

# the conversation

‘The night before the single’s release I couldn’t sleep. I’d kept a secret for two years, it was a countdown, I was biting my nails’

**After a decade of silence, David Bowie is back. Tim Teeman talks to Tony Visconti, Bowie’s producer, friend and representative on Earth, about the new album, health, happiness and their shared love of British culture**

**T**ony Visconti has known David Bowie since 1967 and produced 12 of his most memorable albums, beginning with *The Man Who Sold The World* (1970). He has done “mountains of cocaine” with his longtime friend, “though alcohol was far worse”. Both are now sober veterans of Alcoholics Anonymous, living in New York with a shared passion for Japanese food — Bowie is “very much a sushi guy. But when Bowie called Visconti two years ago to “work on some demos”, the 68-year-old producer admits that he was shocked.

“I had no idea he was writing again. We had spoken in 2009 and he had made it clear he wasn’t writing. And now this week, the single came out and it shocked the world,” he says.

The song, *Where Are They Now?*, a melancholic lament to Berlin where Bowie and Visconti lived in the 1970s, caused a global Bowie-gasm on Tuesday, Bowie’s 66th birthday, released with no pre-hype at 5am GMT. It received its premiere on Radio 4’s *Today* programme. An album, Bowie’s first for ten years, *The Next Day*, will be released on March 11.

On the eve of the single’s release, “I couldn’t sleep,” Visconti reveals, drinking water in a smart New York private members’ club. He is dressed all in black, slim — he traded in drugs and booze for tai chi — with white-cropped hair. “I’d kept a secret for two years, I knew the release date for two months, it was a countdown, 47 days to go... the final day we were e-mailing each other. I’d say, ‘I’m biting all my nails down, it’s 2 hours and 35 minutes’, and he [Bowie] would write back, ‘2 hours and 26 minutes’. Then I saw some posts on Bowie Worldwide just after midnight: ‘Holy shit’, ‘Oh my God...’ Everyone had written him off. The next day he was very happy about how well it had been received. ‘Well, what did you expect?’, I said.”

Bowie, he says, told him he would “never do another interview again” making Visconti, I say, his voice on Earth. “Tell me about it,” he says, wryly. The singer had a heart attack in 2004 and there have been rumours that he was suffering from cancer. “They’re categorically not true,” Visconti says. “He does not have cancer. If there’s

one thing I would like to dispel it’s the rumours about his ill-health. He’s incredibly fit and takes care of himself. Obviously after the heart attack he wasn’t too thrilled, but he has an amazing family and friends. Visconti calls family “the F-word” with good reason. He became estranged from Bowie in 1988 having talked about Bowie’s close relatives to the press in a way the singer felt was “too intrusive”. They reconciled “because we’re friends”.

Since his heart attack, Bowie has been painting — an exhibition of his work is possible, Visconti says — “and doing a phenomenal amount of reading: old English history, Russian history, the monarchs of Great Britain — what made them bad and good. Everything he reads makes it into the lyrics of his songs”, which is evident in our exclusive breakdown of the rest of the songs on the album (see box, right) about tyrants, spies and soldiers.

“I’ve worked with other rock stars who want to talk about their yachts and horses. Not David,” says the producer, fondly. Love in the internet age, glam rock and the workings of fame form more personal thematic ballast.

Certain to create most headlines is *Valentine’s Day*, Bowie’s response to the epidemic of gun violence in American schools. It was written a year before the Sandy Hook Elementary School massacre in December. “It’s about mental health rather than gun control. It’s all young people doing these shootings. It goes inside the head of the shooter. David gives him the name Johnny, which I think is the name he’s given to about 12 people in his songs over the past 40 years.”

Why Johnny? “I don’t know. Maybe it rhymes well: a generic name which helps describe the common man. The issue for him isn’t so much guns, but the mental health of the shooter. In the past two years there have been so many shootings and the next day we’d come into the studio and say ‘What the f\*\*\*? Why is this happening?’ We were shocked like everyone else and don’t think it’s going to end anytime soon. We have kids and we can’t imagine the horror... the worst thing to happen to our kids would be them being shot in public.”

The Berlin period featured in the new



**BOY KEEPS SWINGING** David Bowie at The Magic Shop in New York in 2011. His new album was tracked and mixed at the studio

**‘During the making of Young Americans he was taking so much cocaine it would have killed a horse’**

single, in which Bowie lived with Iggy Pop, wasn’t as depraved as people think. “We got drunk a lot. But he lived a very spartan life. Iggy had his bedroom, David had his.”

Did their relationship go beyond friendship? “No, absolutely not and at that time he had serious financial problems. He was breaking up with (first wife) Angie and he was reconstructing his life. Certainly there were periods when he reached the depths.”

“During the making of *Young Americans* (1975) he was taking so much cocaine it would have killed a horse. Cocaine certainly almost killed me. During the making of that album I nearly died. I thought I was going to have a heart attack. I worked day and night. He’d come in to the studio at 11pm and work till 11am. One day I said ‘I have to pack it in, the cocaine

isn’t propping me up any more. I cannot stay awake. On the way home my heart felt like it was going to explode. I didn’t want to cause a scandal for him and me by going to hospital, so I took 12 sleeping pills — no suicidal intent, just to slow my heart and it did and I survived. We’d have both been dead if we’d carried on. There was a myth it wasn’t habit-forming back then. Foolishly we believed that. It was a social drug and socially acceptable. You went to any cocktail party and somebody put a line or spoon under your nose and you said ‘Oh, thank you! I know people who sold their homes to feed their habit. For us there was no limit.”

Visconti stopped taking cocaine in 1984. “I woke up one day imagining there were phantoms in the room. I just went cold turkey.” He stopped drinking in 2000 and Bowie and he both went to AA. “David found it very useful. We talk about being each other’s support system. If two people from the program sit together that’s technically an AA meeting. Every two or three days we talk about it although we don’t start and end with a prayer. I’ll say, ‘I’m coming to my 12th birthday’ and he says, ‘Well it’s been my 23rd’. I ask, ‘Do you miss it?’ and he says, ‘I don’t miss it at all. And I say, ‘Me neither.”

Sometimes the men recollect how drunk they were at a party, the limo that would wait for them outside after-hours clubs in New York. Their most outrageous night? “We stayed up with John Lennon until 10.30am. We did a mountain of cocaine, it looked like the Matterhorn, obscenely big, and four open bottles of cognac.” Visconti pauses. “He doesn’t do anything now. He’s Mr Clean. He looks great, rosy cheeked. If you’re doing drugs and drinking at 66 you look like shit.”

Bowie’s poison now? A strong macchiato. Otherwise he drinks water and in the studio, and eats roast beef sandwiches and salads.

The two have made 29 songs together of late, making a second album almost inevitable. “We’re not going to give up on the songs that haven’t made this one,” Visconti says.

“We’re going to go back and look at them because they’re spectacular musical pieces, they just haven’t been finished

**Continued on page 6**



**WATCH THAT MAN** Tony Visconti, David Bowie’s producer, friend and Alcoholics Anonymous “buddy”. Visconti helped produce Bowie’s latest album

TIMES PHOTOGRAPHER, CHRISTOPHER LANE



## Visconti’s guide to Bowie’s new album

- 1 The Next Day**  
An historical song and horrendously gruesome. I think it’s about a Catholic cardinal or tyrant. It’s very violent: the main character is hung, drawn and quartered, burnt and then torn apart by people.
- 2 Dirty Boys**  
A euphemism, and song, for all the glam rock stars that have ever been.
- 3 The Stars (Are Out Tonight)**  
It’s about all kinds of stars. You can say I’m being secretive.
- 4 Love is Lost**  
That’s not about a love affair, but how everyone has cut down their feelings in the internet age.
- 5 Where Are We Now?**  
A very personal song — it’s about the Berlin we had been in in the 1970s. It is not as autobiographical as people are suggesting. He is a storyteller. This could be about him, or Berlin at a certain time.
- 6 Valentine’s Day**  
Inside the mind of a high school mass murderer named Johnny, inspired by the spate of shootings in US schools.
- 7 If You Can See Me**  
A challenging jazz-funk-rock composition, extremely fast with accompanying vocals by longtime Bowie singer Gail Ann Dorsey. Identities switch between someone who may be Bowie and a politician.
- 8 I’d Rather Be High**  
The lament of a demobbed Second World War soldier who would rather succumb to base emotions than be a human being. Bowie does not want to be high. He is clean and has been an AA member for years.
- 9 Boss of Me**  
Someone feels oppressed or abused, speaking in the third person.
- 10 Dancing Out in Space**  
A song about another music artist, possibly a conglomeration of artists.
- 11 How Does the Grass Grow?**  
It’s a companion song to *I’d Rather Be High* and is about the First World War: how British soldiers were trained as a metaphor for a lot of things. Sheer poetry.
- 12 (You Will) Set the World on Fire**  
About a young female singer who gets discovered in a nightclub in the 1960s. Does she set the world on fire? It’s not about anybody specific, but a couple of people who sang alongside Dylan.
- 13 You Feel So Lonely You Could Die**  
It’s about Russian history, from the time of the Cold War and espionage and about an ugly demise. It sounds like an R&B song.
- 14 Heat**  
It could be about prison, loneliness and sociopathic detachment. The lyrics are so bleak I asked him what he was talking about. “Oh, it’s not about me,” he said. None of these songs are. He’s an observer.

# the conversation

Continued from page 5

lyrically. I think he's on a roll, and will possibly return to the studio later this year. If people don't like this album then maybe he won't, but it doesn't matter to him. He told me what he wants to do is make records. He does not want to tour. He's been doing it for more than 30 years and he's tired of it. I've been with him on tour and no matter how cosseted they are they lose sleep, they get miserable and lonely. After being on stage they just want to get into the limo and crash. It's grueling and the star of the show has to deliver most on stage.

Visconti recalls seeing him after a concert at Jones Beach outside New York in 2003. "He just sat there and said, 'I'm knackered. He wasn't enjoying it.'"

It has been rumoured this week that Bowie might appear at the Glastonbury and SXSW festivals. "There is no possibility whatsoever," Visconti says. "I don't want to give people any hope. He's pretty adamant that he's found his muse. 'I just want to make records,' he told me."

After the heart attack, Bowie resumed contact by sending Visconti "jokes and YouTube videos of people doing stupid things. I don't think artists ever retire, why would he retire? Some artists have long periods of not creating; they need to accumulate experiences and have something to write about. I've read Christopher Hitchens's book *Mortality* and I'm sure David has too."

Bowie walks among New Yorkers well disguised: "He doesn't stand on street corners for any length of time." He was papped outside the recording studio in SoHo, New York, in October, but it was a rare sighting. He travels all over the world, "but you wouldn't know it because he doesn't want you to. He values his privacy because he hasn't had a private life."

The album was made over an 18-month period, then in the studio intensively for three months, 20 intensive weeks at a time. Bowie makes his own demos at home on a computer.

"He knows how to make a drum loop and record chords and do a backing vocal over them," his friend says. Sometimes tracks are just music or "la-la-las", as Visconti puts it: "He gets us to feel a song might be about an assassination, so everyone gets in that mood. None of the



GANG OF FOUR Hermione Farthingale, David Bowie, Tony Visconti and John Hutchinson in London in 1969



YOUNG AMERICAN Tony Visconti in 1968

songs are pre-written, he jots down notes and I keep the microphone settings the same for each song so we can return to it." The new single has very sparse lyrics, he explains, but every line evokes a feeling and reminded him of how much Berlin felt like a film noir, "a *Third Man* city. There is such drama there: the killing, Hitler..."

Visconti met Bowie and the singer Marc Bolan at the same time. "I knew they'd both be big," he says. It was Bolan who was the more rivalrous, and Bowie, who discovered glam rock — in Visconti's estimation — "about an hour before Bolan. They're like my sons, I can't say who I love more, but Bolan saw everyone as a threat. A friend showed me a picture of him, disguised, watching David and I on stage supporting Hawkwind, the hairiest band ever. He's wearing a cloth cap so we wouldn't recognise him."

As for Bowie's own sexuality (in the

Seventies he said he was gay, then bi), "I never witnessed him with a boyfriend. I certainly think he wanted people to think that, but his main squeezes were always women. There was such homophobia back then. He said the best tactic was to go the other way and shock people. He said Ziggy Stardust was a persona, but it confused people. I hear people even now saying, 'You work with that queer'. It's never been dropped completely."

Bowie "doesn't care" about criticism, Visconti says. "He's a very smart guy. Part of his thinking releasing the single may have been, 'Let people think what they want, I'm going to shock them with this'. If so, it came off flawlessly."

Like many music journalists, Bowie and Visconti joke about good songs Bowie has made since the widely-hailed album *Scary Monsters* as "the best since since *Scary Monsters*". They also have another joke. "Every time we go into the studio, we say, 'This

## Bowie is addicted to Foyle's War, US police series The Shield and French drama Spiral

one's going to be our *Sergeant Pepper*", referring to the defining Beatles album."

He reveals that Bowie loves British comedy: particularly Harry Enfield and Paul Whitehouse, Peter Cook and Dudley Moore (he makes Visconti play Cook in sketch recreations). DVDs of *The Office* played through the 2003 recording of the album *Reality*. Bowie is also addicted to ITV drama *Foyle's War*, America n police series *The Shield* and the drama *French Spiral*.

Visconti's least favourite Bowie songs are from the *Never Let Me Down* period ("He lost his way"), but he likes *Let's Dance*, even if he didn't produce it. He says he likes to "mix things up" and has worked with Elaine Paige as well as Thin Lizzy. He produces young bands today (including Razorlight and the Dandy Warhols), but is shocked by "how little musicianship they have compared to the 1970s, and I'm not being an old man — I was shocked by how little musicianship we had compared to Charlie Parker. Today they put 10,000 hours in on the computer, rather than shredding a guitar."

The Arctic Monkeys and Arcade Fire are honourable exceptions, but he hates bands "channelling" the 1970s and 1980s. "It's bollocks. Listen to the ballad we just released: it's just a man singing from the heart with no trickery."

Another single may precede the album's release in March. Until then Visconti, three times married (once to the Welsh folk singer Mary Hopkin), with four children, and in an unmarried relationship for 12 years ("I'm more faithful as a single man, you have to work harder to keep up the romance") will practise 'ai chi on his Manhattan roof and await more tantalising calls from the still-Thin White Duke. So, there's more Bowie music to come and more surprises? "Oh yes," Visconti says, grinning to the max.

**David Bowie's album *The Next Day*, will be released on March 11 on RCA. The single *Where Are They Now?* is available on iTunes.**

# Caitlin Moran on TV

## Splash! was as deeply deranged as the desperate exclamation mark



### Splash! (ITV1) Mr Selfridge (ITV1)

I don't mean to be unnecessarily dolorous — usually I'm all about the good news — but ITV1 had a notably stupid week this week.

Obviously, no one's at their best in early January. We're all a bit liverish, duvet-dazed and unwilling. But of all the people in Britain laddling themselves out of bed into the aching pre-dawn, then spending the day screwing things up in an office, ITV1's weekend scheduler appeared to be hitting "Top Five Most Lamentable", easily.

For many TV viewers, the big question of the week rapidly became: "Which is provably, scientifically worse: ITV1's new putative Bafta-bait drama *Mr Selfridge* (Sunday), or the new celebrities-learning-to-dive-with-Tom-Daley, yeah, you heard me, celebrities-learning-to-dive-with-Tom-Daley — show, *Splash!* (Saturday)?"

*Splash!* was — as the desperate, *Miranda*-style "Such fun!" exclamation mark in its title suggested — deeply deranged. At times, its existence felt as alarming as looking up to see an oncoming truck bearing down on you, driven by a child, smoking a fag and wearing water-wings.

The premise of its 90-minute format was almost entirely encapsulated in its one-word title: this was a show about causing splashing sounds by dint of throwing celebrities into a swimming pool. Perhaps the exclamation-mark was there to indicate the "celebrity nature" of said splashes. They would obviously be a far more exciting splash than could ever be caused by a muggle, civilian, or no-tail.

*Interior. Day. Swimming pool.* A man in a blindfold sits on a chair. Behind him, TV presenter Jenni Falconer jumps into a swimming-pool. There is a Loud Splash.

BLINDFOLDED MAN, immediately: Celebrity. Celebrity splash. Easily D-list. Deffo someone who's done at least *All Star Family Fortunes* — if not *All Star Mr & Mrs* as well. It's not — it's not Carol Smillie, is it? PRESENTER VERNON KAYE: Close! You're so close! It is, in fact, Jenni Falconer!

BLINDFOLDED MAN, taking blindfold off: I always get them mixed up! Nadgers. NADGERS!

The bizarreness of the format was perfectly encapsulated in the outfit worn by the aforementioned Vernon Kaye. Understandably confused as to the dress code for fronting a show set in a massive swimming pool — there are precious few precedents — Kaye had opted for a casual shirt, espadrilles, and then a pair of trousers that appeared to be the bottom half of a morning-suit, sawn off at the knee. The over-all image was "smart-casual lifeguard gets married".

"The atmosphere here in Luton is electric!" he said, with the air of a man who



HOW'S MY DIVING? Helen Lederer takes a career plunge on Splash!

knew exactly how that sounded.

To be fair, however, the atmosphere did seem pretty electric — thanks to a pool-side audience of hysterical Tom Daley fans. If *Splash!* is anything — and that's something still very much up for debate — then it is the result of a meeting during the Olympics where someone at ITV1 went, "A lot of people fancy British bronze medalist Tom Daley, don't they? He's like Harry Styles, but wet. Can anyone think of a show format in less than a minute which will allow us to put him on prime-time, in clingy trunks?"

Recruited, then, to coach the celebrities, Daley rocked up seven minutes into the show, and showed us why — despite his hotness — he was merely the coach, and not tasked with hosting the show, and doing all the talky-talky.

"When I step out poolside," he said, in a gill-like monotone, "I can smell the..."

He paused. I absolutely, without a shadow of a doubt, expected him to say either "expectation" or "glory". Definitely, 100 per cent, "expectation" or "glory".

"Chlorine," he finished.

Having finished with the talky-talky, the show got Daley to do a big old dive, then climb out of the pool — readjusting his cruet-set from the impact of the water, which appeared to have made everything rotate 45 degrees.

And that was, sadly, the last time we saw Daley in trunks. For the rest of the show, he was dressed in shorts and a T-shirt, and briefly glimpsed clapping in a "supportive" way as the celebrities dived. Dove. Doved. Whatever it is.

As the diving guestlist unfolded, you did

wonder if there could possibly have been a less appropriate line-up. Sugababe Jade Ewen couldn't swim. "I can't really swim," she said. "I'm scared of water."

Actor Jake Canuso had nearly drowned during the tsunami in Thailand. "There were houses going over me and everything," he said, in his introductory package. "It's making me cry remembering it." This sounded like a fairly major trauma, rather than a light-hearted anecdote told before learning to dive in front of 6.1 million people. Canuso sounded like he should be on a show called *Therapy!*, instead.

The comedian Helen Lederer, on the other hand, was absolutely fine with the water aspect of diving — but not the diving aspect. "I have a fear of heights," she said — a fear that was very apparent when she got ready to do her first dive, live.

Appearing on the diving board for a quick pre-dive chat with Kaye, her eyes had the milky glaze of someone being poisoned with terror. "I don't really understand what you're saying," she confessed to Kaye, after an awkward pause. "Am I going to die? Is it going to kill me?"

Whilst Kaye reassured her that she wasn't going to die, the viewer couldn't help note that, way below Kaye and Lederer, an ominous, black-clad frogman sculled in the pool, bearing with him the inference of broken neck, and fish-tank lung.

In the end, Lederer made her celebrity splash-sound, clapped on by Daley. We had watched a terrified woman do a very simple dive into a pool — a fairly amazing thing for prime-time ITV1 to task itself to do, given that you can go to Park Road Pool in Crouch End and see it any time you want, while eating a sausage roll in the café.

Still, you cannot fault ITV1's balls: if anyone's ever managed to pad out five people jumping into a pool for longer than *Splash!* managed — 90 minutes — it may well be a case for *Guinness World Records* to look into.

Next week's contestants include long-haired Irish gardener Diarmuid Gavin, and Eddie "The Eagle" Edwards. You know what? Staring at those names, I've had a sudden brain-spasm, and can't tell if I've just made that up or not. I think those are real facts. I don't think I'm lying. But post-*Splash!*, it's so hard to tell.

At the end of the day, *Splash!* was a show about making celebrities fall, head-first, into a pool, that had celebrities falling, head-first, into a pool. It gave us everything it said it would.

**Mr Selfridge, on the other hand** — Sunday night's big chocolate-box drama — signally failed to do this.

What it had pledged us, during its heavy campaign of prime-time trails, was entry into a world like no other — 1909, when the newly-opened Selfridges & Co was by way of Willy Wonka's Chocolate Factory for people who wanted to buy silk lingerie and sexy hats; to walk through its doors was to enter a golden world of impossible wonder and dazzle, and to work there was to be in a hot-bed of sexual intrigue and extra-marital affairs.

I'll be honest: I wanted to see some fox-

in a corset being rigorously pumped by a dandy alpha, on top of a massive display cabinet of stockings in teal, azure, crimson, snow and dove, reach some manner of climax, and then start again — rolling across the floor in a massive tracking shot that took them through kitchenware, linen, menswear, and stationery, so I could pick out a couple of things I wanted for the house, plus watch a bit of soft porn to boot. That would have been a good Sunday night replacement for *Downton Abbey*. A sexy catalogue. Top-end goods, and humping.

And to give *Mr Selfridge* its due, in *Mr Selfridge* himself — played by Jeremy Piven and his MASSIVE teeth — we had our Wonka. Bearded and brash, *Mr Selfridge* entered every scene WITH HIS PERFORMANCE TURNED UP TO ELEVEN, brandishing his cane and SHOUTING things like, "Other shops come from lowly beginnings — but Selfridges will be BORN GREAT!!!!", like some macaroni Brian Blessed, opening a concession of C&A.

Of course, *Mr Selfridge* needed to be brash, because of England's uptightness — which, in 1909, was reaching critical mass. "People here," said Lady Mae, who today was playing "the representative of all of London society", "don't like 'shopping'. It's not considered smart"

Lady Mae, we were given to infer, knew what was what. She'd married into money, packed her husband off to the countryside, and was now banging a golden-haired 25-year-old hottie, who was wandering around with a bottle of champagne in his hand.

Within the space of one ad break, however, Lady Mae had changed her mind about Selfridges. She had become excited about its novelty.

"I rather like being shown how to do new things," she eyebrowed at *Mr Selfridge's* teeth. "Especially by a man who knows what he's about."

NO MRSELFIDGE! The viewers shout-headed. DON'T SHAG LADY MAE! Have you forgotten your lovely understanding wife — Mrs Selfridge — and your daughter, Miss Selfridge? Don't upset her so much she has to open her own shop selling slightly slutty outfits!!!!

*Mr Selfridge* wanted, desperately, to be some manner of *Downton Haberdashery*. What it was instead was *Upstairs, Downstairs, First Floor Perfumery, Stationery and Leather Goods — Going Up*.

Yes, we had all the lavish period costumes, boot-buttoners, cheeky urchins, imperious poshies, phaetons, gas-lamps, corsets and lorgnettes, bang on time. Sadly, however, in the middle of all this, someone had forgotten a script. And with the first episode showing Selfridges as still little more than a building site, they couldn't even send a lady's maid to Selfridges' "Better Scripts" department, to buy a new one. There were no lovely tracking shots of fancy goods. There were no shags. Just a lot of cutaways to the building site and, once, for one second, someone touching someone on the knee in a lift.

In summation: *Mr Selfridge* — I hope ITV1 kept the receipt.

### ITV1's weekend scheduler was hitting 'Top Five Most Lamentable' easily



LOVE FOR SALE Mr and Mrs Selfridge ON ITV1

TIMES + events + offers + extras

### Private view events *Bring a friend*

Times+ is introducing a series of exclusive events across the country, where you can enjoy a free glass of wine and soak up some culture. You can claim up to two tickets, so why not bring a friend along? Book your tickets at, [mytimesplus.co.uk](http://mytimesplus.co.uk)

#### National Galleries of Scotland

February 21, 2013, 6.30-8.30pm  
Scottish National Gallery of Modern Art, Edinburgh, EH4 3DS

#### Manchester Art Gallery

February 27, 2013, 6.30-8.30pm  
Manchester Art Gallery, Manchester, M2 3JL

#### Titanic Belfast

March 4, 2013, 6.30-8.30pm  
Titanic Belfast, Belfast, BT3 9EP

#### National Museum Cardiff

March 14, 2013, 6.30-8.30pm  
National Museum Cardiff, Cardiff, CF10 3NP

#### Baltic Centre

March 20, 2013, 6.30-8.30pm  
BALTIC Centre for Contemporary Art, Gateshead, NE8 3BA

#### Birmingham Science Museum

March 26, 2013, 6.30-8.30pm  
Birmingham Science Museum, Birmingham, B4 7XG

