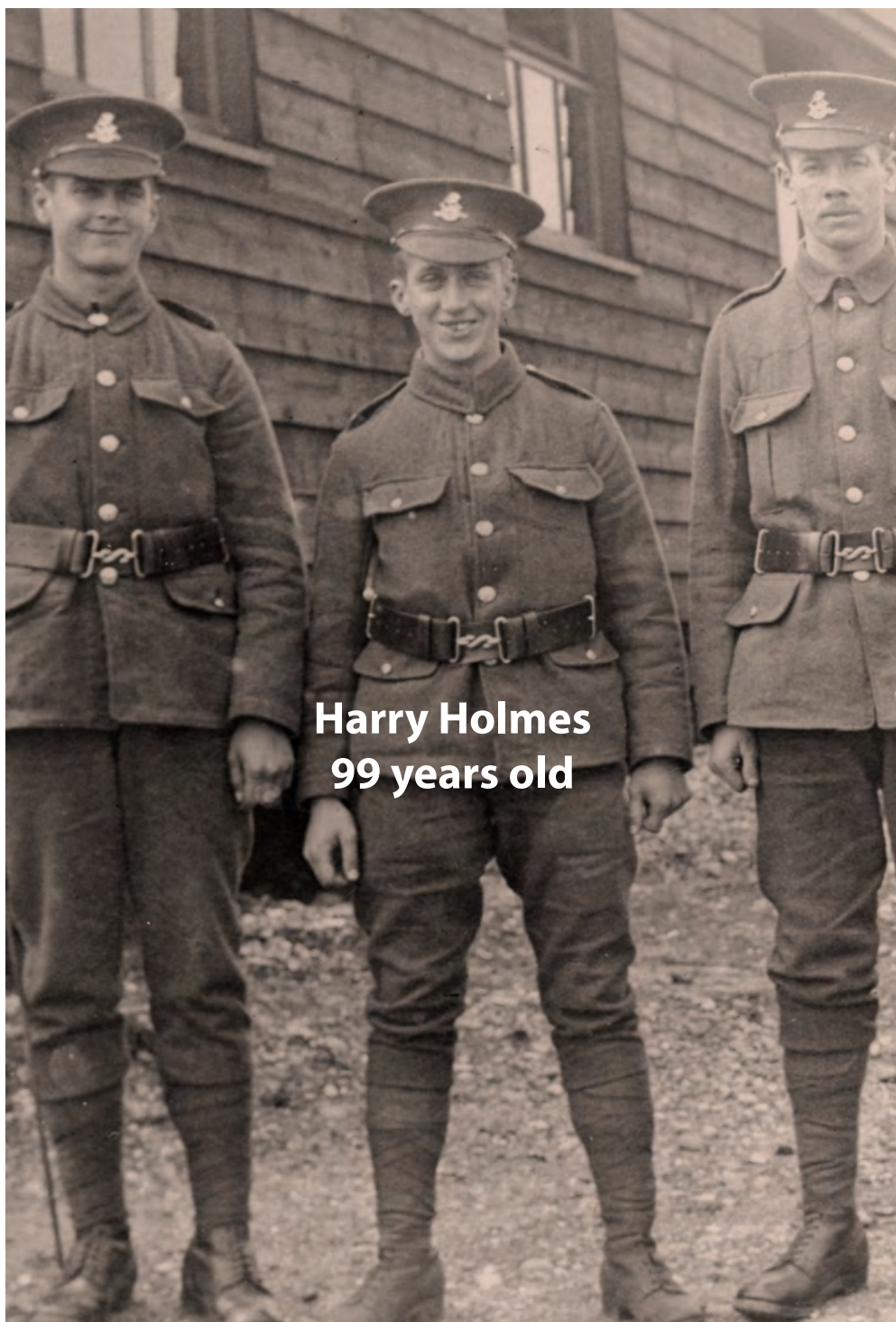
Magic Lantern Slide  
Handpainted on glass circa 1914  
3.25" x 3.25"

*"Both my brothers fought on the Somme.  
When they came back we couldn't recognise  
them they were so thin and dirty.  
They were completely lousy,  
my mum made them strip off in the back yard,  
cut off all their hair and scrubbed them raw with a yard brush.*

*I burnt all their clothes.*

*They never spoke of their experiences,  
they went off (to the War) as nowt but boys,  
but came back as old men with dull dead eyes.  
It broke my heart, they went as my brothers and came back as strangers."*

From interview with Florence Myers.  
Bradford 25th September 1996  
Ian Beesley



**Harry Holmes**  
**99 years old**



#### **HARRY HOLMES**

Harry Holmes (centre) and his brother (left)  
at a training camp in Halifax.

The Duke of Wellington's West Riding Regiment.

Harry was in the salient at Ypres and was decorated for bravery,  
one night whilst trying to retrieve wounded colleagues from no-mans,  
he single-handedly captured five German soldiers.

## THE BALLAD OF HARRY HOLMES

I'll tell you a tale of Harry Holmes  
Who fought in the First World War  
Who stared through a barbed wire window  
At his mates dropping through Death's Door

*And said 'All I want when I get through this  
Is a stroll, and a pint, and a kiss.'*

This is the story of Harry Holmes  
Who sat in the mud and cried  
As the bullets whizzed past his ear'ole  
And he shrivelled up a bit inside;

*And said 'All I want when I get through this  
Is a stroll, and a pint, and a kiss.'*

One night when the bombs were falling  
He carried his mates through Hell  
The sky lit up like bonfire night  
His head rang like a bell

*He said 'I told them if we get through  
The first pint of bitter's on you'*

A general came from miles away,  
Stuck a medal on Harry's chest  
But because he wasn't very bright  
The pin went through his vest.

*And Harry thought: 'if we get through  
The first pint of bitter's on you. Sir.'*

I guess Harry was a hero;  
Well, they all were and so was he  
But in the stinking night he spoke to the dark  
And whispered 'don't take me...'

*He said 'All I want when this war is done  
Is to sit by the sea in the Yorkshire sun'*

Someone shouted 'Harry, it's over!  
A bird sang in the silent sky.  
The men in the mud shook hands and thanked  
Summat that they didn't die

*And said 'All we want now the war is done  
Is to sit by the sea in the Yorkshire sun'*

Harry came home to Bradford  
And he gazed out from the train  
Glad to be back in God's County  
Well, the bits he could see through the rain

*And he said 'all I want now I'm back here  
Is a stroll and a kiss and a pint of beer'*

He came back to England to win the Peace  
Picked up his painting brush  
Dragged his ladders through the Yorkshire streets  
'Tek yer time' Harry smiled, 'no rush...'

*He said 'All I want now I'm back here  
Is a stroll and a kiss and a pint of beer.'*

Harry was a decorated soldier  
Awarded the Military Cross  
Now he decorated peoples' houses  
He was the worker and the boss

*He said with a shrug and a cheeky grin  
'a medal's just a gaudy lump of tin'*

He fell in with Harry Ramsden  
Of chip shop fame, and so  
Harry said 'Hello Harry,  
Where's that pub I used to know?'

*Harry said with a shrug and cheeky grin  
'A pub's just a palace they keep beer in'*

Harry and Harry: peas in a pod,  
One talked paint and one talked chips  
But all the words ground to a halt  
When the first pint passed their lips

*They sang 'I say, this is the life,  
Pass me a beer and find me a wife'*

Harry Ramsden married quite late on  
Long after the flush of youth  
But his wife didn't like him drinking  
So he swallowed the bitter truth

*And sang 'I say, that was the life  
I'll pass on the beer now I've a wife...'*

Harry H missed Harry R  
So he hit on a daring plot  
Said: Buy a dog to walk each night.  
Can she stop yer? She can not!

*And the dog took 'em both to the old Crown Inn  
Where they glugged strong ale and the odd neat gin*

They drank and talked for many a day  
With the dog sat by their side  
Harry R spoke of perfect batter  
Harry H spoke of gloss with pride

*And the dog took 'em both to the old Crown Inn  
Where they glugged strong ale and the odd neat gin*

Then Harry R he passed away  
To the chip shop in the sky  
Harry H went to his funeral  
And said 'Old lad, goodbye

*'I lived through Ypres and life's been good  
But I shut my eyes and I'm slumped in't mud.'*

Then Ramsden's widow took the dog  
For an evening walk, and it  
Dragged her straight to the Crown Inn tap room  
Where her husband used to sit

*'I lived through Ypres and life's been good  
But I shut my eyes and I'm slumped in't mud.'*

I've told you the tale of Harry Holmes  
From the War to end all Wars  
To a quiet life with a paintbrush  
And a medal in a chest of drawers

*He said 'You could say my life was small  
But I faced lots of things and I beat them all'*

Harry was a hundred when he died  
A century: caught and bowled.  
Harry's was a story like so many others  
Now Harry's tale's been told.

*He said 'You could say my life was small  
But I faced lots of things and I beat them all...'*

Ian McMillan

Harry Holmes returned to Bradford and worked as a painter and decorator. His best friend was Harry Ramsden ( of fish n chip shop fame). Both Harrys liked a drink, Harry Ramsden married late in life and his wife was tee total and objected to their drinking.

Missing his drinking companion Harry Holmes told Harry R to buy a dog, then every night he could walk the dog and meet Harry in the pub for a couple of pints, which he did for a number of years.

When Harry R died his widow had to walk the dog, to her surprise it led her straight round to the taproom of the local pub where sat Harry Holmes !!!!!.

I photographed Harry when he was 99 years old he told me

*"I have had a fantastic life, I would do it all again including the War, I will hang on until I reach 100 and then I'll call it a day"*

Harry celebrated his 100th birthday and died a couple days after.

From an interview with Harry Holmes  
Bradford 29th March 1996

Ian Beesley



Cartoon by Tony Husband

## LILY MAYNARD

Come on Lily,  
Let's go walking.  
Let's talk as we're walking  
And pretend you're young again,  
Lily.

Show us where you found him  
In the hedge bottom; he was cowering,  
Lily, wasn't he? Cowering, Lily.  
But you coaxed him from the greenery,  
Loved him, taught him how not to cower,  
Lily, didn't you? He was smiling.

Come on, Lily,  
Let's go walking,  
Let's talk as we're walking  
And pretend you're young again,  
Lily.

Show us where you walked together,  
By the meadows. He held your hand  
Lily, didn't he? Holding, Lily.  
And the sun that spring was amazing  
Heating up the air something magical,  
Lily, didn't it? He was singing.

Come on, Lily,  
Let's go walking.  
Let's talk as we're walking  
And pretend you're young again,  
Lily.

Show us the letter they sent him,  
Dragged him over to France,  
Lily, didn't they? Dragging, Lily?  
And you pictured him in a deep trench  
Cowering and crying like a baby,  
Lily, didn't you? He was weeping.

Come on, Lily,  
Let's go walking.  
We'll talk as we're walking  
And pretend you're young again,  
Lily.

Show us his last letter, unfold it  
Carefully along the creases,  
Lily, won't you? Carefully, Lily.  
He writes of the wide sky and the stars  
And the sunrise like fire,  
Lily, doesn't he? He is shining.

Come on, Lily,  
Let's go walking.  
We'll talk as we're walking  
And pretend you're young again,  
Lily.

Show us the past now, hold it  
Tightly along its faultlines,  
Lily, can't you? Tightly, Lily.  
Your life has been waiting for him,  
And the clock stayed silent,  
Lily, didn't it? Time is broken.

Come on, Lily,  
Let's go walking,  
We'll talk as we're walking  
And pretend you're young again,  
Lily.

Ian McMillan



**Lily Maynard**  
**101 years old**

*"I was walking back from the fair during a thunderstorm and I could hear this crying coming from under the hedge, well it was a young man, he was petrified of the thunder, well I managed to coax him out and took him home. I liked him he was a good looking lad and ever so nice, we started going out. We were thinking of getting married, when he went off to France, the Somme. He never came back. I cant bear to think about it. No, I never married, couldn't, some nights I still see him cowering under that hedge, Oh no, that's enough, you're here to take my photo, I have had my hair done and bought a new dress, I've borrowed the pearls, you tell me about your love life, lets cheer up, know any jokes."*

From interview with Lily Maynard  
Bradford 1996  
Ian Beesley



## MABEL WALSH

Mabel Walsh sits by the door,  
Comfortable in her century's skin.

Strong voice in the Yorkshire air,  
Memories bringing back again

The gentle man, his smiling face;  
*Loading a truck then dropped down dead.*

Forgotten in loud History's noise  
As life goes by and takes no heed,

The statement's tragicomic, all  
Those d-d-d's as down he goes.

But how the moment lingers still  
In all the movements of her face

How shrapnel, smaller than a thought  
Had made his heart stop there and then.

Now Mabel sits there in the light  
And dreams about what might have been:

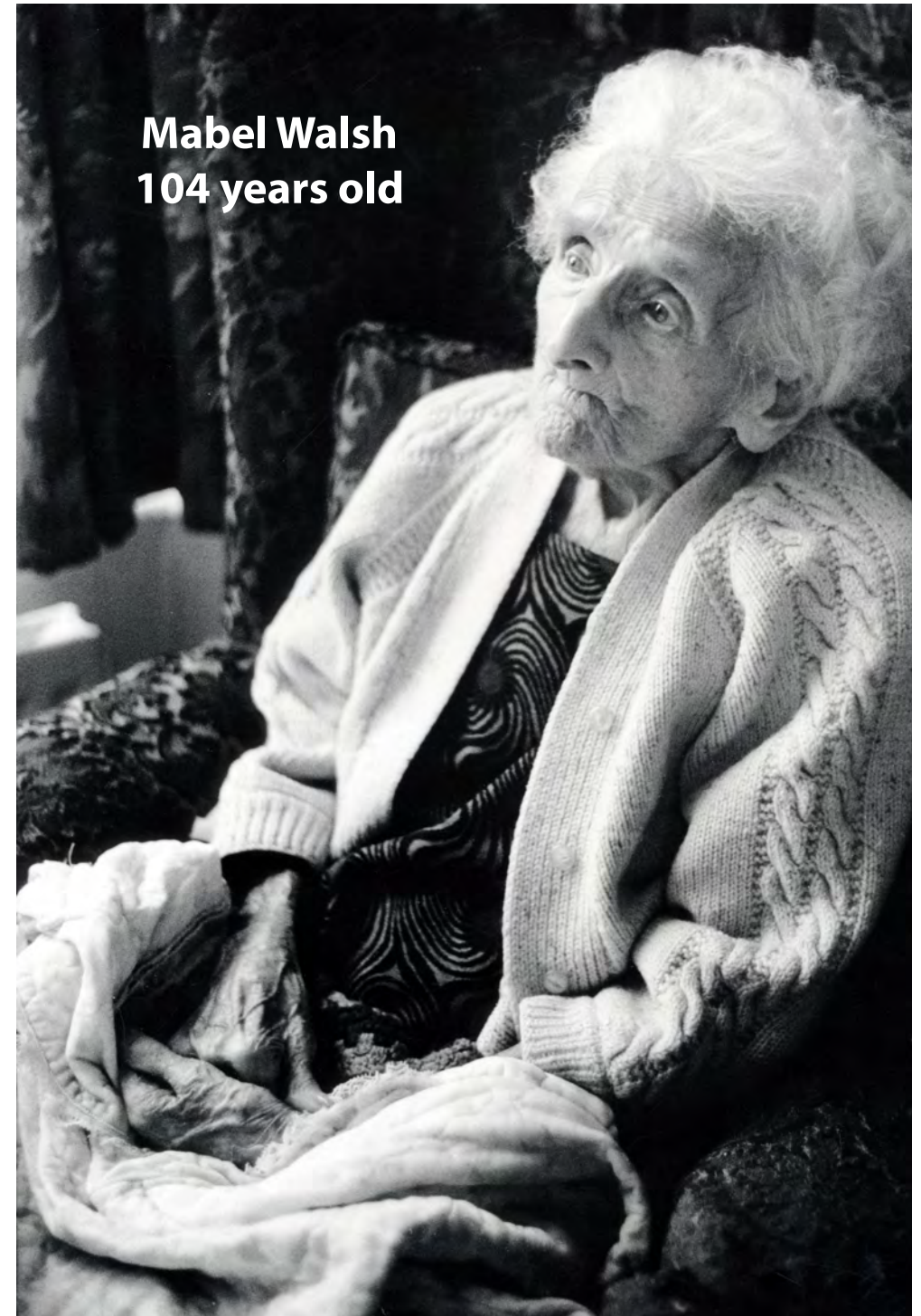
Their times together through the years  
Their children growing strong and tall.

A picnic in a moorland breeze.  
*He was standing there. And then he fell.*

The war locked up so many rooms  
And left them just as they once were.

The ticking clock, the hourly chimes  
Struck silent by that bastard war.

Ian McMillan

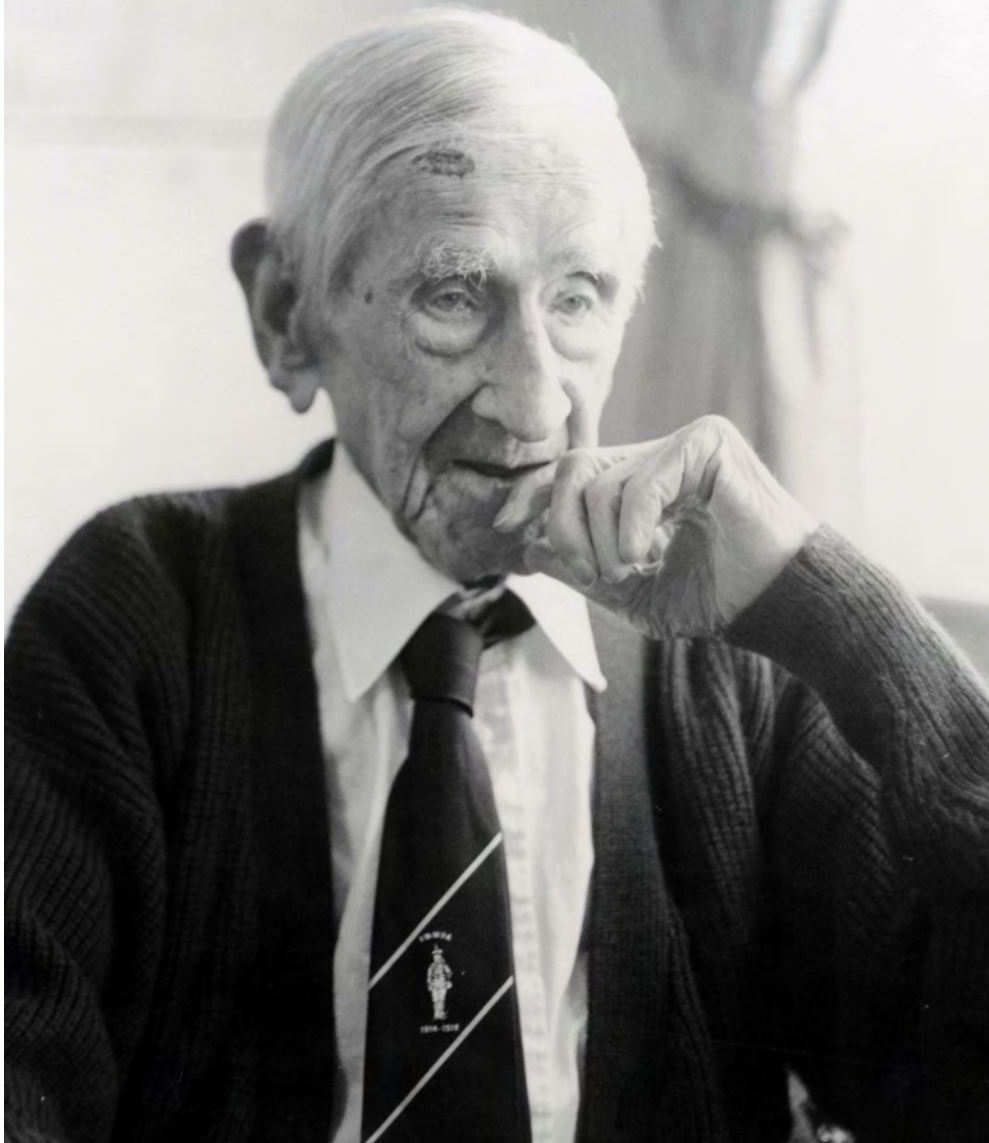


*"I used to go out with Jack (JB) Priestley before he was famous, he was an argumentative bugger, he would argue black was white just for sheer enjoyment, well I had to jack him in . I met my fiancée in 1916, he was more my type quiet, a bit shy really but a gentle soul. he was called up the year after, I was worried sick for him, he wrote as regular as he could. In 1918 he was loading a truck when he dropped down died, there wasn't a mark on his body, then a medic noticed a mark on the back of his head, a small piece of shrapnel had hit him and he died instantly. I never married and have always kept his photograph on my bedside table, I have often wondered what might have been had he survived, I would loved to have had some children"*

From interview with Mabel Walsh  
Bradford 21st March 1996  
Ian Beesley



## Michael Lally 104 years old



"I found Michael Lally living in a nursing home in North Manchester. The home manager introduced me whilst saying "Michaels been lucky this year, you're his third visitor, but the other two were foreign gentlemen"

"Bert always tries to visit me when he's in Manchester".

Michael Lally aged 104 years enlisted with his younger brother in 1914.

The Western front Christmas 1914

"It was cold, so cold sat in those trenches, the Germans had started singing Christmas carols, so we sung some back. I climbed up the fire step and peered across no mans land. I saw a German soldier about the same age as me looking back. He waved, I waved back. They threw over some sausage and we threw Christmas cake back. Some got out of the trench to meet in no-mans land I followed. They were the same as us young, bewildered, homesick and frightened. We showed each other photos of wives, children, families and home. Then our officers shouted and open fire we ran back to the trenches. A couple of those officers vanished in the night. It was awful, awful but I survived a lot didn't"

Michael returned to Manchester to became the grounds man at Maine Road, Manchester city.

"That's where I met Bert, Bert Trautmann, a true gent, he calls when he can, lives in Spain, the other man was from France he came to give me this"

From interview with Ian Beesley

### Mike Lally

*Someone to see you,  
Mr Lally.  
I recognise him from somewhere  
Floodlit.*

Medals shining like the sun  
In a northern sky.  
Football hanging in the air  
Like a winter moon.  
Whistle blowing; game is done;  
History looks you in the eye.  
Life is like a warning flare  
Over far too soon.

*Someone to see you,  
Mr Lally;  
He's carrying a piece of gold.*

Ian McMillan



In 1998, all surviving veterans of the First World War from any allied country who had fought on French soil were made Knights of the Légion if they were not so already, as part of the commemoration of the 80th anniversary of the war's end.





Studio portrait of my grandparents Sidney Kimm & Mary Kimm, three weeks after they had got married and shortly before he was posted to the Somme.

Sidney was born in 1891. He served in the Royal Horse Artillery and rode the lead horse in a team of six pulling gun carriages up to the front. He survived a mustard gas attack, but then the carriage his team was pulling was hit and he was crushed under his dying horse. He survived, but sustained serious injuries to his legs and damage to his lungs.

He was invalided out of the army and returned home to Bradford and ran a sweet shop until his death in 1952.

The photo to the right is taken shortly before he left the army around 1919

Ian Beesley



## MARCHING THROUGH TIME

They marched through the streets  
Of these Northern towns  
And their winding-sheets  
And their hospital gowns  
Are not all we remember of these marching men  
Because their stories get told again and again.

From these Northern towns  
They marched through the streets  
And the terrible sounds  
Of advances, retreats  
Are not all we remember of these innocent boys:  
Stories rebuild just what wartime destroys.

And a photograph is a kind of map;  
A map of where we've been, where we heard  
That story lifting up the tentflap  
Of history, that story that hinged on a word  
From a 100 year old woman, a 95 year old man  
That turns and returns to where stories began.

They marched through the light  
In these Northern places  
To a bomb-blasted night  
And the fear on their faces  
We should remember as years slowly pass;  
Stories as brittle as glass  
Stories as brittle as glass...



Rawtenstall Cenotaph

## THE MAGIC LANTERN

The first magic lanterns were produced in the 1650s nearly two hundred years before the invention of photography.

The early slides were hand painted onto thin glass and the magic lantern shows were popular both for entertainment and education.

On the 16th August 1666 Samuel Pepys wrote in his diary

“Comes by agreement Mr Reeves, bringing me a lantern with pictures in glass to make strange things appear on the wall, very pretty.”

Lantern shows became more and more sophisticated with the use of multiple lanterns, back projection, moving slides, and music.

In the 1700s ‘phantasmagoria’ shows were very popular audiences were subjected to a bombardment of frightening images, sword wheeling skeletons, dancing devils, floating skulls and all manner of ghosts and ghouls.

At the beginning of the 19th Century travelling showmen gave lantern shows all over the country. They walked from town to town with their lantern and slides on their backs and gave shows on any available white wall. Many showmen would have the same slides, their skill was in the individual stories they would create for their shows.

The illumination used in the first lanterns was with candles and later oil lamps. In the 19th Century ‘limelight’ was introduced, this is where an oxy-hydrogen flame plays on a block of lime to produce a very bright white incandescent light. All these forms of illumination came with the risk of fire and even explosion.

By the beginning of the 20th Century these illuminants had been replaced by the electric projector bulb.

With the invention of moving film in the early 1900s the popularity of the magic lantern show began to fade. It was still a popular form of entertainment during the First World War and managed to survive for a number of years after.

The lanterns used in this performance all date from the early 1900s.



## MAGIC LANTERN TALES

Using a magic lantern projector, poet & broadcaster Ian McMillan and documentary photographer Ian Beesley tell a story of the First World War from the point of view of men who survived it and lived on to old age and a changing world. Here too are the tales of women who worked in the factories that oiled the wheels of war. We often view war as a series of huge historical sweeps and this show reminds us that war is made by people who each have their own narrative of what happened.

Ian & Ian also explore the culture of magic lantern shows from the natural world to British invention and from local news stories to the far-flung corners of Empire.

Ian is poet-in-residence for The Academy of Urbanism and Barnsley FC. He presents The Verb every week on BBC R3 and he's a regular on Coast, Pick of the Week, You & Yours, Last Word and The Arts Show. Previously, Ian has been resident poet for English National Opera, UK Trade & Investment Poet, Yorkshire TV's Investigative Poet and Humberside Police's Beat Poet. He's been a castaway on Desert Island Discs and was featured on The South Bank Show. Cats make him sneeze.

@IMcMillan

[www.ian-mcmillan.co.uk](http://www.ian-mcmillan.co.uk)

‘an inspiring figure, an encouraging & democratic spirit, a strong & popular poet and one of the funniest people in Britain’ Poetry News.

‘world-class – one of today's greatest poetry performers’ Carol Ann Duffy.

Ian Beesley Hon FRPS is artist in residence for Bradford Institute for Health Research. His work is held in the collections of the National Media Museum Bradford, The Imperial War Museum London and The Smithsonian Museum Washington USA. He was awarded an Honorary Fellowship of the Royal Photographic Society in 2012.

@IanBeesleyphoto

[www.ianbeesley.com](http://www.ianbeesley.com)

‘Photographers are so undervalued, if Beesley played the keyboard or a guitar he'd be a huge star.’ Francis Hodgson. The Financial Times

‘One of Yorkshire's greatest and hardest working artists’ Martin Wainwright, The Guardian

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