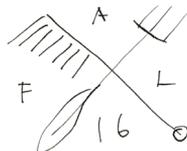


A FAIR LAND

Issue 1: Eating



REINVENTING

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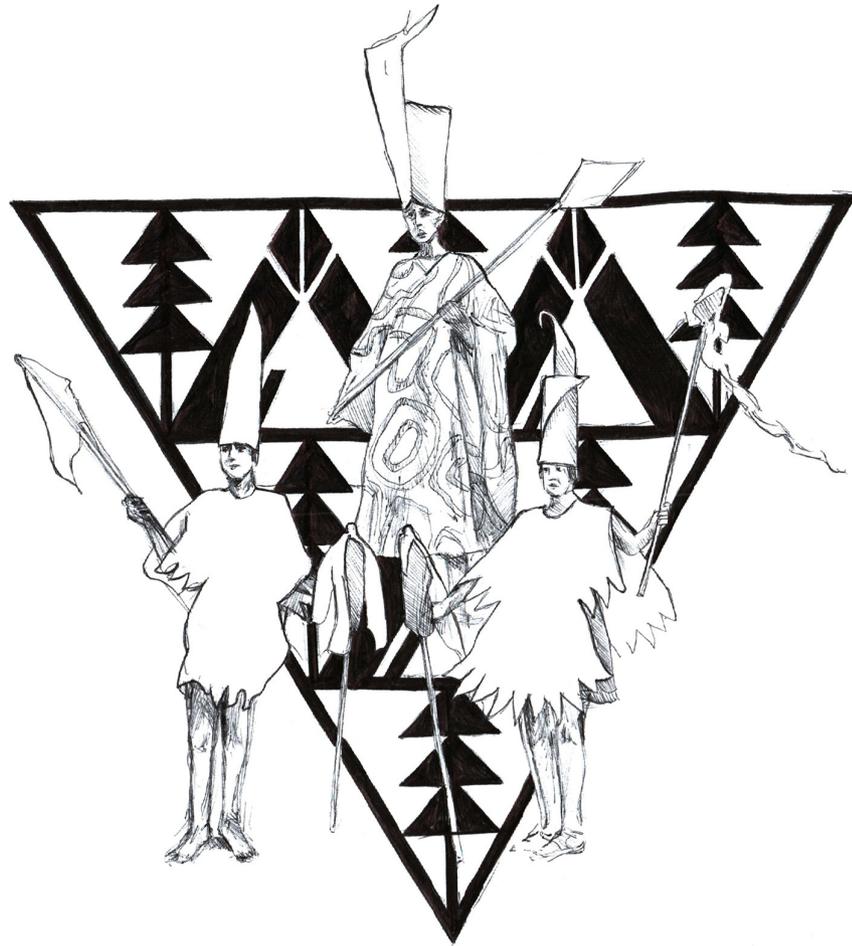
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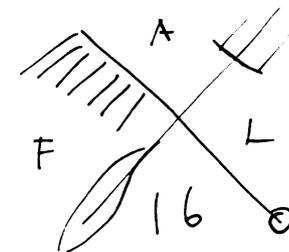
KIBBO KIFT

A Fair Land is a project conceived as a viable living system; one that might be established and functional within a matter of days. The system produces food, creates its own product and industry, its own income, and finally a house to suit the requirements of a person servicing the system. The ambition of this venture is to create a way of life to learn from, with all elements of the system becoming a learning experience. For many people today such an education might prove fundamental – that food can be grown and things can be made that work. These are curious, almost miraculous, activities.

These initial moments are only the beginning, and from hereon a continuing education might be extrapolated. There is no need of a teacher; the learning process is communal and the Internet holds the knowledge. This is a kind of utopia – one that does not expound tinted windows and personalised number plates, but instead is a stripped down, elemental vision that few people would be really satisfied with – one that offers no luxury, but life and learning. Such ascetic visions have often been

advocated, from the Jains of India to the early Christian Anchorites, and many, many times since. The offer is super flawed: If you have too much then it might seem attractive, even life-style; if you have too little it may hold even less appeal. And we all more often feel that we have too little.

So, if the idea is that the system supports you, then what? What purpose are you supported for? What is the real product of your life? Many utopias have been torn apart wrestling with this dilemma. It is not enough just to live well and lightly in the world – we are programmed to desire more, to wrest territory, to create capacity. Perhaps an alternative means might be to resist this impulse and instead work to improve distribution and fairness, and most problematically of all to accept there is no particular aim in being. As John Ruskin vapidly said: 'there is no wealth but life.' That's it. That's all you really get – make the most of it. The value is in the miracle of birth, growth and death. See it here, try it, experience it, and learn from it. But don't do the death bit – I promised the healthy and safety people you wouldn't.



A FAIR WARNING

Do not stamp on green land
Do not walk in other people's way
Do not make a noise

Do not sneeze at others, or spit
Please respect labour of service

Please be neatly dressed and do not be shirtless
Give precedence to old, young, sick and disabled
Do not use strong words

Do not use roller skates if you over 14 years of age
Please resist feudal or superstitious activities
Do not waste food

Do not throw things at, hit or feed animals
Do not covet small advantages

When you see it needs doing – do it now
Do not throw litter everywhere

Do not attack people with mobile phones
Do not undertake performance conversations to show off yourself
Do not use your children to assault quiet people
Remember the road you are on was made by a person with care and
thought for use with care and thought

Extracts from prohibited action and byelaws from many locations around
the world

Plus three I made up myself specially.

Conventions on Civilized behaviours in domestic tourism – Chengdhu,
China

London Borough of Camden - summary of byelaws

Office of Public Works - Dublin

Polite Notice - Tokamchi station, Japan

'Please Don't, I'm freaking begging here' - Lawson Park, Lake District



We have everything.

I

News From Nowhere

Liverpool July 2016



Stage and benches being built for community theatre productions of Irish tableaux and drama, County Antrim circa 1904.

[Francis Joseph Bigger paper, Belfast Public Library]

Jesse Jones, Sarah Browne, Lisa Godson. An audience of women who are also participants here in the book shop; earlier together in coded language, mirrors seeing self for the first time amongst articulated selves. An audience present through cyber space. Maeve in Derry? A woman writes words, sends thoughts in the moment from a living room in Galway for Jesse to read to herself here and now and out loud to us in 'the graveyard of Ireland'. The weather forecast: in all the different places of minds and as one body they look back into the inside of the medical profession's seeming disregard for women's human rights. Instruments of torture sold off in a shop in Liverpool in 1830 – when compensation claims were being made for loss of plantations and rent money from slave labour. Instruments of investigation drawn from slave shackles; methods of control and humiliation – the comfort of the 'user' placed before the patient. Lock Houses. Women incarcerated and those whose bodies protested out loud on Bold Street, St Bride Street, Rodney Street for the repeal of the Contagious Diseases Act.

“Repeal”: the words reveal themselves again on the body of a woman in a corner of a Cathedral at one side of Hope Street. The Ferry with 'S' emblazoned on the iron mast sounds its daily arrival and departure across the city's sometimes darkness.

II

In News from Nowhere by William Morris a man tries to buy a pipe and has to learn the new currency of creative exchange. Pleasure in making; pride in skill. Happiness attained by the absence of alienated labour; the disappearance of excess and unnecessary goods.

Up at the League, says a friend, there had been one night a brisk conversational discussion, as to what would happen on the Morrow of the Revolution, finally shading off into a vigorous statement by various friends of their views on the future of the fully- developed new society... “If I could but see a day of it,” he said to himself; “if I could but see it!”

Q: Where do you house your present Parliament?

A: Now, dear guest, let me tell you that our present parliament would be hard to house in one place, because the whole people is our parliament.

Q: What do you positively mean to assert about the pleasurable of work amongst you?

A: This, that all work is now pleasurable; either because of the hope of gain in honour and wealth with which the work is done, which causes pleasurable excitement, even when the actual work is not pleasant; or else because it has grown into a pleasurable habit, as in the case with what you may call mechanical work; and lastly (and most of our work is of this kind) because there is conscious sensuous pleasure in the work itself; it is done, that is, by artists.

III

April 19, 1871
The Paris Commune
What does it ask for?

The recognition and consolidation of the Republic, the only form of government compatible with the rights of the people and the normal and free development of society.

The inherent rights of the Commune are:

The vote on communal budgets, receipts and expenses; the fixing and distribution of taxes; the direction of public services; the organization of its magistracy, internal police and education; the administration of goods belonging to the Commune.

The absolute guarantee of individual freedom and freedom of conscience.

The permanent intervention of citizens in communal affairs by the free manifestation of their ideas, the free defense of their interests, with guarantees given for these manifestations by the Commune, which alone is charged with overseeing and assuring the free and fair exercise of the right to gather and publicize.

IV

June 2016
Manifesto

The Artist Centre for Human Rights acknowledges the legacy and records the echoes of Artist Placement Group, the Irish Hedge Schools and Joseph Beuys’ Free International University as symptomatic of many attempts across the globe to concretise arts practice as central to social, cultural identity and reflection. We launch the ACHR in Liverpool as the city in which Roscoe first advocated anti-slavery laws and campaigns. Roger Casement and Edmund Morel took up this cause again in Liverpool by establishing the first internationalist human rights campaign in the twentieth century. We also acknowledge the energy and persistence of their multi-media approach to recruiting support and in educating people in the atrocities of the Congo Regime around the commodification of Rubber in Europe.

V

...this now utterly vacant hillside must have hummed in those days with life, and been as busy with its coming and goings as any village green.

- From Emily Lawless, *Famine Roads and Famine Memories*, 1898.

VI

It is in the cottages and farmers' houses that the Nation is born

- From, AE (George Russell), *The Irish Homestead*, 1905.

VII

Following the foundation of the Free State... butter was not hand-churned, a task traditionally performed by women. Rather, the milk was sent to a creamery where it was separated by centrifugal separators, and the skimmed milk was given back to the supplier. Cooperative creameries paid male heads of household in most cases and, as men traditionally conducted the sale of animals and cash crops they also received these proceeds. Consequently, dealing with this new institution shifted control of family budgets from female to male hands. As a result of technological advances and increased agricultural output, family incomes increase to a threshold that deemed paid female employment unnecessary, thereby giving women less spending power... 'Surplus' daughters were particularly hard hit on enlarged farms; they were expected to conduct unpaid farm chores, were less likely to have a personal poultry industry, and would ultimately be ousted... By the 1920s young rural women faced one of three options: marriage arranged by parents, spinsterhood, or emigration.

- From Ciara Breathnach, *New Hibernian Review* 2004.

VIII

'Freedom is as yet to all appearances a far off thing; yet must we who desire it work for it as ardently and as joyously as if we had good hope that our own eyes should behold it.'

- From Alice Milligan, the *Shan Van Vocht*, 7 February 1896

From the 1890s, arts practitioner Alice Milligan began to think of herself as a citizen of the Republic she wanted to live in, rather than as a colonized subject of the empire in which she actually lived. She recognized Irish people from all walks of life and from multiple backgrounds as the sole agents of political change; and these changes did not need to be led by legislative or legal interventions made by the colonial elite. She urged people to make changes in their daily lives that would alter the Irish economy at local level and to alter their consumer patterns in favour of Irish products that were not made exclusively for imperial export. In her own lifetime Milligan sourced the materials – woodblocks, paper, printing presses, costumes – and labour for her publications and theatre productions within Ireland.

Through her scattered papers we begin to see that Ireland's national theatre was not just the extraordinary story of the Abbey Theatre, it was a movement experienced and envisaged by schoolteachers, women's alliances, Gaelic League workers, community groups, children, emerging actresses, new playwrights and directors. Milligan's ideas for national theatre emanated from within the actual moment of conception and realisation, in the dialogue of planning, in the community of performance and production. Her plays and tableaux were staged in school halls, on city streets, and in fields where they were watched by audiences on benches carved out of felled trees. In 1916 Milligan recalled how her Gaelic League colleague, Roger Casement, on a break from his human rights work in the Congo, had cleared a field in Antrim for a stage to be built. Audiences attending performances were not passive, ticket-buying, anonymous people but active participants in the creation

of theatre. Those who built the stages, made the costumes; those who performed the shows also sourced the props and invented stage effects out of local materials.

Milligan encouraged local co-operatives in the face of an emergent modern capitalism. The development of a confident, articulate national Irish culture in Irish communities at home and abroad was undoubtedly one of the most revolutionary interventions of modern history. The Irish Cultural Revival was Ireland's velvet revolution. Unknown workers and political activists and cultural practitioners acted both together and alone in challenging the legacy of occupation.

IX

Easter Monday 1916: I spoke to the man with the revolver. He was no more than a boy... This young man did not appear to me to be acting from his reason. He was doing his work from a determination implanted previously, days, weeks perhaps, on his imagination. His mind was – where? It was not with his body. And continually his eyes went searching widely, looking for spaces, scanning hastily the clouds, the vistas of the streets, looking for something that did not hinder him... When I spoke he looked at me, and I know that for some seconds he did not see me. I said: What is the meaning of all this? What has happened? He replied... “We have taken the City. We are expecting an attack from the military at any moment, and those people,” he indicated knots of men, women and children clustered towards the end of the Green, “won’t go home for me. We have the Post Office, and the Railways, and the Castle. We have all the City. We have everything.”

- From *James Stephens 1916 diary, The Insurrection in Dublin*.

Notes:

I. Text by Catherine Morris. Sarah Browne and Jesse Jones's *The Truncheon and the Speculum* was a live broadcast workshop that included a lecture delivered by Lisa Godson at the News From Nowhere bookshop as part of the Liverpool Biennial (21 July 2016.) The session in part explored historic state violence enacted through gynaecological means, identifying the Contagious Diseases Act of 1860 as a key moment. This legislation addressed the threat of venereal disease to British soldiers and permitted compulsory gynaecological inspection of women. For further information see: <https://www.artangel.org.uk/project/in-the-shadow-of-the-state/> & <http://www.ncad.ie/research-people/view/dr-lisa-godson>

II. Extracts from *News From Nowhere* by William Morris, 1890: available via The Project Gutenberg eBook: <https://www.google.co.uk/#q=news+from+nowhere+pdf>

III. Extracts from the Manifesto of the Paris Commune written April 19, 1871. Source: Paris Libre, April 21, 1871. Available in translation online: <https://www.marxists.org/history/france/paris-commune/documents/manifesto.htm>

IV. Extract from the Manifesto of the Artist Centre for Human Rights founded by Sean Borodale and Catherine Morris 2016: <http://www.artistcentreforhumanrights.com>

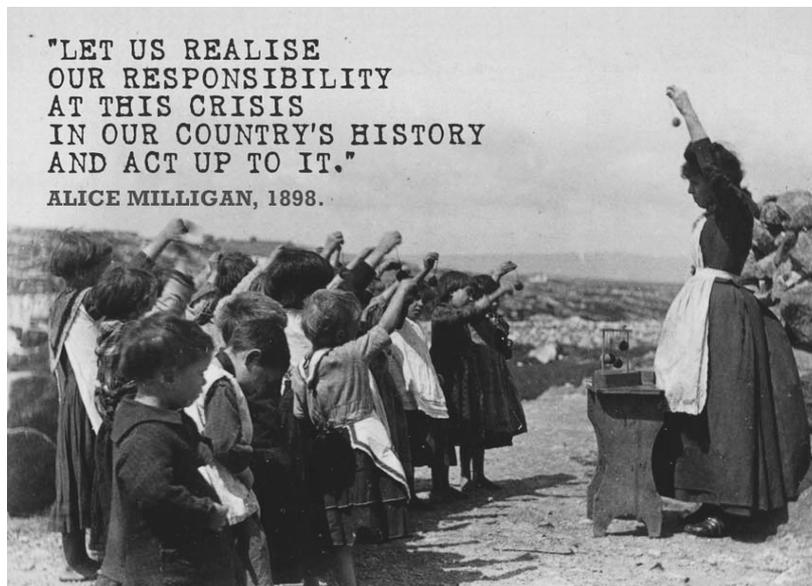
V. Extract from Emily Lawless, *Famine Roads and Famine Memories* (1898) reprinted in *Handbook of the Irish Revival: An Anthology of Irish Cultural and Political Writings 1891-1922* edited by Declan Kiberd & P. J. Mathews, (Dublin: Abbey Theatre, 2015), pp. 37-39.

VI. 1888: first co-operative society founded at Doneraile, County Cork; 1894: the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society set up to be a 'self-supporting spontaneous and democratic federation of co-operative farmers.' AE – George Russell was editor of *The Irish Homestead* (journal of the IAOS) from 1905. For more information see P. J. Mathews, *Revival The Abbey Theatre, Sinn Féin, the Gaelic League, and the Co-operative Movement* (Cork: Cork University Press in association with Field Day, 2004.)

VII. Extract from Ciara Breathnach, “*The Role of Women in the Economy of the West of Ireland, 1891-1923.*” *New Hibernia Review* 8.1 (2004): 80-92. Available online: <https://muse.jhu.edu/article/169602>

VIII. More on Milligan's arts practice: Catherine Morris *Alice Milligan and the Irish Cultural Revival* (Four Courts Press) & <https://aboutcatherinemorris.wordpress.com/>; artist Sarah Pierce (<http://themetropolitancomplex.com>) & Catherine Morris filmed conversation about Milligan's arts practice for IMMA's El Lissitzky: The Artist and the State: http://www.imma.ie/en/page_237015.htm

IX. Extract from James Stephen's 1916 diary, *The Insurrection in Dublin* (republished by Colin Smythe: Guernsey, 1992), pp. 10-11.



Gaelic League teacher in Connemara using Froebel spheres to teach mathematics.

[Postcard created by Catherine Morris in association with Susan McKay, the National Library of Ireland & the National Women's Council for International Women's Day 2010.]



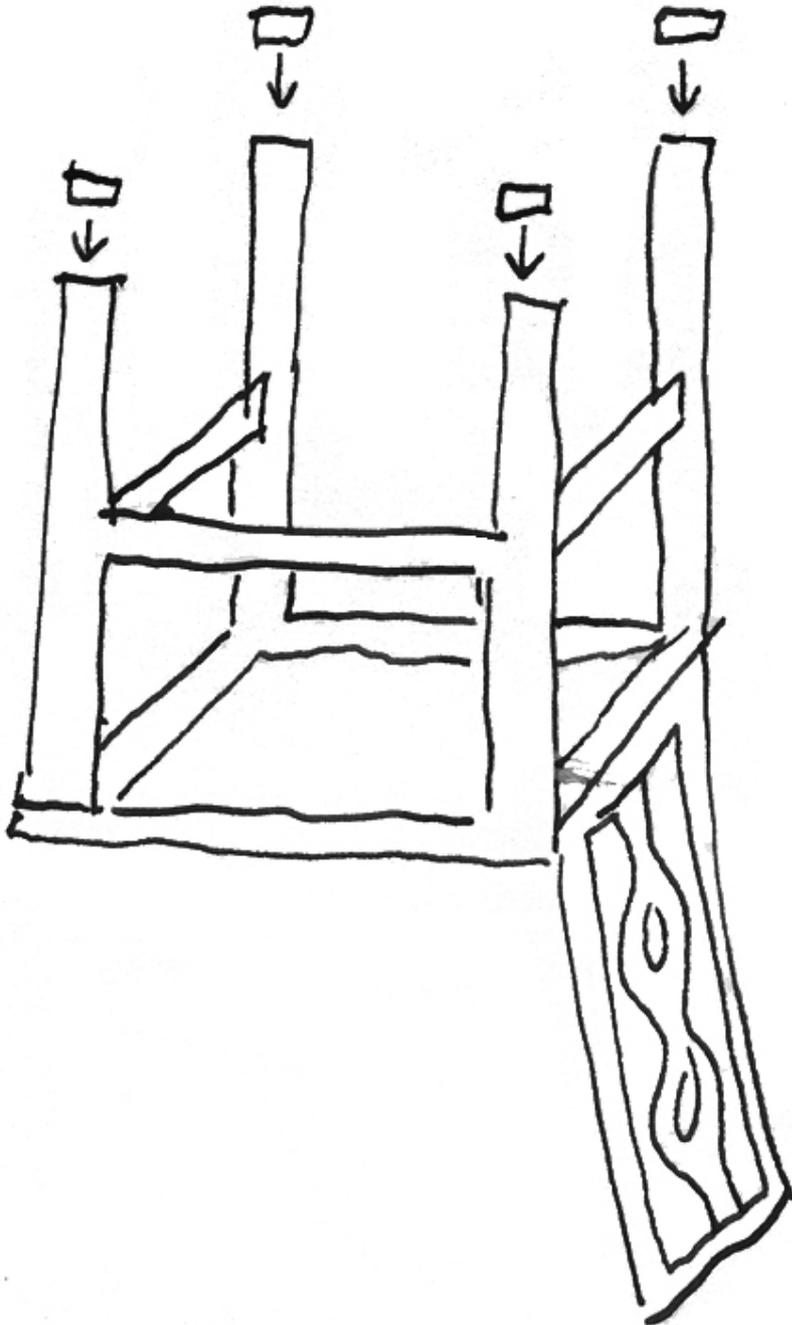
Photograph of tableaux staged in Cushendall, c. 1906. This is where Roger Casement cleared an overgrown field for the stage to be built.

[Catherine Morris Archive, Omagh Public Library.]



Costume sketches for community theatre by Alice Milligan circa 1898-1901.
[Alice Milligan Papers, Allen Library, O'Connell Schools.]

A FAIR LAND EXPLAINED



A Fair Land was conceived of as a way to re invigorate the Residency programme at IMMA. IMMA by the way stands for Irish Museum of Modern Art - for some reason the many institutions that use these acronyms seem to think the world will understand what ZIMMA, OMA, DIMA, MOMA might mean - born out of a wish to see themselves as part of art world land, an international alliance of pretention. The visitors to galleries have been proven (through surveys) to not be interested in what they are there to see, they come to meet people, use the café and toilets, because as leisure what else is there to do that is free. The activity of art making and art galleries has it origins in education, in particular bringing people to God. That now out dated ambition has not really been replaced - now art brings people to what? Being middle class perhaps. Wandering around a building looking at things, that they or the creators of those things, have little idea of what they are for or why they exist, just a vague idea that they are interesting and they should be there and will somehow be of value.

Most art professionals like myself have a real desire not to see any art, not to have to try and engage with the ludicrous complexity, the dilemma of analysis, the dishonesty, the greed and aspiration and the endless flogging of dead horses. Like the public the professionals want to meet people and use the café and toilets. Despite being just as uninterested as everyone else, the art world is absolutely surgically attached to the idea of hierarchy like a hog to slop - the universal art world idea that they are part of an alternative/counter culture and to the left is completely absurd, it is clearly a massively conformist, capitalist, consumerist, elitist and money fixated greedy boy land.

Which is where the problem with artists residencies arises; well the problem is the idea of the artist as understood by many artists and arts institutions. This is a self appointed profession: I declare myself artist

therefore I am an artist. In any real profession you would get imprisoned for doing this. It seems to me the term artist is something that other people might apply to you not one you would self-proclaim. Even so the idea of an artist as a special person is fundamentally wrong, we are all creative and can use that creativity in everyday life and in many way do, so offering 'artists' a residency to pursue some personal research, probably self initiated 'obsessive' idea invented to comply with art land mores, all just compounds the fantasy.

So the idea to reinvent the residency is to give some purpose to it, have an outcome that might be of interest or of value outside of the incredibly small art world land – I mean really small like everyone literally knows each other. Art the commodity is a large part of the problem, buying and selling what is actually a waste product of what I consider art to be – that is; an action, a language, a verb. Even traditional painting is just the effluent produced by an idea.

To disassemble this system is unlikely in the short term, but to adjust a residency programme seemed more possible – so the project here started with some very basic ideas about making the residency more useful – more useful to the people doing it, more useful to the institution hosting it, more useful to the public visiting or involved with it.

Anyway, how to make the idea of a residency interesting as an offer? An empty studio and a grim bedroom in a cultural vacuum is never going to be very interesting. Most artists on residency will not interact with the gallery or the staff of it – there is usually a sense that as a resident you are wholly unwelcome, despite being invited. If the main reason people do residencies is a holiday, financial benefit (usually minimal) personal growth (minimal) investment in self or status enhancement then how do we get beyond that? Seems a short order, of course it is not. For one that means actually working; no one likes to work, be organised, deliver, this is not part of art culture, as one artist once said to me – 'I didn't become an artist to get up in the morning' (she got up at 2pm).

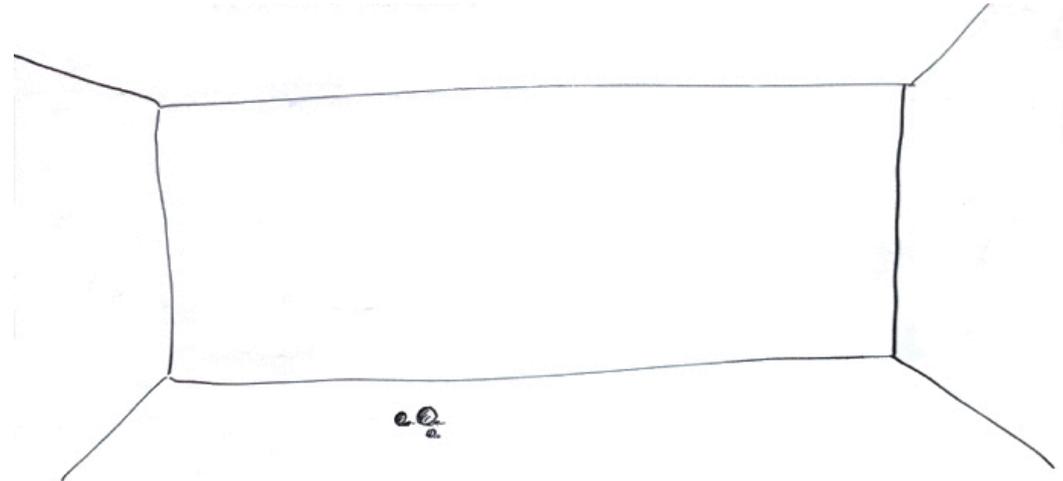
The project began by removing the application process and all that it means in terms of validation, aspiration and endorsement so anyone could apply to be a volunteer on the project. A Facebook advert was sent out – describing the offer, a few people took up the offer and joined the project for a week as volunteers. They were involved from the start, making things to improve the residency house - to add a little diversity, dilute the IKEA and add some humanity. The first action was to put pads on the chair legs to stop the chairs scrapping loudly, other basic improvements included buying a teapot that didn't drip, purchasing trays – interestingly there were no trays - there being no need as no one ever did anything for anyone else. These volunteer experiments were largely craft based, making very inept objects, the principle ambition of which was that they could be used and they were and it was amazing what a difference such inept and simple things made to the feel of the house, cups, bowls, jugs, tablecloths etc. Equally the group co-ordinated, ate together, rose and retired at the same time and cooked and washed up for each other. Volunteers were not paid, the volunteer period was limited to 5 days – after which time the volunteer could join the programme as an paid person – everyone being paid £100 per day for actually being there living and working on site – this meant fully taking part in a communal process, from folding napkins to cleaning the fridge, all running alongside what are considered as more traditionally creative activities - making and meetings (generally meetings are restricted to 15 minutes at 9am).

Once the initial improvement phase was up and running we started to think about the incarnation of the ideas. How might a new spirit and new role for an artist be manifest in a museum? Inappropriate as that might be. There had been a desire from the gallery to include an idea of the 1916 rising celebrated in its centenary. This was an interesting moment right across Europe – drawn from the Art and Crafts movement, the middle class intellectuals and creative types saw an opportunity to reassess the world around them, to revision their role, the function of society, the way people could live and what they might value, retain from

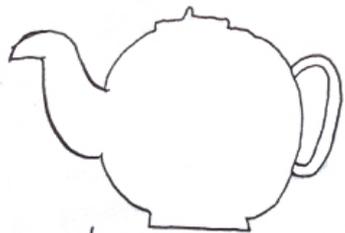
the past and reignite. Nationalism was a key component of many of these movements and an element that was probably not terribly helpful. In so many other ways aspects correlate better with a creative way of living and a re-valuing of an idea of fairness, economically, politically and socially. It is a vague notion in the end, at the moment it was suggested as a title for this project I thought well that's an absolute guarantee it won't be at all fair and of course it isn't. The dilemma of fairness is that it can only be totally imposed by a tyrant - no one actively wants fairness, they want advantage, elevation, more, it's our nature, just like a plant it will always take as much as it can, expand, create capacity.

All the early 20th century fantasies of a fair land were ended by the 1st world war, a brutal realisation that the industrial age had its own sovereignty, either industrial capitalism or dictatorial fairness took hold, as if the brutal nature of the end of creative leadership would twist and pervert those ambitions as a Sisyphian torture - the aim in sight but unreachable. A Fair Land the project suggests a re emergence - unthreatening in its undesirability, domestic in it's creative core, a new old order of society. Of course there has been a steady incremental move towards a fairer society, one small step at a time but for each piece of 'fair' legislation it would seem that at the other end the divide has widened, like doing up a broken zip.

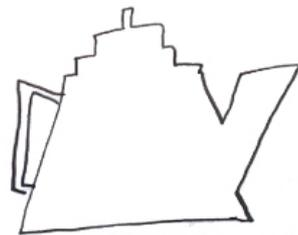
One of the pleasures of this project has been the communal nature of it, but I think the idea that the domestic has value, is of equal value to the paintings in the museum is not entirely subscribed to. The hierarchy is glaringly apparent particularly through these systems and actions, if you are holding a tray you are less. Our daily intake of culture and use of creativity is everyday and needs to be understood in that way if it is to function for us. You can't absorb other people's culture, ideas, solutions ad hoc, it has to connect and build to become yours, to be of real value to you.



THE WORK REALLY NEEDS THIS SPACE.



CANT DRIP PATENT



CONSTANT DRIP DESIGN



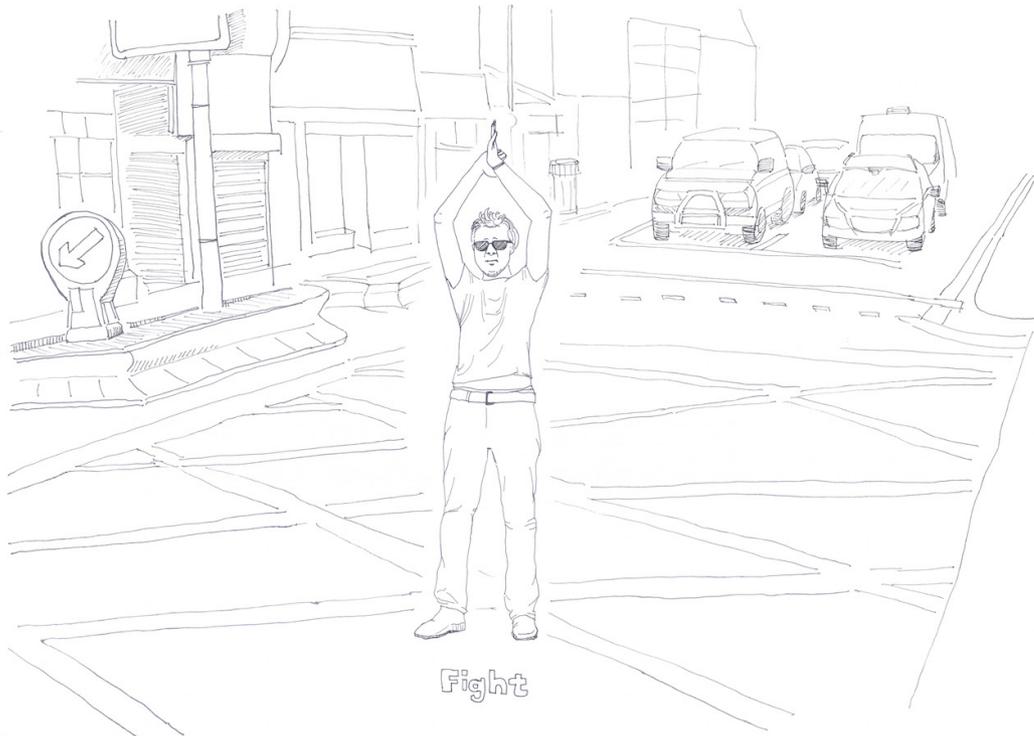
Creative Fitness



The Edge



Tipping



Fight

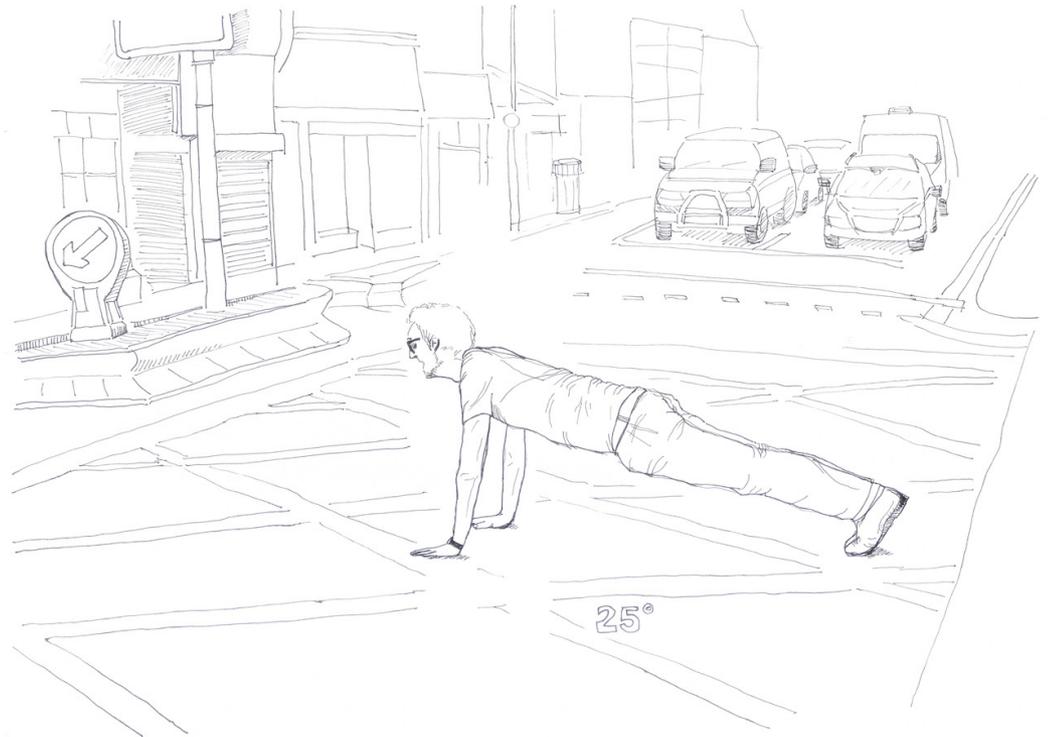


Throw yourself away





Grounded



25°



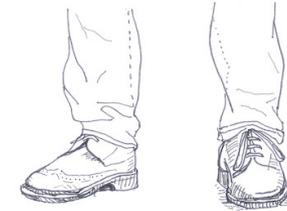
The Following



The Wasp



When you Move
The World Moves



REVOLTINTASTE

SYNOPSIS

A group of dissolute re-enactors attempt to grapple with the complexities of re-staging a version of the Easter Rising; soon things turn fruity, and amidst calamity, hardship and compromise, a sense of community is born. Recreation becomes hazy and begins to blur into re-creation; REVOLTINTASTE moves toward a revolutionary reappraisal of aesthetic sensation, a new sense of belonging and a confusion of roles and history.

REVOLTINTASTE

[trailer]

Characters:

James	–	the man behind the camera
David	–	Chief Commander of the re-enactment society
Thelma	–	Secretary of the re-enactment society
Simone	–	Assistant Secretary of the re-enactment society
Julian	–	close friend of James
Patrick	–	keen historian
Gwendolen	–	emerging artist trapped in her old hometown
Voice Over	–	a deep, male, American voice in the Hollywood fashion, with epic overtones

A NOTE ON THE TEXT:

AMATEURS DO AS AMAUTEURS DO. ATTEMPT OR TRY TRYING.

SCENE 1

The end of Yeats' poem Easter 1916 can be heard, read in a distant, deep voice. The screen is static black. Conversation from the opening scene of the sitcom is overlaid, creating a mash-up of voices, so some words cannot be heard clearly as two voices are speaking simultaneously. The screen stays static black.

We know their dream; enough
To know they dreamed and are dead;
And what if excess of love

Thelma: (*Interrupting*) No, no: that's much too obvious.

Bewildered them till they died?

David: What do you mean? It's setting the scene, it's supposed to be obvious..!

I write it out in a verse--
MacDonagh and MacBride
And Connolly and Pearse

Thelma: Yes, but everyone in the audience will already know that is the scene. The scene will already be obvious from the title, everything surrounding the context of the performance, the press release, the advertising campaign, the trailers, that we are performing in the Abbey Theatre...

David: It still feels necessary though; it's just grounding the audience in a shared knowledge... An implied context can only go so far, what's so wrong with being explicit?

Now and in time to be,

Simone: I agree with Thelma actually, we don't want to start by patronising the audience.

Wherever green is worn,
Are changed, changed utterly:

A terrible beauty is born.

'A terrible beauty is born' is cut tightly and repeated, and gradually sped up. A throbbing bass builds, and the word REVOLTINTASTE flashes up on the screen, in bright neon colours against the static black background.

SCENE 2

Abruptly, the title vanishes and a table with 7 people sat around it appears. Paper and variously patterned and stained teacups scatter the table; the paper is covered with scrawled handwriting in black biro, lots of it in crumpled balls. The table is in the middle of a large room, possibly a hall, with cracked cream paint on the walls from an ongoing damp problem; bare windows reveal that it is night time outside. The room is lit by fluorescent lights that cast a neutral, sterile white light over the scene from above. This set is consistent through all of the scenes.

A tableaux of the re-enactors: David (in TV historian-inspired clothes) looking wistful, Patrick (also rocking TV historian chic) looking slightly baffled/in awe at David, Thelma (dressed like an aspiring sophisticated thespian) looking confused and mildly annoyed, Simone (as a slightly muted version of Thelma) trying to mimic Thelma's expression from across the table, Gwendolen (dressed all in black) looking at James/the camera and Julian (trying to channel the vibe of the serious intellectual/hip professor), both of them bemused and smiling.

"A terrible beauty is born" fades out before voice-over begins; the throbbing bass fades with it.

SCENE 3

Voice Over: (over the tableaux) If a group of re-enactors get drawn to action, can the memory of a revolution provide the spark for the next revolution?

REVOLTINTASTE spins in the centre of the screen. Jump cut to a scene in the same room, the camera wobbling gently in the way only a handheld camera can (as it is throughout), the characters in different seats.

David: (leaning back in chair, eyes glazed over, wistful expression on his

face, hands locked in a pensive gesture) On the stage, we can make it explicitly obvious when and where we are referring to; on the stage, we can shape the world around us into the ideal version of itself for our purposes; (standing up and looking gallant, hands on hips, looking into the horizon above and beyond the position of the camera, the camera gradually getting lower and looking up at him; lighting dims in the room, dry-ice wafts around his feet, a spotlight shines on him from above, he looks heroic) on the stage, we can make the environment work around us, and can make it authentically appear as it would have done then; on the stage, we can escape ourselves, embody our characters, and bring back to life those lives that were such catalysts on our own now; on the stage, we can make history live again!

SCENE 4

Voice Over: What started as a naive attempt to re-enact historical events...

David: Re-enacting isn't all costume and glamour and glory, you know. (Pause) We must get the facts right...

(Collective intake of breath; anticipation or exasperation...)

Patrick and David: So we can re-enact bright (Pause) -ly!

Camera wobbles slightly, smatter of gentle chuckling. Sound of a cough, like the clearing of a throat.

Voice Over: Soon got confused in semantics...

Gwendolen: I thought you said this wasn't a performance?

Jump cut.

David: Look, how did I end up in charge of not only this re-enactment, but also the semantics of what we are doing?

Patrick: We need a more specific website, making it clear what we do; I've been telling you for years, Dave.

Jump cut.

Gwendolen: OK... I just thought it could be more interesting if we...

David: (*interrupting*) We are not trying to be interesting!

Voice Over: And out of the confusion, something else happened...

Gwendolen: Oh fuck the permissions. It doesn't have to be announced, it could just happen! (*Pause. Everyone looks around, a mixture of apprehension and excitement on their faces.*) And anyway, how does that saying go: isn't it easier to ask for forgiveness than permission?

Julian: (*looking genuinely enthused for the first time since he spotted a loophole in the 2-for-1 deal at the local off-licence that allowed him to buy 4 beers for the price of 1*) You had me at 'fuck the permissions'!

Jump cut.

Gwendolen: We could re-stage a revolution!

Julian: Or just stage a revolution!

David: (*Sounding unconvinced*) Yes, yes... This is all very exciting.

Patrick: So, when does a rebellion become a revolution?

Voice Over: It all gets very dramatic...

Thelma releases a disapproving and angry "hmmff", and walks out of the far end of the hall. The camera follows her every step, zooming in (Ken Burns) as she disappears into the distance. The door slams.

Voice Over: And quite distracted...

Jump cuts between: "Constance Markiewicz, My Hero – a life lived through achievements" and 'Patrick Pearse, the Musical?'

"Constance Markiewicz, My Hero – a life lived through achievements"

scrolls across the screen. The camera, which is now mounted on a tripod, moves in a gentle swirling/circling motion around the subject, Thelma pretending to be Constance Markiewicz, as it transitions between different tableaux of her life, all set on a stage with spotlights on her, and no backdrop. The music from the Youtube video 'Noah takes a photo of himself every day for 6 years' plays in the background.

For 'Patrick Pearse, the Musical?' Julian is onstage in a rose-tinted spotlight, wearing his usual clothes but attempting to be Patrick Pearse in a fictionalised sequence of thoughts/a speech at his execution.

Thelma/Constance Markiewicz kissing her revolver before surrendering it to British Forces.

Julian/Pearse: (*getting onto his knees, looking directly down the camera*) There is no education system in Ireland. The English have established the simulacrum of an education system, but its object is the precise contrary of the object of an education system. Education should foster; this education is meant to repress. Education should inspire; this education is meant to tame. Education should harden; this education is meant to enervate. (Pearse, *The Coming Revolution*, pp 14-15)

Thelma/Constance Markiewicz: (*having her death sentence commuted to a life sentence in prison due to her being female*) I do wish your lot had the decency to shoot me.

Julian/Pearse: (*standing strongly on stage, pacing in the spotlight, blindfold in his hand*) We must accustom ourselves to the thought of arms, to the sight of arms, to the use of arms. We may make mistakes in the beginning and shoot the wrong people; but bloodshed is a cleansing and a sanctifying thing, and the nation which regards it as the final horror has lost its manhood. There are many things more horrible than bloodshed; and slavery is one of them. (pp 84) (*Looking proud and strong, standing still*) The old heartland of the earth needed to be warmed with the red wine of the battlefields. Such august homage was never before offered to God as this, the homage of millions of lives given gladly for love of country. (pp 170) Let our generation not shirk its deed, which is to accomplish the revolution. (pp 82)

SCENE 5

Voice Over: But a revolting taste can be hard to forget...

The re-enactors are in the same large room around the table, wearing fabulous and glamorous homemade costumes, a mishmash of different patterns and fabrics – tea towels, curtains, pillowcases, bed covers can be identified. They gather their banners, the slogans of which are hidden from the camera, form a line and walk out of the room. David is at the front, followed closely by Thelma, Simone, Patrick, Julian and Gwendolen at the back. James follows with the camera, showing their heads and shoulders walking with banners in arms.

Epic music swells as they walk, climaxing as they approach the door. Jump cut to moving images of some of the banners being carried, proclaiming: “THIS IS NOT A RE-ENACTMENT”, “WE ARE FOR REAL THIS TIME”, “AESTHETIC MUSING IS NOT USEFUL AND IS NOT CLEVER OR RELEVANT ANY MORE”.

Fade to black. While still a faint outline of the moving banners remains on screen,

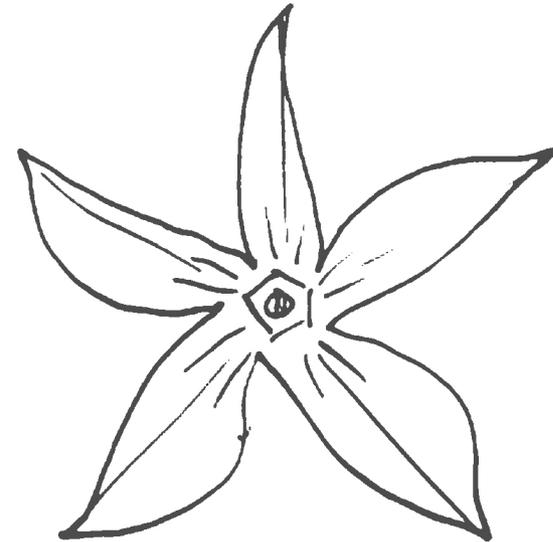
David: *(voice only, shouting)* Now is a time to act, not muse over action!

Cheers from the other characters.

“REVOLTINTASTE : COMING SOON TO A SCREEN/PAGE NEAR YOU” flashes up in neon colours against the black screen.

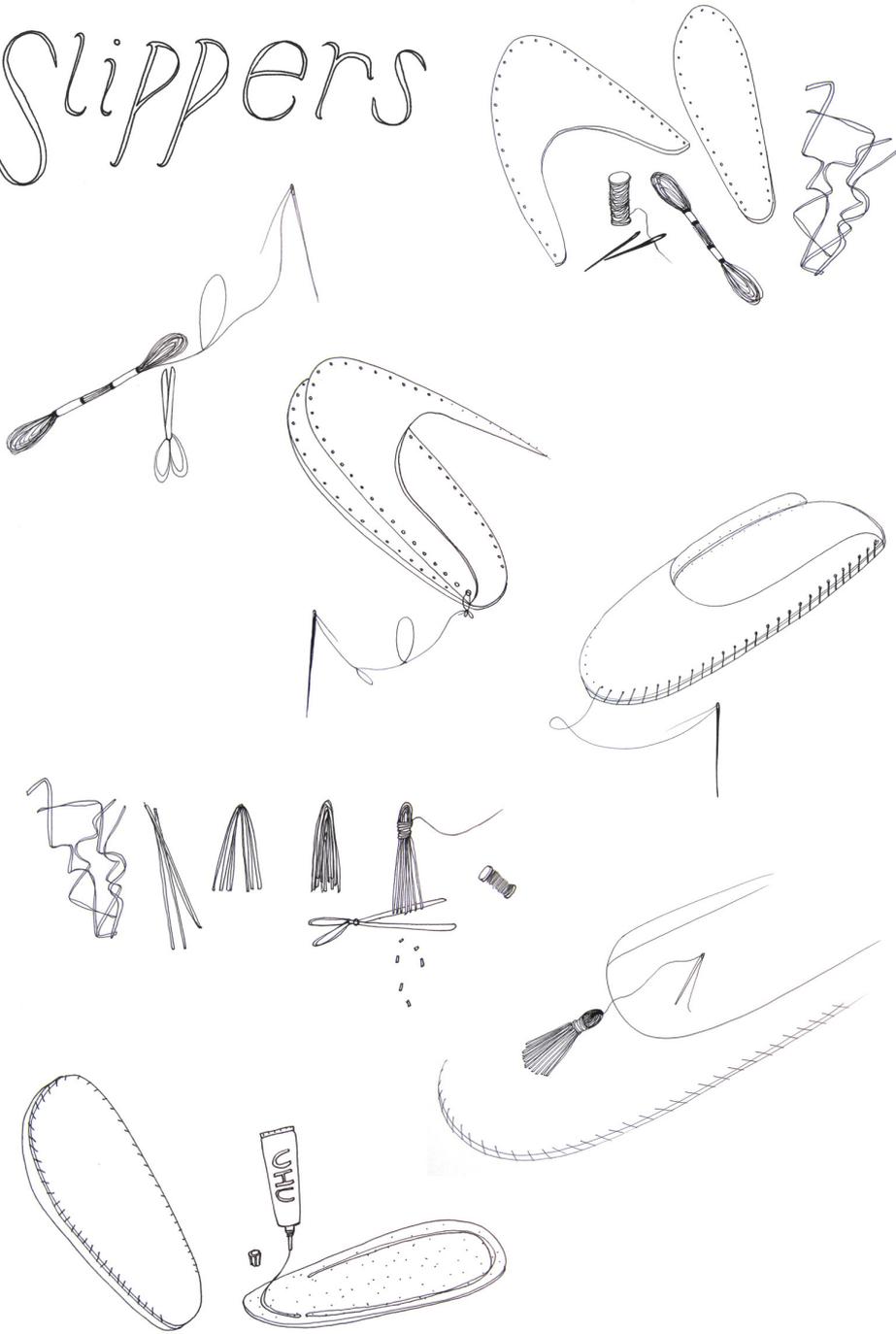
Cut to close up of Julian in the large room with incandescent lighting and dark windows.

Julian: Wait, is that the title we decided on?

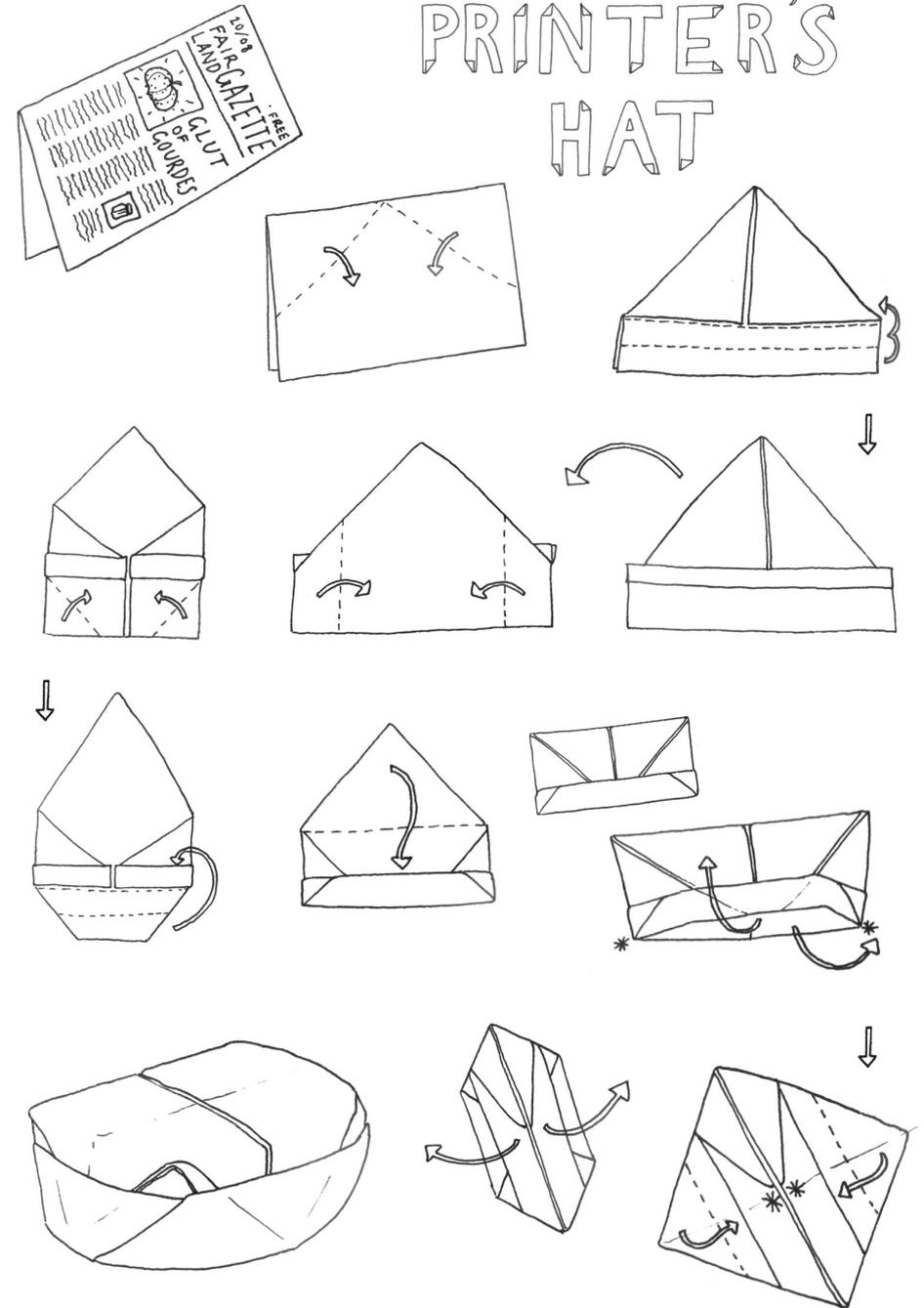


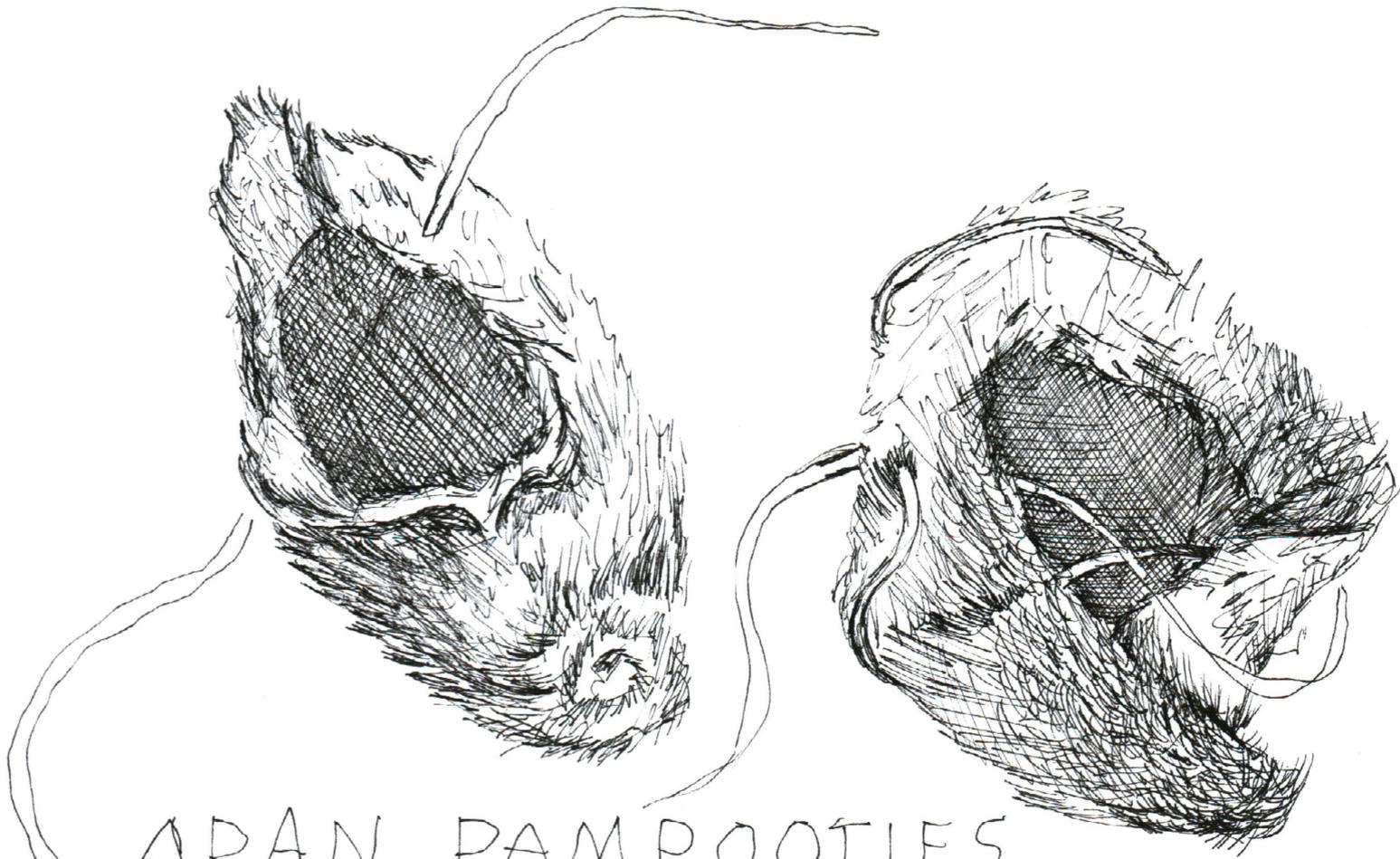
THE CRITICAL FLOWER

Slippers



PRINTER'S HAT





ARAN PAMPOOTIES
WORN BY THE CURRAGH MEN

MADE FROM GOATSKIN • GIVE SURE
FOOTING ON ROCKS AND IN CURRAGH

SKETCHED IN 1936 OR 37 RESKETCHED IN 2016

IMMA

 **GRIZEDALE ARTS**

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