

# Forest Fringe —

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2012

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— Paper  
Stages

# Introduction

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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

in the importance of risk, and the need to have a bit of courage, and perhaps most importantly of all the idea that by gathering together in this way we might ever so slightly change the world. However, as you may know, we are no longer able to use that old hall to make a home for ourselves in Edinburgh. It now belongs to Assembly and we hope only that they can use it with as much imagination as the hundreds of artists that have been a part of Forest Fringe over the last five years.

This does not mean the end of Forest Fringe. It does not even mean the end of Forest Fringe in Edinburgh. Forest Fringe is just the best name we have for all the things we choose to do together, in Edinburgh, across the UK and beyond. We as artists. You as audiences.

This year in Edinburgh Forest Fringe is the whole festival of performances squeezed precariously into the pages of the book you are now reading. This is almost the last time in this book that you will be asked *just* to read. This book is meant to be performed. In its pages you will find maps, scores, sound pieces, bank accounts, plays, invitations, words, phone numbers, diagrams, recipes, instructions, poems, promises, advice, pictures, sun dials, directions and social experiments. It is entirely up to you how you choose to use them.

Thanks to the Jerwood Charitable Foundation for making this project possible. Thank you to the brilliant artists who have made such startling contributions to it. And thank you for making the effort to find this book. Thank you for trusting us. We hope you enjoy it. And we hope you come back soon, wherever we may be.

**Andy Field**  
*Co-Director, Forest Fringe*

# How to Use This Book

BY GREG MCLAREN

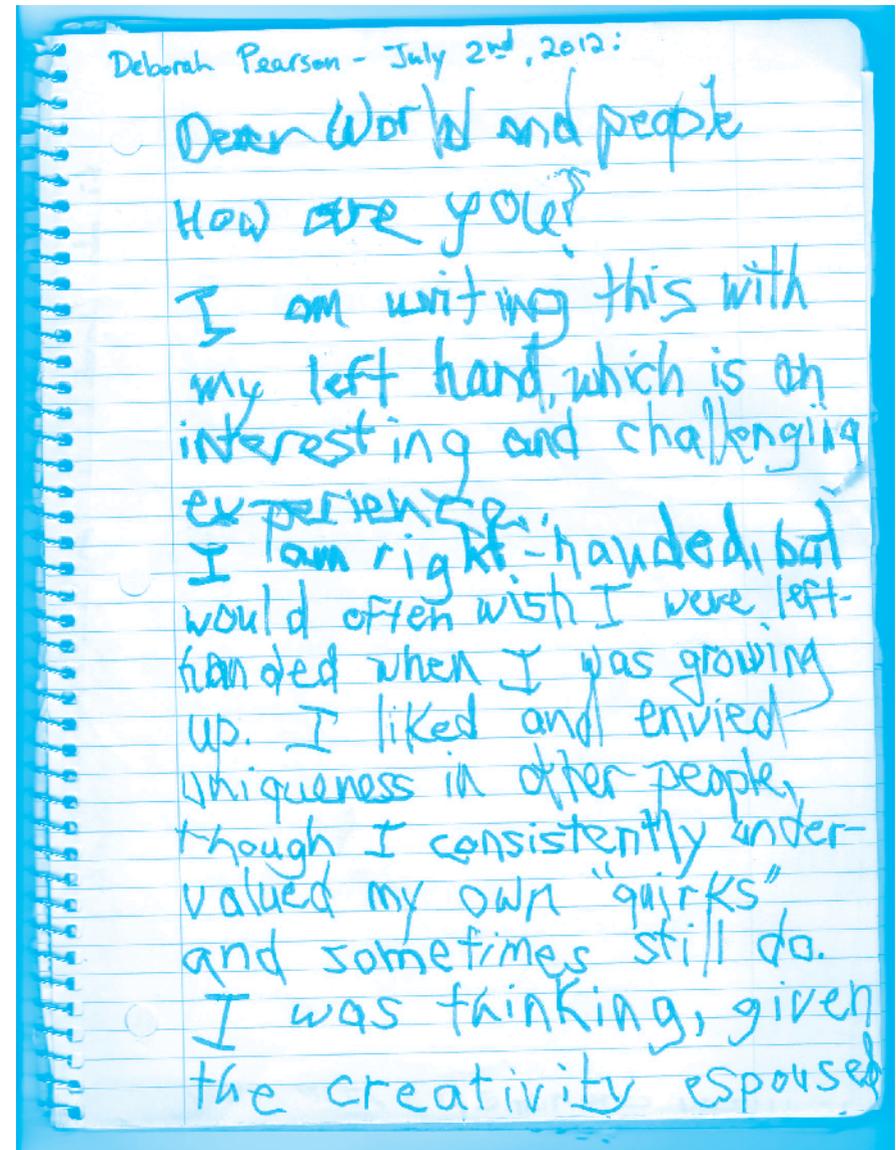
1. This book is a seed. Do not read. Plant. Give it to someone not at this festival, not really a reader, unfamiliar with theatre. Sow with care.
2. The authors of this book are outsiders, difficult, ask too many questions, don't like flags, think strangely, probably want you to go somewhere dangerous 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 canabalistic 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 curiositiy, 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 revolutionaries. The need to own our curiosity will defeat us in the end.
8. The stupefaction of vast slabs of society 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*



If you are left-handed do it anyway and enjoy your elegance.

by professed fans of the right hemisphere of the brain (by which our left hand is controlled) and its apparent connection 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.)

(This page is blank and contains faint pencil markings.)

# Sun Dial: A Point of View of Time

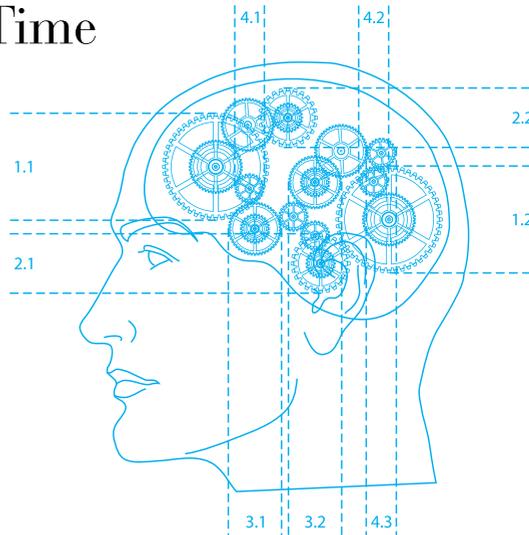
## What you need:

- 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.

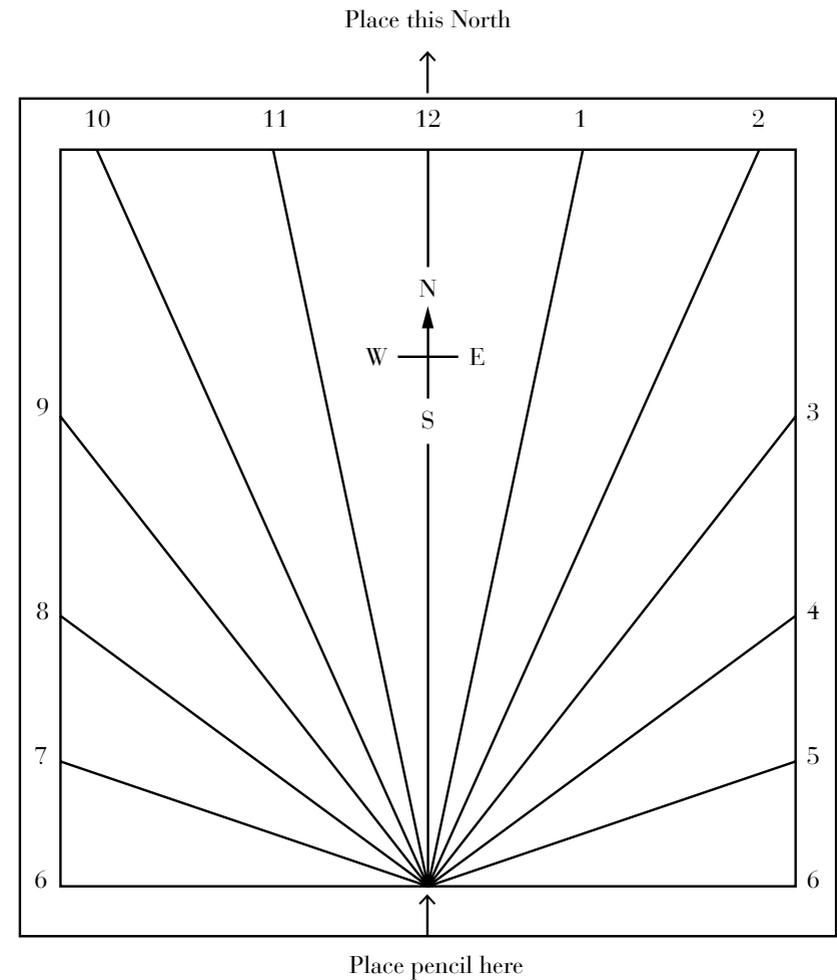
Will time pass slower than you expect?

Enjoy!

*Sun Dial: A Point of View of Time*  
[www.abigailconway.org.uk](http://www.abigailconway.org.uk)



# Dial Plate



[www.youtube.be/zboRwKQMsJQ](http://www.youtube.be/zboRwKQMsJQ)

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

# Hollywood 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 flaunts 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 jeans 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-NYPD detective who is doomed to traverse the country until he finds his kidnapped daughter; trustworthy an unconventionally handsome he battles with demons as an ex-alcoholic.

### 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 *Westerhails* 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 Kids heroine Kennedy Chase, the blonde and brilliant young widow and journalist always manages to put the pieces together before the cops, and felicitously 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 subtitle 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](http://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, intimate 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](mailto: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.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> 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 recording device
A sealed performance area	Protective clothing, mask and hat for each participant
Wipe down plastic sheeting	A box, squirty cream, pie bases, paper plates
A method for self observation (TV and monitor or mirror)	

## 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 —

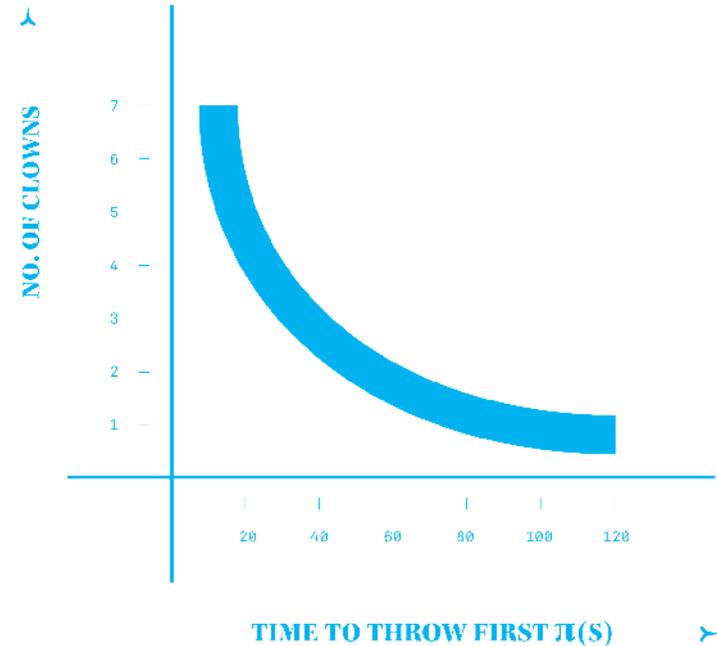
Record time taken by each group to throw the first custard pie. If no pie is thrown record the maximum time of 120 seconds

— 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)

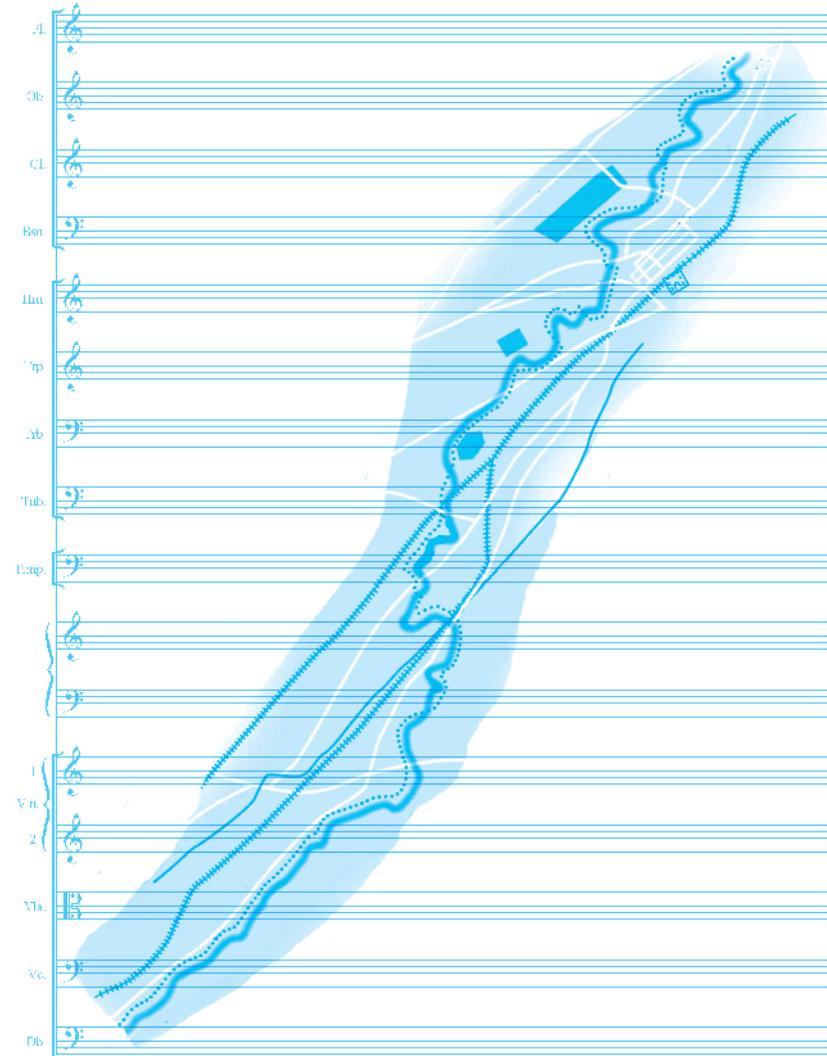


# Twenty-one things to do in 'EDINBURGH'

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.

# Carlingnose Point

you download a track from this link:

[www.bit.ly/LONwDR](http://www.bit.ly/LONwDR)

(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

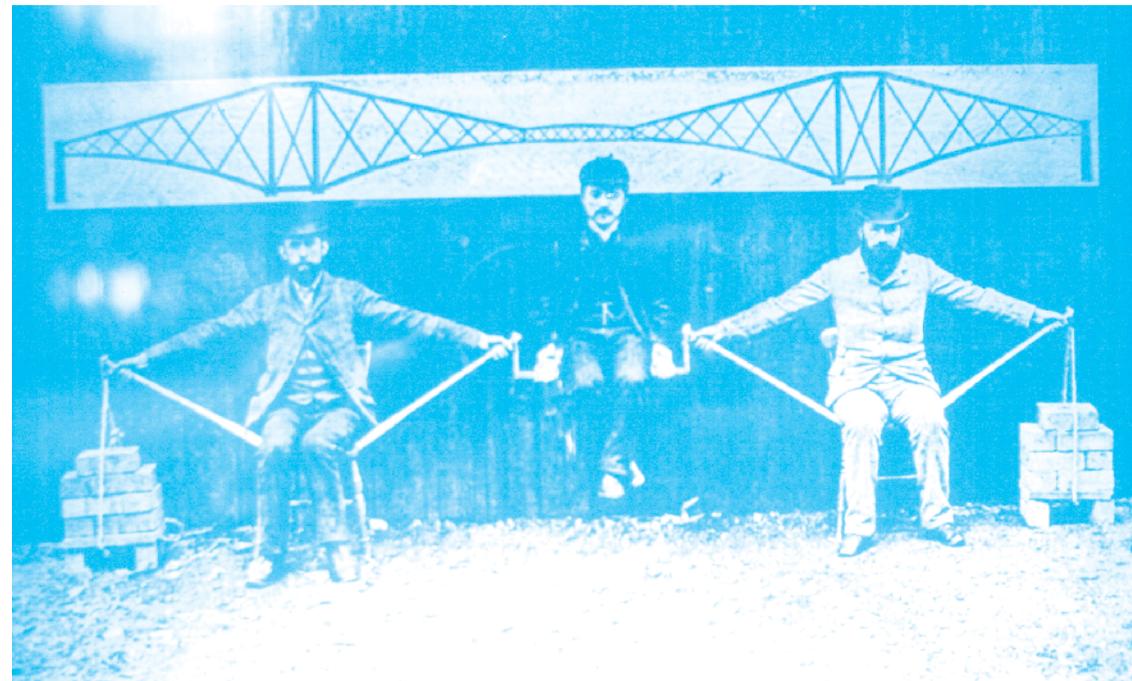
(if hopelessly lost, you ask a stranger for carlingnose point reserve)

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](mailto:choral.alphabet@gmail.com)

Visit [www.choral-alphabet.tumblr.com](http://www.choral-alphabet.tumblr.com)  
to hear the choral radio alphabet take form.



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 am strangely 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.*

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

# Fill me in

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 when \_\_\_\_\_ to \_\_\_\_\_ tell is \_\_\_\_\_

Today is not a day to \_\_\_\_\_

outside \_\_\_\_\_ is \_\_\_\_\_  
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](mailto:mybraintape@gmail.com)
4. Read me to a \_\_\_\_\_

*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: Or maybe we've both been up here loads, but never together.  
 B: I suppose it depends doesn't it.  
 A: I suppose so. What are we doing up here then?  
 B: I don't know. It says so in this book.  
 A: Yeah. But that's a crap reason.  
 B: Ok. Maybe you've brought me up here to tell me something.  
 A: What, like a secret?  
 B: Yeah. Like some dark secret, that you really needed to get off your chest.  
 A: And we've come up here, for... why?  
 B: I don't know. Maybe your secret is so significant that you felt compelled to pick an appropriately cinematic location.  
 A: Yeah. I'm good like that.  
 B: You are.  
 A: Good sense of drama.  
 B: That's right. That's very you.  
 A: Or maybe I've just come up here to get away from it all. To get some space.  
 B: To see distance.  
 A: Yeah. And you're here because...  
 B: I've just followed you.  
 A: Yeah. Yeah, you have. Not in a threatening way, maybe you've 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 maybe as we sit, looking out, we can think about all the different people, down there in Edinburgh, going about their lives.  
 A: And us sat here looking, and thinking. Like two stoned teenagers.  
 B: Exactly. And maybe at some point after we've sat here in silence for a little while like two stoned teenagers, maybe you could point to places you recognise.  
 A: 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.

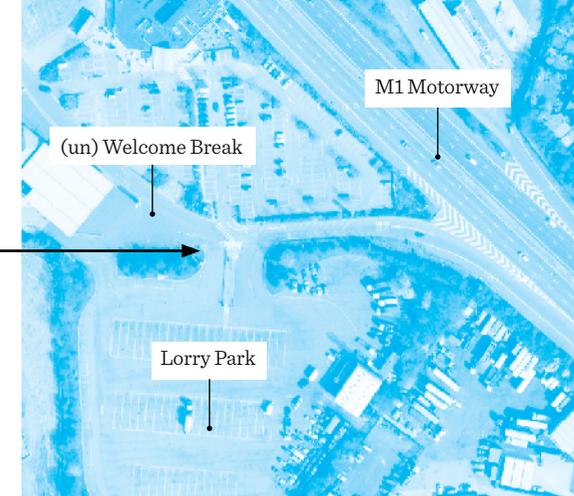


The Bank Account is in a Deposit Box that I've buried in a verge in **Newport Pagnell** Motorway service station off the northbound carriage of the M1. If you are in financial need or believe you require fiscal support for an art performance or in fact you can't afford your wife's birthday present, please 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.



<http://goo.gl/maps/yeoSJ>

## 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/](http://www.kimnoble.wordpress.com/the-kim-noble-deposit-account/)  
so you know if money is still there.

Please feel free to deposit or withdraw from this Deposit Account at anytime.



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

photo: [@heardinlondon](#)

This is the sound of  
not giving a shit

Privilege means  
never having to  
admit you're wrong

Fuck your  
entitlement

[#TORYCORE](#) - a sludge metal hansard 9pm 11/08/12

# Mount St. Helens

'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/](http://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

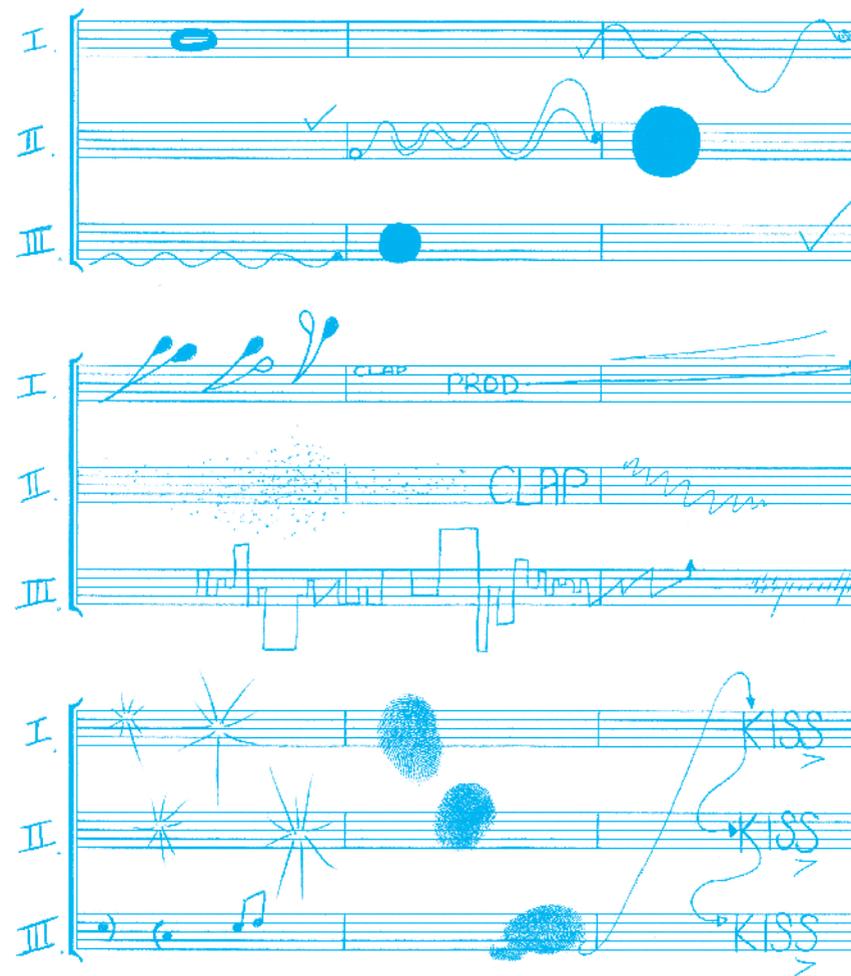
3. The players then assemble around a table with their chosen objects, close to the speakers.

## 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.



See

JOY

and tweet it

Daily expressions of joy and intrigue in the form of haiku-tweet.

Document the joy at [#seejoyandtweetit](#) or follow [@joytweeter](#)

## 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.

## A Quick Favour

IF YOU COULD POSSIBLY SEND  
A POSTCARD TO MY AUNTY  
THAT WOULD BE GREAT, AS  
I DON'T WRITE TO HER ENOUGH.

THANKS  
x

ADDRESS: ISABEL GRAHAM  
PALLA HOUSE  
PETERSON SUPER ELY  
VALE OF GLAMORGAN  
SOUTH WALES.

# Celebrity Coldspots

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.



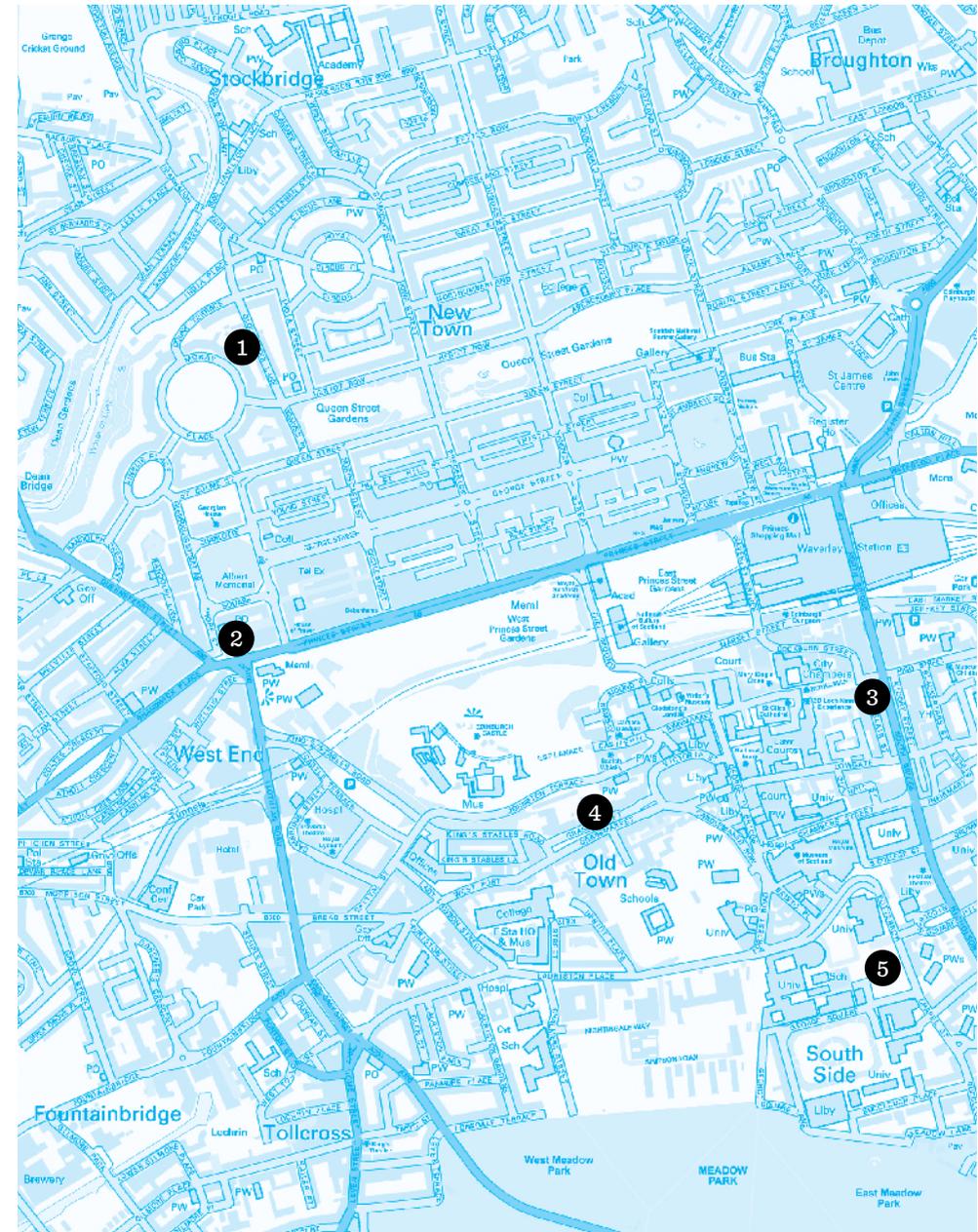
[www.goo.gl/maps/Y2qd](http://www.goo.gl/maps/Y2qd)

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.

- 1 *Emo Philips*  
1989. We shouted 'We Love You Emo!' from a moving car.
- 2 *Susan Sarandon (& Tim Robbins)*  
2002. Eating breakfast, gave them some little books.
- 3 *Nancy Cartright*  
2004. Thought her Bart Simpson impression was rubbish until she introduced herself.
- 4 *Mark Thomas*  
2004. Forced him to take some sand from Sizewell B.
- 5 *Kate Nash*  
2007. Discussed the Silverlink Metro.

- 6
- 7



NB. This map does not have predictive powers (yet), and is for guidance only. [www.dedomenici.com](http://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 Pete 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 is fluid. 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.

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 Pete Jonas in the same breath as half-hour oral sex, then leagues of sociopathic women court 7ft Pete Jonas with dirty laughs and sexual punches.

Jonas, with pubes like Peter Sutcliffe's suicide note, redeems our difficult borderlines.

He takes a buzz to our sociopathic features. The caves spit out body parts. Jonas is a star, falling onto 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 emailed this to my Dad. If he's fooled twice, then shame on him, quite frankly.

This cut-up technique of writing is as old as the hills. William Burrows 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 founded (just this minute)

## THE ACCIDENTAL POETRY HOTLINE 07719-446-025

The contents of this answering machine will be uploaded daily to [www.accidental-poetry-hotline.tumblr.com](http://www.accidental-poetry-hotline.tumblr.com). Over time, I'm hoping the archive will make an interesting portrait of the 2012 Fringe: a city smashed up by its inhabitants and then put back together again.

But 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 in 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.

Obese, anorexic, bulimic, Marilyn Monroe famously said "well 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.



[accidental-poetry-hotline.tumblr.com/](http://accidental-poetry-hotline.tumblr.com/)



# A SHOUT IS NOT A TURNED UP WHISPER

yes it is.

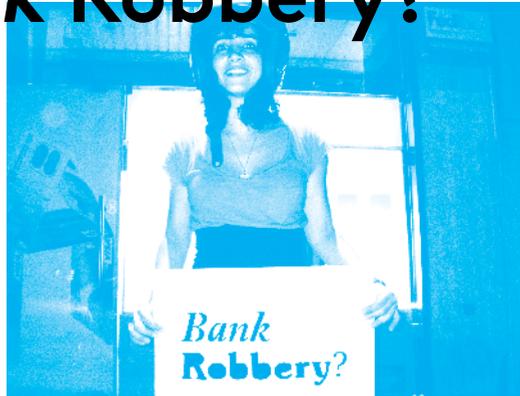


## Bank Robbery?

*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](mailto:tania@taniaelkhoury.com)

# Bank Robbery?



# 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](mailto: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.

*What do mentally ill people dry their hands on?*  
Sanity Towels.

*Where's the best place to find a genuinely mad person?*  
Round the bend.

*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.

*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.

*What is the biggest cause of mental illness amongst those practicing the Christian religion?*  
Having bats in the belfry.

*How do mad people keep the time?*  
With a cuckoo clock.

*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 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.

*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.

*Hipster 1 - I really hope I'm not getting depressed.*  
*Hipster 2 - Yeah, that'd be mental.*  
*Hipster 3 - Crazy talk, you wanna avoid that.*

*Why are all Greek people mental?*  
Cause they've lost their marbles.

*What is the favourite food of redhead bulimics?*  
Ginger Nuts

*Why is Mr T a mental health advocate?*  
Cause he pities the fool.

*Hitler was 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.

07787

700660

# TEN GAMES

Pencils. Paper. Hungry children. Stick insects.

£100,0000 of unmarked bank notes in boxes, bags, sacks or carrier bags. Accordion.

A deserted nightclub. Lubricant. Mousetraps.

Luminous paint. Nightvision camera. Rope.  
A ghetto. Runners. Walkers. Hiders.  
Sleepers. 3 helicopters.

Dogs. Feathers. Asylum seekers. Fertilizer. 14 amulets.  
New prisoners. Ice.

Trumpet. Plastic fish. Hurdles. Tourniquet.

4 cubic metres of industrial cement. Minutes of a meeting in the House of Lords. 26 blindfolds. Medicinal alcohol. Scorecards. Pyjamas. MRI scanner. Autographs of footballers. Pig's blood. 32 hand grenades. Fragrance by Calvin Klein. Loan forms. Adidas holdall. Busker music. A Jew's harp. Mouthwash. Autumn leaves. 12 miles of institutional corridor. Swimming pool. Magic mushrooms. Rohypnol. Snakes.

Statues. Gold leaf. Lead shoes. Tarot cards. A map of Edinburgh.

Asbestos. Bowling shoes. Razor blade.

A stairway. Turmeric. Love. 9 escalators. Ribbon. Human sadness. Two kites, each in the shape of a sparrowhawk.

... 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

TELL ME DEAR ARE YOU LONESOME  
TONIGHT



[www.goo.gl/rXiqw](http://www.goo.gl/rXiqw)

*Whenever I am homesick I cook this for myself.*

## 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.

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





Festival and Edinburgh International Festival. In 2006 Charlotte programmed and managed the Bedlam Fringe venue, Edinburgh. Charlotte has just completed an MA in Design Interactions at the Royal College of Art. Charlotte is currently artist in residence at the Netherlands Proteomics Centre.

The Times described Charlotte's *I Hero* Installation as "spot on". The Scotsman described her *Bollocks Calendar* as "a healthy slice of social satire...a hilarious parody". Charlotte's work is currently on display in the Wellcome Collection's *Superhuman* exhibition in London and in a solo show entitled *Blighted by Kenning* at The Big Shed in Suffolk.

**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* subsequently described by the Guardian as "one of the all-time great Edinburgh fringe productions"; in 2001, the Fringe First winning *Neutrino* with Unlimited Theatre; and in 2002 his own solo *Kiss of Life*, which also won a Fringe First and eventually took him to Sydney Opera House. More recently he has performed at the Traverse as part of the cast of Tim Crouch's controversial *The Author*, and at the Pleasance with his much-loved storytelling show *The Adventures of Wound Man and Shirley*. With producer Ric Watts he now leads Chris Goode and Company, who this year bring their new verbatim show *Monkey Bars* to the Traverse; it's Chris's seventeenth production on the fringe since 1994. [www.chrisgoodeandcompany.co.uk](http://www.chrisgoodeandcompany.co.uk), [@chrisgoodeandco](https://twitter.com/chrisgoodeandco)

**CHRIS THORPE** is a writer and performer from Manchester. He was a founder member of Unlimited, and is still part of their core team. He is also an associate artist of Third Angel, most recently with their show *What I Heard About The World*, which at the time of writing this is in Edinburgh. He also collaborates with artists like Slung Low, Chris Goode, Belarus Free Theatre and poet Hannah Jane Walker. He's been involved with Forest Fringe for most of its existence, developing and performing solo pieces that are true, and sometimes not true, and basically involve a chair, a microphone and whoever's in the room at the time.

**DAN CANHAM** is a performer and theatre maker. For his own company, Still House, he has made *30 Cecil Street*, a solo piece of dance-theatre about a ruined theatre in Limerick, Ireland and is currently developing *Ours Was The Fen Country*, an ensemble piece drawn from interviews with people of the fens in East Anglia. As a performer for others, his credits include *To Be Straight with you* for DV8 Physical Theatre, *A Matter of Life and Death* for Kneehigh and the National Theatre, *Brief Encounter*, *Tristan and Yseult* and *The Bacchae* for Kneehigh Theatre, *The Rite of Spring* for Fabulous Beast, the title role in *Faust* for Punchdrunk and the

National Theatre and *Mother Savage* for Travelling Light Theatre Company. As a teacher, Dan has taught at the National Youth Theatre of Great Britain, Battersea Arts Centre, Daghdha Dance Company, the University of Limerick and Limerick Youth Theatre.

**DEBORAH PEARSON** is a live artist, playwright and producer. She is founder and co-director of the multi-award winning Forest Fringe. Deborah's creative practice spans playwrighting, solo performance, devising, dramaturgy, and community and public art projects. Invention is central to her work, as is her interest in intimacy and narrative. Deborah has been a resident artist with Rules and Regs, and is an alumni of the Royal Court Invitation Young Writers Programme, the Tarragon Playwrights Unit, the Banff Playwrights Colony and the Traverse Young Writers Programme.

**EMMA BENNETT** is a writer, performer and artist living and working in London. Rigorous and playful, her work crosses the fields of live art, comedy and poetry. She sees her practice as a constant grapple with unwieldy materials, and is fascinated by mistranslation, miscommunication and slippage between verbal and visual forms.

Her solo work has been supported by Forest Fringe, The Basement in Brighton, Testing Grounds, Mercy, and In Between Time Productions. Recent projects include *Like a Glove* (2010), an exploration of literalness and pedantry developed in residency at Bristol's Arnolfini Gallery and *The Bird Series* (2011-12), an ongoing investigation into the relationship between description, inarticulacy and song.

**GEMMA BROCKIS** works as a performer and theatre-maker. She is a founder member of Shunt and a director of Berlin-Nevada with Silvia Mercuriali. As a freelance performer, she has worked with various companies, including: Chris Goode and Company (*Sisters*, *Speed Death of the Radiant Child*, *Napoleon in Exile*, *Twelfth Night*, *The Tempest*, *The Consolations*), Handspring (*Crow*), Camplinglis Bell-Halls (*Where the Wild Things Sleep* at BAC's one-on-one festival), Uninvited Guests (*It is like it ought to be*), Unlimited (*Tangle*) and Tai Shani (various films). As a writer/director, her work includes *Invitation to a Beheading*, *Messenger*, *Toward Venice* and numerous installations. Her podcast for Fuel's bodypods is available for download.

**GREG MCLAREN** writes and performs theatre shows, live art, and music. He has worked with Rotozaza, Signal to Noise and Mapping 4D amongst others. He is also the founder of Stoke Newington International Airport, a venue and arts collective. STK has gained a reputation among live artists and audiences alike as a place for experimentation, freedom and critical exchange.

**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 *Beats*, made with the support of the Arches Platform 18 Award, won 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**: 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.mrkimnoble.com](http://www.mrkimnoble.com) & check out the blog for details of the project. Let's move onto the next biography. It's probably a lot better.

**LUCY ELLINSON** 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 work includes: *When I Was Old When I Get Young* - a piece she directed for the RSC/Pilot night for World Shakespeare Festival, playing Julian Assange in *Tenet* for Greyscale Theatre/The Gate and *#TORYCORE*, 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 *Oh The Humanity...* directed by Erica Whyman and Ben Pacey's *A Thousand Shards of Glass* directed by Jane Packman 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 audio works that centre on the uses of sound and language as distinct and subjective agencies. Melanie's work has been presented nationally and internationally, and includes *Simple Girl*, *Iris Brunette*, *every minute, always*, *The View From Here* and *Autobiographer*. She has collaborated with Rotozaza, Clod Ensemble, Coney, Shunt, Chris Goode, Subject to change, Peter Arnold, Will Adamsdale and Becky Beasley. Melanie works with Fuel Theatre to produce some of her projects. [www.melaniewilson.org.uk](http://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 connecting rituals. In her own practice she is directly engaged in cultivating an ecocentric awareness; experiencing the self as integrated and interconnected with the rest of the living world.

Her work has been commissioned by the 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 member of the Centre for Human Ecology ([www.che.ac.uk](http://www.che.ac.uk)), the Ecopsychology UK Network ([www.ecopsychologyuk.ning.com](http://www.ecopsychologyuk.ning.com)), and continues to study and teach Yoga and Vedanta (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 a community, public space or constructed event.

She generates work through instruction, live interaction and text, which may be initiated by an individual or group but completed or extended by others.

Her practice is often ephemeral and chanced upon, existing primarily in the pedestrian spaces in addition to galleries and institutions including: Whitechapel Gallery (London), Arnolfini (Bristol), Tramway (Glasgow), Tate Modern (London), South London Gallery (London) and Camden Arts Centre (London).

For further information see [www.phoebedavies.tumblr.com](http://www.phoebedavies.tumblr.com)

Since graduating with a first in Fine art from Cardiff, **RICHARD DEDOMENICI** has produced, on average, a work of art every fortnight. This proliferation 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 Window* (Penned in the Margins, 2012). He also makes things for the theatre and the internet. [www.rosssutherland.co.uk](http://www.rosssutherland.co.uk)

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

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](http://www.sharonsmithandtomparkinson.yolasite.com).

Sharon Smith is based in Berlin and a member of performance collective Gob Squad. [www.gobsquad.com](http://www.gobsquad.com).

Tom Parkinson is an independent composer and musician based in London. ([www.tomparkinson.org](http://www.tomparkinson.org)).

**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.taniaelkhoury.com](http://www.taniaelkhoury.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.

The Vacuum Cleaner's work has been exhibited throughout the UK, including commissions from Tate Modern, ICA, Fierce Festival, the Centre for Contemporary Art Glasgow, and the Liverpool Biennial. Internationally they have presented work at the Museum of Contemporary Art (Chicago) Wooster Collective (USA) Anti Festival (Finland) Centre d'Art Contemporain (Switzerland) Hebbel-Am-Ufer, Tanz Tendez (Germany) Khoj Live 08 (India). As well screening works on BBC2, BBC4, Channel 4, Canal Plus, Arte as well as a recent Dispatches, *Watching The Detectives*, and 8 shorts for the Channel 4 *Random Acts* strand.

Currently they are creating *Mental*, short-listed for the Oxford Samuel Beckett Theatre Award, an autobiographical live event told through their police, corporate and psychiatric records. [www.thevacuumcleaner.co.uk](http://www.thevacuumcleaner.co.uk)

**THEY ARE HERE** is a multi-disciplinary practice steered by Helen Walker and Harun Morrison since 2006. Each They Are Here project has its own unique collaborative structure and hierarchies that emerge through the contributions of various invitees. [www.theyarehere.net](http://www.theyarehere.net)

**TIM ETCHELLS** (1962) is an artist and a writer based in the UK whose work shifts between performance, visual art and fiction. He has worked in a wide variety of contexts, notably as the leader of the world-renowned performance group Forced Entertainment. He is currently Professor of Performance Writing at Sheffield University. In recent years he has exhibited widely in the context of visual arts, with solo shows at Gasworks and Sketch (London), Bunkier Sztuki (Krakow) and

Künstlerhaus Bremen. Etchells' first novel *The Broken World* was published by Heinemann in 2008 and his monograph on contemporary performance and Forced Entertainment, *Certain Fragments* (Routledge 1999) is widely acclaimed. For more information see: [www.timetchells.com](http://www.timetchells.com), [www.forcedentertainment.com](http://www.forcedentertainment.com).

**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.

We work with a 'DIY' aesthetic, inspired by the possibilities of making a performance in your living room and embracing the economy, satisfaction, and inherent optimism of re-using everyday materials. Our work often uses elements of audience participation, aiming to create generous and playful opportunities for interaction.

Tinned Fingers are members of Residence, an artist-led organisation that creates space for Bristol based artists to make performance and live art. We are: Ira Brand, Ella Good, Nicki Kent, Jasmine Loveys. [www.tinnedfingers.com](http://www.tinnedfingers.com), [www.residence.org.uk](http://www.residence.org.uk)



[www.forestfringe.co.uk](http://www.forestfringe.co.uk)