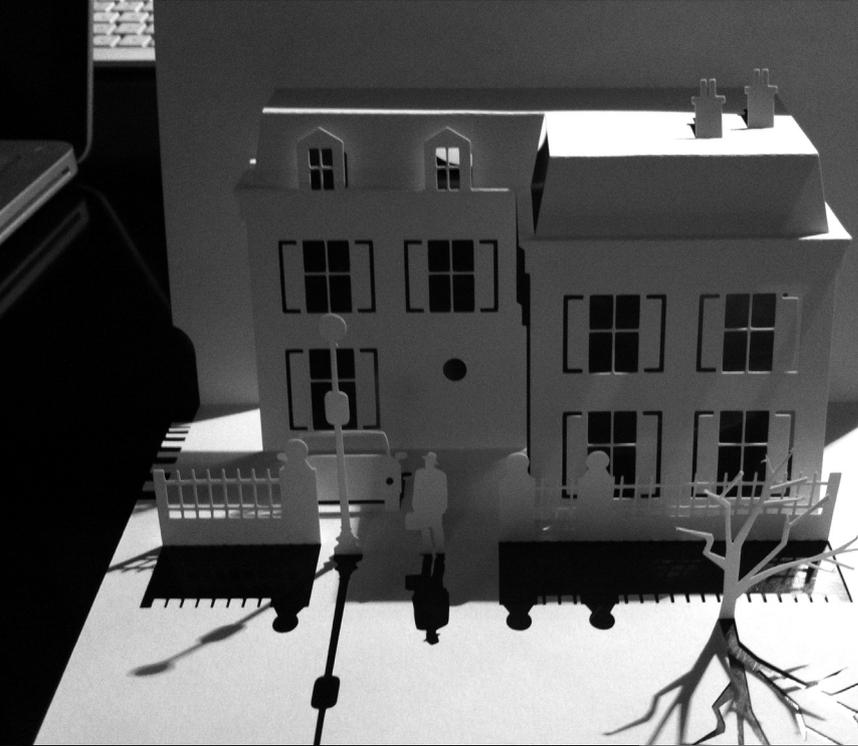




MARC HAGAN-GUIREY |
HORRORGAMI



INFORMATION // SALES



AN INTRODUCTION TO *HORRORGAMI*

Gallery One and a Half is pleased to present *Horrorgami*, the first solo show of paper engineer Marc Hagan-Guirey, aka Paper Dandy. This series is the culmination of a lifelong fascination with the macabre.

The exhibition consists of 13 original kirigami works, each one cut from a single sheet of paper. Each construction represents an iconic location taken from a cult horror movie, with subjects including The Overlook Hotel from *The Shining*, and 112 Ocean Avenue from *The Amityville Horror*.

Presented within light boxes, by night the silhouetted paper sculptures appear as spectral and ethereal as the buildings on screen. By day, the works exist in their pure white and tangible form – displaying an innocent and simple beauty and showing their physical construction. Through this duplicitous presentation, Hagan-Guirey juxtaposes the experience of viewing the work with the experience of watching horror films. Under the cloak of darkness, a horror film is at its most effective and potent but this power dissipates when viewed in the safety and familiarity of daylight.

This series encourages us to consider the artifice of fear, and its psychological construct.

Marc Hagan-Guirey was educated at the Manchester School of Art. He lives and works in London.

SALES INFORMATION

Each piece in the edition will be presented as shown in the exhibition itself - within a lit display box - the colours of the pieces on the following pages are representative of the colours of the exhibited works.

All 13 pieces in the show will each be available in an edition of 13, each priced at £1300.

Once a piece from the edition has been sold, a second piece will be hand cut by Marc Hagan-Guirey, and so on. They will each be made to order.

Once this edition has sold out, no further editions will be released.

For sales enquiries, please contact **gallery@one-and-a-half.com**

The Addams Family

The Addams Mansion



£1300, in an edition of 13

Lighting colour: as shown; size: 33.5cm w / 24.5 cm h / 24.5cm d

Okay I admit it; I am obsessed with *The Addams Family*. From the original Charles Addams single panel cartoons to the silver screen adaptations, I will blissfully spend hours on end safely nestled within their macabre little world. But it is their house in particular that has constantly enchanted me since I first laid eyes on it - specifically the imposing incarnation from the first film in 1991. From the lonely and monolithic Second Empire wooden slated exterior to the mishmash of Victorian and Art Nouveau interior, I have what can only be described as an insatiable appetite for that building. I could wax lyrical for thousands of words on my adoration of the huge sweeping split staircase, the dismal conservatory, the rotating bookcases, the oddly shaped rooms and the frustrations I've had trying to piece them together by screen grabbing every interior house shot in the movie (I'm not kidding), but I shan't; I'm saving that for a future project.

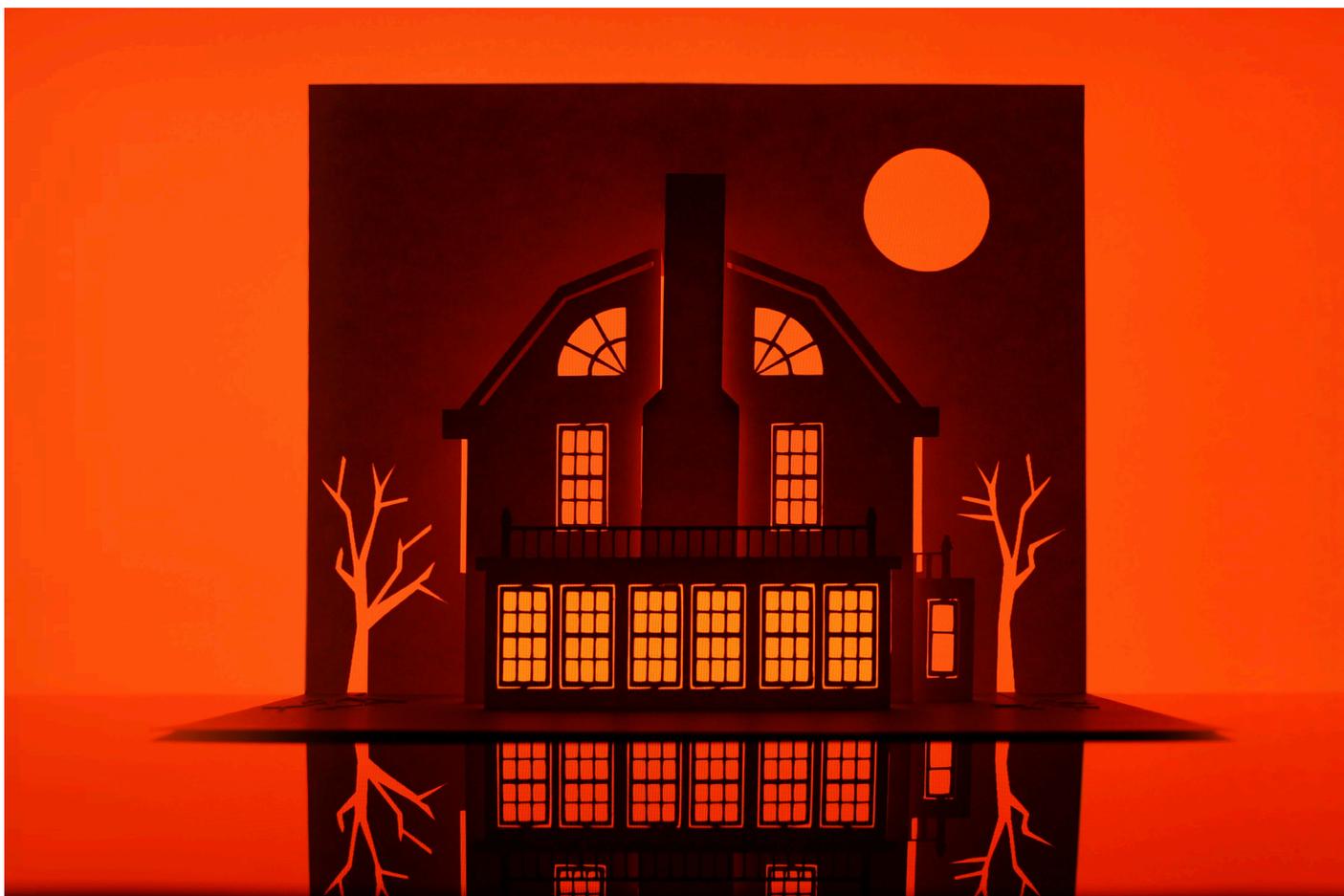
I can now recall the trauma I experienced as a kid when I realised that I didn't have enough Lego bricks in the same colour to make an accurate representation of the Addams home. I must have buried it deep as it's taken 20 years for me to reattempt the model, this time from paper. After the success and enjoyment I got from making the *House on Haunted Hill* Horrorgami my desire to make an Addams model was back with a vengeance.

An art director called Lawrence Hubbs designed the 1991 mansion. I'd managed to find an email address for him via the Art Directors Guild and wrote him a full on piece of fan mail that included a request for some help with the floor plan projects. His response blew me out of the water. It was about 6 months later, and just as I'd pretty much forgotten about it, an email arrived from Larry Hubbs praising *The Addams Family* Horrorgami, (my blog address was in my signature), and an apology for taking so long to respond. His excuse: he was hunting down the original designs he'd drafted which were attached in the email. I think I had to lie on the floor. Unsurpassable feedback.

The Addams Mansion was a 2 sided frontage built overlooking the Burbank Hills at Talloca Lake, Los Angeles. It is no longer standing.

The Amityville Horror

112 Ocean Avenue



£1300, in an edition of 13

Lighting colour: as shown; size: 33.5cm w / 23 cm h / 25.5 cm d

I was definitely far too young to have watched *The Amityville Horror* when I first did. When my parents would go out for the evening, leaving me in the capable hands of my older brother, I would beg him to let me stay up with his friends to watch the horror movie they'd rented. Man that is a weird film, the black gunk at the end and the little girl's imaginary friend Jodie. Have you ever actually freeze-framed the film at the moment you get a microsecond of a glimpse of Jodie? No? Well my brother did, and on this occasion, like many others, he'd spend the rest of the night consoling me after the film left me shaking and speechless. He never learned and nor did I. Thankfully I've been left with a fascination of horror movies and no deeply embedded scars from the trauma they'd caused. At least none that I'm aware of.

112 Ocean Avenue of course is a real address where Ronald DeFeo, Jr killed six members of his family. The actual film location was 8 Brooks Drive, Toms River, New Jersey. The owners at the time refused to allow the filmmakers to use their house as a movie set so the infamous 'eye windows' were built as a false frontage over the similarly shaped house. The real 112 Ocean Avenue no longer has the quarter circle shaped windows and subsequently there have been no more murders or reported hauntings.

Beetlejuice

The Deetz Residence (postmodern makeover)



£1300, in an edition of 13

Lighting colour: as shown; size: 33.5cm w / 24 cm h / 25 cm d

"This is my art and it is dangerous!" Delia Deetz

Again this is one of those films that I really shouldn't have been allowed to watch. Did anyone in the '80s take notice of film age classifications? Certainly not in my house. There are so many reasons why I love *Beetlejuice* but most of all it's the unique and bizarre visual effects had such an effect on me. I only asked for Plasticine for my birthday for the next few years...

Beetlejuice takes place in Connecticut but the house was just a façade built in Vermont.

Dawn of The Dead

Monroeville Shopping Mall



£1300, in an edition of 13

Lighting colour: as shown; size: 42.5cm w / 15 cm h / 24.5 cm d

Horrorgami number 13 was suggested via a Twitter competition. Thanks Alex!

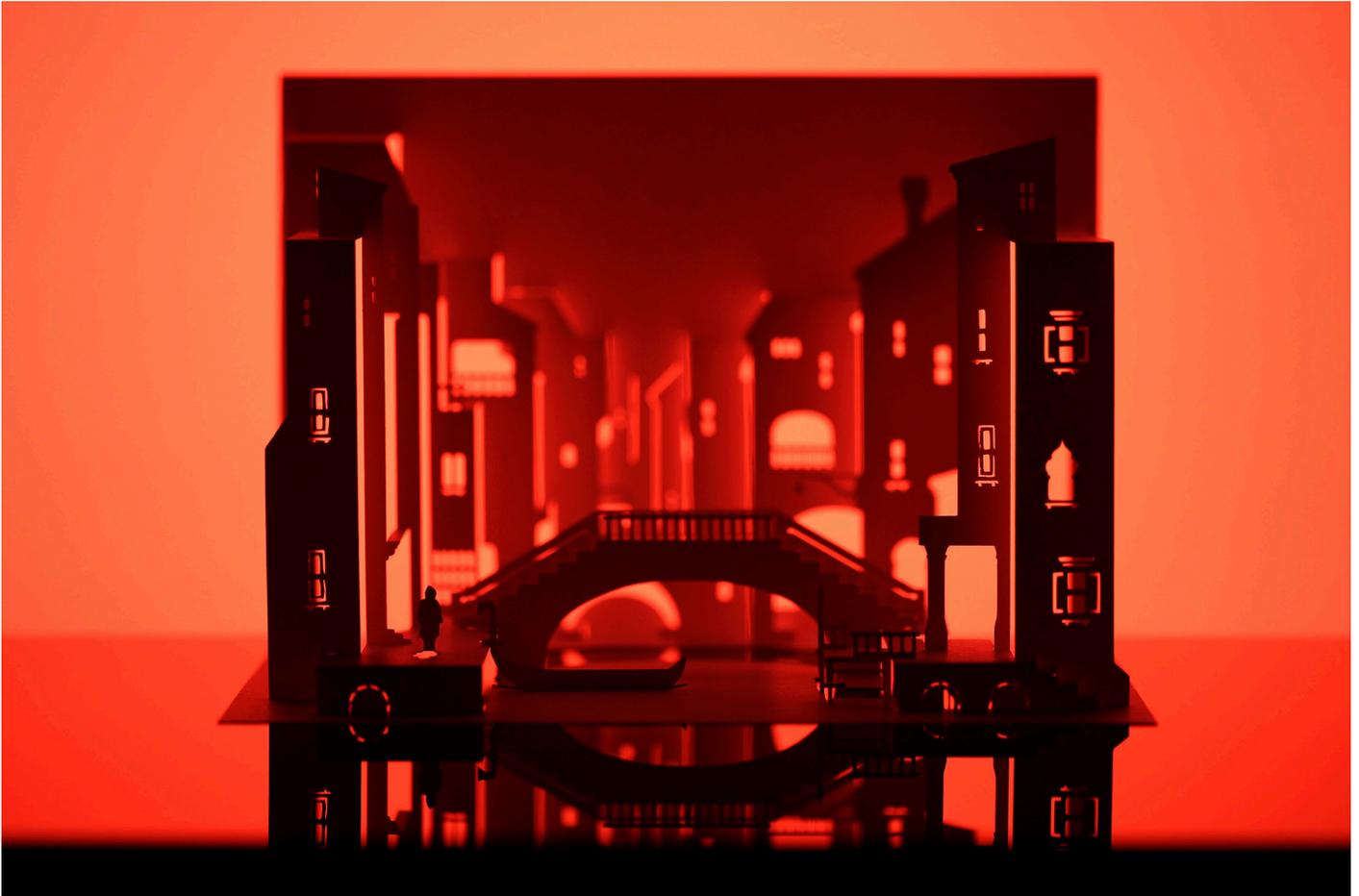
Dawn of the Dead is such a great horror and set the bench mark for many zombie films to come. It gives you just enough to believe that they'll make it to the next goal. In reality it's so full of dead end hope. In the final scene despite Peter's one-eighty on being resigned to his fate, as the credits roll you know there's really no chance that they'll survive. That's why I loved it.

This Horrorgami felt like a great conclusion to the collection. There were a few factors that really influenced my decision to go with this. Firstly it was a very modern building – no gothic features - and that meant there was definitely room for it amongst the others. Secondly, and most importantly, (and this is why I was surprised that the suggestion only came from one person) it made me ask myself – 'how can I have a horror series and not feature zombies somewhere?' And of course, the film ended with a slight hint of 'to be continued'.

The location of the shopping center is the Monroeville Mall in Pittsburg.

Don't Look Now

Venice



£1300, in an edition of 13

Lighting colour: as shown; size: 33.5cm w / 25 cm h / 27.5cm d

This film unnerved me, not as a child but as an adult. I was in a contextual studies class at university where the lecturer was showing us a variety of film clips. The theme was probably juxtaposition or some other kind of topic that would-be creatives should know about. Given my location and surroundings I was definitely not expecting to see what was about to be shown. It completely threw me. That opening scene is by far one of the creepiest and asphyxiating I'd ever seen. After the initial chills had worn off I was delighted to have seen it because so few horror films have been able to make me feel that way as an adult.

Over the past few years I've been on a mini crusade to introduce others to the film so that through them I can relive that initial few minutes of terror. I was chatting recently to a friend and his two kids (14 and 17 years old) about whether they'd seen it. Andy, the dad, was explaining how much that film creeped him out and that he simply could not watch it with his children. Of course I jumped at the chance and insisted that they should come round one evening to watch it. Brilliant - I would get to see two teenagers shit their pants. A few days later they arrived. All was going well - there were shrieks of terror, popcorn bouncing from the bowl and cushions being used as protective barriers. About half way through the film it suddenly dawned on me. Andy's reluctance to watch it with them had nothing to do with how scary the film was. It was to do with the gratuitous sex scene with Christie and Sutherland that was moments away. I recoiled in my seat. Toe sucking, armpit licking, cunnilingus and saggy bottoms. Once again *Don't Look Now* had brought a whole new level of discomfort that I had really not anticipated.

Don't Look Now was set in Venice.

The Exorcist

The MacNeill Residence



£1300, in an edition of 13

Lighting colour: as shown; size: 34cm w / 20 cm h / 29 cm d

I don't think I'll ever experience anything quite like the effect *The Exorcist* had on me before I'd even watched it. Growing up in a deeply superstitious Catholic town in Northern Ireland, the film was a hot topic and there was frightened speculation about its contents, not only amongst my generation but also within entire parishes and communities. The fear it struck in people was something you couldn't make up. And you couldn't rent *The Exorcist*. It was outlawed, mostly on the advice of local priests.

It became known that a local video shop had a copy of it kept in a plain box hidden under the counter. Only those within a clandestine circle of trust knew of its existence, which, come to think of it now, could have just been a clever marketing campaign on the part of the shop. One evening in the early 90s, a few of my friends and I put together our pennies and sent the eldest looking one of us into the shop to see if they could rent the tape, which had by then acquired something of a mythical status within our small community. Later that night, with curtains drawn and sofa pulled up close to the TV, our teenage hearts pounded as I pushed the tape into our top-loading VHS player. Needless to say we all survived the night. But the next day Elaine Pollock was the first to feel the full effects of the curse. She had taken the tape to her house, and in the morning, when her mother found it in her bedroom, she went mental. I mean really mental. And not unlike a woman in the grip of satanic possession she screamed "GET THAT THING OUT OF MY HOUSE, IT'S CURSED, JESUS, MARY AND JOSEPH!!" She then doused the house, the tape and her daughter in the holy water kept on standby for such emergencies. Fantastic. Poor Elaine. This one's for you.

The MacNeill residence location is a real house on 3600 Prospect Street, Washington DC. The left side of the house was a false front built for the film. The sole purpose of this was so that one of the windows of Regan's bedroom could be directly above the stone steps that lead to the street below.

Ghostbusters

The Fire Station



£1300, in an edition of 13

Lighting colour: as shown; size: 33.5cm w / 28 cm h / 28cm d

I don't have very many memories of my father, but of the few that I do there's one in particular that sticks. I was nestled in his arms on the sofa the first time that I watched *Ghostbusters*. It must have been a Saturday night because I was eating a packet of Cheesy Wotsits which was a rare weekend treat (other treats on offer were jam sandwiches and Angel Delight. Boy we knew how to let loose in the 80's). I shat myself at the ghost in the library scene, so much so that I couldn't watch it again until my twenties. That was terrifying. I felt safe though taking refuge with my dad. Until I went to bed and the lights went out. (Ssshhhhh...)

The *Ghostbusters* building is a working fire station on North Moore Street, New York.

The Haunting

Hill House



£1300, in an edition of 13

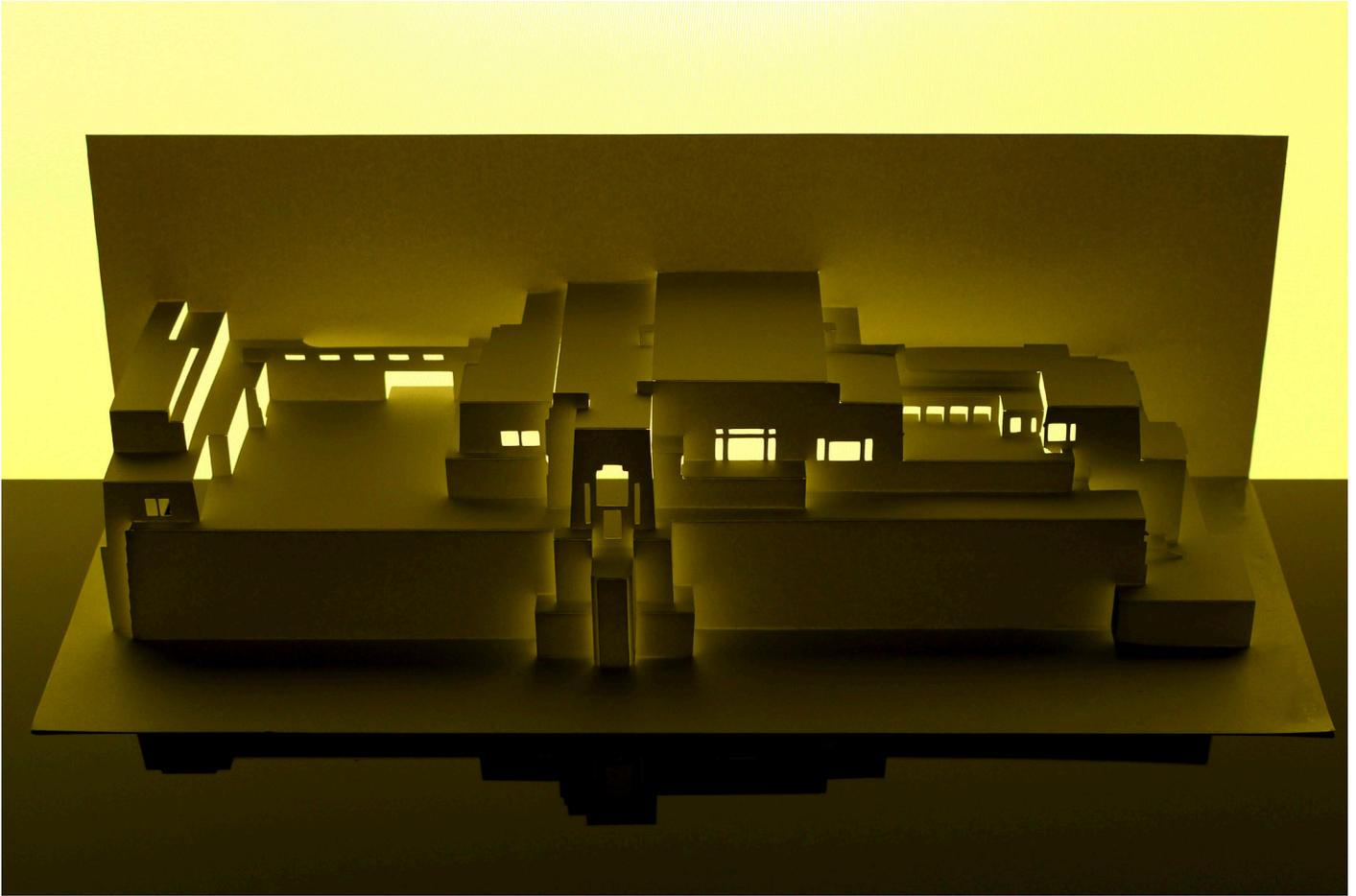
Lighting colour: as shown; size: 42.5cm w / 19 cm h / 21 cm d

Films like this are only ever on TV during the early hours of the morning. I can very clearly remember watching this in my bedroom at home on a little 14" cathode TV, subtitles on, and several t-shirts stuffed up against the speaker (remember when stereo was a luxury?) to stop the sound echoing around the house. The great thing about this film, if you haven't seen it, is that you never actually see any kind of phantom or demon - it's just suggested, and this is probably the reason why I'd end up standing on the landing, terrified, and contemplating whether to go and wake my mother up. Whatever you do though don't watch the 1999 remake. That really is scary... for all the wrong reasons.

The actual location for the exterior of *Hill House* in *The Haunting* is Ettington Park Hotel in Stratford-upon-Avon.

House on Haunted Hill

Ennis House



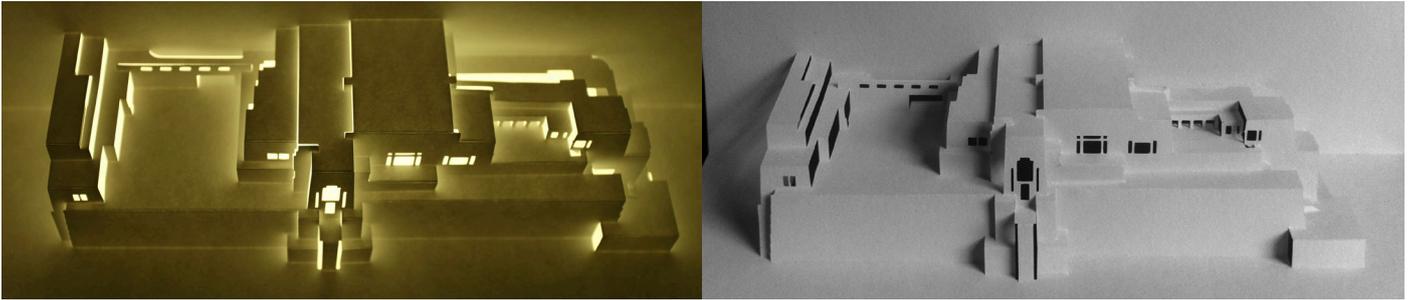
£1300, in an edition of 13

Lighting colour: as shown; size: 42.5cm w / 17 cm h / 23 cm d

Ennis House gained most of its notoriety from its use as the exterior to both Deckard's apartment in *Blade Runner* and to the mansion in *House on Haunted Hill* starring Vincent Price.

Designed in 1923 for Charles and Mabel Ennis and completed in 1924, the Ennis House has been a longtime obsession of mine. It is the fourth and largest of Frank Lloyd Wright's 'textile block' houses: so called due to the way in which it was constructed with interlocking pre-cast concrete blocks. The Mayan influenced home is one of the most recognisable yet elusive locations in Los Angeles and has been off-limits to the public for decades. Sadly the house is now crumbling after many years of decay and neglect, due largely to decomposed granite in the concrete and the effects of an earthquake in 1994. The Ennis Foundation formed in 2005 has earnestly poured money and effort into stabilising the structure, but recently put the home on the market in the hope of finding a private owner to carry the torch.

No matter how many photos, floor plans and diagrams of a building you look at, you can't fully comprehend what it would be like to stand within its walls. It's like trying to describe what love is to someone who's never been in love, so for a long time the magic of Ennis remained just a concept for me. That is, until I fell in love. Last year I flew with my partner to LA on a long overdue visit to our friends Steve and Romy. Keen to see the house for real, albeit at arms length, we'd already added a flyby to the itinerary. Unbeknownst to me, I was to get a whole lot more than I expected. Steve being the sweetheart that he is, had gone to unbelievable trouble to arrange a private tour for me. So on the 31st of January on a gloriously crisp day we meandered our way up Glendower Avenue towards the imposing edifice, and instead of stopping at the divine art deco gates, we drove through them. My heart was in my mouth. There is a strange, ancient, imperial quality to the low walls of the paved courtyard. Once out of the car, I stood resting my hands awhile against the infamous cast blocks.



The hundred-and-eighty-degree, quite uninhibited view over Los Angeles is truly breathtaking. For a brief moment as I gazed over the city, I felt as I imagine the house might feel: like a Mayan emperor addressing his people below: tall, solitary, immortal. Just as Wright had intended, to enter the house is to experience the antithesis of the sun-bleached courtyard. There is a sudden claustrophobia created by the low ceilings, heightened now by a slight smell of dampness, which I can still conjure up so vividly. From the hallway, a billiard room veers off to the right, added by the house's second owner.

I was already planning how I would use the room and could perfectly envisage my Eames chair looking quite at home by the window. The walk up the marble steps into the loggia that connects the principle rooms to the private quarters, once again threw into disarray everything that the house was leading me to expect. From the low dark ceilings of the hallway, I entered the cavernous, cathedral-like vault of the main floor. As Wright intended, the contrast was extravagant and the effect haunting. The main feature of the house (photographs just don't do justice) is the light that floods that great central room. Wright's reasons for mixing the site's excavated granite into the concrete may have ultimately been flawed but I doubt the building would quite be the same without it. Cocooned in a luminous golden ether, you'd be forgiven for forgetting you were in a Los Angeles suburb rather than an ancient ethereal temple.

Despite the austerity of the surrounding concrete, the feeling is one of comfort and security. It may be better known as Deckard's apartment but for me, the experience of the Ennis house was much closer to being insulated within Tyrell's celestial home, with the sun burning through the immense windows and casting long shadows from the towering pillars. Despite the obvious damage and the effects of the recent LA floods, this was the closest thing I'd had ever had to a spiritual experience. I wanted to melt into the stone and remain there forever.

I'd toyed with several project ideas inspired by my adventure in California. I was close to starting a website concept but something told me I ought to step away from the computer and craft something tactile. Leaving no digital stone unturned I was surprised to find that no models of the house existed. During my hunt for Wright artifacts of all kinds, I happened upon kirigami. Making a replica of the house from paper seemed like the perfect material to mirror the fragility of the building itself.

What once was mere fantasy suddenly has a shred of reality to it and since my visit I have had an insatiable appetite for the Ennis House. Needless to say I've unsuccessfully played the lottery most weeks in the hope that I'd be able to resurrect the building to its former glory. Most people want to create a legacy for themselves. For some it's to be a famous pop star, movie star or a powerful leader with countless riches. For me it's to be the steward and protector of a precious building before it really does become a thing of myth. Until then, I'm happy to tinker away with my miniature dedication to the genius of Frank Lloyd Wright.

The Ennis House was bought by Ron Burkle in October 2011 for \$4.5 million down from the original price of \$15 million. Ron Burkle is trustee of the Frank Lloyd Wright Conservancy and has a history of carefully restoring historically significant houses. I'm told the Ennis House is in the best hands it can possibly be in.

The Munsters

1313 Mockingbird Lane



£1300, in an edition of 13

Lighting colour: as shown; size: 33.5cm w / 24 cm h / 25cm d

Still to this day I'm confused how Herman, a Frankenstein monster, and Lily, a vampire could have a werewolf as offspring. Genealogy aside *The Munsters* and the 'so-bad-it-was-good' *Munsters Today* were a staple part of my childhood and hugely influential in my love of all things haunted. I have such vivid memories of feeling utterly content on a Saturday afternoon - *Movies, Games & Videos* had just been on, Mum was back from the grocery shopping and *The Munsters* was on the telly.

One of the most rewarding outcomes of the Horrorgami series is the feedback I've received from people who are in some way involved professionally with the shows or films. It happened with *The Addams Family* and twice more - one of which I can't talk about at all. On Twitter I followed the chap who has penned and produced the re-envisioning of the *The Munsters*. I tweeted that I was excited about the reboot, he responded by saying he loved Horrorgami. Emails were exchanged - I showed him the photos of the Munster house Horrorgami and he sent me stills from the show, both of us swearing each other to secrecy. We're meeting up for a drink the next time he's in London.

The Munsters house was a façade built on stage 12 in Universal Studios. It was used in several different productions before they added the gothic features for *The Munsters*. If you look closely enough you'll see that its most recent reincarnation is actually the blue painted house on *Wisteria Lane* from *Desperate House Wives*.

Psycho

The Bates Residence



£1300, in an edition of 13

Lighting colour: as shown; size: 33.5cm w / 23.5 cm h / 25 cm d

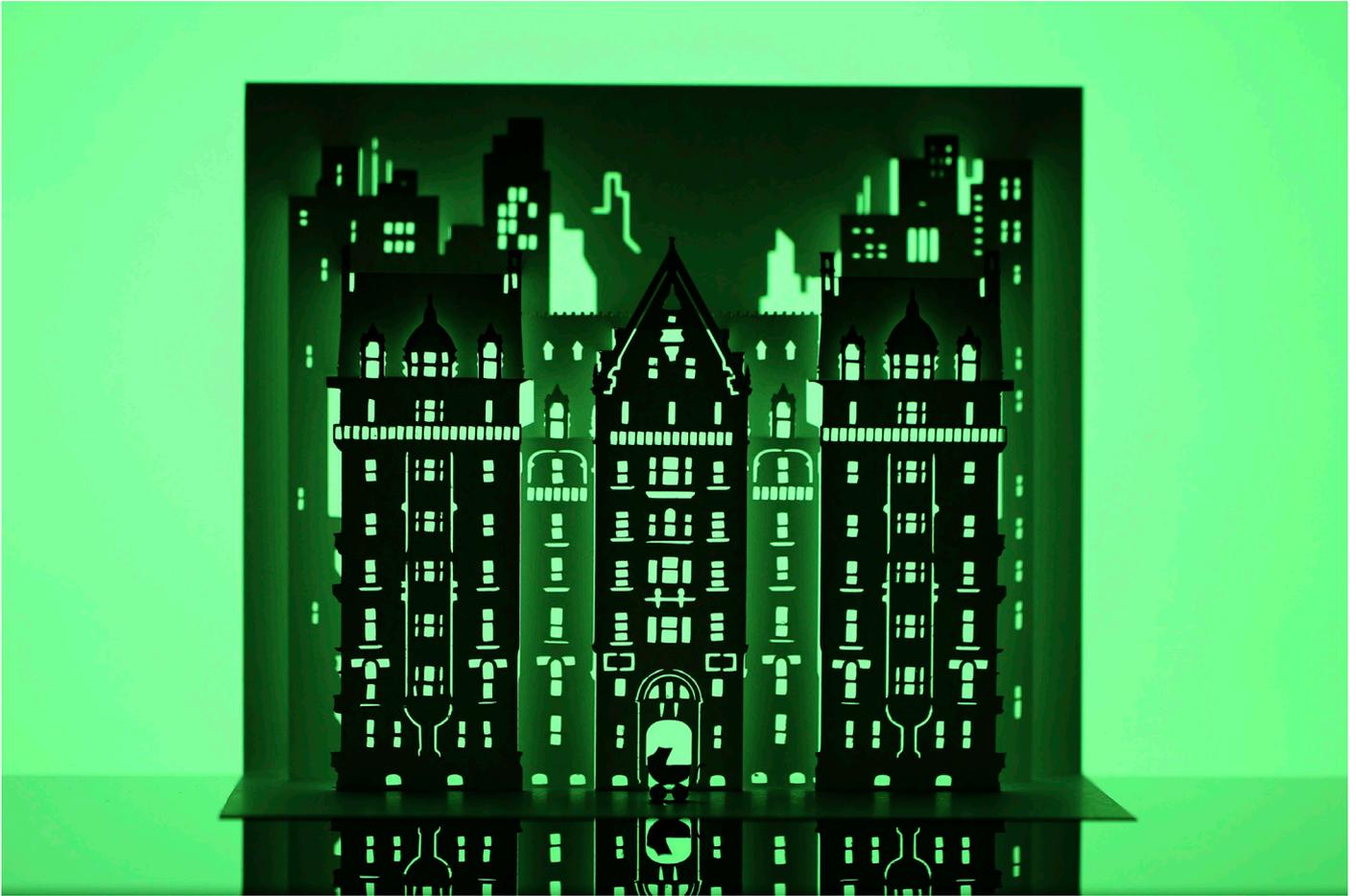
Of all the Horrorgami models, it's the silhouettes of *The Bates Residence* that best lend themselves to the form. The dark shadow cast by the imposing façade of that rickety old second empire house was just screaming to be cut out of paper.

I delight in people's reaction when, if at first they don't recognise the building, a rye smile creeps across their face the moment they spot 'mother' in the window. On the other hand there are those who seek her out... Research shows that behaviour such as this can be interpreted as early signs of psychopathic and sociological disorders.

The original *Psycho* house was a façade of only 2 sides and was constructed using 'stock parts' from Universal Studios' other houses. It has been through several modifications and 2 relocations but primarily remains intact.

Rosemary's Baby

The Dakota Building



£1300, in an edition of 13

Lighting colour: as shown; size: 33.5cm w / 24.5 cm h / 24cm d

Rosemary's Baby was one of those films that when I watched it a couple of years back I realised that I had in fact seen it as a youngster. You know when you have those hazy memories of a film but can't quite remember what it was? No prizes for guessing which scene jogged my memory. Satanic rape aside this film really resonates with me and probably does with any kid who grew up in Newry in the 1980s. Being a predominately Catholic town, the fear and fascination of all things superstitious was as important as a belief in God. The stories we could tell you might be laughed off as urban legends in most towns, but in Newry these were pretty much reality, especially when it came to covens of witches.

The location for the exterior of the apartment block where Rosemary lived is The Dakota building in New York.

The Shining

The Overlook Hotel



£1300, in an edition of 13

Lighting colour: as shown; size: 42.5cm w / 17 cm h / 23 cm d

The Shining is one of those films that has always been on your radar even if you've avoided all horror films. Considering my older brother was 5 when it came out in 1980, it would be some time before my avenue to the film would be open. For that reason the film had always held a kind of mystical status. I think it's for that reason that I didn't actually see it until I was in my early twenties. Did I really want to open Pandora's box?

It's one of those muddled memories, but I can recall when my brother had eventually seen it and was discussing the finale in depth with our cousin. With the tiny snippets that I was managing to follow, I began building a mental picture. I was fixated by the idea of the maze. I can remember drawing pictures in my 'art pad' of how I thought the final scenes would be played out. I laugh now because they must have looked like the sort of drawings that a teacher would keep to discuss with concern at the next parent teacher meeting.

"What's that you're drawing Marc?"

"A man freezing to death Ms Russell."

How I wish I still had those drawings. But even so, every time I've watched that film since those final few minutes of pure horrific madness are replaced with sketchy little men chasing each other around a page, decorated with an overzealous use of red crayon.

The exterior for The Overlook Hotel is actually the Timberline Lodge in Oregon. It was not built on the site of an ancient Indian burial ground.

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