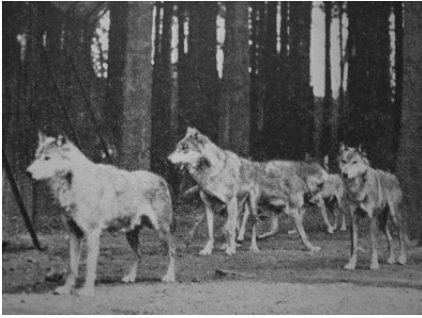


First year reader
Theatre BA Dartington College of Arts 2005

1. If I stand between a light and a surface I create a shadow

How do you translate an idea, a piece of research, into an action, a 'scene'?
Into another idea, another writing, or a way of life?
How explicit do you want it to be? How much control can you have over what you make?
How do you smoke an idea out of its cave?



Wave with the right hand, wave with the left hand. Join hands with the thumbs up for the crowd on the right, and for the crowd on the left. Blow a kiss to the audience. Open both arms and move them around in an open gesture of confidence.

"Whenever I see this I think: the office is open..."

2. The word for moonlight is moonlight

Work as talk: talking that initiates paths and travels down them. Talking ideas out of themselves. Conversations have lives that reveal themselves through time. The seemingly endless nature of it is terrifying - you never know when to stop - but it is also productive: materials keep popping up in different places, you start to create a group identity, a sense of the themes that link and hold us together. A series of borders that act as reference points in what is otherwise a sea of infinite possibility. A membrane.

Books that are more like wells. Or forests.

The Body Artist, by Don DeLillo;

Austerlitz, by W.G. Sebald;

Reasons for knocking at an empty house, by Bill Viola.

3. Siberia

We took this short excerpt from W.G Sebald's *After Nature*. Over the year and a half that it took to make 'The world rushed in', we have used it in various ways.

He said: "Come, come to Siberia and be my wife"
She said: "wherever you will go, I will go with you"

It started as a pair of wigs - one grey, the other blond - which Pete would use as talking puppets. It then became a line that got repeated by different performers: gender roles were reversed as Emma asked Neil to become her wife. For the final version of the show, and on suggestion of a friend, we made a whole "Siberia scene". The text appears on slides projected on the wall. A sweet guitar tune plays in the background, as well as a tape of recorded wind sounds. Pete sprinkles paper snow over Neil and Emma, then throws flowers around them. It is a small portrait of the dream of a perfect life - sweet love in an amazing landscape. Then Pete falls to the ground, screaming.

Warming hits 'tipping point'

by Ian Sample

The Guardian

August 19 2005

"A vast expanse of western Siberia is undergoing an unprecedented thaw that could dramatically increase the rate of global warming, climate scientists warned last week. Researchers who have recently returned from the region found that an area of permafrost spanning a million square kilometres - the size of France and Germany combined - has started to melt for the first time since it formed 11,000 years ago at the end of the last ice age..."

Source: <http://www.guardian.co.uk/guardianweekly/story/0,,1550685,00.html>

*4. I don't want calm, I want horses**

When you put something in a different place, you change the thing itself.

Writing, talking, sharing, focusing and blurring things, and endlessly shuffling them about in different combinations. Composition is giving chaos an order, a calm after the storm. But really there is no calm: composing is the storm, and materials move about through shipwrecks, alliances and mutiny. Cross-overs, the elusive haphazardness of thoughts as they move between mouths, minds, bodies, texts, islands.

How to write:

1. Find the nearest sea cliff
2. Jump into the sea and land on the sea floor.
3. Once you get to the sea floor, start walking about.
4. Take notice of everything you see: fish, corals, sand, stones, vessels, debris.
5. Choose one small object and take it with you.
6. Resurface.
7. Find your nearest hill, or mountain, and climb to the top of it.
8. Once you get to the top, carefully place your chosen sea object on the ground. Look at it. Notice how strange it looks removed from its original context.
9. Pick the object up, climb down and back into the sea to return the object to its place.
10. Write.

How to stand still:

1. Imagine a place you know well – a room, a building etc. Have it clearly in your mind; the shape and size but also the weather and light conditions.
2. Approach it as yourself. See it as you have done in the past, as you get closer. Spend some time looking around, as you have done in your past.
3. Change into the following;
a bee,
a worm,
a horse,
a weed,
damp,
a wolf,
and approach the place each time, taking note of the differences in speed, in perception, in duration.

Fumblings, tripping overs, strange attempts, stabs in the dark but mostly in daylight. Listening to others. A humbleness, an openness to changing.

This is it, but it is also not it. Things that work and don't work.

Feeling scared and telling everyone else "it's going to be ok"

When you manage, really, you have to start all over again.

When you win, really, you lose.

Coincidences happen, blind alleyways are dwelt in for weeks.

Taking risks. Being unafraid to grab the steering wheel and drive the car off the bridge. Knowing people trust you enough to steal the bread and the duvet.

* I need fields that our cameras are just not interested in, and mountains that no one bothers climbing. I need fish whose colours alone I have never seen, and will never see. I need bears, I need dancing bears and circus bears, white, brown and black, and I need depth, deep blue lakes and deep blue oceans, the eternal darkness underneath that all our stories crave for, I need the myths that swim in the waters and in our minds: fish with legs and a sense of revenge, well-mannered Loch Ness

monsters ruling the earth and telling us what to do. I don't want calm, I want horses that chew on my neck and tear my head off and gallop back into the darkness out of which all things were made.

Walking to the studio you are a group of Michelangelos: the work is of value, it has importance, before it even comes into being. But when you walk out of the studio you revert to being sleepy bears, Cornish fishermen, friends and lovers, ordinary people, wolves among wolves.

Just because we have eyes it doesn't mean we are able to see what's around us.

When birds look into houses, what impossible worlds they see.

The work is a gradual mapping of a field of ideas and voices that help us to see.

There are individual histories, and within these there are landscapes, oceans, rivers that are constantly flooding over the edges of consciousness. Anonymous moulds of thought.

"I remember the dog that had bitten me, only I've never been bitten by a dog."

We are awesome archives of countless events.

5. Only a drowned man can speak of the river

We attempt to nurture a politics of care, of thoughtfulness. There is more than "The World" that the new economic order shapes and rotates every day, from dawn till dusk. It's good to get angry at the narrowness of commercialism. The immense distractions flicker like a flame catching our eye, while in the peripheries uncharted species fall into extinction.

"Things are changing. You have to hurry if you want to see anything. Everything is disappearing."

Paul Cezanne

Does knowing the names of the wild flowers by the side of the road make you notice them more? Does it make you value them more? In our perception of the world, who is missing? Who is voiceless? We are entering the sixth major extinction event in the history of the world. The last one, 65 million years ago, caused the extinction of the dinosaurs. Now, this is the first time that a species is responsible for the mass extinction of others.

How is it possible to live a life that adds to life?

6. Every cell in her body turns towards him

Working from the most abstract down to the most concrete. Wittgenstein and the Guardian, dinosaurs and animal pets. The constant movement between the infinitely large and the infinitely small. Travels on the spot. Noticing that snow hasn't fallen this year. The insects that land on our shoulders and fly off without us ever being aware of them. The streams of unprocessed news that need to be met by a reach of the imagination.

Every material is primary material: it can be taken to a mountain top and examined.

Slow down.

Tell us a different story.

Describe what you see for one whole minute. Then do it again, but for five minutes. Then ten minutes. Write it down.

Repeat this exercise on another occasion. Then compare the versions.

Spend a lifetime describing this place.

"You can get nearer and nearer to reality; but you can never get near enough, because reality is an infinite succession of steps, levels of perception, false bottoms, and hence unquenchable, unattainable. You can know more and more about one thing, but you can never know everything about one thing: it's hopeless. So that we live surrounded by more or less ghostly objects – that machine, there, for instance. It's a complete ghost to me – I don't understand a thing about it and, well, it's a mystery to me, as much of a mystery as it would be to Lord Byron."

Vladimir Nabokov, writer and butterfly hunter, in an interview in 1961

