

Apollo Pavilion



A Concrete Poem by Andy Croft

In Peterlee the new town plan
A bright pavilion did decree
For those who dug the coal that ran
In caverns measureless to man
 Beneath the cold North Sea.

They named it for the gods whom we
Watched orbit round the night's balloon
Like sailors on a tranquil sea,
Until it seemed that Peter Lee
 Was really the man in the moon.

One small step for a man, all right,
A giant leap for us to follow
Whose concrete boots cannot take flight;
This shrine to art and truth and light
 In honour of Apollo

Now marks the ends of our ambition
Who thought the future once had wings
From Xanadu to Saturn mission,
A monument to the condition
 Of all unfinished things.

The law that says the best laid schemes
Unravel just as they begin,
Turns those who sink their deepest
 dreams
In caves of ice or coal-hot seams
 To enemies within.

The footprints on those lunar seas
Lead all the way downhill to Porlock
And back again. Now Peterlee's
Where *Life is Cheap and Death is Free*
 The wisdom of the Morlock.

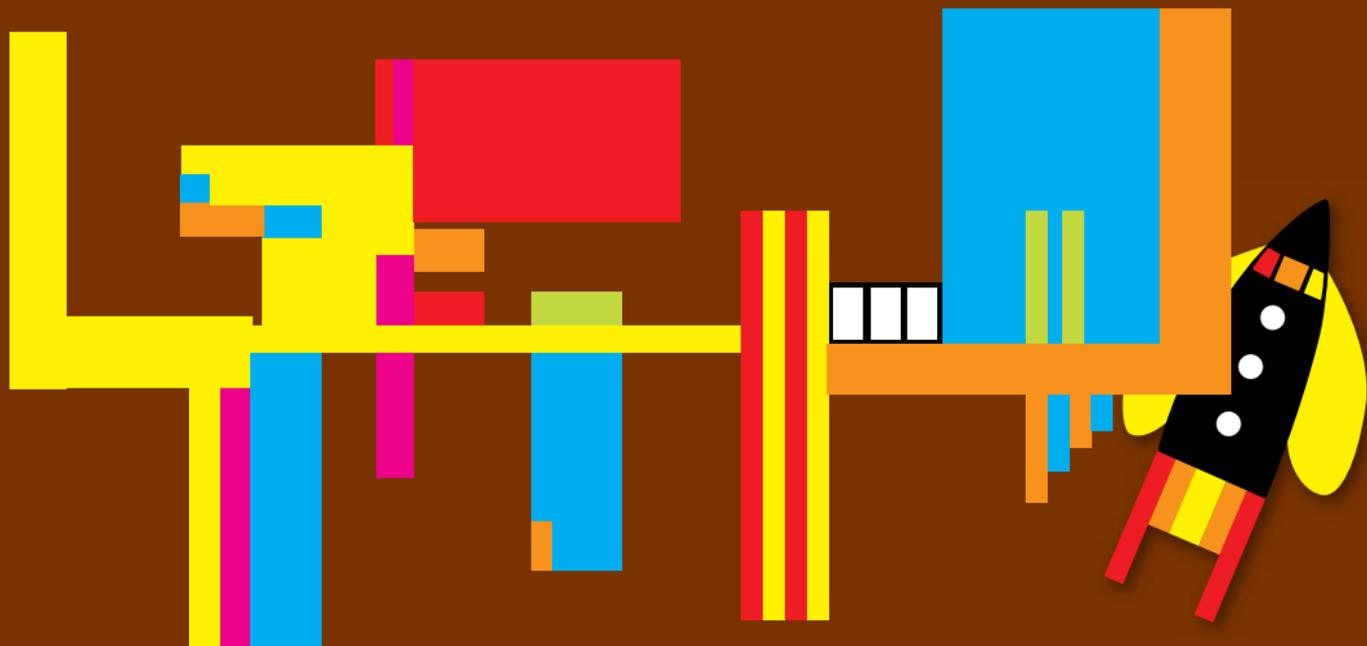


Apollo Pavilion 2010
Photographs: Sally Ann Norman

The future is a savage place
Which sunlit art can scarcely warm;
We scribble in the margin's space
Our discontents – a concrete case
 Of content over form

And hope that History isn't done,
That maybe in the bye and bye
We'll finish what was once begun,
And orbiting around the sun
 Teach concrete how to fly.

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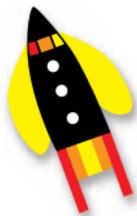


Another New Beginning

The future is bright as tomorrow's sunrise,
It is disguised like a robot,
Shiny and new as a spaceship,
The next chapter in a book,
A fresh start,
The rest of your life.
It tastes fresh and sparkling, like an energy drink,
Or like the lips of someone you have not yet met.
It sounds like the laughter of your grandchildren,
Like polar ice-caps melting,
Like one giant step for mankind.
It feels hard and cold to touch,
Sharp and pointy,
It smells of freedom, invisible, soft, like air.
But when you try to hold it, the future's never there.



Cover Design
Jessica Rogers



Apollo Pavilion



Apollo Mission

The pavilion has landed.
There is plenty of atmosphere,
The surface appears to be covered in coal-dust,
Rain falls like an asteroid-shower,
Clouds shimmer like the Milky Way.
The puddles on the pavements shine like stars,
Gravity pulls in the generations,
Traffic flies past, fast as comets.
There are tourists orbiting the Pavilion,
Goths float slowly round the town-centre like astronauts,
On the Dark Side of the town junkies disappear into black-holes.
Litter blows in the wind, weightless, spinning into space.

We have a problem, Houston.



Cover Design
Eleanor Grundy



Apollo Pavilion



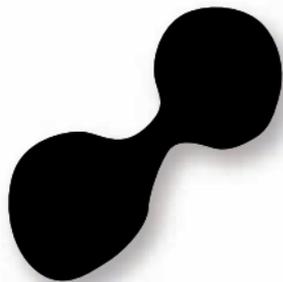
How to Make a Model Town

First, take several old mining villages,
Tie them together carefully with glue and hope,
Stick firmly in fertile soil.
Make sure to dig your foundations deep.
Next, assemble bricks, mortar, happiness and citizenship,
Cut out all previous mistakes,
And expand to create a sense of belonging and destiny.
Attach the missing pieces,
Mould into a strong society
And discard any bits that don't fit.
Place between the sea and the sky,
Paint it red,
Call it Peterlee –

And you have built a new model town.



Cover Design
Kathryn Anne Magee



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So What's New?

A new look goes out of fashion,
A new baby starts crying,
A new pair of trainers soon gets wrecked,
New boyfriends quickly become 'just good friends',
New pets always die,
You soon grow out of a new coat,
New potatoes grow bruised and green,
A new phone goes out of model,
A new football season ends in relegation,
A new top becomes worn,
A new hit-single soon gets forgotten,
Every new star one day becomes a black-hole.

But a new town is always a home.



Cover Design
Year 8 pupils





The Writing on the Wall?

Blank pages,
White walls,
Conversations,
Bus-stops,
Emos Rule,
I love U,
Speech, words,
Nouns, verbs,
Weed, ganja,
obs,
Writing paper,

Alphabets,
Shaz 4eva,
Mouths, books,
Felt-tips,
Signed shirts,
afta you,
Toilet mirrors,
Kath+Ross,
IM OV SEAHAM,
Summer School,
Emma Stinks,

Chairs, tables,
SFC,
LIFE IS CHEAP,
DEATH IS FREE,
LIFE IS CHEAP,
DEATH IS FREE,
Apollo calling,
Apollo calling,
May Day, May Day,
May Day May
Day...



Pavilion Interior
circa 1978

