

ReCollection



*Are you reading this?*

Maybe you're reading this for the first time. Maybe it's the 19th March 2020 and you're standing in a room of familiar or unfamiliar faces. Maybe you've been given this document by a friend or a mentor, and it's been passed through many hands by now. Maybe the spine is worn and the pages show traces of thumbs and fingers. Maybe it's been on a dusty shelf for a while now, unlooked at for years, and something prompted you to visit it again.

**1: Remember**

Remember that performance. The one that shifted your centre. Changed your mind. Made you think twice.

*Are you remembering?*

Remember that exercise. That practitioner.  
That idea you encountered.  
Remember that image you created. That process you led.  
That article you read.

*Can you remember who was there?... The sound of the voices?...  
Were you alone?... What was the fashion?...*

**2: Recall**

Recall that moment. Now. To the present.

*Can you recall that moment? What is the temperature of the room? Can you feel the tension? Can you hear the silence, the laughter? Can you picture the place?*

**3: Recreate**

Trace it with your body. Perform it exactly again. Say it out loud. Walk it through in your mind. Sketch it out. Piece together the fragments. Write it as a set of instructions. Perform it like a song. Take a picture. Scribble it in a zine and pass it to a friend. Write a poem. Share a memory. Use someone else's words.  
Or

*something else?*

(I am sure you have much better ideas than this.)

At the end of this zine you will find a blank page. It's for you. It's yours for the making.

Make it again. Go on. Yes. Right now. Wherever you are reading this. Yes, even you, holding the dusty book that's been on your book shelf for 21 years.

It is possible that someone or no one is looking.  
*But that's not really the point is it? Or maybe it is?* Go on, yes.



This will be an intensive and concentrated creative task.

Beginnings are apt to be shadowy.

We dissolve and pass to the sea, in grain after grain  
of eroded land.

It was said that there was once an island there.

Navigators should observe the coastal remnants.  
In flow after flow.

We explore our relationship with the land 'in the  
midst of spiralling ecological devastation'.

We develop methods that reject traditional patriarchal ways  
of working, in order to find new ways to comprehend the  
ecological crisis from a female perspective.

We try to follow threads where they lead in order to track  
them and find tangles and patterns crucial for staying with  
the trouble in real and particular places and times.

In the current ecological climate, we urgently need spaces  
to contemplate, to gather ourselves and our thoughts and  
move forward.

None of this is ours.

It was a relief, a weight off my shoulders to eventually see my prints in the Jack Bruce space. The months of planning, emails and conversations almost made me question whether it was worth it.

It was.

The Royal Conservatoire of Scotland is a place where artistic expression is inherent.... but you have to open yourself up to it.

I've had to struggle with the inner voice of self-doubt throughout this process, every time I felt I was making progress my own lack of confidence (maybe it's a Scottish thing) would kick in. It is self-defeating if we/I listen to it.

Professor and Research fellow Laura Gonzalez was in many ways my antidote, her natural positivity and gentle advice was and still is something that I value greatly.

Photography is every bit an art form as music, drama and art. In so much as it takes us somewhere else, we can be transported into the picture itself or (as is perhaps more likely) evoke memory.

I have a love of black and white photographs and my study of Glasgow city centre was part of a personal quest to find out why.

I'd like to discuss briefly two prints in particular.



The Fisher King.....was a 'right place right time' opportunity. It presents us with a puzzle.... what exactly is going on?

The gentleman concerned was clearly in need of some practice but as I said earlier it reminded me of my own fishing experience – which was completely and utterly unsuccessful. This was just round from Wallace Studios a few hundred yards from Glasgow city centre, a guy who would rather be fishing.



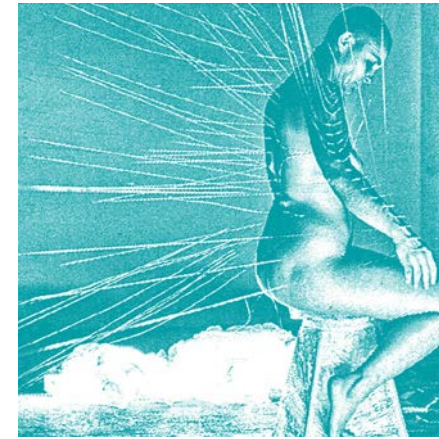
I love taking photographs in this part of Glasgow and I'd love to do a study of Glasgow Central and Queen St train stations. Using the light and dark in equal measure, a kind of 'film noir' feel is what I was looking for. I may not quite have got there (there's that self-doubt again) but perhaps I did.

I hope to grow as a street photographer, trying to find beauty in the ordinary, to explore opportunities within the Royal Conservatoire of Scotland and when those moments of doubt creep in, to ignore them and follow my heart.

To see beauty in the ordinary is what makes us human and utterly unique.



Image: volar sin alas by Begoña Grande. Photographs by Marco Pachiega



When I read about the bombs, and the endings, and the cycles, and the process, and the science, and the gold, and the spilling, and mother nature, and the man who had helped her to understand, and the women who always knew so didn't need him to understand. When I remembered that we have been ignoring how much pain, destruction and blood might help us to find something new, something much better than this. When I remembered that I had been taught to forget what I already knew. I remember who gave me it and I remember not understanding like she did. I remember her waiting for me to understand. I remember thinking, that's it. That's what I have been trying to say. My wound was wise, my womb was wise.

What do you remember? When was your moment of "that was it, that's what I was trying to say."

Tell them, if you can, tell them that's what they did for you. Put it in a letter, or send it in a message, or tell them face to face, but make sure they know. Or make it again, make that moment happen again. Say the thing you were trying to say all along.



It's been so lonely without you here Like a bird without a song Nothing can stop these lonely tears from falling Tell me baby where did I go wrong? I could put my arms around every boy I see But they'd only remind me of you I went to the doctor and guess what he told me? Guess what he told me? He said girl you better try to have fun No matter what you do, but he's a fool 'Cause nothing compares Nothing compares to you

## PRESENT ALIGNMENT/ DANCES FOR MULTIPLE PEOPLE

### SONGS WE DANCE TO

1. Holiday Madonna•Madonna (Reissue) 3:51 2. Shotgun George Ezra•Staying at Tamará's 3:21 3. Bohemian Rhapsody - Remastered 2011 Queen•A Night At The Opera (2011 Remaster) 5:54 4. Love Me Do - Remastered 2009 The Beatles•Please Please Me (Remastered) 2:21 5. Everybody Hurts R.E.M.•Automatic For The People 5:20 6. Nothing But Love James•Girl At The End of The World 3:29 7. Losing My Religion R.E.M.•Out Of Time (25th Anniversary Edition) 4:28 8. MMMBop Hanson•Middle Of Nowhere 4:28 9. Starless King Crimson•Radical Action To Unseat the Hold of Monkey Mind (Live) 12:14 10. The Last Baron Mastodon•Crack The Skye 13:00 11. Bleed Meshuggah•ObZen 7:22 12. Swim Until You Can't See Land Frightened Rabbit•The Winter of Mixed Drinks 4:19 13. Jar of Hearts Christina Perri•lovestrong. 4:06 14. Hong Kong Garden Siouxsie and the Banshees•The Scream 2:55 15. Wuthering Heights Kate Bush•The Kick Inside 4:29 16. Chandelier Sia•1000 Forms Of Fear 3:36 17. Everlong Foo Fighters•The Colour And The Shape 4:10 18. Come Dancing The Kinks•State of Confusion 3:54 19. Not Nineteen Forever Courteeners•St. Jude 4:03 20. Breakfast At Tiffany's Dee Blue Something•Home 4:17 21. What's Up? 4 Non Blondes•Bigger, Better, Faster, More ! 4:55 22. Spirit in the Sky Norman Greenbaum•Music From The Motion Picture Michael 3:59 23. Vienna Billy Joel•The Stranger (Legacy Edition) 3:34 24. 5 dollars Christine and the Queens•Chris 3:28 25. Rich Girl - Remastered Daryl Hall & John Oates•The Essential Daryl Hall & John Oates 2:24 26. LDN Lily Allen•Alright, Still [Deluxe] 3:10 27. You Can Call Me Al Paul Simon•Graceland (25th Anniversary Deluxe Edition) 4:40 28. Evergreen YEBBA•Evergreen 3:12 29. My Traveling Star James Taylor•October Road (Special Edition) 3:53 30. pink skies LANY•kinda 3:05 31. Drag Me Down One Direction•Made In The A.M. (Deluxe Edition) 3:12 32. Mr. Brightside The Killers•Hot Fuss 3:42 33. Cosmic Dancer T. Rex•Electric Warrior 4:26 34. The Boss Diana Ross•The Boss 4:01 35. Memory Barbra PStreisand•Memories 3:55 36. Sometimes When We Touch Dominic Kirwan•The Ultimate Collection 4:10 37. Time Is On My Side - Mono Version The Rolling Stones•The RollinStones No. 2 2:59 38. Your Song Elton John•Elton John 4:00 39. The Way We Were Barbra Streisand•The Way We Were 3:31 40. Wonderful Tonight Eric Clapton•Slowhand 35th Anniversary (Super Deluxe) 3:45 41. I'm in the Mood for Dancing The Nolans•Altogether 3:18 42. Wheels Foo Fighters•Greatest Hits 4:38 43. I Need My Girl EXPLICIT The National•Trouble Will Find Me 4:05 44. Black Smoke Rising Greta Van Fleet•From The Fires 4:19 45. A Summer Place - Theme from "A Summer Place" Percy Faith Orchestra•Love Themes (A Special Soundtrack Collection for Lovers) 2:26 46. Queen Bitch - 2015 Remastered Version David Bowie•Hunky Dory (2015 Remastered Version) 3:20 47. Almost There Andy Williams•The Very Best Of Andy Williams 2:58 48. West Side Story: Act I: Maria Leonard Bernstein, Johnny Green, Jim Bryant, West Side Story Orchestra•West Side Story 2:35 49. Paint It, Black The Rolling Stones•Aftermath 3:22 50. (I Can't Get No) Satisfaction - Mono Version The Rolling Stones•Out Of Our Heads 3:42 51. In the Mood Glenn Miller•Greatest Hits 3:31 52. Always On My Mind Willie Nelson•Always On My Mind 3:32 53. Never Forget Take That•Never Forget - The Ultimate Collection 6:24 54. At Last Etta James•At

## A FRAGMENT OF A RESIDENCY AT THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES HOSPICE

### SONGS WE DON'T DANCE TO

1. Moon river- Audrey Hepburn 4:21
2. Suzanne- Leonard Cohen 3:52
3. Memory- Cats 3:53
4. Die Like a Rich Boy- Frightend Rabbit 3:27
5. Stormy Wheather- Etta James 3:11
6. Pink Moon- Nick Drake 2:05
7. Nothing compares 2 u- Jimmy Scott 6:20
8. One- Ed Sheeran 3:58
9. Wild Ceaseless Song- Aleia Diane 3:07
10. Darling Divine- Wild Child 3:59

if this is the beginning of the end, i want you all to know...

I have held the hand of a man in public It is a test and I have passed

I listen to pop songs listen to their language as it bounces off the water

**When I grow up**

**I wanna be famous**

**I wanna be a star**

**I wanna be in movies**

*Why can't anybody see me I'm melting?*

*it's due to human activities*

And I am reminded of the uncomfortable feeling of Strutting along the catwalk of assumption and never giving anything to personal away.

*Ahhhhhh, love to love you baby (repeated infinitely)* Maybe forever.

we can swim in pools of Nutella together  
and our cats would be there, because they had important good lives too.

**Be careful what you wish for**

**'Cause you just might get it** and i believe him

*There is no answer to anything*

**I numb myself**  
And start hearing again.

Everything is open to the elements.

When boiling water pours out of your ear if you lean too much on one side.

*Little darling, it feels like ice is slowly melting* *sweaty crotch, sweaty armpits, sweaty upper lip,*

**Something about sudocream**

working hard like my dad so as not to do anything wrong.

I did this to balance things out. I did it out of a need to not feel alone. I did this to fill the void that silence created.

*\*air guitar bit\**

*I'm sorry I didn't make more of a difference*

And little by little you come back to life.



# A COLLECTION OF CURRENT CREATIVE CREATURES:



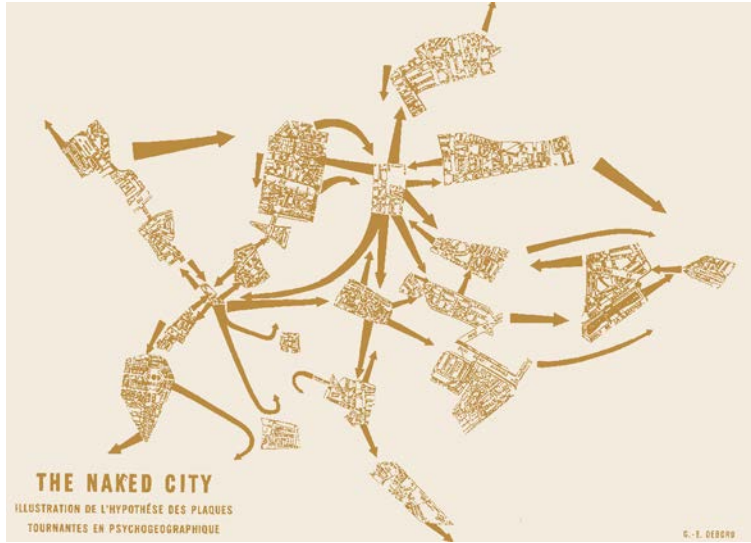
**A RITUAL FOR CREATIVE JOY:**

**STAMPING ON FLOOR**

**SING LOUDLY—**

**WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE  
DRUNKEN SAILOR / WHAT SHALL  
WE DO WITH THE DRUNKEN  
SAILOR / WHAT SHALL WE DO  
WITH THE DRUNKEN SAILOR /  
EARLY IN THE MORNING / WAY  
HAY AND UP SHE RISES / WAY  
HAY AND UP SHE RISES / WAY  
HAY AND UP SHE RISES / EARLY  
IN THE MORNING**

**LINK ARMS WITH YOUR  
COLLABORATORS AND REPEAT  
UNTIL SMILING FROM YOUR  
EARS**



Situationist counter-maps are the product of *dérives* (eng: drifts) or the combination of set data points popularised by Guy Debord and practiced by an extended community. During a *dérive*, one would attempt to walk without any preconceptions such as route or time and instead be led by intuition. Stripping back the meaning of places you may have been a thousand times and trying to experience it a new. Being moved and repulsed, observing the absurdity, ugliness, and joy as you go. It resists the efficiency of the city and its construction, strips back its history and allows you to experience it for your own and therefore create it anew.

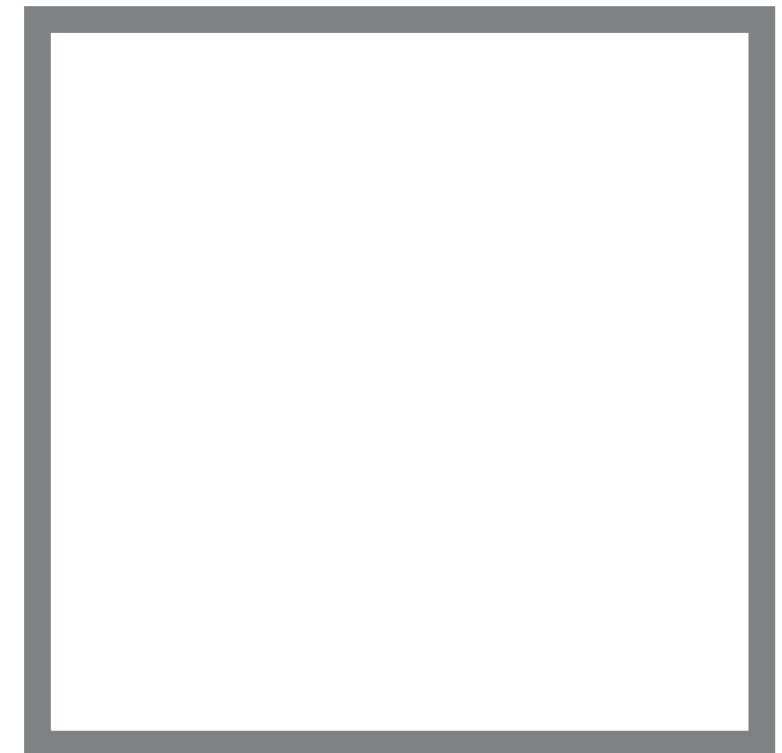
“From a *dérive* point of view,” Debord explains, “cities have psychogeographical contours, with constant currents, fixed points and vortexes that strongly discourage entry into or exit from certain zones.”

Some situationists in an attempt to construct further meanings and new identities in city spaces began the practice of map-making. For example, Debord himself produced a map in 1957 under the title *The Naked City*. The plan of Paris is cut up and divided into 19 sections that are randomly placed back together. The users of the map choose their own route through the city by using a series of arrows that link parts of the city together. Other experiments with maps existed including one undertaken by a friend of Debord who wandered through a region of Germany whilst following directions from a map of London.

Maps could also be created using any data points, reconstructed visually as a kind of abstract map. In ‘Avant-Garde, III: Situationist Map, Take Two’ by Dee Morris and Stephen Voyce, they provide the following broad list of examples; ‘Imagine, for instance, an animation map that transposes the effects of war-torn Baghdad onto San Francisco or one that visualizes incarceration rates by city block; imagine a map the size of a basketball court made of junk computer parts or one that plots memories inside Palestinian refugee camps.’

In my first year of the programme, I was able to experience the city in a new way through a performance. This was Rosana Cade’s *Walking: Holding*. This, along with an underpinning of situationist theory had a big influence on the creation of my own site-specific degree show *Blueprint*.

Create your own map of performances you have seen or are aware of that happened over the past twenty one years.



## Into The New: Plunge into the Future

“Into The New is our graduating students’ festival,” explains Kate Stannard, teacher on the RSAMD’s Contemporary Performance Practice course. “It kicks off in The Arches on 16 March, and on the 19th we have an event, *Performance Recall*, which celebrates the 60th birthday of the RSAMD and the tenth birthday of Into the New.” Stannard elaborates, “There are twelve solo performances, and we inhabit all these different spaces in The Arches. It’s an explosion of different kinds of work!”

“Into The New is the high point of the year for us. *Performance Recall* is our contribution to the RSAMD’s anniversary celebrations,” continues her colleague Robert Walton. “We’ve asked sixty artists to come back and recall a performance that is important to them. Some of them are doing performances that they made, others are recreating their audition piece, or a miniature version of a longer show. It’s going to be a real mixed bag.”

The CPP’s graduates and students have become a fixture in the Scottish performance community: from Nic Green’s *Trilogy*, through Junction 25’s redefining of youth theatre, and even into Random Accomplice’s saucy comedy, the course has provided a generation of makers, and influences directors and choreographers beyond the RSAMD.

Into The New is rarely less than fascinating: as Walton mentions, there is no house style, and students are encouraged to find their own voice. Edd Crawley, one of this year’s graduating class, insists that the CPP gave him the tools to say things that he could not express in any other way.

One of last year’s outstanding graduates was Stephanie Black. Returning this year, she is presenting “a new project called *Measure*. It is part of the Athena Project, an award given to students from the RSAMD.”

In many ways, Black’s work sums up the strength of CPP: her *Body of Sand* was a mind-blowing gust of desert energy. Examining her experience growing up in Dubai as a western woman, it used her dance background to devastating effect.

“My background is very much dance based: I trained in ballet from the age of four! The movement vocabulary is the first way to express our raw emotion: somehow I can express myself better through movement than language.”

“*Measure* goes in a different direction,” she warns. “Last year, I started to understand how I create work. For instance, I prefer to start from images or colours, or a set task.”

“Whenever I make a piece of work, it has got to be relevant to the place I am at,” she continues. “After graduating I needed to take a new approach. I looked at ideas I had left behind, took a workshop with Julie Tontino and Ron Athey: we got to focus on small, integral movements. I am getting into a yoga practice: I am fascinated by binding the physical and mental approach.”

Black’s continued development as an artist reflects the best of CPP: radical and challenging, it respects the traditions of the performance artists who blazed a trail, yet includes the personal experience and talents of the artists. For anyone gingerly considering whether performance art is for them, Into The New is a broad introduction.

Into the New 10  
Wed 10 Mar - Fri 12 Mar, 6pm, £9 (£6), The Arches



## Dear Person on the Street



Over the years there have been many performance images that have moved us. But that's the point of making performance isn't it? To try and find a way to capture that which is most human – the things we know and experience about life that we need to share with others – the way we try to understand it all – to find a path through. And yet of all the performance moments that have moved and inspired us there is one that continues to stand out. One moment which we were never able to watch without feeling it in our guts. One that provoked silent tears and kept us awake at night. That taught us about bravery and speaking the truth even when the stakes feel high and it is not clear exactly who is listening.

In 2016, just before the EU Referendum, Junction 25 made *A Bit of Bite*; a show which aimed to explore contemporary politics and what voice young people felt they had in the issues of the day. It was a knotty process in lots of ways – each young person at a different age and stage. Some felt like politics was a word they couldn't relate to, others full of anger and questions and a desire to be part of some kind of revolution, desperate for change. We spent a long time talking and trying to understand how things worked, what they meant and how we felt about it all.

Laiqa was one of the oldest young people in the company and had been making work with the group for several years. As a young Muslim woman she had a lot to share about her experiences of everyday racism and the impact of this on her life and that of many of their friends and family. We had once been with her in the street when she had been verbally attacked by a man none of us knew and we were shocked and shaken. She had told us at the time that this kind of experience was commonplace and had asked us not to aggravate it. Later she reflected that she had become used to this kind of abuse and hatred and had come to expect it. As part of the process of talking about politics in the rehearsal room Laiqa shared this story of the person on the street and as a creative response she wrote a letter to him. The first time she read

this letter out to the company we all cried. It was so brave and so devastating and it tapped into something huge that demanded attention. Everyone felt that this was a truth that needed to be spoken – words that needed to be heard – a voice which required a platform.

It took a while for Laiqa to decide whether she wanted to read her letter out as part of the performance and this was her decision to make. When she did she decided to perform it simply, just standing with a microphone on stage and looking directly at each audience member in turn. She cried openly through each performance and at first we worried about the vulnerability of this. We didn't want to make her unsafe on stage or feel pressure to recall difficult emotions in front of others. So many times we asked if she would prefer not to perform it but each time she held firmly to her intention. This was her story and she wanted to tell it. Yes it was hard but she felt this was the point. Her tears were powerful. They had agency. This was her own personal and political act.

Laiqa and her letter to the person on the street remains the most commanding and truthful performance provocation we have ever witnessed. We remain undone by her and in awe of her. With her permission we would like to share her letter with you along with an image of her speaking the words.

### Laiqa:

Dear person on the street, do you want to know what really makes me angry?

I really want to tell you because for once, I am in control and I get to have a say after years of keeping my mouth shut and just walking on.

To the person I had never met - you took one look at me and made an assumption. You decided you knew everything about me and chose to act upon your assumption. You chose to make me feel uncomfortable, to make me feel small and like I didn't belong. You chose to make me feel less than everyone else.

To the person that told me to go back to my own country. What does that mean? I was born here just like you and this is my home too.

To the person on that day - what was going through your mind when you chose to throw rocks at my mum and I.

To the person that called me a terrorist and asked where I had hidden the bombs. Can you not see that you were the one causing terror?

Dear person in the street - how does wearing a scarf make me different?

Does it matter if I am different?

Why does it matter?

## ReCollection of Acts of Witnessing

I initially performed this text as the introduction to the 2012 Into the New Festival Symposium exploring the role of audiences titled *The Innocent Bystander*. It was my first year of teaching on the Contemporary Performance Practice programme and my first Into the New festival.

Here, I recollect this text as a love song to performances I have seen and my experiences of witnessing, participating in, and being complicit in live performances (and their documentation) over the past 20 years.

I may be using some artistic licence with the remit of *ReCollection* but I feel that my memories of performances are multiple, iterative and in conversation with each other. Like the messy, vibrant, ephemeral and citational elements of seeing live performances, my *ReCollection* sprawls across Glasgow, Scotland, and the world. It seeps into basement spaces, pounds out of speakers on rooftop carparks, is contained in black boxes and is whispered in ears. My witnessing reminds me of previous moments of watching, other moments of seeing and being seen.

Here goes:

Who am I that stands fully clothed as you lie naked at my feet?

Who am I that takes a scalpel and pierces your skin, my mark adding to the hundreds of tiny incisions on the human-animal in front of me?

Who am I that pays my money and gets my thrills?

Who am I that feels duped when I remember that tomorrow night you will be saying the exact same words to someone else?

Who am I that watches the blood of an HIV positive man smear the Perspex wall between my body and his?

Who am I that receives red wine into my mouth via the lips of a stranger, a lingering, pungent kiss?

Who am I that feels a sense of belonging then remembers this is “only a performance”?

Who am I that answers back when addressed?

Who am I that witnesses bodies in failure, flailing limbs and tired eyes, the smell of desperation in the air?

Who am I that whispers my secrets into an ear that I will never encounter again?

Who am I that didn't speak out when I disagreed with what was happening on stage? (and have never forgiven myself for it).

Who am I that let you bathe me, hold me, and feed me, an unfamiliar body in an intimate moment?

Who am I that was happy to control you, humiliate you, laugh at you and your shame?

Who am I that looked into your eyes and believed as you told your story?

Who am I that played the role that you asked me to – “good audience member”, “willing participant”, “innocent bystander” “disruptive force”?

Who am I that looked into your cervix to see what I could see?

Who am I that watched your body via live feed on a screen rather than your live body in the space?

Who am I that followed you round an unknown city, listening to your half-truths and non-truths?

Who am I that walked out when the voyeurism became too much?

Who am I that listened to the internal sounds of the body and watched the visceral journey within?

Who am I that came here because I wanted to be challenged, confronted, questioned (and because I wanted to do the same to you)?

Who am I that held a loaded gun to your head?

Who am I that looks into your eyes as you look into mine and the transaction occurs?

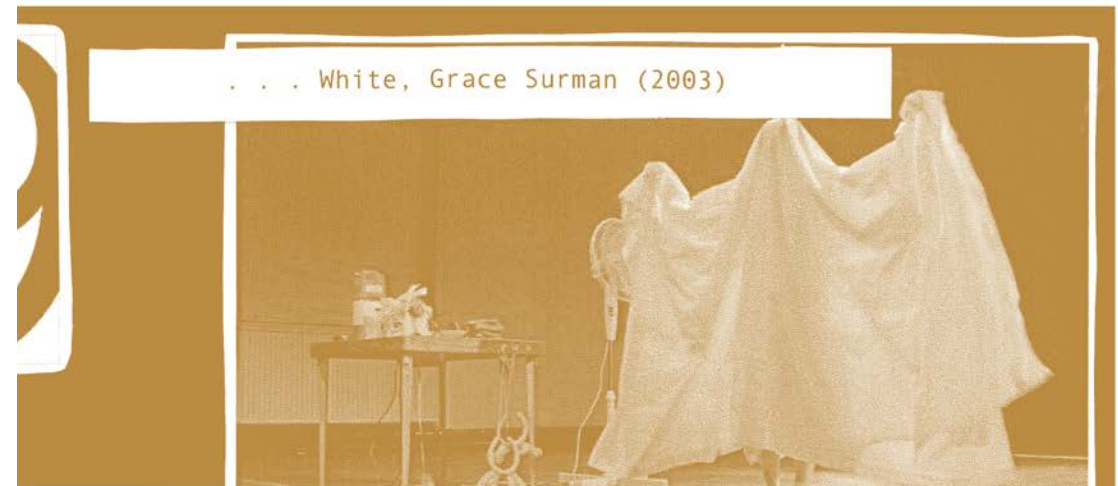
Who am I that sometimes sits in a seat and sometimes stands on a stage and sometimes walks outside and sometimes is elsewhere and sometimes is you and sometimes you are me and sometimes the roles are not clear and the spaces are shared and the boundaries are blurred and the rules are broken.

Who am I when I am “audience”?

Who is your “audience”?

When is the audience the performer?

Does the audience have a role in creating the work or are they an innocent bystander?



... White, Grace Surman (2003)

don't ever use that for what they expect. put those there before they come in. make them flap from under there where no one can see you. put that in there and wait for it to pop. plug it in. push your hand through them and wear them. pour that in there, make one moustache, make one tear. make some of those out of that under that and cover those with it. put those on. put that down that, hop and swing it on that, to that, until it is mushy. put those on, throw that to them, get them them to throw it for you, do it again and again to that. take that off and put those on. put that over you and bite into that. put that in position, open that, turn that on, sprinkle that to cover that. stand on that and hold that in your outstretched arm whilst you hold that in those. open that, lick that and count them. put that and that and that and that and that on that. put those on. say good evening, good evening, good evening, good evening, good evening, good evening.

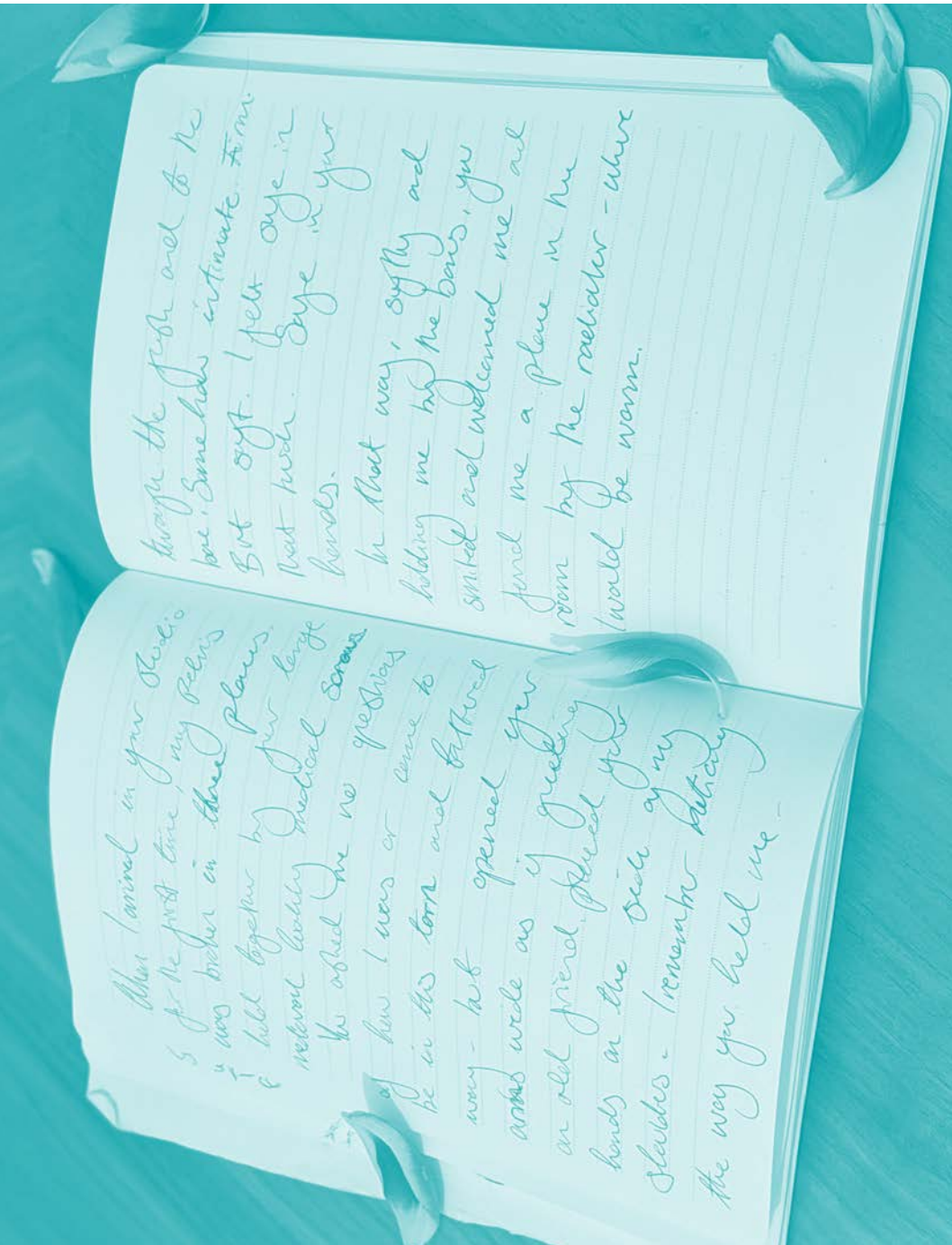
Image : Grace Surman

# On the in breath.

## A movement score for breath and bones

This score should be performed by two or more people.

1. One person reads aloud (across the page left to right. Take your time. An exhalation always follows an in breath).
2. The other(s) are moved by the words (each breathing in your own rhythm. Move with your breath).



To Rosina Bonsu, whose safe hands and guiding words moved so many. Thank you

START

*On the in breath*  
arrive

*On the exhalation*  
Try not to ask any questions

*On the in breath*  
Open your arms wide as if greeting an old friend

*On the exhalation*  
Wrap them across your torso and hold yourself. Firmly, but softly.

*On the in breath*  
Notice the place where your hands meet your arms

*On the exhalation*  
Drop your gaze inwards

*On the in breath*  
Feel your bones through the flesh

*On the exhalation*  
Trace the curves and ridges they make

*On the in breath*  
Hold it there, just a moment longer

*On the exhalation*  
Smile because you are in safe hands

*On the in breath*  
Slowly, find your place in the room

*On the exhalation*  
Come to settle there

*On the in breath*  
Make yourself comfortable

*On the exhalation*  
Make a small adjustment

*On the in breath*  
Take it to where it feels possible

*On the exhalation*  
Spend a moment there

*On the in breath*  
Recall being touched by an attentive and caring hand

*On the exhalation*  
Place your hand there

*On the in breath*  
Offer some heat to that place

*On the exhalation*  
If it is appropriate, start to move into the heat.

*On the in breath*  
From that place.

*On the exhalation*  
Or that place.

*On the in breath*  
Send the air into your bones

*On the exhalation*  
Find welcome space in your joints

*On the in breath*  
Move with the sound of warm laughter in your ears

*On the exhalation*  
Carry that into the silence

*On the in breath*  
Know you are welcome here

*On the exhalation*  
Know you are welcome here.

END



moments of telling the bees

one-two-three-four-five-six-five-six-five

now, one more time... please, once more, once more direct  
your attention internally back to your personal memory... to  
your personal memory with the bees.  
only this time erase all traces of the bees! bee-bee-bee-bee-  
bee-bee-bee-bee-bees  
erase all traces of the bees! bee-bee-bee-bee-bee-bee-bee-  
bee-bees

keeping the bees out keep them out.

picture this memory. keep them out.  
what do you see? see-see-see-see-see-see-see-see-see

what are the shapes the shapes the forms  
the colours the colours

dwell on this dwell on this

---

listen to your memory listen to it  
what do you hear hear  
hear

dwell on this

there are no bees there are no bees what do you sense?  
sense-sense-sense-sense-sense-sense-sense-sense-sense  
dwell on this - dwell on this

---

keeping the bees out  
keep them out. stay with your memory stay with it stay with it  
what are your feelings what do you feel? feel-feel-feel-feel-  
feel-feel-feel-feel-feel

dwell on this dwell on this

there are no bees! bee-bee-bee-bee-bee-bee-bee-bees.  
there are no bees! bee-bee-bee-bee-bee-bee-bee-bees.  
there are no bees! keep them out

---

so now please return to the space that we share together and  
gently gently leave your memory behind.  
and when you are ready

five-six-five-six-five-four-five-four-three-two-one

Telling the Bees, Cryptic Nights at CCA, Glasgow, 2018. Poster pic by Julie Sparsø Damkjær



**That day I was given  
a choice which would  
make me feel so unkind**

**failures [heroes]  
friends [scoundrels]  
insanity [redemption]**



In 2005 the CTP community lost a dear and beautiful man. Matt Sadka was in the class of 2004 graduates and was a unique member of his year group with a connection to many people from the course at large. What follows below are some sections of correspondence from fellow student Philippa Clark and Karen Christopher from Goat Island, a company that Matt had a close connection with during his time on the course and a poem they dedicated to him.



1 September 2005

Dear Karen

I wanted to let you know how the memorial went. We were very pleased with how many people came. As they entered the Tramway gardens we had two violinists playing. People gathered and we thanked them for coming and read a message sent from Matt's family. We played a song by Divine Comedy that Matt used in one of his shows (if you can find it I think you'd like it as it is very Matt. It's called 'tonight we fly' and I think the album is called Promenade) and I let a single red balloon go with a message attached to it. We'd asked people to bring one flower of their choice and they lay them under one of the trees. We are having a small bronze plaque attached to the tree engraved with a message for Matt, so next time you are all at Tramway it will be there, a peaceful place to go and Remember Matt. Sacha Wilhelm and Ryan, three close friends read your letter.

28 August 2005

Dear Philippa

The members of Goat Island would like to express their profound sense of loss at the death of Matthew Sadka. We are unable to be present at this memorial but have asked that someone read our message to those of you gathered to remember Matt so that we can bear witness to the sorrow we feel at the passing of our friend.

We loved him so much it is hard to believe we are not going to see him again. When looking through the florists in Cornwall to order flowers for his parents, it's hard not to think: which florist would Matt like? which one would Matt have an opinion about? —it's hard not to think: well, I should just ask him. The rational mind understands this is not possible and is drawn up short by the insistence of another part of the mind: he is not gone, he can't be.

He wrote from Australia:

"I'll be in touch at some point in the future. Probably when what's happening is ... in a sense concluded. Feel at the moment like I am performing the final section of a play — when everyone else has finished."

Photos: Are You Cold? Directed and devised by Nataly Zukerman. Devised and performed by Philippa Clark and Matt Sadka. Into The New 2003.

He was making a reference to our current piece, the one he helped us with, the one in which one performer is left dancing alone on the stage at the end of two hours. I see this image he has of himself and it feels lonely but it also feels beautiful and full of striving.

When I think about Matt right now a line from a poem keeps inserting itself "carving from the dark this difficult tree." He was engaged in a struggle with life while I knew him and from what I hear was working hard at his life until the end. It was a fierce struggle; the quiet, thoughtful man we knew was also a fierce and strong willed man of stern conviction. We loved him for his tenderness as well as his fierceness.

I found the poem, it is by the American poet Christian Wiman who lives in Chicago, it is called Hard Night:

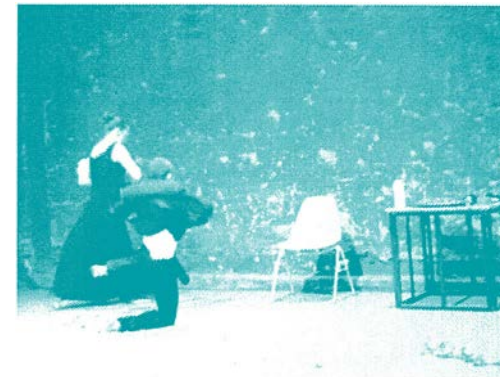


What words or harder gift  
does the light require of me  
carving from the dark  
this difficult tree?

What place or farther peace  
do I almost see  
emerging from the night  
and heart of me?

The sky whitens, goes on and on.  
Fields wrinkle into rows  
of cotton, go on and on.  
Night like a fling of crows  
disperses and is gone.

What song, what home,  
what calm or one clarity  
can I not quite come to,  
never quite see:  
this field, this sky, this tree.



## Goat Island: Letter to a Young Practitioner

“The old world crafts people made things. We think they are valuable not because of their content but because of the time signature of the work. Their bodies were not more capable than ours to join wood or carve stone or create paintings or make dances, in fact, it is possible that the physical body is more capable today than it was hundreds of years ago. But a possible advantage the old world did have was a different concept of time. It was acceptable for them to take years to finish a work of art. We would advise you to look for long periods of time at your project. Maybe put it away, forget about it, bring it back years later, finish it after you have become a different person.”

- #1 Remember other people.
- #2 Beware of Brilliance.
- #3 Make small plans.
- #4 Value the work of your hands and body.
- #5 Work slowly.
- #6 Learn to say no.
- #7 Be thankful for your fears.

## Bookends: Simon & Garfunkel Album



An excerpt from a letter  
my Grandad wrote to my Gran

“If being with you means;

Having dinner on your knees, standing ironing while the partner looks on, drinking two bottles of wine in one night, sponsoring annual swim-athons, sending Christmas cards to your glazier, having little success trying to buy a long sleeved, long legged swimming costume, sharing your only spare key with your partner.

Then I want to be with you. Nothing, absolutely nothing, takes priority over that. “



**“The Coolidge Effect is a scientific theory that states it is not the act of sex but variety of sexual experience that is crucial to human arousal.”**

The opening sentence and framing of *The Coolidge Effect* by Wonder Fools (Jack Nurse and Robbie Gordon).

A sentence I believe I have said hundreds, maybe thousands, of times. A sentence that I constantly find new meanings in. And a sentence Jack has had to listen as many times as I have said it - and this is not always within the context of rehearsals and performances - it's sometimes in supermarkets, street corners and pubs when I decide to start reeling the show off to him to prove I can still recite it.

The first time I uttered this sentence in front of an audience was at *Into the New* festival in 2016. Since then, we have taken the show out around 30 times and it has taken us to places we could have never imagined: international performance festivals, a shipping container on a soggy wet day in Dumfries, a Virgin Pendelino where I met my partner, nightclubs in Ipswich with all our props in tow, and theatres we had only dreamt of performing in as young theatre-makers.

One of the highlights for us was taking the show to a high school in Dumfries and Galloway with the NHS in December, almost four years after the initial performance. We had set out to create a show that explores pornography's effect on mental health, sexual experiences and relationships. When making the show we came to the conclusion that pornography particularly affects the life of young people in society who seek the internet for sex education due to the inadequate version offered by schools. We had dreamt of one day taking it to schools and were delighted to finally perform it to 200 young people in Lockerbie high school last year. It felt like the work had truly found its context.

With audiences like these, you hear the thoughts of those watching at every juncture: laughs, comments, quips. Silence is not compulsory and we make that clear to the teachers. That instant feedback is what we crave as theatre-makers and is a massive contrast with the stuffy silent audiences that we had to sit in as young people.

Joy for us comes from taking shows to non-traditional theatre-goers and bringing stories to the communities of people they concern. That's what *Wonder Fools* is all about. And we started that thinking here.

Hello!

My name is Sanjay Lago and I am graduate of the Contemporary Performance Practice degree class of 2019. I trained as an actor at college before I came to RCS, thanks to the brilliant Short Courses department, I was introduced to a course that taught me so much and gave me the confidence to be the person I am today.

I met artists from various artforms, created 5 of my own shows out with the course through RCS opportunities. I created a show about my late granddad and had a brilliant placement with Bijli Productions, the inaugural company in residence at the National Theatre of Scotland, which then led to a year of work as one of 8 people as the Year of Young Person team at NTS.

During my time at RCS, through one essay in Critical and Contextual Studies, the amazing artist Aby Watson realized I was dyslexic, the first big positive change in my life. Also, during my time on the course, I felt I had a safe space and a group of friends around me to be able to come out to my family the day before my degree show (which was also my birthday) and a brilliant course that gave me the tools and skills to create work with a message and that is true to myself. I spoke about my mental health, my working-class background and got the experience of theatre in schools, theatre in hospices and theatre in prisons. Taught by incredible staff throughout, I am truly thankful to the CPP department and RCS Short Courses was supporting this boy who became a man and never thought he had a chance at anything when told in school he would amount to nothing.

Not only graduating but also winning The School of DDPF Principal's award. A big 2 fingers up to the people who said I would amount to nothing.

So, thank you and wishing CPP a very big happy 21st birthday and here is to 21 more and more.

Now here I have a piece of poetry I wrote in my 3rd year on the Text and Performance Module taught by Dr. Laura Bissell. It was during this module I understood that I definitely love working with text and here is a piece based on a true event. It is about a moment when I was being racially attacked verbally in the Glasgow Tube by an individual. But one individual sitting there watched and ignored rather than supporting. I wrote this piece in response to incidents where more numbers would be supportive, but the voice doesn't come forward. This is "You Didn't Say Anything!"

## You Didn't Say Anything

Have you ever wondered about those who don't say anything?

He came charging at me, but you sat there in silence. Do you know how scary it is when you feel all alone? You didn't say anything. I take the punches, the pain. I try to ignore it in vain. In such a small space I am confined. As you walk away leaving me behind.

She ripped off my turban, as I walked to my bus stop. Do you know how it feels to feel so small. And you didn't say anything. I take the taunts, the jibes. I try to ignore the nasty vibes. In such a vulnerable place I stand, as you watch not giving a supportive hand.

He spat all over my food, but you gawped at me like it was O-K. Do you know the strains I feel when I already am not eating much? And yet you didn't say anything. I take the starvation, to feed the younger generation. In a place where food should not be an issue, I'm deprived of wiping these tears with a tissue.

She told me to fuck off back to a land unknown, but your voice stayed silent like the dead ringtone. Do you understand that I know nowhere else as home? And you didn't say anything. I take the abuse and the short fuse. But for these words there is no excuse. As you let them win and watched me lose.

You didn't say anything. Why? Why? Why? You watched me cry, you watched me burn How can this be any type of fun?

I'm tired of asking for your help. You obviously must be blind to what I need. A helping hand, a supportive friend. Telling me that this is not the end. But you sat there in silence and enjoyed the view. As I constantly wished there was an Angel voice that was you! But sadly, You didn't say Anything!





*ReCollection* was commissioned by the Royal Conservatoire of Scotland to mark 21 years of the Contemporary Performance Practice programme. In this zine you will find contributions from alumni, lecturers, students and associates who responded to a call out inviting them to recollect artworks, performances and practices that have been significant to them.

Recollection was compiled and curated by POWERHAUS producers in collaboration with the Contemporary Performance Practice staff team.

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Royal Conservatoire  
of Scotland





A performance zine

