

**I WOULD LIKE
TO TALK TO
THE
CAPITALISTS
ABOUT MONEY,
BUT THEY
ONLY WANT TO
TELL ME **LOVE**
STORIES.**

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This newspaper is not really a newspaper. It is an invitation disguised as a newspaper.
You are not really a commuter. You are a festival disguised as a commuter.

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#tellmelovestories

1

In the souvenir photograph
you stand in the middle of a street of three quarter scale plasterboard sky-
scrapers .
Cracks spider across the painted windows
and gas-controlled fires blaze from the skeletons of cars.
There is smoke
And the glow of sirens.
From the photograph you can see that the camera has been positioned
low and at an angle
To mimic the look of a shot taken quickly on a mobile phone.
You are in the centre surrounded by a number of other visitors.
You are all wearing flip flops
t-shirts
and sunglasses.
Cameras are hung around your necks.
In the distance a line of riot officers
are walking towards you
banging their shields.
You can't see their faces.
fireworks fizz behind them.
You are all smiling
You are chanting
Whose streets
Our streets
Whose streets
You strike poses
arms outstretched like wings
heads raised
mouths open.
Someone holds a sugar glass beer bottle flung way back over one shoul-
der
like the beginning of a tennis serve.
Someone has taken their t-shirt off and tied it over their nose and mouth.
You are all laughing.
The riot officers are coming closer.
This is the part just before the part where you get arrested.
You could have kept running
evading your pursuers one of the narrow side streets
but you had advanced booked tickets to the Wild West Stunt Show
and that was way on the other side of the park.
It really was the best day ever.
Only a few weeks after the photograph was taken
the attraction was shut down.
A few tourists
already drunk so early in the day
and whipped into a fury by the detailed soundtrack
of fire alarms, police sirens and popular guitar songs
broke out of the ride's carefully constructed network of city streets
and began setting fires in the fast food restaurants and gift shops
in nearby areas of the resort.
The tourists were quickly apprehended
and dealt with severely
but after an internal inquiry
it was decided that it was probably safer to shut the attraction altogether.

2

The second photograph is a photograph of a city
and though I don't have time to describe to you
the exact details of all the things in this photograph
I'm sure you can imagine.
There are probably skyscrapers
and high-rise apartment blocks
reaching up out of shop-lined streets like a Mexican wave.
There will be parks and train stations
city squares, football fields, theatres, libraries,
renovated warehouses occupied by artists and people
who like to think of themselves as artists
churches with spires
a town hall with pillars
Starbucks
A bank

several banks
traffic lights
satellite dishes
concrete
steel
and glass
This is a city designed to be looked at rather than lived in.
Policed by CCTV cameras and people in uniforms or lanyards.
It is like a model of a city
in a theme park
or a museum.
Tiny lights twinkling in row upon row of perfect houses.
Faceless plastic people balanced on street corners
walking a dog
or sitting on a bench
or simply standing
briefcase in hand
on the sidewalk.
We didn't take this photograph.
It was sold to us
like a Valentine's Day card.
We were told that a city is made out of buildings
by the people that own all the buildings.
People who understand occupation better than we ever will.
It is an image that speaks of power and magnificence
in a language even more universal
than English.

3

You turn both the photographs over
and on the back of them
you start to write
and what you write
is this
We have become very good
at thinking of art
as something that occupies time as well
or maybe rather than
space
And thanks to the likes of
John Cage
and many others
We have developed a vocabulary
To think and talk
about how art occupies time
And how else it might occupy time
How it might occupy us
Can we now do the same for protest?
Can we find a new way of thinking and speaking about resistance?
A way of thinking that is not constrained by space.
That is not limited to squares and libraries and theatres.
To acts of physical occupation.
Can we instead imagine what a kind of protest that might occupy time
rather than space?
A vocabulary of everyday resistance.
and habitual practices.
Acts of defiance that embed themselves in the rituals and routines of day
to day life.
An occupation of our quotidian occupations.
I want to believe in a new kind of protest that exists in the only spaces
that are still authentically free.
A new kind of protest for a city that is not made of streets and buildings
But made up of all the things that we might be doing at any given
moment.
This is what I want to believe in.
And after you've written this
You fold up the photograph
And conceal it like a rogue playing card
in the palm of your hand
ready to be slipped ever so delicately
into the bag
or the pocket
of the person sitting next to you.



**THESE PEOPLE
ARE THIEVES/
SECRETLY
LOVERS/UNABLE
TO SPEAK/
COMPLETELY
AND UTTERLY
HOPELESS**







SOME INCIDENTAL PLAYS

A series of short plays, to be performed on public transport at rush hour for an audience that does not quite realise it is an audience.

The Atrocity Exhibition

A man reaches into a rucksack
pulling out a series
of increasingly
unlikely items
and one by one
handing them to an apparent stranger
A party hat
A syringe
A coffee mug
An out of date A-to-Z
A snow globe
A broken record
A torn dress
A pig's heart
An apology
The stranger considers each item briefly
And carefully places them in her bag.

Precocious

Two young and seemingly unrelated children
in different school uniforms
both quietly reading
Henri Lefebvre's
The Critique of Everyday Life
in the original French.

The man of metropolis steals our hearts

In a moment of unexpected quiet
The man in the suit
tears open his shirt
Revealing a vivid yellow and red Superman logo
emblazoned on a hidden layer beneath
He is quickly followed by another
and another
Shirts popping open up and down the carriage
Like popcorn kernels
in a hot pan.

Self-Assembly

A roll of Sellotape
A small manila envelope
and the remains of a shredded five pound note

Trivial Pursuit

He chases the bus
Big ungainly strides
Arms swinging wildly
Legs windmilling
Coat catching the wind
Rucksack bouncing up and down like an
irregular heartbeat
He chases for much longer than you might
anticipate
Careering over junctions
Along busy streets
Never losing sight
Never losing faith
And when
finally
he catches up to the bus
and the doors open in front of him
he stands there breathing
eyes pleading
seemingly unwilling
or incapable
of actually getting on.

Red light, red light, red light, green light

On the top deck of a double decker bus
tiny plastic figures parachute out of narrow windows
the land in the gutter
or the edge of the pavement
crouching on one knee and gathering in their chutes
before disappearing
as quietly as they arrived.

Maps

The lovers sit together
sharing a single pair of headphones
Carefully and meticulously
cheap blue biro on soft skin
they attempt to draw maps of each other
They take turns to write detailed directions
Arms
Legs
Fingers
Mouth
They are as thorough as possible
marking what is there
and what they hope is there
Trying to find a way
To draw
Something larger and more expansive than them-
selves
On bodies they still don't really understand.

Self Assembly II

A pair of scissors
A number of credit cards
A packet of mints crushed down into a fine powder
A clear plastic freezer bag
A handful of fresh herbs
and a pipette full of water.

Jesus loves you more than you will know

A young woman in a wedding dress
and a young man in a dark blue polo shirt
sitting right at the back of the bus
breathing heavily
their expressions gently slipping
from giggly exhilaration
to quiet anxiety.

There is no antidote to the opium of time

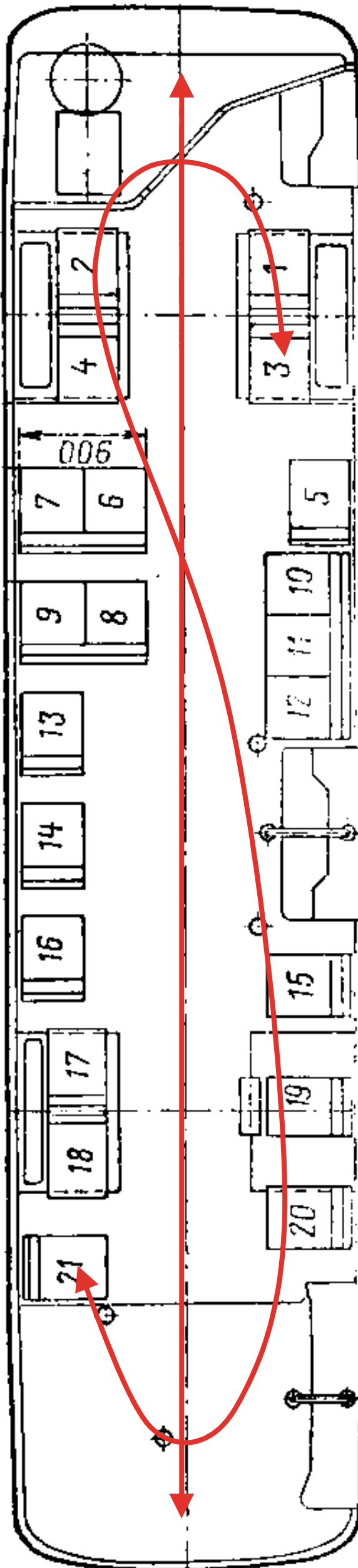
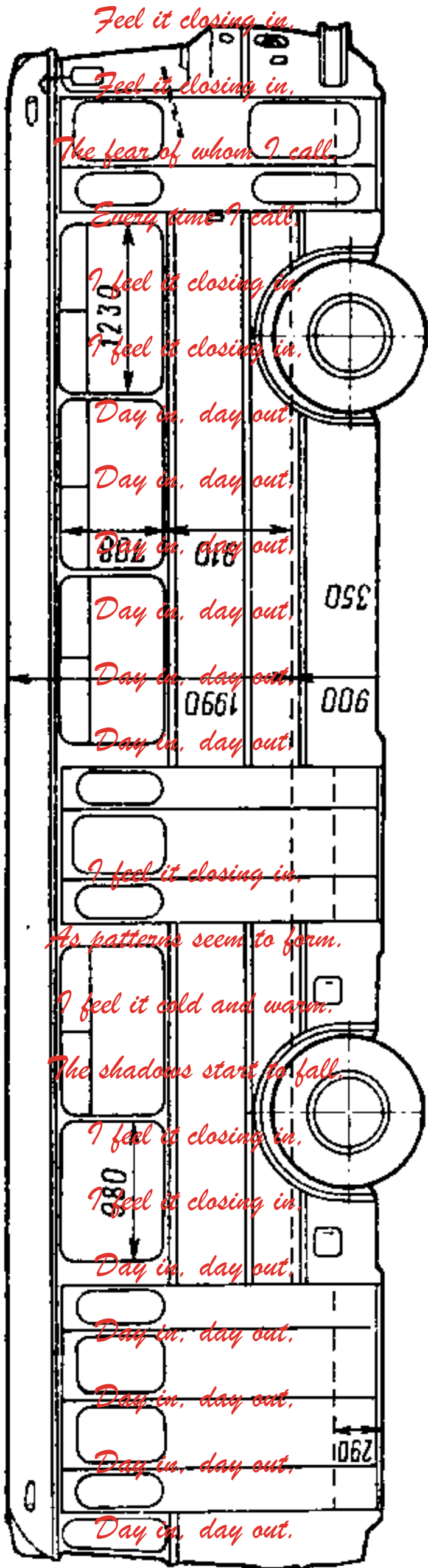
Warm breathe
mists the window
and she carefully writes her name in the fog
waiting patiently for every last trace to
disappear
Before she begins
again
and again.

False alarm

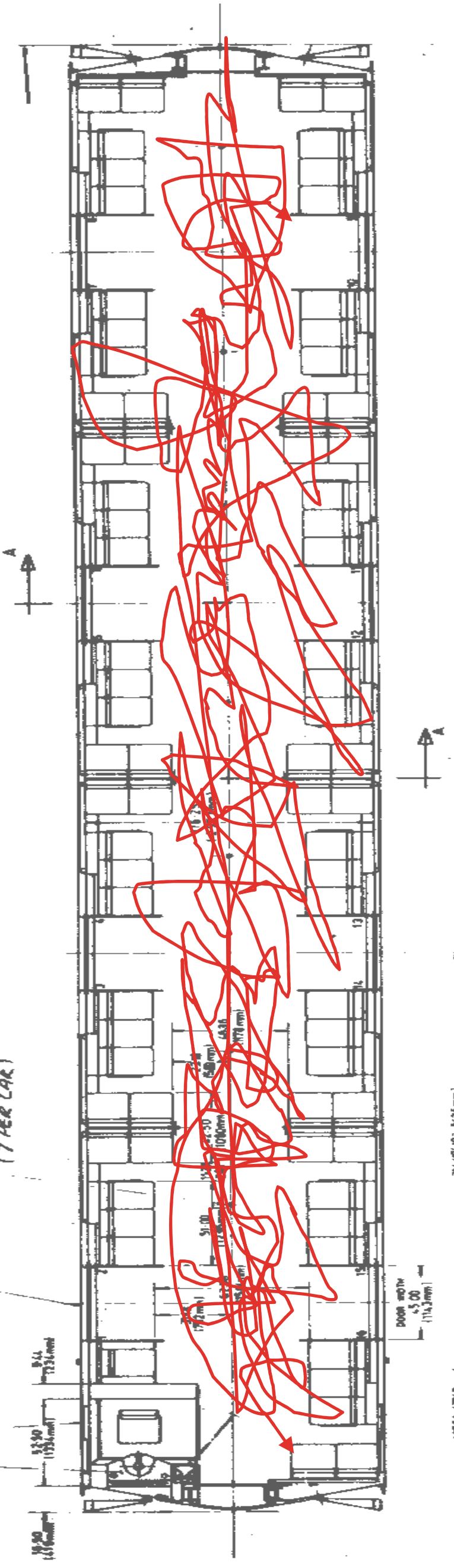
Quite unexpectedly
everything
stops
Water runs in rivers down the inside of the
windows
Lights choke themselves off
Gas masks fall from unnoticed panels above our
heads
People gaze up nervously from fast
disintegrating newspapers
They look at each other
They try to speak
but they can't
It is too loud
or perhaps too quiet
Phones aren't working
and there are no emergency exists
Eventually the passengers close their eyes
and lean their heads and against the cool
damp
windows
But just as it looks like this might be it
The lights come back on
and we start moving again.

Survivalist

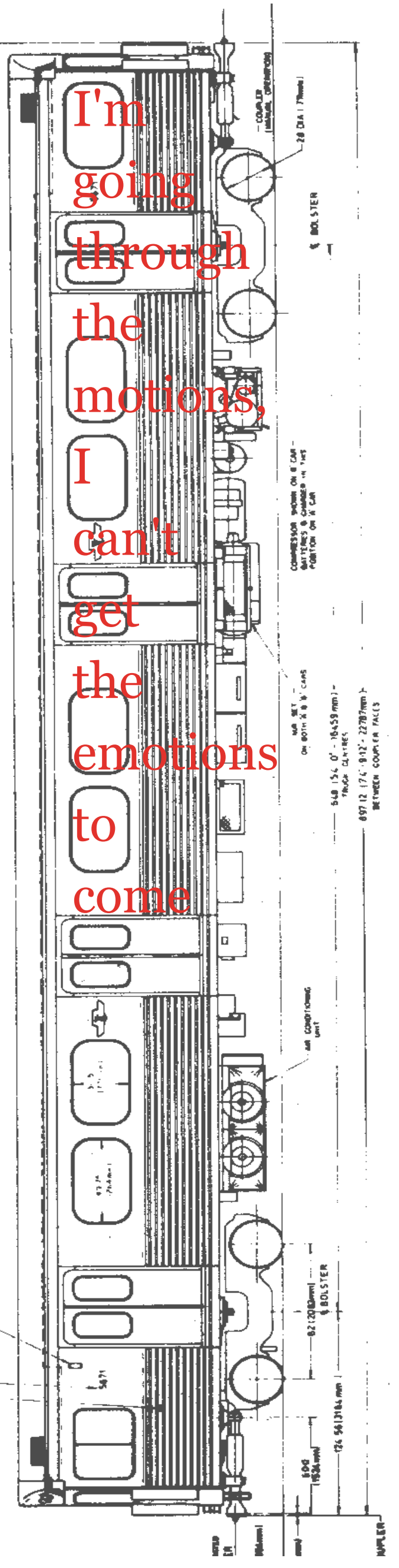
A woman stares intently at the ground
Trying
and failing
to hold her breathe
between each stop.



CONTROL CONTROL DOOR CONTROL DOORS CENTRAL STATION
(7 PER CAR)



STAFF SWITCH - CAR NUMBERS AUDIO (MUTE), DOOR OPEN (MO), B PASSENGER REQUIRES ASSISTANCE / PASSENGER EMERGENCY CALL ACTIVATED (NUMBER) LIGHTS



There are other loves. But we have little language for them. In an era whose sense of the human psyche is dominated by entertainment and consumerism and by therapy culture - that amalgamation of ideas drawn from pop psychology and counselling - the personal and private are most often emphasized to the exclusion of almost everything else. Even the scope of psychotherapy generally leaves out the soul, the creator, and the citizen, those aspects of being human that extend into realms beyond private life. Conventional therapy, necessary and valuable at times to resolve personal crises and suffering, presents a very incomplete sense of self. As a guide to the range of human possibility it is grimly reductive. It will help you deal with your private shames and pains, but it won't generally have much to say about your society and your purpose on earth. It won't even suggest, most of the time, that you provide yourself with relief from and perspective on the purely personal by living in the larger world. Nor will it ordinarily diagnose people as suffering from something other than familial and erotic life. It more often leads to personal adjustment than social change (during the 1950s, for example, psychology went to work bullying women into accepting their status as housewives, the language of Freudianism was deployed to condemn their desires for more power, more independence, more dignity, and more of a role in public life). Such a confinement of desire and possibility to the private serves the status quo as well: it describes no role for citizenship and no need for social change.

#tellmelovestories

Popular culture feeds on this privatized sense of self. A recent movie about political activists proposed that they opposed the government because they had issues with their fathers. The implication was that the proper sphere of human activity is personal, that there is no legitimate reason to engage with public life, that the very act of engaging is juvenile, blindly emotional, a transference of the real sources of passion. What if that government is destroying other human lives, or your own, and is leading to a devastating future? What if a vision of a better world or just, say, a better transit system is a legitimate passion? What if your sense of self is so vast that your well-being includes these broad and idealistic engagements? Oscar Wilde asked for maps of the world with Utopia on them. Where are the maps of the human psyche with altruism, idealism, and even ideas on them, the utopian part of the psyche, or just the soul at its most expansive? In his book *Arctic Dreams*, Barry Lopez writes of whalers in the far north in 1823: "They felt exhilaration in the constant life; and a sense of satisfaction and worth, which came partly from their arduous work." The sentence stands out for measuring human purpose and pleasure by different standards than the familiar ones. Work gives worth, light gives exhilaration, and the world becomes larger and richer, even for men toiling in the cold and dangerous seas far from home.

(Rebecca Solnit, *A Paradise Built in Hell*)