Forest Fringe — Paper Stages 2012
It begins as it always does at Forest Fringe with an invitation. Come and spend some time with us. We have done all this for you and we hope that you like it. It will not cost you anything, unless you want it to. We take what we’re doing seriously but that doesn’t mean you can’t laugh. We don’t expect you to understand everything. We don’t understand everything. We don’t promise not to upset you. We don’t promise to keep you entertained. But we promise we care and we ask you to trust us. To give something of yourself and see what happens.

And this being the Edinburgh Festival, normally by now if you were convinced or even just a little curious you would find yourself queuing on a wide stone staircase leading to a tall-ceilinged church hall. You would have in your hand a crumpled raffle ticket to get you into the show and perhaps a bottle of organic beer, or the remains of an old coffee, or a rain-spattered copy of the fringe brochure used briefly as an umbrella on the run to get here in time. You may know what you are about to see or you may not. It’s not all that important. You may have been here before or you may not. That is also not important. You are probably expectant, and a little cold, listening almost accidentally to the conversations that ripple around you. Hopefully you are glad you found us and wondering already when you will next be back.

This was how Forest Fringe worked. A wood-lined hall above a vegan cafe that became a home in Edinburgh to a community of artists and audiences who believed
How to Use This Book

BY GREG MCLAREN

1. This book is a seed. Do not read.
   Plant.
   Give it to someone not at this festival,
   not really a reader, unfamiliar with
   theatre.
   Sow with care.

2. The authors of this book are
   outsiders, difficult, ask too many
   questions, don’t like flags, think
   strangely, probably want you to go
   somewhere dangerous and ask a sex
   criminal for directions to the nearest
   art brothel.

3. Lazy reports indicate this is
   something of a mental colouring-in-
   book, a delightful memento of time
   spent lodged under a carapace, a
   guide to the tetrads and cannibalistic
   nematodes that feed the roots of
   taller trees, but no. These pages
   contain instructions, maps, systems,
   cracks. Follow them, accelerate the
   collapse of society as we know it, tip
   our carefully balanced world into a
   chaos of undergrowth, unanswered
   questions, unpredictable behaviour
   and self defining groups unmeasurable
   by previous empiricism.

4. The calm of our supermarkets,
   the vent of Saturday night street
   violence, the simple binary of right
   and wrong, the very concept of
   entertainment, all are at risk from the
   activities described herein.

5. We are not the world, there is not
   one love and we are not all the same,
   no matter how deep down the deep
   you go. That is a fairy tale. We differ.
   Prove it.

6. Accept that art is mere curiostiy, and
   indulge.

7. Shame that the works here are not
   anonymous but authority thrives
   in the chemical soil. Our farmers
   rejoice that the desire to control still
   flushes through these revolutionar-
   ies. The need to own our curiosity
   will defeat us in the end.

8. The stupefaction of vast slabs of so-
   ciety is complete. As it gazes numbly
   on, the forest thins, is cleared, is
   grazed, raised, tested, founded,
   shilled, land filled. Follow the crumbs
   out, but they’ve been eaten. As has
   your sweet home. Then follow not.
   Choose your own path; select your
   own eventuality from the list.

9. Consider, if you dare, the following
   instruction:
   Breathe. Do not stop.
   Now you are indebted to these words.
   This imperative will haunt you and
   as you lie near the dreaded end, tired,
   old, wracked with memories, only
   then as your heart fails and your
   fingers curl tightly around the remote
   can you finally exercise your free will.
Score to Recall

1 x Hard White Card 22cm x 66cm
1 x Permanent Marker
1 x Arrivals Gate

With your non-dextrous hand write large on the card a name
Stand at the Arrivals Gate
Hold the card aloft

Anon

Dear World and people
How are you?

I am writing this with my left hand, which is an interesting and challenging experience.
I am right-handed but would often wish I was left-handed when I was growing up. I liked and envied uniqueness in other people, though I consistently undervalued my own “quirks” and sometimes still do.
I was thinking, given the creativity response
by professed fans
of the right hemisphere.

of the brain (by which our
left hand is controlled)
and its apparent connect-
ion to the present moment.
That taking the time to write
my contribution with my
left hand was as theatrical
an experience as any.
So my performative
suggestion for you is
to spend some time with
your right hemisphere.
Using your left hand and the
page opposite describe where
you are. (These pages took me
45 minutes to write.)
Sun Dial: A Point of View of Time

What you need:

Your book
One pencil
White tac
A watch
A compass
Some weights (stones)
Sunshine!

Instructions:

Making the Sun Dial

1. Using white tac stick a pencil onto the centre of your dial plate where indicated. Ensure that the pencil is straight and does not lean.
2. Go outside to a sunny spot. Find North with your compass.
3. Weigh your book down upon a flat surface Then make sure that the 12 o’clock is pointing North.
4. The shadow from your pencil should now tell you the time. You may wish to double check the first time with your watch or any other time piece and, if necessary, make adjustments. Do not check the time with a watch, or by any other standard method, from this point onwards.

How to use your Sun Dial

The Sun Dial is now your only source to monitor ‘time’. You will spend the day reliant only on the sun dial to track the movement of time. Your sun dial is your personal, portable, time piece linking you to the sun and our earth’s movements around the sun.

Will time pass slower than you expect?

Enjoy!

Sun Dial: A Point of View of Time

www.abigailconway.org.uk

After the sun has set please mark the end of the day by visiting the above link to witness another point of time shifting. One where in the dusk and darkness, new life begins again ready to bloom bright in the first flush of a new dawn.
HOUSE MUSIC
a symphony for humans and domestic appliances

It's time to make some noise.

Perhaps you're staying in a house you're renting for the month. Perhaps you're at home. Or maybe you're at a friend's house.

All of these scenarios are the ideal setting for House Music.

In House Music, you will duet with hoovers and harmonise with microwaves. Glorious tone poems will be created between you and the shower head. You will play the slow, percussive timpani of drawers and doors. An electric toothbrush will sing in your mouth. You will make a symphonic masterpiece.

Firstly: you should be in a house.
Secondly: you should be alone.
Thirdly: you should give yourself some time.

You will play a symphony with 5 movements. The instructions are opposite. Since this composition is both made by and heard by only you, let the instructions be a guide.

Let the music play.

i. Duet with hoover
Turn on the hoover and let it run for a few moments. Tune in to the drone. Begin to hum quietly on the same note. After some time, begin to harmonise with the hoover. Experiment with both major and minor. Let the drone become melancholy, mournful.

ii. Adagio for doors and stairs
Prepare by opening all the doors in the house. Then, begin in the kitchen, by the cutlery drawer. Slowly, open the drawer and slam it shut. Repeat with growing intensity. When you feel the time is right, move through the house, deliberately slamming all the doors as you pass through them. When you reach the stairs, walk heavily and with purpose.

iii. Scherzo for shower and shower cap
Turn on the shower and put the shower cap on your head. When the water is warm, step into the shower and let the water fall on your back. Slowly, move your head under the water. Let the drops fall on the back of your head, your ears, the front of your head. Vary the pressure of the water, or the speed with which you move your head. Make the water dance on your shower cap.

iv. Variations on microwave
Begin by putting some baked beans in the microwave. Set the microwave for 3 minutes, and echo each beep it makes. Press start. Tune in to the drone, and replay some of your hoover duet. Create a variation. Let the harmonies develop. Replay and rework. Work your way to a dramatic climax. Eat the beans and feel the traces of the sound fill your belly.

v. Sonata for an electric toothbrush
Open your mouth wide, and start with the brush on your molars. As you move it forwards along your teeth, change the shape of your mouth. Move the brush and your mouth both quickly and slowly. Play your teeth. To finish, hold the brush over your tongue and close your lips around it, fading to a gentle pianissimo.
BRYONY KIMMINGS
& JACKIE COLLINS PRESENT

Holyrood Kids

LIVE YOUR LIFE LIKE A CHARACTER FROM THE BEST SELLING BOOK HOLLYWOOD KIDS, IN EDINBURGH!

Jordanna Leavitt

JACKIE SAYS
Jordanna Leavitt is the wildly beautiful daughter of a powerful producer and legendary movie star mother. Even though she flouts a coltish bad-girl image, Jordanna yearns for more than lounging behind the velvet ropes in Hollywood clubs and existing on a diet of Midnight Cowboys.

BRYONY SAYS
Jordanna is a stunner, all long legs and biker boots. She’s also a bit of a slag. She has a smart mouth which gets her slapped and shot quite a bit. Cut some jays off at the cheeks and drive your Porsche to the Missoni hotel to drink Cosmos and look bored. Then head to suck off some minor celeb in the loft bar only to regret it later. Seeing as you have daddy issues, pick someone really old.

Michael Scorsini

JACKIE SAYS
Michael Scorsini is the street-smart ex-NYFD detective who is doomed to traverse the country until he finds his kidnapped daughter; trustworthy an uncharacteristically handsome he battles with demons as an ex-cop.

BRYONY SAYS
A personal fave... Rugged and agile, sexy Michael is always outthinking the crims. Dress in chinos with a shirt open to mid-chest. Head to Wetherells speak in an Italian American accent and jump through windows of flats holding a gun. Every time someone puts a drink near you start shaking and having flashbacks.

Kennedy Chase

JACKIE SAYS
Hollywood Kid heroine Kennedy Chase, the blonde and brilliant young widow and journalist always manages to put the pieces together before the cops, and feistily learns in the process that she’s still capable of falling in love.

BRYONY SAYS
Kennedy is a bore. She is too wrapped up in her dead husband and it takes her weeks to have sex with Michael. Put on a boring sweater and a shit skirt and go shopping down the Royal Mile to buy generic souvenirs. Have lunch at Pizza Express, maybe get a coffee from Costa, carry a notebook, look smart with big 80s glasses and... oh yeah... fuck off!

Bobby Rush

JACKIE SAYS
Bobby Rush is the ambitious and talented actor/producer, who only has his Hollywood Royalty lineage working against him. Bobby has a lot to prove and creates maverick films on low budgets to set him apart from the pack.

BRYONY SAYS
Bobby’s a cock. He thinks he is so original! Sneak backstage at this year’s most successful alternative fringe shows grab a clipboard and produce the shit out of it. Every time you see a mirror flex your guns. Always wear your shades indoors. If you see Jordanna, fuck her brains out.

In May 2012...

BRYONY KIMMINGS MADE FRIENDS WITH JACKIE COLLINS ON FACEBOOK.
She was hell bent on persuading her teenage idol to co-write her Paper Stages entry. Amazingly, Jackie agreed and sent descriptions of her favourite characters from Hollywood Kids for Bryony to translate into scores for the city of Edinburgh. The only thing was, it turned out Jackie wasn’t really Jackie. He was a super-fan from Lincolnshire. So the subtithe of the score is therefore: “How to live like a character from a Jackie Collins novel for the day written by the artist Bryony Kimmings and a man who is pretending to be Jackie Collins every day of his life.”

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM ALEXANDER6.COM
The Incidental Plays

A series of plays to be performed in a city by an indeterminate number of people for an audience that does not quite realise it is an audience.

“I would like to talk to the capitalists about money, but they only want to tell love stories”

A figure stands half illuminated by streetlight
In paint or chalk or marker pen they write on the wall
“I would like to talk to the capitalists about money, but they only want to tell love stories”

Coffee (for Nora Ephron)

A conversation over coffee
Or what appears at least to be coffee
Body language mirrored
And a discussion with an enormous amount of subtext
Someone writes a number into a mobile phone
A message is sent and there is a moment of quiet, intimidate awkwardness as together they wait for it to arrive

The silent suffocation of Frank Uwe Laysiepen by his most famous former lover

A man stands uncomfortably still in the middle of a busy public square
People continue to move around him
Eventually it starts to rain

Sister Lovers

A number of figures in identical outfits move casually through an overcrowded room
Occasionally Almost imperceptibly They catch each other’s eyes

HTTP 404 – File Not Found

People stood on opposite sides of a pelican crossing
Seemingly incapable of stepping out into the road
They gaze at each other longingly Apologetically As the lights turn from green to red An indeterminate number of times

Dream Sequence

In the midst of a protest that is fast descending into a riot
They hold each other
Hands slipping inside layers of clothing
Cold fingers running across warm skin
Flares
Fireworks
Water cannons erupting like fountains
A chorus of police officers Rhythmically banging their batons against their shields

The Physical Impossibility of Death in the Mind of Someone Famous

The remains of a half eaten fish supper
Scattered on the ground in front of a park bench
A can of Tennents lager Unopened
A half-chewed polystyrene cup Containing a number of small denomination coins

Kiss Chase

Two people aimlessly chasing each other through the streets of the city
They switch roles almost imperceptibly
Ducking between cars Across parks Down narrow alleyways Weaving through packed crowds of people

Once they can run no more both collapse in exhaustion Barely two metres from each other

Oh, baby do you know what that’s worth? Oh, Heaven is a place on Earth.

In a department store
Dressed in unbought clothes
Lying on beds Nestling in armchairs
Curled in a ball in front of banks of televisions
Trying on hats and headphones and crash helmets
Moving through a corridor of light fittings Switching them slowly on and off Off and on

Realism

In the middle of the night
In high visibility jackets
Crisp packets
Chocolate bar wrappers
Coke cans
Crumpled flyers
Cigarette butts
Carrier bags
Used syringes
Lost books
Stray dogs
Dead pigeons
And soiled sleeping bags
Placed delicately and precisely Along a pedestrianised high street
(Not THAT Kind of) Doctor Lobel Cures Horrible Performance

The morning after my PhD defence, I was waiting for a train from Victoria Station when that rare, but not imaginary, request came from over the loud speaker. “If there is a Doctor or Nurse in the Station, will they please come quickly to Gate 15”. Dr Brian Lobel. Doctor of Philosophy. In the subject of Drama and Contemporary Performance. 24 hours after gaining a new title, I’m already bristling with ineptitude. These skills that I’ve gained, what can they heal? The time I spent in libraries, composing journal articles, what is it all for? As a woman in a beige suit runs past me and towards Gate 15, the pride I had in my accomplishments, the pride my parents and mentors held, and the drinks from the previous night’s celebrations seemed to mock me. Doctor... of Philosophy Brian Lobel.

If you’re reading this in August, in Edinburgh, more likely than not, you’ve been exposed to some pretty horrible performance. Although seemingly innocuous, these performances can, in fact, be bad for your health. Put another way, with every horrible show, a bit of our soul slowly dies. Our patience — like a skeletal system in someone with osteoporosis — grows shorter and shorter. Our humanity — like an appendix before rupture — teeters precariously on the edge of explosion. And our desire to see performance again, ever — like cartilage in the knee of a pro-footballer — disappears.

These problems need not, however, become fatal (or even chronic) conditions. For “(Not THAT Kind of) Doctor Lobel Cures Horrible Performance” I am committing to make my performance analysis skills useful by diagnosing and treating audience members who experience Horrible Performance. Because I’m not in Edinburgh, it will unfortunately need to be an online consultation, but I can promise that my prescriptions will be more accurate than those received from WebMD. I have committed to respond to your queries within 24 hours of receipt especially as, with much bad performance, untreated audience response to Horrible Performance can be fatal.

Email (Not THAT Kind of) Doctor Lobel at NotTHATKindofDoctorLobel@gmail.com with the following:

Your Name:
City of Birth:
Current City of Residence:
Name, Date and Location of Horrible Show:
The Duration of Horrible Show:
The Subject of the Horrible Show:
The Most Horrible Aspect of The Horrible Show:
How You Are Feeling After The Horrible Show:

(Not THAT Kind of) Doctor Lobel Cures Horrible Performance will get you tip-top, ship-shape and ready to face the world of performance once again.1

1 As with any kind medical intervention, results may vary and cannot be guaranteed.
THE FUTURE IS NOT A NOUN; IT’S A VERB

Instructions for a predetermined performance

EQUIPMENT:

- A number of volunteers
- A sealed performance area
- Wipe down plastic sheeting
- A method for self observation (TV and monitor or mirror)
- A recording device
- Protective clothing, mask and hat for each participant
- A box, squirty cream, pie bases, paper plates

METHOD:

1. Prepare the experiment space with plastic sheeting. Include TV or mirror and a box containing squirty cream, pie bases and paper plates.
2. Arrange participants into different sized groups of between 1 and 7.
3. Give each participant in the first group protective clothing, clown mask and a hat.
4. Inform participants that the experiment lasts for two minutes.
5. Let first group into the experiment space.
6. Record time taken by each group to throw the first custard pie. If no pie is thrown record the maximum time of 120 seconds.
7. Repeat for groups of different sizes.
8. Make a graph that plots the time taken before the first custard pie is thrown (x axis) against the number of participants in each group (y axis).
Twenty-one things to do in
‘EDINBURGH’

1. Let something BEGIN.
2. BRING something.
3. BURN something.
4. You can RUN.
5. And you can HIDE.
6. HUNGER.
7. Then DINE.
8. Look BEHIND.
9. Look UNDER.
10. RIDE out.
11. RING out.
12. BUDGE somebody.
13. NUDGE somebody.
14. HUG somebody.
15. RUB somebody.
16. BIDE your time.
17. BEG to differ.
18. Avoid the HERD.
19. Follow the URGE.
20. Just BE, for a moment.
21. Let something END.

Entr’acte: Balerno to Leith

Andante
Stand.
This is the start.
Think of the place you have to go next.
Walk there if possible. Do this as you walk there.
If you have to take a bus, a taxi, a train, an aeroplane, any mode of transport that’s not walking, that’s fine.
If you have to take a bus, a taxi, a train, an aeroplane, whatever mode of transport that’s not walking, that’s fine. It’s OK. It still works. All you have to do is count at the same pace you’d walk at, one number per step, ascending, for the duration of your journey. As if you were actually walking for the length of time the journey takes. For example, from when the train doors shut, until they open again at your station, or from the moment the plane’s wheels leave the ground on take-off to their first touch on landing.
Hopefully your journey will be a walk, though. A walking journey.

Do this:
Count upwards as you walk. Start at one, on the first step, and every step after that, go up one number. I know I could have explained that more succinctly but I don’t want you to complicate things by counting backwards in primes just because you can.
Stop counting when you reach where you next need to be.
It’s probably best to do this outdoors. A journey between two places that aren’t in the same building.
You don’t have to count out loud.
Every time you count. Every time you say a number to yourself. Every time, think of a face. The face of another human being.
Hold that face, that human face in your mind as strongly as you can, as if you were flashing up a series of incredibly detailed photographs. When you take the next step let it go, and replace it with another.

So the images, the faces, will only be in your mind for a very brief time. One image for the duration of each step you take, flicking past like slides on a carousel and then gone. Replaced.
A different human being for each step. Not necessarily a human being you know or have ever met. Not necessarily a human being you have ever seen a picture of or read about in a news article or have heard sing a pop song.
But every step, the face of a different human being.
Some of them you’ll probably make up. You’ll probably visualise a human face of some shade or age or expression that you’ve never actually seen in reality at times. But that’s fine.
You’ve seen a lot of faces in your life. Either in pictures, still and moving, or right there in front of you. You know enough about the possible permutations, the elements of a human face, to make it convincing, consistent. Even the faces you completely imagine will still look like a person who could exist in the world.
In fact, with over seven billion people in the world, any face you imagine will have a close match somewhere. It would be very hard for you to visualise a possible human face, to make a genuine effort to visualise a genuinely possible human face, that someone in this world hasn’t already got.
At the end of the journey, you won’t remember every face, but you will, if you’ve been counting, know the number of faces you’ve seen.
Every face you’ve imagined will have its equivalent.
Every face you’ve imagined will be real, somewhere.
The hero might not be who you think it is but someone else entirely.
you download a track from this link:
www.bit.ly/L0NwDR

(you resist the temptation to listen to the track until instructed to do so)

you catch the 18:15 from Edinburgh Waverley station to North Queensferry

you go south from the station, down Brock Street and Ferryhill Road

you get to the bottom of Ferryhill Road and you cut a left onto a footpath of small stones that leads back up a bit and to the left

(if hopelessly lost, you ask a stranger for carlingnose point reserve)

you get into the reserve proper and you search a little for a bench (in loving memory of wee john?) along the edge of the cliff. you find the bench overlooking the water (or some other suitable spot of your choice)

you play the track

(you have the choice to share this moment with anyone who happens to be there in anyway that happens to be appropriate)

you retrace your steps and catch any one of the 19:25, 19:31, 19:51, 20:02 (mon-sat) or later back to the city
SAYING THINGS OUT LOUD ALPHABETICALLY SEPARATELY & TOGETHER

(acrophonic procedure for making a choral radio alphabet)

Find a quiet spot.
Record yourself speaking the alphabet.

For each letter of the alphabet, speak a word beginning with that letter.
i.e. “apple, boredom, canteen...” etc.
Say it as quickly as you can.

If you hesitate it’s ok, just keep going.
If you go blank, make up a word.
Don’t worry about talking shit.

Your first attempt is the right one.

Send your alphabet, as a WAV or an MP3, to this address:
choral.alphabet@gmail.com

Visit www.choral-alphabet.tumblr.com
to hear the choral radio alphabet take form.
YOU: You don’t want to talk about it?
I don’t.

Pause.
In a moment, when the music starts, you will gaze into the distance, not really seeing anything, but listening for a while, before returning to the page.

SOUND CUE: SLOW BLUES PIANO DRIFTS IN FROM THE DISTANCE.

Pause.
YOU: We have to talk about it.
I shudder at the thought. I know I’m not up to the task.
YOU: My friends say you are a coward.
I look at you. But you still refuse to meet my gaze, staring steadfastly into the page. I keep my eyes fixed on you while I mouth words so clearly that, though you cannot hear them, you sense them.

I: I AM A COWARD. THAT’S WHY I HAVEN’T COME. I CAN’T BEAR THE THOUGHT OF ACTUALLY SITTING IN THE SAME ROOM WITH YOU EVEN THE SAME PARK WITH YOU WITHOUT TOUCHING YOU I DON’T KNOW IF I COULD STOP MYSELF AND I DON’T KNOW IF YOU’D LIKE ME IF I DIDN’T STOP. I DON’T KNOW IF MY TOUCH ON YOUR CHEEK WOULD RESULT IN YOU GRASPING MY HAND AND KISSING IT HARD, OR IF YOU WOULD SHRUG ME OFF, LIKE A FLY OR A SHARP PAIN, OR PERHAPS YOU WOULD GO SO FAR AS TO WRITE A LETTER OF COMPLAINT TO THE GOVERNMENT. IS IT TAXPAYERS’ MONEY THAT ENABLES MY HAND TO REST SILENTLY ON YOUR SOFT CHEEK FOR AN INSTANT? HOW CAN THAT BE JUSTIFIED? HOW CAN I JUSTIFY THAT? WHEN IT GIVES ME SUCH PLEASURE?

Silence.
YOU: You can’t touch me.
Silence.
YOU: I can touch you.
Hopeful silence.
YOU: Because you are here.
Doubtful silence.
YOU: I can sense it because of your effective stage presence. Look… Without looking up, you point your finger gingerly in front of you. As you do so, I step toward you. My body slips around your finger, so that it is now embedded in between my ribs just below my heart. Wind in the trees.
YOU: You are warm.

We stay like this for a short while. Above us, the bird circles continually.

THE END

In the following little play, you play you. I play I. It is a two-hander. Do not concern yourself with being typecast. You are not.

All you have to do is speak your part aloud. Choose a location where this won’t be a problem. There is no need to project your voice. I will be very close by. Even if you whisper, I will hear. In fact, a whisper works well for the character. And take your time.

You will speak and I will respond in the moment to just how you have spoken - your tone of voice, the speed at which your lips move, the tilt of your head. The way you speak to me will change everything.

BRIEF
A play by Gemma Brockis
After the novel of the same name

A room. We can hear sound from the surroundings, but it is as though muffled. As the action continues the walls of the room should seem to grow further apart, so that eventually they disappear into the distance, giving the impression that we are in fact outside, looking at exterior walls. At the same time, the stage gradually become overgrown with shrubbery so that it is reminiscent of a park, or a hillock. It could be anywhere.

As the curtain rises, the atmosphere is pleasingly banal, only interrupted by a small invisible bird that occasionally circles in the air somewhere above the action. The overall effect is indescribably appealing yet ominous. You are sitting centre stage, reading a book.

YOU: (very intimate). It’s you.
Pause.
YOU: You again.
Pause.
YOU: Can you hear me?
I remain still and silent. Elusive.
YOU: (certain). You can hear me.
I remain still and silent. But I nevertheless have a very effective stage presence.
YOU: What’s going on? (Serious.) I mean. Between us.
Responding to your tone, I look at you suddenly. I am scrutinising your expression. But you don’t look back. You will never look at me throughout the course of the play.
YOU: It can’t go on like this.
I say nothing but I am thinking about you. You are so far away.
YOU: Well?
I open my mouth as if to say, ‘long distance relationships are notoriously difficult’, but I stop myself before the words form.
Dear Edinburgh,

I will write you no poems to tell you how alarming familiarity is. No ways to tell about corner shops, castles, print piles guttering.

Don’t ring on Sundays to have supermarket conversations. I am lying on the carpet of your brain watching flies do plays. Don’t ring to say you’re ____________

Just be here, wearing all your expressions, refuse to cue with sudden gentle rain to mark the place where critics ____________

O Edinburgh, you tough aunt, ambition ATM, torrid auditorium, let me tell you ____________

Here, download my brain tape - your sky is ____________ your sky is old lace over a lamp.

You in a taxi of tartan blankets your face a ____________ tipped to the night, you in a collar of sodium, days of brown-white light.

Your currency is concrete, let me lay you sideways, let me resurface ____________

Teach me how to let go of ____________ how to record the formal feeling of ____________

How to tell when ____________ is ____________

Today is not a day to ____________

outside is ____________ of ____________

an outro of ____________

Today is a ____________ for ____________

My face does ____________ expressions because every day I find it a miracle that I am ____________ in this ____________ of ____________

With blank admiration

Yours ____________

Instructions
1. Fill me in
2. Take a picture of me
3. Send me to mybraintape@gmail.com
4. Read me to a ____________

Hannah Walker
Find someone else who has a copy of this book, or someone who doesn’t and is willing to share. Together, walk up to the peak of Arthur’s Seat. When you get to the top, find a place where you’re comfortable, and sit down. Decide which of you will read A and which will read B, and read aloud the following script. Please don’t read the script before you get to the top. When you read it aloud at the top of Arthur’s Seat, it should be your first time reading it. Take your time over it, and don’t worry about ‘acting.’

A: I really like it here. Up above the city. Don’t you?
B: Yeah, I do.
A: Do you remember the first time we came here?
B: I think so.
A: It must have been, what...
B: Way back, really.
A: Yeah. Must have been. I suppose. Or was it more recently?
B: I’m really not sure. It might have been yesterday.
A: Or even right now.
B: Yeah. Maybe this is our first time up here.
A: I suppose it depends doesn’t it.
B: I suppose so. What are we doing up here then?
A: It says so in this book.
B: Yeah. But that’s a crap reason.
A: Ok. Maybe you’ve brought me up here to tell me something.
B: What, like a secret?
A: Yeah. Like some dark secret, that you really needed to get off your chest.
B: And we’ve come up here, for... why?
A: I don’t know. Maybe your secret is so significant that you felt compelled to pick an appropriately cinematic location.
B: Yeah. I’m good like that.
A: You are.
B: Good sense of drama.
A: That’s right. That’s very you.
B: Or maybe I’ve just come up here to get away from it all. To get some space.
A: To see distance.
B: Yeah. And you’re here because... I’ve just followed you.
A: Yeah. Yeah, you have. Not in a threatening way, maybe you’re more just sort of tagged along.
B: Yeah. And as a result, you find my presence here a little irritating.
A: All I wanted was a bit of solitary me time.
B: But I’m here.
A: You’re here.
B: Shit.
A: Or maybe, maybe you’ve come up here because you’ve just had some, I don’t know, some wonderful news.
B: Like, life-changing news.
A: Like you’ve got an amazing job that means you’ll be going to the other side of the world.
B: Yeah. Or you’re about to become a parent. You’re going to bring a child into the world.
A: And I’ve come up here because I needed to, to stretch out my muscles, to look out, to get some perspective.
B: To reflect.
A: And you’re here because I wanted you to be here, because I wanted the company.
B: Someone to, you know.
A: To be with.
B: Yeah.
A: Maybe in a moment or so, then, we might hold hands for a bit.
B: What like me and you in this story, or me and you actually.
A: I don’t know. Either I suppose.
B: Maybe we could. Could be a bit weird.
A: Could be quite nice too though.
B: I suppose so.
A: Do you think that means we’re supposed to?
B: What do you mean?
A: Like are we supposed to, for this bit to work?
B: I don’t know. I think it’s basically up to us.
A: Right.
B: How will we know when to start?
A: Holding hands you mean?
B: Yeah.
A: We’ll figure it out I imagine.
B: Alright.
A: Maybe that bit was meant as a clue.
B: Oh. Oh yeah. Right.
A: And maybe, once we get to the end of this thing that we’re reading, we’ll also decide not to say much for a bit. Maybe we’ll decide just to sit here looking.
B: Just sit for a bit and look out at the city.
A: Yeah. Just sit, and listen.
B: It might be quite noisy right now with other people.
A: Maybe we can listen to them for a bit.
B: And as we sit, looking out, we can think about all the different people, down there in Edinburgh, going about their lives.
A: And maybe we have just got the idea for a story. Maybe we could point to places you recognise. And I could do the same. And we can look down at the city and map it out.
B: And join the dots. And tell each other what we know about it.
A: And share stories.
B: Maybe we won’t recognise anywhere.
A: But that’s ok too. Maybe we could talk about that for a bit.
B: I think we’re getting near the end now.
A: It seems so.
B: Shall we do all that stuff then, that stuff we just said? Me and you?
A: What like me and you in this story, or me and you actually?
B: I don’t know.
Kim Noble’s Deposit Account for You

Do you think Tim Etchells gives a monkey’s how you are? Do you think DeDomenici & that Kimmings lass give a fucking toss about your wellbeing? And what about Chris & those fucking Action Hero people?

Do performers and artists care? They don’t care. Take it from me.

I, Kim Noble, however, deeply care about you. That’s the kind of guy I am.

That’s why for this book I’ve made a kind of bank account for you. I’ve used the fee for this contribution and I’ll no doubt add to it over the coming years.

The Bank Account is in a Deposit Box that I’ve buried in a verge in Newport Pagnell Motorway service station off the northbound carriage of the M1. If you are in financial need or believe you require fiscal support for an art performance or in fact you can’t afford your wife’s birthday present, please go and take what you need. As of 12.8.12 there is £100 within.

EXACT LOCATION
Latitude N52 4 55
Longitude W0 44 56

As you enter the services just before the petrol station is a verge of grass & trees, it divides the lorry park from the road and Welcome Break car park. 3 metres due north of a small tree that could be a Sweet Chestnut. Just 6 inches below the surface lies the box. It contains £100 (to date) and a cash receipt book. You may take as much as you need.

WHO CAN APPLY TO THIS AMAZING OFFER?
Anyone.

WHAT DO I NEED TO DO?
You will require a car and a trowel (or small digging device).

All I ask is that you contact me to let me know how much you’ve taken & why. And to replace the box back in the hole with turf over the top... for the next person.

I will publish the current amount on my website here:
www.kimnoble.wordpress.com/the-kim-noble-deposit-account/

Please feel free to deposit or withdraw from this Deposit Account at anytime.
This is the sound of not giving a shit

Privilege means never having to admit you’re wrong

Fuck your entitlement

lucy ellinson
#makingeveryday
(11–25 August):
writeswithapencil.blogspot.co.uk
@Llifo

photo: @heardinlondon

#TORYCORE - a sludge metal hansard 9pm 11/08/12
‘Mount St. Helens’ is a sound collage, performed by three players. The players perform the piece according to their playful interpretation of the accompanying score, and in loose conjunction with a pre-existing audio recording, which is located on the internet.

Players require no ability to read music, or even to display any obvious musical facility, merely an interest in a short spell of collaboration and sonic experimentation.

Set Up

1. The players locate the audio file on the internet, at this address: www.freesound.org/people/daveincamas/sounds/21432/

The audio file is subtle and lives in the lowest registers, so is best listened to through larger speakers or headphones. Laptop speakers will not communicate its entire message.

2. The players decide which part in the score they will take (I, II or III). In brief consultation with the score, the players each select their instrument or sound making object, which might include such items as:

   - A bowl full of water
   - Skin
   - A piece of paper
   - Something metallic
   - A large book
   - A plastic bag
   - A glass
   - Mouth
   - An instrument played in a non-conventional fashion

3. The players then assemble around a table with their chosen objects, close to the speakers.

Making Mount St. Helens...

The players may choose whether they will use the audio file as an overture, as a finale, or as a passage in the midst of their collage. Or as all three.

The players may decide what tempo the piece moves along at.

The players may decide to repeat sections.
Daily expressions of joy and intrigue in the form of haiku-tweet.

Document the joy at #seejoyandtweetit or follow @joytweeter

and tweet it
PRACTICAL DIRECTIONS

WAYS TO QUEUE JUMP

• Approach an acquaintance in the queue, embrace them.

• Select a large group of people, stand by their side and laugh heartily at their jokes.

• Run straight to the front of the queue and inform them that your wife is inside and her waters have just broken.

• Make (steal) yourself a Guardian press pass.

• Seduce the door staff.

• Storm the door (you may need to acquire 8 or so participants).

If at any stage your actions are questioned, faint.

Absolute arrogance is crucial for success.
Richard DeDomenici

A KEY PRIORITY FOR THE ARTS COUNCIL is to identify and address celebrity ‘cold spots’ - places where there is no celebrity provision; places that are missing out, places in need of celebrity resources, and places that are isolated from the quite famous.

Creating a balance, a city-wide healthy celeb- ecology, is no easy task. Nevertheless, there is real opportunity here to bring in fresh blood and to achieve better Celebresilience than currently exists.

Use this map to mark the locations of any celebrities you spot. Write their name, the time and date, and any amusing anecdotes about what happened during the encounter. (eg: Tried to chat me up, Was miserable)

(Seeing someone performing in a show doesn’t count, unless you saw them independently outside the auditorium afterwards.)

Afterwards upload your spots to this public Google map.

This cumulative crowd sourced user generated data will be used for research purposes, and the results will be sent to the arts council, with proposals on how to increase celebrity participation provision in the areas that need them most.

I have added some personal historical data to get you started.

Emo Philips
1989. We shouted ‘We Love You Emo!’ from a moving car.

Susan Sarandon
(& Tim Robbins)
2002. Eating breakfast, gave them some little books.

Nancy Cartwright
2004. Thought her Bart Simpson impression was rubbish until she introduced herself.

Mark Thomas
2004. Forced him to take some sand from Sizewell B.

Kate Nash

NB. This map does not have predictive powers (yet), and is for guidance only. www.dedomenici.com
APPARENTLY, THE AVERAGE PERSON IS EXPOSED TO 100,000 WORDS A DAY. NOT THAT WE SIT DOWN AND READ 10,000 WORDS (WHICH WOULD BE ROUGHLY THE EQUIVALENT OF READING FAHRENHEIT 451 TWICE A DAY). JUST THAT 10,000 WORDS PASS ACROSS OUR EYES AND EARS IN AN AVERAGE 24-HOUR PERIOD. I WONDER HOW THAT FIGURE COMPARES TO THE DAILY WORD-COUNT OF A VISITOR TO THE EDINBURGH FRINGE, WHERE EVERY POSSIBLE SURFACE HAS BEEN PLASTERED WITH MICROSCOPIC ADVERTISING COPY AND REVIEWS. HOW MUCH DO WE SEE? 200,000? MORE? AS IF DEALING WITH THE SEVEN HILLS WASN’T TOUGH ENOUGH, ANY JOURNEY ACROSS EDINBURGH REQUIRES US TO NAVIGATE OUR WAY ACROSS AN EQUALLY DEMANDING TERRAIN OF TEXT. AFTER ALL, WE’RE ONLY HERE FOR A SHORT TIME…WE NEED TO DECIPHER THE FRINGE AS FAST AS WE CAN, AND TRY TO FIND A SMALL PART OF IT THAT SPEAKS TO US. NAVIGATING OUR WAY THROUGH ALL THIS TEXT CAN BE TREACHEROUS: THE PATH IS LITTERED WITH FALSE LEADS AND DEAD-ENDS. LAST YEAR MY DAD WENT TO SEE PETER JONAS’S SHOW “DARK SIDE OF THE POON” AFTER SEEING IT HAD RECEIVED FIVE STARS FROM JULIA CHAMBERLAIN ON CHORTLE. HE FOUND OUT AFTERWARDS THAT THE SHOW HAD ACTUALLY BEEN AWARDED “ZERO STARS”. THE STARS ON THE POSTER WERE MEANT TO DESIGNATE EMPTY SPACES. AS MY DAD SAT WATCHING A 7FT SQUIRTING PLASTIC VAGINA, I WONDER IF HE FELT LIKE HE’D TAKEN A WRONG TURN SOMEWHERE.

THE PROBLEM IS THAT TEXT ISFLUID. THE LANDSCAPE IS CONSTANTLY SHIFTING: ADVERTS AND ARTICLES ARE BEING CONSTANTLY REMIXED: PRESS RELEASES ARE BEING TURNED INTO ARTICLES, BAD REVIEWS ARE BEING RE-CUT INTO GOOD ONES, JOKES ARE STOLEN, OPINIONS OF OTHERS ARE RECYCLED INTO OUR OWN. DIGITISATION MEANS THIS STUFF HAPPENS FASTER THAN EVER BEFORE, AND THIS STRIKES ME AS ONE OF THE BIGGEST CHANGES TO OUR TEXT ECONOMY. IN THE LAST TEN YEARS WE’VE BECOME BETTER AND BETTER AT MANAGING AND MANIPULATING TEXT. WE’RE CUTTING IT OUT, DRAGGING IT INTO EMAILS, RE-EDITING IT DOWN TO 140 CHARACTERS, REFORMATTING, PARAPHRASING, PLAGIARISING, ETC, ETC. READING HAS BECOME AN INCREASINGLY CREATIVE PROCESS. ALL OF US ARE WORKING AS ARTISTS: CUTTING, MANIPULATING, RE-EDITING THE FESTIVAL FOR OUR OWN PURPOSES.

ROSS SUTHERLAND

I TRIED TO TAKE JULIA CHAMBERLAIN’S ORIGINAL REVIEW AND RE-EDIT IT INTO SOMETHING POSITIVE. IN THE END, I HAD TO CUT IT UP WORD BY WORD. HERE’S THE BEST I COULD DO:

LET ME RUIN THE SURPRISE ENDING: AN ILLUSTRIOUS SHOCK COMIC MENTIONS PETER JONAS IN THE SAME BREATH AS HALF-HOUR ORAL SEX, THEN LEAGUES OF SICCIOPATHIC WOMEN COURT 7FT PETER JONAS WITH DIRTY LAUGHS AND SEXUAL PUNSES. JONAS, WITH POSES LIKE PETER SUTCLIFFE’S SUICIDE NOTE, REDEEMS OUR DIFFICULT BORDERLINES. HE TAKES US TO A BUZZ OF SICCIOPATHIC FEATURES. THE CAVES SPIT OUT BODY PARTS. JONAS IS A STAR, FALLING INTO DIRTY SMELLY HEAD OF SORRY LITTLE HACK REVIEWS! SO SHOW A LITTLE PLASTIC! A CAR CRASH WILL ALWAYS BE THE BEST SHOW ON THE FRINGE. GO SEE!

I JUST EMAILLED THIS TO MY DAD. IF HE’SfooLED twice, then shame on him, quite frankly.

THIS CUT-UP TECHNIQUE OF WRITING IS AS OLD AS THE HILLS. WILLIAM BURROUSE WAS CUTTING UP NEWSPAPERS TO MAKE POETRY BACK IN THE 1950S. IN RECENT YEARS, WE’VE SEEN A NEW WAVE OF POETS WHO CREATE WORKS USING MASHED-UP WEBSITES (GOOGLE “FLARF” FOR MORE). THE EDINBURGH FRINGE FEELS LIKE THE PERFECT PLACE TO FIND SOME ACCIDENTAL POEMS. CAN WE TAKE COMMAND OF THIS MIDDEN OF ADVERTISING COPY? CAN WE CREATE SOMETHING NEW OUT OF THE VERY FABRIC OF THE FRINGE? FOR JUST SUCH PURPOSES, I HAVE FOUND (JUST THIS MOMENT)

THE ACCIDENTAL POETRY HOTLINE 07719-446-025

THE CONTENTS OF THIS ANSWERING MACHINE WILL BE UPLOADED DAILY TO WWW.ACCIDENTAL-POETRY-HOTLINE.TUMBLR.COM. OVER TIME, I’M HOPEING THE ARCHIVE WILL MAKE AN INTERESTING PORTRAIT OF THE 2012 FRINGE: A CITY SMASHED UP BY ITS INHABITANTS AND THEN PUT BACK TOGETHER AGAIN.

PUT BACK WRONG, LIKE AFTER A BARROOM BRAWL. VISITORS TO THE SITE WILL BE ABLE TO DOWNLOAD POEMS TO REMIX THEMSELVES, SO HOPEFULLY THE PROCESS CAN BE REPEATED OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

SOMETIMES ACCIDENTAL POEMS POP INTO THE WORLD FULLY-FORMED: THEY’RE JUST WAITING FOR SOMEONE TO NOTICE AND RECORD THEM. IT MIGHT BE AN AUDIENCE REVIEW THAT SUDDENLY EXPLODES INTO INCOMPREHENSIBLE VITRIOL. IT COULD BE A SHOW DESCRIPTION THAT HAS SQUEEZED INTO SO MANY REVIEW QUOTES THAT IT READS LIKE GERTRUDE STEIN. IT COULD BE AN OVERHEARD SENTENCE FROM MIKE DAISEY. THESE THINGS ARE ALREADY OUT THERE: THEY JUST NEED TO BE GRABBED AND CALLED IN.

OTHER ACCIDENTAL POEMS NEED TO BE TEASED OUT, WITH THE AID OF PENCIL OR A SEARCH ENGINE. I’LL END ON A POEM CREATED WITH THE AID OF THE FRINGE PROGRAM. I JUST TURNED TO A RANDOM PAGE (PG 334) AND WROTE DOWN THE OPENING OF EVERY SHOW DESCRIPTION, IN ORDER:

A NURSE, HER PATIENT, HIS VISITOR. THESE ARE MY FRIENDS…WE USED TO RING DOORBELLS. A MOVING PHYSICAL COMEDY THAT TOOK US BACK TO “WE’VE ALL WANTED TO BE BLACK, HAVEN’T WE?”

A WORK EXPLORING THE BEHAVIOR OF TAKING OFF WHERE WAITING FOR GODOT LEFT US. NOBODY EXPECTS AN ARTIST TO UNDERSTAND POLITICS. OBSESSIVE, ANOREXIC, BULIMIC, MARYLIN MONROE FAMOUSLY SAID “WEEL BEHAVED WOMEN RARELY MAKE THE TRAGIC LOVE STORY OF YOUNG WERther COME TO LIFE.” HAVE A WHALE OF A TIME AS WE JOURNEY THROUGH THE SEA: A BOLD RIDICULOUS, HEART-BREAKING ATTEMPT.
A SHOUT IS NOT A TURNED UP WHISPER
Who robs whom in this country? Who controls whom? Who serves whom? Who works for whom? Who monitors whom?

“Two armed men wearing motorcycle helmets walked into the bank at around 1pm on Tuesday. A few minutes later, the robbers made off with over 76,000 $”

This was news this week in Lebanon but not important news. A few days ago, another armed bank robbery took place in Beirut but also didn’t make it to the headlines. If events in Lebanon were art forms, robberies would be cinema, Tarantino style and what is now important news would be tribal dance since it involves armed men moving around burned tyres in the middle of the streets.

I personally would vote for cinema. Bank robberies are presented as easy, exciting, successful and fair. In fact, I was one of the people who commented on this week’s robbery with “good on them.” Others have said the blatantly racist “the robbers are probably foreigners” or a nation specific comment “no one died so it’s nothing.” Some went for the depressingly true comment “robberies are the only solution left for us.”

Bank robbery, anyone?

We re-created the robbery act by wearing motorcycle helmets and sprayed “Bank Robbery?” on banks in Beirut. The stencil is here for you to reproduce your own cinematic scene in your cities.

Photocopy the facing page, enlarging it to A3. You will need to cut out the black parts (the letters), hold it up to a wall and just spray over the cut out parts.

If you do, email us photos on tania@taniaelkhoury.com
Dam maD

Instructions for the Neuro-Normal

When I was young the boy of Indian parents on our street was called ‘Paki’. Irony meets racism, growing up can be confusing. Some people say that ‘Political correctness has gone mad’. Irony meets mentalism, grown ups can be really childish sometimes.

Some forms of discrimination and bigoted opinions are not legally tolerated. Yay. Others, like mental illness or Neuro-Diversity, are. Yeah I know, it’s 2012, that’s totally bonkers.

Welcome [Insert your name here],

Your mission, should you choose to accept it, is to challenge derogatory language around mental health for the remainder of your stay in Edinburgh. Should you or someone you’re talking to use language in a derogatory way, rather than pick that person/yourself up, we would like you to read out one of the following jokes. Feel free to pick one that relates to the language used.

If you find yourself constantly telling jokes, either slap the fucker, or take a picture of them and either tweet it @vacuumcleaner or email it to suck@vacuum.org.uk (subject title) ‘Here is a picture of a bigot, please shame them online for me’.

• What do you call a group of mad people?
  A pack of nuts.
• What do you call a group of mad people?
  A bunch of bananas.
• Where’s the best place to find a genuinely mad person?
  Round the bend.
• What do mentally ill people dry their hands on?
  Sanity Towels.
• Why did the schizophrenic carpenter lose his job?
  Cause he had a screw loose.
• Why did the bi-polar carpenter lose her job?
  Cause she was unhinged.
• Why did the (insert mental illness) plasterer lose his job?
  Cause he was cracking up.
• Why can’t people detained in psychiatric hospitals break out?
  Cause they always have crackpot plans.
• Which group of people are statistically the most afraid of the mentally ill?
  People with nut allergies.
• Why is it that those suffering mental illnesses can experience loss of sight, smell, touch, taste and sound?
  Cause they’ve take leave of their senses.

• How many people with a multiple personality disorder does it take to change a light bulb?
  One, you discriminating prick.
• What happened to the psychotic person who went clubbing?
  She went raving mad.
• What’s the worst thing to say to a suicidal person?
  Hang in there.
• Self-harmer walks into a bar.
  It was intentional.
• What do you call depressed people sunbathing?
  Dry roasted nuts.
• Why do the mentally ill hate Christmas?
  Cause eating fruit cake feels like cannibalism.
• Why do the mentally ill hate Christmas?
  Cause eating fruit cake feels like cannibalism.
• Why did the anxious person stop listening to Jimi Hendrix?
  Well, sadly... She was off her rocker.
• Why did the depressed writer give up?
  Cause he’d lost the plot.
• Why did the depressed writer give up?
  Cause he’d lost the plot.
• Why did the anxious person stop listening to Jimi Hendrix?
  Well, sadly... She was off her rocker.
• Why did the anxious person stop listening to Jimi Hendrix?
  Well, sadly... She was off her rocker.
• Why did the (insert mental illness) plasterer lose his job?
  Cause he was cracking up.
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  Cause he was cracking up.
• Why did the (insert mental illness) plasterer lose his job?
  Cause he was cracking up.

• Why is Mr T a mental health advocate?
  Cause he pities the fool.
• Why are all Greek people mental?
  Cause they’ve lost their marbles.
• Why do mental health sufferers live in bungalows?
  Cause they aren’t right upstairs.
• Why are most people with obsessive-compulsive disorder right handed?
  Cause they’re not right in the head.
• Why is it difficult to see if someone suffers from a mental illness?
  Cause they’re not all there.
• Psychiatrist - You say the problem started with your memory, what happened?
  Patient - I lost my mind.
• What do you call mentally ill people having group sex?
  Bonkers.
• What’s a mad person’s favourite pattern?
  Dotty.
• What is the favourite food of redhead bulimics?
  Ginger Nuts
• Why is Hitler a vegetarian. But why did he gas mad people?
  Cause he loved a nut roast.
• Why do you no longer hear the phrase “mad as a March hare” anymore?
  Myxomatosis.
• Why do mental health sufferers live in bungalows?
  Cause they aren’t right upstairs.

£100,000 of unmarked bank notes in boxes, bags, sacks or carrier bags. Accordion.

A deserted nightclub. Lubricant. Mousetraps.


Paper Stages

Tomato Soup

You will need:
- 8-10 tomatoes
- 1 onion
- 1 small carrot
- 1 celery stick
- 2 tbsp olive oil
- two squirts of tomato puree
- a pinch of sugar
- black pepper
- 2 bay leaves
- 1 litre vegetable stock

Instructions:
Chop the onion, carrot and celery into small pieces. Fry over a low heat with the olive oil in a large saucepan.
Add the tomato puree and stir to cover the vegetables.
Roughly chop the tomatoes and add to the pan with a pinch of sugar, pepper and the bay leaves.
Cover the pan and stew over a low heat for ten minutes.
Add the vegetable stock and leave to cook for a further 25 minutes.
Blend.
Serve with thick slices of bread.

Whenever I am homesick I cook this for myself.

Tell me dear are you lonesome tonight

Please cook if you are homesick, or lonely, or not.

... and I'm standing there, without any hair... oh, no, no... ha ha... if you won't come back to me... to heck with it

Is your heart filled with pain

Will I come back again

www.goo.gl/rXiqw
Bootworks are a multi-faceted group of artists from a range of backgrounds. Their projects often involve a combination of performative disciplines which include mask-work, puppetry, choreographic scoring, ensemble practice and multi-media theatre. As a collective, what draws them together is making performance that has its core focus on the personal, intimate and critically informed.

BooTWORKS are a collaborative between Gemma Painin & James Stenhouse. They make performance & live art that is interested in pop-cultural mythologies and the creation of temporary communities centred around the live event. Action Hero enjoy using audiences as collaborators and co-conspirators, and their work often has a sense of the epic, even though it is played out through a lo-fi, DIY approach. They have developed a reputation for creating performance that is distinctive and invigorating, and have performed at Forest Fringe in Edinburgh every year since 2008. Gemma & James have been making performance together as Action Hero since 2006, and live and work in Bristol. They have shown their work throughout the UK and Europe, and in north and south America.

Hollywood Kids is a collaboration between Bryony Kimmings, Alexander6 and a man pretending to be Jackie Collins from Lincolnshire.

Alexander6 is an Artist, Illustrator and Designer, creating darkly humourous work using pen, paint and pixel. His client list is a colourful cocktail of leading creatives and famous brands, including Diesel, Tribeca Film Festival, David Collins Studio and yes you’ve guessed it... The Sun. He lives in Manhattan, and is currently planning an exhibition... and watching reality TV a LOT. www.alexander6.com

Bryony Kimmings is an award winning Live Artist based between The Junction, Cambridge and the RVT, London. She creates full-length performance works, audio installations, homemade music and short pieces for galleries and cabaret. Her work is larger than life, haphazard, outrageous, dangerous, often moving but above all very fun. She is inspired by the anomalies and taboos in British culture and loves to air her own dirty laundry to oil conversations on difficult subjects. www.bryonykimmings.com

Andy Field is an artist, writer, part-time curator, sometime academic and occasional polemicist-for-hire who lives in Brixton. In the last five years he has been Co-Director of Forest Fringe with Deborah Pearson and has recently become Associate Artist Producer at Arnolfini Gallery in Bristol. He is developing a major new collaborative project for June 2013. Andy is also an artist in his own right, creating unusual interactive projects for a range of contexts. His writing on performance has been included in numerous publications including the Guardian, This is Tomorrow, The Stage and Contemporary Theatre Review.

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HANNAH WALKER is a poet from Cambridge and Essex. She studied literature at the University of East Anglia and poetry at Newcastle University. She has performed all over the UK and abroad, most recently Australia and Germany. She has also started to make theatre, namely off a stage. Her second show, a collaboration with Chris Thorpe called The Oh Fuck Moment was awarded a Scotsman Fringe First at the Edinburgh Festival 2011.

KIERAN HURLEY is a writer, performer, and theatre maker based in Glasgow. His monologue piece Hitch was part of Forest Fringe 2010 and continues to tour. His most recent monologue Beasts, made with the support of the Aird Platform, was awarded the Best New Play at the Critics Award for Theatre in Scotland (CATS) 2012 and is on at the Traverse during the Fringe this year. Kieran is an associated artist with Forest Fringe, and is a supported artist with the National Theatre of Scotland.

KIM NOBLE says, ‘sadly there isn’t much to say here is there. But he does have a website (it’s not brilliant: Some of the links don’t work)” www.mirkinsonnoble.com & check out the blog for details of the project. Let’s move on to the next biography. It’s probably a lot better.

LUCY ELLISON is a theatre-maker and actor, an associate artist with Forest Fringe since 2009 and an associate with Third Angel. She enjoys long term collaborative relationships with writer/director Chris Goode. Metis Arts, Unlimited Theatre and Slung Low.

Recent works include: When I Was Old When I Get Young - a piece she directed for the BSC/Pilot Night for World Shakespeare Festival, playing Julian Assange in Tenet for Grey尺度Theatre/The Gate and #FORYCONE; a death metal recital of George Osborne's budget speech, for the Forest Fringe residency at The Gate/Latitude Festival.

She is performing in two pieces at Northern Stage’s brilliant new venue at St Stephens, they are Will Eno’s The Homecoming directed by Erica Whyman and Ben Pacey’s A Thousand Shards of Glass directed by Jane Puckman with sound and original composition by Lewis Gibson.

MELANIE WILSON is a writer, performer and sound artist based in London. She makes performances, installations and work that centre on the use of language as an object in and of itself. Melanie’s work has been presented nationally and internationally, and includes Simple Girl, Iris Brontëtte, every minute, albums, The View From Here and A Nontransferable Sonic Metaphor. She has collaborated with Rotoscopic, Clo deductions, Disembodied, Shunt, Chris Goode, Subject to change, Peter Arnold, Will Adamsdale and Becky Beahan. Melanie works with puppet theatre to produce some of her projects. www.melaniewilson.org.uk

Work under the artistic direction of NIC GREEN spans solo and group theatre performance, community and public art projects, pedagogical and holistic learning experiences, and original choral compositions.

Her practice is committed to creating hopeful and accessible experiences and spaces with a strong emphasis on the notion of making positive change through creative practice. In her role as artist and performer, she has been engaged in cultivating an eccentric awareness, experiencing the self as integrated and interconnected with the rest of the living world.

Her work has been commissioned by The Arches (Glasgow), The National Review Of Live Art (NRLA) BAC (London), The Federation of Scottish Theatre, Up To Nature amongst others. She is an active Platisher of the Centre for Human Ecology (www.cbe.ac.uk), the Ecopsychoogy UK Network (www.ecopsychoogyuk.net), and continues to study and teach Yoga and Zen Buddhism (non-dualistic philosophy) in Scotland. She works with degree-level performance students as a lecturer and mentor at both the Royal Conservatoire of Scotland (Glasgow) and Glasgow University.

PHOEBE DAVIES is an artist living and working in London. Her work is defined by its contexts, exploring the social codes and behavioural responses that frame community public space. In her collaborative projects, she generates rich multi-media and multi-disciplinary works through performance and live art.

She generates work through instruction, live interaction and text, which may be initiated by an individual or group, leading a certain journey or creative process. Her practice is often ephemeral and changed upon, existing primarily in the pedestrian spaces in addition to galleries and institutions including: Whitechapel Gallery (London), Arnotlín (Bristol), Tramway (Glasgow), Tate Modern (London), South London Gallery (London) and Camden Arts Centre (London).

For further information see www.phoebedavies.tumblr.com

Since graduating with a first in Fine art from Cardiff, RICHARD DEDONEMICIUS has produced, on average, a work of art every fortnight. This prolification has borne some rich, radical and highly acclaimed fruit. From the Edinburgh Festival to the National Theatre – via Beijing, Iceland and New York – his performances have entertained, challenged and transformed. His work disturbs the normal perception of public space and the rules that govern it, and he questions ownership of public areas and authority in general.

ROSS SUTHERLAND was born in Edinburgh in 1979. He has published four collections of poetry, most recently Emergency Windows (Pebble in the Margins 2012). He also makes things for the theatre and the internet - www.rosssutherland.co.uk

A Nontransferable Sonic Metaphor is a collaboration by SHARON SMITH and TOM PARKINSON.

CHRIS GOODE is a writer and maker for theatre and performance. His early Edinburgh successes included in 2000, a home-performance version of The Tempest at The Big Shed in Suffolk.

Blighted by Kenning Superhuman exhibition in various parody”. Charlotte’s work is currently on display in the Arches from “as a healthy slice of social satire...a hilarious performance. As a performer for others, his credits include What I Heard About the World and Ours Was The Fen Country 30 Cecil Street, a solo piece of dance-theatre about a ruined town which may be initiated by an individual or group, leading a certain journey or creative process. His work is often ephemeral and changed upon, existing primarily in the pedestrian spaces in addition to galleries and institutions including: Whitechapel Gallery (London), Arnotlín (Bristol), Tramway (Glasgow), Tate Modern (London), South London Gallery (London) and Camden Arts Centre (London).

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They’ve been exploring sound - and the effects sound has on the body, and sound as metaphor, as a way of exploring composition, of bodies and space and relationships. www.sharonsmithandtomparkinson.yolasite.com.

TANIA EL KHOURY is a live artist based in London and Beirut. She creates immersive and challenging performances in which the audience is an active collaborator: Tania has performed in spaces ranging from the British Museum to a cable car and an old church once used as a military base during the Lebanese civil war. Her solo work has toured several international festivals. She is co-founder of Dictaphone Group, a collective using urban research and live art in order to reclaim public space. www.tanialikhoury.com

THE VACUUM CLEANER is an art and activism collective of one. The Vacuum Cleaner employ various creative legal and illegal tactics and forms, attempting to mock, brandalise and disrupt concentrations of power.

TINNED FINGERS are a group of artists with backgrounds in writing, theatre and visual arts, who work collaboratively to create experimental live performance and interactive events.

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