



THEATRE PAGES

ISSUE 6.

Six is the atomic number of carbon. It is bionic; it is astringent; it is honeycomb; it is geese-a-laying and it is fate. It is Issue 6 of Theatre Pages and when we begun we never really thought we'd get this far.

In this issue there are touching words, insightful words, swear words.

There are words that invite you to play and others that ask you to think.

Then there are some pictures too, which speak more clearly than a thousand words, of the wonderful performances and the creativity of Theatre at YSJ.

Sixth Issue Credits

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Cover image: The Healing. From *Enough Said, You're Not Dead!* (2013). Photograph by David Lofthouse. Illustrations by James Norris and Lyzzzy Whynes.

If you have any suggestions for future issues of Theatre Pages, or would like to find out more about Theatre at YSJU, then please visit us at www.yorks.ac.uk/theatre or email theatrepages@gmail.com or m.reason@yorks.ac.uk



Image: from *Enough Said, You're Not Dead!*. Photograph: Jen Todman.

ENOUGH SAID, YOU'RE NOT DEAD! EXPLORING ENSEMBLE THEATRE MAKING

During the last academic year (2012–13) Level 1 Theatre students were commissioned to devise a new production for the opening of the Create 13 Festival. The festival is an annual celebration of student work in the Faculty of Arts and includes concerts, performances, exhibitions and screenings. Launching the event was both a privilege and a challenge.

Developed inside both the 'Ensemble Theatre Practice' and 'Introduction to Theatre Design' modules, for the first time ever the entire Level 1 cohort developed and performed a large-scale site-specific theatre show for the York St John University Quadrangle. Students

were responsible for all aspects of the production from material development, script writing and direction, to costume making, stage management and marketing.

The final performance, entitled *Enough Said, You're Not Dead!*, was a powerful immersive performance that used elements of Gertrude Stein's influential play *Dr Faustus Lights the Lights* (written in 1938) and broader themes and histories of the Faust story.

Not your conventional play, this devised work built complex theatre images that responded to the space: opera singers sang ballads from windows, a giant zebra-headed devil



taunted audiences through smoke filled spaces, a pack of suited dogs caused havoc, stags grunted, rag creatures haunted, and a New Orleans funeral procession carried a wounded woman around the entire Quad on a bed laid with flowers.

These images were beautifully rendered throughout the production and engaged with site-responsive structures and post-dramatic characterisation. This was contemporary ensemble theatre making that is emblematic of the kind of practice that Theatre at York St John University explores: it was empowering, professional and experimental.

As part of the ensemble module students were required to reflect upon and document their individual journey and learning with in the ensemble in a catalogue document.

The following extracts have been selected from a number of these catalogue documents in order to illustrate the variety of thinking and doing that the students engaged in on the module.

- **Nathan Walker and Jules Dorey Richmond**

"As with all great parties, you have to know when to turn out the lights and go to bed. Even if the sun is already up. As hosts, we do most of the work, so now that everyone is getting ready to leave, it's almost time for us to put our feet up. We'll pour ourselves a big drink, survey all that needs to be cleaned up, and say to each other, "we'll do that tomorrow." Then we'll regale each other with tales of what we enjoyed about the party and our fabulous guests." - **Bonczek and Storck, *Ensemble Theatre Making* (2013)**

"We looked at a number of groups and practitioners to find inspiration for our piece, including Robert Wilson, Forced Entertainment, Kneehigh Theatre and the Wooster Group. We also looked at a Patti Smith concert, observing how her audience moved and how we could move in a similar way to create something interesting."

"We linked this to the term 'ecstasies' [overwhelming feelings of happiness, including emotional or trancelike states] and our experiences of this. We also thought about how this looked proxemically and how we felt alone." - **Bradley Bramham**

"We also looked at the work of Pina Bausch, who was born in 1940 in Solingen, Germany. She created 'Tanztheatre', a combination of dance and theatre creating something new for

both individual styles. Royd Climenhaga writes that her work, 'opens possibilities. What you once may have viewed as a boundary – between theatre and dance, text and movement, character and performer, and so on – is shown to be a limiting structure that can be pushed aside, and dozens of individual artists and creators have taken that challenge.'

Bausch is someone who has influenced and helped to develop the ideas and techniques we used throughout the year." - **Jennie Day**

"We found how Forced Entertainment create material to be a successful tool for us. We often played with fragments of ideas to see if they could take form in the space and if, as an ensemble, we could invest in them. We would begin as a group by just getting up and performing small sections of material

in the space and if it happened then, as Tim Etchells, artistic director of Forced Entertainment writes, 'someone else would join and someone else, and someone else. Before long, they'd be somewhere else too – pushing material into unexpected territory.'" - **Samantha Wilkinson**

"As we moved onto looking at *Dr Faustus Lights the Lights*. I read a quote by Gertrude Stein that stated: 'repetition is insistence'. And as I read the play for the first time, I realised the meaning of this quote. Stein is insistent with her repetition and the poetic nature of the play, which makes it seem almost supernatural but which also leaves it open to interpretation."
- **Hattie Slevin**

Words: Nathan Walker, Jules Dorey Richmond, Bradley Bramham, Jennie Day, Samantha Wilkinson and Hattie Slevin.

A list of thoughts after first reading *Dr Faustus Lights the Lights*:

“Confusion
Many voices at one time
The devil is a snake
Contradiction
Fast paced
Two characters / one person
Repetition is effective
Bright lights
Dark setting
The viper is cruel and mysterious
Loneliness
The dog and the boy are connected”
- **Hattie Slevin**



Image: *The Parade* from *Enough Said, You're Not Dead*. Photograph: Jen Todman.



Image: *Mephisto* Arrives from *Enough Said, You're Not Dead*. Photograph: Jen Todman.



Image: Portrait diptych, Victoria Sharples from *Awkward Annie*. Photograph: Victoria Sharples.

STAGING MY INNER OTHER AND THE FEARS OF AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL PERFORMANCE

There is, I believe, a creative urge to 'story' what we know in a manner that is both normal or neurotic, both sacred and senseless. There is also an often repeated theory that creativity is a kind of artistic madness, or at least part of a creative instability. I found myself thinking about this while working on *Awkward Annie*, a performance which sits in that complex genre of autobiographical performance, in which the margins of the self are exposed and the relationships between identity, memory, representation and self-displacement are searched in public. The genre demands many questions: is confessional art politically urgent and

valuable, or belittled by its obsession with the person and branded unworthy?

In making *Awkward Annie* I found myself tracing back among the mass of photos, the scars on my body, the medication, the compiled papers recording my physical endurance and nutritional intake. I felt decisive yet stirred in my shame, it was certain, I had to share my story; I needed to make the private public... for I am an amateur. I am an amateur eater.

I think that it is safe to say all documents of life yield information regarding the structure, dynamics and functioning of any author's mental life.

This has been both my fear and my motivation. Living in two minds and two bodies, my only choice was to tell the tale, tell the truth, out-myself, and confess to the secrets of the emaciated voice existing in my skull. This is the story of her. This is the story of 'us'. Annie – I should introduce her – is my pet-name for my Anorexia.

Through making the performance I have discovered that within performances of the 'self', there are, unceasingly and unavoidably, always two selves on stage. There is the identity that is acting, and the character that is being made. In my case, I was a fragment of myself, torn inside my very own double act. Writing and playing both the 'comic' and the 'straight' in *Awkward Annie*, subtitled *A singular account of one woman's experience of Anorexia Nervosa*, it was required to use a multitude of documented and personal 'ingredients' as dramaturgical stimuli.

In particular in making the work I have drawn on the random and far from random sociological material I developed in my 'doodling diary', which offered a corrupt yet dependable perspective of myself on myself which I could recycle in the studio. It is my most valued possession; what I call the 'auto-bio-logical proof' to my disorder's 'pudding.'

I once wrote in this diary: 'our conscious and concealed psyches are violent vessels which have the potential to sail the boundless seas to indefinite and daunting destinations'. From silence to speech, ownership to authorship, the hoarded pages of my doodling diary

held a library of my most inner psychological judgments and each word whispered the potential to dispel that margin separating the performative 'me' from my everyday 'self'. As a theatre maker most of my insight is derived from personal experience or 'inner-understanding', which I presumed to be inner-nonsense! With this thought, I began.

I rose with a letter. 'I've got myself into a wee bit of a pickle' (I liked that- it was a food pun!). These were the words I used when informing my closest friends that I had lost my mind.

Yes, it's true... unfortunately I am mentally ill. The performance is my attempt to disrupt the prescribed mental patient/victim role, in which those suffering from mental illness are frequently dismissed as being less than fully a person. And so I must use my Annie as a socio-political agent: to speak, to share, to shout and to evoke change. Social exclusion, marginalisation, and misinformed stigma are issues that we as a society must address.

I remain the 'self-confessed freak-show'. Yes I hear voices, occasionally I see things I lie awake at night organising the nutritional content of the fridge – so what? You cannot deny that we as a culture obsess over food, nutrition and fad diets. We live in a culture of confession, of reality television and hyperactive media in which individuals can be all too easily mutilated, manipulated and exploited. I have not encountered the 'correct' relationship with consumption. It does

not exist; instead we have a saturation of information and a saturation of fats!

My aim as an artist is to voice the unheard and represent the forbidden gap between the society and the sedated. I, Victoria Sharples, the individual, am not a target. I am not to pity. I am a whole person, not a diagnostic category or just another 'bag-of-bones-nut-job'. I believe that 'A lack of faith and an absence of meaning can make even the strongest defenceless'. Although hidden behind my pen and paper was my starting point, I know that all my self-knowledge orientates through my undersized and misused body. It always has and always will. The body does not lie and cannot deceive; if it is frail it will break, if it is tired it will sleep, if it is hungry it will eat.

Or at least should.

Nevertheless I trust it, and so I had to learn to trust its message and in turn my autobiographical voice. *To bite is to begin*. The motto: *food=fuel, fuel=fun*. In theatre, you must surrender to learn the psychological properties and complexities of your character – even if that character is undeniably yourself.

I think that using humour to cope with adversity is a good place to begin. Performance is therapeutic in every sense, it offers a dissection of a life, and the staging, or the rebirth of another life. We have the potential to construct our own reality in theatre. For me, I inscribed myself as 'healthy' in *Awkward Annie* and as a result a little of me began to heal.

Theatre is my coping strategy – although, let's not pretend Fluoxetine didn't help! – where I can play out my history, drawing a conclusion to all triggering events that brought about my illness and as a result making peace with the material.

The journey of recovery, my process back to sanity, became a performance to reunite myself with myself. I do not aim to state, argue or pronounce fact. I do not want to make people uneasy, alienated or hurt. All I hope is to enlighten my regret, explain my once resilient beliefs and help those in 'need of feed.' For friends, frank fun and food are the most important gifts in life.

Awkward Annie was the winner of the 2013 York Theatre Royal / YSJU Theatre Graduate Prize.

Words: Victoria Sharples



Image: at least for now from Isabel, Photograph: Jen Todman.

INVEST NOW! THE VALUE OF YOUR INVESTMENT CAN ONLY GO UP!

'Investment is the bottom line – without it, nothing matters, and we don't see half enough of it.' (EtcHELLS 1999)

When making theatre, either as an individual or as part of an ensemble, I am inevitably reliant on those around me. When working with others, more than anything else, I am looking for what EtcHELLS' terms 'investment'. That is the commitment and dedication that enables us to push the work to a professional standard. Professional, not through commercialisation, but in terms of a meaningful, affecting and polished performance that can trigger change.

It was such a privilege in my first year of University to find theatre makers who wanted to put such investment into a project outside of modules and assessments. Our company, *at least for now theatre*, quickly formed, not through similar styles of work or experience but through a drive we all nurtured and a willingness to invest completely in the challenge of making good theatre. Immediately, something about these people made me very excited.

We raced to make work, to write, to devise, to perform, to collaborate. We

set our sights on the Create 12 festival, a clear goal for ourselves as first years to enter something into this graduate event. The immediate pressure and excitement to make something worthwhile was so inviting, the chance to form a professional company so soon in our studies was exciting, and the support we received from staff and friends was overwhelming. Most excitingly for me, was now making work regardless of guidelines and grades. With no fixed outcome, I felt free to contribute with no charge on the success or failure of the work, only that which we put on ourselves – which was enough to contend with.

In lectures we were asked ‘What is theatre?’ We began to explore ‘What is *our* theatre?’ What are we trying to say? We quickly accepted that we wanted to utilise our presence in the space, be ourselves, not perform as others, and explore what that could mean for an audience. We decided on the source to work all of our material from, which company member James had found years back, waiting for the opportunity to use it.

The source was a newspaper article telling the tale of ‘Charlie no face’; a true story which immediately flagged our interest. If we were going to be ourselves in the space it seemed logical to use a true story which we could relate to. The article talked of a man, Raymond Robinson, from Pennsylvania who had lost all features of his face through a horrific burn accident as a child. Touching accounts of him taking walks through the

streets at night, ashamed of his appearance, never showing himself in daylight, were vital in our process.

The story had been passed down through generations from Grandparents who may have seen him to Grandchildren who were scared to walk the streets at night in fear of seeing him. The story had been altered and changed so many times through this process, that it was now considered myth; we aimed to find out who the real ‘Charlie no face’ was and how his life related to our own and those around us.

Whilst trying to create this piece, the biggest hurdle I faced was the ever-changing way in which I perceived theatre. I was asked questions in lectures, the answers of which I was unsure of; topics on audience, what acting truly represented, performance and when and where this existed, ethics and morality, context and meaning. I was confused by all of these contributions to theatre and needed to generate material, acknowledging these factors, to answer my own question: ‘What is theatre to me?’

at least for now allowed me to explore these avenues physically, as well as intellectually, which was invaluable. I would enter the space with a question and leave the space with more. More to explore, more to ask; of others and of myself.

It was clear to me from rehearsals that we were all experiencing this confusion over what we were making and if it was ‘good theatre’. Coming from such varied

backgrounds of theatre-making it was hard to devise work that we all felt represented us as a company. We were lost, and although we were anxious, lost was exactly the right place to be.

When attempting to make work that was truthful, through the true story, we had to create an atmosphere which allowed us to be honest with each other. The investment in this process of finding the truth of theatre allowed us to explore material in a collaborative and trusting form. We would assess a difficulty or obstacle in the work and invest in the process to find the outcome in the most truthful way we knew how.

A situation would sometimes arise where the whole company would not invest in this method of resolution – when for some reason or other we were holding back – and we could easily identify when this had occurred. The recognition of these instances allowed us to reiterate the importance of complete investment and how beneficial this was in the theatre that we make. For me, the outcome of work was no longer about making ‘good theatre’, whatever that may be, it was about making truthful theatre that resonated with each audience member in a varied and personal way.

Charlie was a successful show. By this I don’t mean commercially successful but in the way it allowed us to make theatre about something which would make people think and in turn allow us to recognise the power of theatre in this form. We were so pleased with the feedback and response we received both

during the process and after the performance of *Charlie* that we decided to take it elsewhere. We performed the show for Lady Lumley’s School in Pickering in September 2012 and again at the University for both the NSDF Festival November 2012 and for the new first year theatre students at YSJ. An amazing start for us in such early stages of our formation, the support we received was invaluable and we were empowered to create again.

Speaking now, after our third show as a company, it has shown me that investment is absolutely at the bottom line in being successful. Without total commitment from the company, both as a group and as individuals, we would and could not have had the success we have had. We work hard, we craft the way in which we make work, we allow ourselves to explore the boundaries of theatre and acknowledge when we have gone too far. We argue, we laugh and spend many a rehearsal talking about completely irrelevant topics. But we make theatre, and we love what we do. So if you have the spare time, commitment and eagerness to try then go for it because it’s such fun and so rewarding, for everyone involved.

Words: Amy Camsell



Image: **IN FRAMES**. Module: Scenography.
Photo: Jen Todman



Image: **Tasting Black Wine**. Module: Independent Practice as Research. Photo: Jen Todman



Image: **Enough Said, You're Not Dead!** Module: Ensemble. Photo: Jen Todman

Image: We came from the ashes: Now We Dancel Module: Artist as Witness. Photo: Rob Oldfield





Image: **Fearless.** Module: Independent Practice as Research. Photo: Simon King



Image: **Unwritten Women.** Module: Independent Practice as Research. Photo: Jen Todman

PERFORMANCE WRITING

Jonathan Curd: I've curated these pages in the hopes of developing a monthly, or bi-monthly, publication that features any work Theatre students have written and want to be seen. "...to engage with writing in such extensive material terms, both as writers and readers, is what inscribes the performance of writing. A performance of itself as a relational level." Bergvall (1996).

Sorry!

Sorry!

Sorry!

Sorry!

I noshed your banana

I broke your bone

I choked your snake

I blew your bagpipe

I fried your corn-dog

I spotted your dick

Twisted your hobnob

Sucked your lollipop ...

I squashed your hairy figs

I kicked your nuts

I battered your sausage

I slapped your cock

I slapped your monkey

Carrot and potatoes

I punched your beef

I swallowed your cream stick

Fed you my horse meat

SORRY

Mikhail Lim, Claire Edwards and Rosie Balla: A short excerpt from our performance of 'WHAT is WORD' for the module, Texts Scripts Scores in May 2013. It was based on a loss of innocence. It was when Adam and Eve ate a fruit from the tree of knowledge.

The Waterfall Girl

Have you heard the story of the girl who cried?
Her hair was bleached and her arms spread wide;
At the mountains top she removed her eyes,
To make the tragedy she left behind.

Waterfall girl was in love another,

The one she hoped that she could smother.
But her plight was mad and would destroy,
For she was in love with rock-bgd boy.

The waterfall girl,
Was a marvellous sight,
She jumped to the ground,

In the dead of the night.
Falling to her love,
With tears in her eyes,
So solid was the boy,
That on impact she died.

Who could say if she was satisfied,
Perhaps she knew that she'd have died,
But as close as ever the two now lie,
And neither again once did cry.

James Norris: I wrote this whilst working on my Performance of the Self in Autumn 2012. A woman diving off a waterfall is an image that has become a bit of a motif in my writing and art. It's an image of total relief, of freedom, bravery and tragedy.

I wandered **lonely as a Clown**. I felt strange. I felt wrong. I felt as if I couldn't go on, but no matter what I did, no matter what was said; all I could do was **smile**. **Smile** though my heart was aching; **smile** even though it was breaking into a million little pieces of **something**. **Something** strange, **something** wrong, **something** that couldn't go on, but no matter what it was doing, I still managed to **wonder**. I **wondered**. I **wondered**. I **wondered** lonely **as a Clown**. A spring in my step, my smile on **display**, not a single thing was wrong with my **day**. The **way** the **waves** beside me **danced** and **pranced** and **glanced**, **advanced**, **enhanced**, **entranced** the incoming "coming-in" of the tide. I **gazed**, stood **amazed**, remaining **unfazed**, forever in a **daze**, as **days** and **days** and **days** passed me by. **Every** second, **every** minute, **every** hour, **every day**, I **gazed**--and **gazed**—but little thought what little wealth the show to me had brought, as I **wondered** and **wandered**, as I sat and **pondered**, all the while remaining **unfazed** and somewhat **dazed**, thinking about my **days** and **how lonely**- **how lonely** the **Clown**, as he **wanders**. I **wandered lonely as a Clown**, speaking **nothing**, saying **nothing** wrong, when all at once I saw a crowd and never hoped to be found within the field and the twinkle of the **milky-way**, or so, some people **say**. The people who stretched in a never-ending line, along the margin of a **bay**, as I sat and pondered, **sitting**, **sitting** on the dock of the **bay**, watching the **tide**, watching the **time** roll **away**, as I went about my **day**, **wandering** and **wondering** about my **days**, as I sat and **gazed**, stood **amazed**, all the while **unfazed**, yet, somehow, in a **daze** as I sat and **wondered**, **pondered**, **wandered** lonely; **wandered lonely as a Clown**.

I Wandered Lonely as a Clown - Jonathan Curd: I wrote this whilst studying the Intertext module in 2012. It functioned as an initial concept for 'Three'; a performance I co-wrote with Ben Rosenfield and Charlotte Goodlad.

The Beginning

It was the high midst of summer, where one would expect the sun to spread its joy over a sea of glistening emeralds rolling in the wind. But not here; here nothing grew, nothing glistened, nothing chirped, nothing breathed...except for the little girl.

She had been wandering the woods for some time now and was accustomed to their hideousness. A year had passed since this mighty landscape had been cursed and crumbled and she had almost forgotten what the beauty of the forest looked like. Many a moon had passed over this miserable place but she would not let this misery last forever. She knew the beauty was somewhere, she just needed to find it. As she wandered in the woods the little girl took pity on the forest for she too had lost something dear to her, she had lost her smile.

A little girl walked amongst the woods, amidst the wise oak trees. A breeze, harsh against her cheeks, chased her as she went. She looked up through her blue eyes at the canopy above and saw there were no birds and no bees up in the trees; only shadows of what used to be. She didn't like walking alone in the woods with no birds and no bees up in the trees because it reminded her of how things once were...

Lizzy Whynes: I've been exploring the art of storytelling; here is a beginning, inspired by Angela Carter. A tale of a girl, lost within a hideous forest. A forest that was once beautiful but which is now lifeless. A short story of her search to restore beauty in her surroundings and also herself.

The Other Day

Walk, smile and look back they've all gone now.

Sigh, bow head and take breath all alone now. Was is it a dream or harsh truth? That I emerge like a frozen pitch in a thermo glass.

Stop, stare and forget of all the unspoken lies we make. Wondering how and why its truths we break.

We pause, we think, we try and we stop.
And we stop once more.

We frown, we snivel, we shake our heads, understanding, confused and lost, we watch, we envy and then we say.

Something that had to be said.

Tears fall on a nameless face a reassuring smile is all we could make.

For when the day drowns and we pretend, we know, nothing at all.

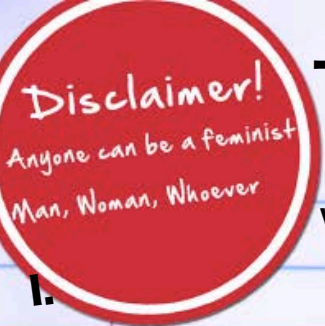
Give me the mantel, the branch to hold on to as we fall show me a hand, a gesture of good will give me something for the pain.

Stop me from falling.

But you can't, you never could and you never will for you're gone now and I'm in solace a burden to be had.

As my eyes close and my hand loses grip and my breath becomes my last I remember that time we would walk the time we would smile and how we always would look back.

James Lane: A piece I wrote the other day.



THIRTEEN WAYS OF LOOKING AT FEMINISM AND THEATRE

Words: Yaz Porritt. Design: Adam Harrison. Photos: Rob Oldfield and Jen Todman.

I. Confessions of a Feminist Theatre Practitioner:

- II. I confess that I used to say, "I'm not a feminist, but I do believe in equal rights." This has changed to "I'M A FEMINIST!", something I have been all this time, but which I never knew! How exciting!
- III. I confess that I set up FemBot Theatre Company because I felt that there was a gap in theatre regarding feminism and comedy. Who says you can't have fun whilst campaigning for equal rights?
- IV. I confess that I love making work about being a woman, which is why I built a 6ft vagina costume called Lola; it's why I do plaster casts of my body and am trying to reclaim the word "cunt". Theatre is a great avenue through which to explore feminism and what that means for me. It's a great way to share these thoughts with an audience.



V. "[Feminist theatre's] goal was to use theatre to question power structures and shake down patriarchy. Cunning Stunts."
- Jess McCabe

VI. "Theatre has an incredible capacity to move people to social change ... to inspire social revolution." - Eve Ensler.



VIII. "I myself have never been able to find out precisely what feminism is: I only know that people call me a feminist whenever I express sentiments that differentiate me from a doormat."
- Rebecca West

IX. How is feminism still relevant? Women got the vote didn't they? Yes we got the vote (cheers, Suffragettes)! We are privileged in the West but in other parts of the world other women aren't so lucky: there are acid attacks, public stonings, female circumcisions and honour killings. There is still work to be done! As both men and women, we need to roll up our sleeves and yell at the top of our voices: "WE ARE FEMINISTS, HEAR US ROAR!"



XIII. My Feminist Tool Kit

- Knitting Needles (10mm)
- Wool
- Feminism, by S. Scholz
- 6ft Vagina Costume (Lola)
- Thefword.com
- FemBot Theatre Company
- Rebel Girl by Bikini Kill (on repeat)
- Mug of Coffee, Milk, Two Sugars
- Pintrest.com
- Eve Ensler
- Mug of Disaronno, no Ice
- Vagendamag.blogspot.uk
- A sense of humour
- Sir Patrick Stewart
- Reclaiming the F Word, C. Redfern and K. Aune





Image: *Terrorists of The Heart*. Photograph: Jonathan Turner.

PERFORMING HOUSE

Performing House is the University's platform for live performance. Each semester we invite a range of professional companies and independent theatre makers to create and perform work on campus.

Wed 16th October. 7.30pm. *The Operature* by ATOM-R is a fixed durational live performance, installation and augmented reality poem that engages histories of forensics, anatomical science and spectacle.

Sat 19th October. 4.30pm. *Terrorists of The Heart* is a duet by long-term collaborators Jules Dorey Richmond and David Richmond. It is a meditation on marriage, parenthood, aging, grief and loss: a political manifesto with some Morris Dancing.

Wed 23rd October. 7.30pm. Double bill. *Dust yourself off and try again* by Aby Watson examines our everyday failures in order to understand how the consequences of our actions shape our lives.

What a Fanny by Leyla Coll challenges the choices we think we are making and asks the question, can women ever be powerful while still wearing pink?

For further information see: yorksj.ac.uk/performinghouse



Image: *Dust yourself off and try again*. Photograph: Aby Watson.



Image: Sxip Shirey. Photograph: Kryss Fox.

RESONANCE 4-6 OCTOBER. 2013

INFINITE RECORD: ARCHIVE, MEMORY AND PERFORMANCE

Hosted by York St John University and the Norwegian Theatre Academy, our seminar discusses how acts of witnessing and listening can be appreciated as formative encounters with time.

We welcome a range of exciting, international artists and speakers including Arnold Dreyblatt, Sxip Shirey, Trevor Wishart, Petra Maria Meyer and Astrid Schmetterling. There will be sound installations on campus, a live solo performance at the Basement Bar City Screen, artworks on display in the Arts Foyer, talks, panels and presentations.

RESONANCE thinks about archives *for* rather than only archives *of*. Some of the events in this seminar are open to students and tickets will operate on a first come first serve basis and will be advertised through Eventbrite.

For more information contact Claire Hind: c.hind@yorks.ac.uk

PERFORMANCES AND EVENTS

Fri 21st – Sun 22nd September. MA Away Weekend. Yorkshire Dales

Fri 4th – Sun 6th October. Infinite Record: Archive, Memory and Performance. Seminar hosted by YSJU and the Norwegian Theatre Academy.

Mon 7th October 7.00pm. International Centre for Arts and Narrative at York Theatre Royal. Narrative and Food Studio Talk.

Mon 14th October 1.00pm. Theatre Blahblahblah, *Raft of Medusa*, plus discussion on working in schools. T1. Limited participants.

Monday 14th October 10.00am – 3.00pm. ATOM-R, workshop of digital poetry, narrative and augmented performance space. QSH. Limited participants.

Tues 15th – Thurs 17th October. Level 1 Theatre trip to Featherstone Castle.

Wed 16th October 7.30pm. Performing House. ATOM-R (Anatomical Theatres of Mixed Reality), *The Operature*. QSH.

Sat 19th October. 4.30pm. Performing House. David Richmond and Jules Dorey Richmond. *Terrorist of the Heart*. T1.

Wed 23rd. 12.30pm. Lunchtime Talk: Claire Hind on Bruce Nauman at York St Marys.

Wed 23rd October. 7.30pm. Performing House Double Bill. Layla Coll, *what a fanny!* and Aby Watson *Dust Yourself Off and Try*. QSH.

Sat 2nd and Sun 3rd November. 10am-5pm. Workshop with Rosemary Butcher. Limited participants.

Mon 4th November 7.00pm. International Centre for Arts and Narrative at York Theatre Royal. Narrative and Mental Health Studio Talk.

Tue 5th November. '99 Nauman/Recite.Loop.Shift' YSJU Theatre Students perform 99 responses to Bruce Nauman Exhibition, York St Marys.

Thurs 7th November. Level 2 Theatre trip. Mat Fraser. *Beauty and the Beast*. WYP.

Mon 11th November 1.00pm. Theatre Hullabaloo, *Luna*. Schools performance. QSH.

Sun 10th – Tues 12th November. Level 3 Theatre trip to London.

Tues 19th November 7.45pm. *Dream Yards*. Claire Hind & Gary Winters at York Theatre Royal.

Sun 19th – 22nd January. Level 2 Theatre trip to Krakow, Poland, to visit Auschwitz I and II.