

an improbable digital laboratory.

The unusual suspects -

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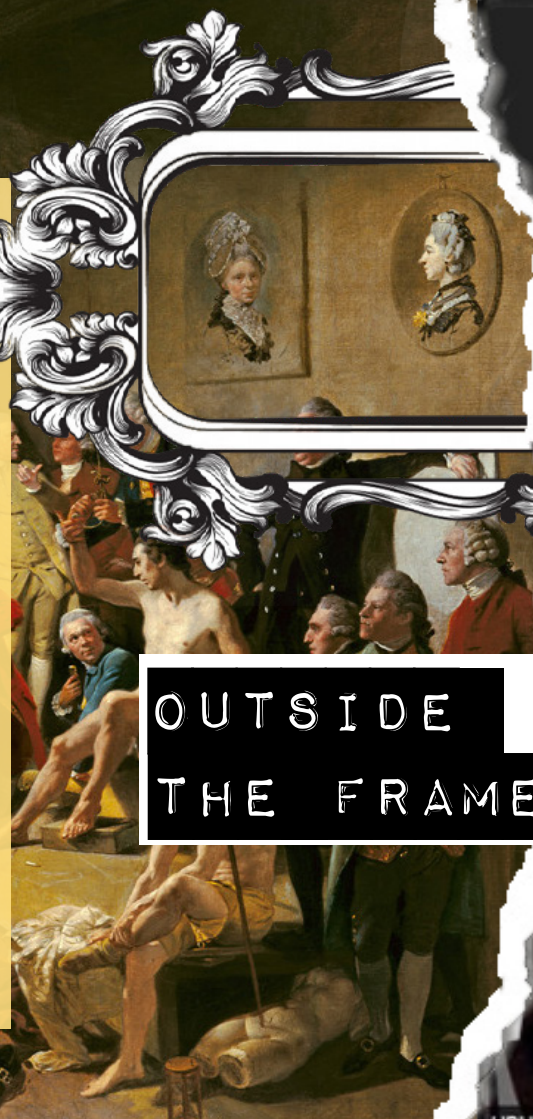
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Producer: Kathryn Bilyard

Wellbeing support: Olivette Cole-Wilson



OUTSIDE  
THE FRAME





- What's colour like?  
If I was to present you with a fruit  
The sensation of the peel  
As you rub it across your  
Teeth  
Will give you the sensation of the colour

Your front teeth knocked out  
By the age of five  
- Will anyone be there for me?  
- Will I be brave?  
- What's the bravest thing I'll ever do?  
You'll stand in your own corner  
Loved and resented  
Steer your own ship  
- Can I ask you about love?  
- Will I feel loved?  
Most sixteen year olds will not feel loved  
- How can I make myself feel loved?  
Stop going to the dentist.

I don't understand what any of that meant  
- When will I first experience loss?

How do I become alive?  
Experience the air through your wings  
Your own enquiries  
Embarrassment requires awareness of self  
Yes this is a good one  
You will arrive in a body  
Ok  
With my external self  
Ok  
The problem is becoming aware  
Or special  
Or heart and soul  
Every body has a heart  
The world is full of Walmarts  
The wonders of life can't be told  
Until you experience it for yourself  
You have a say in it all  
Floating and fencing

YOU  
unbelievable  
absolutely

## Banana

I'm turning really rather brown, here in the bowl.  
My sugars are developed,  
I wonder if they will eat me before I go fully black,  
Will I end up in a smoothie, in bread  
Or in the worst place possible,  
The bin!

Did you know the only 4 companies dominate and control the  
global market.

People seem to think I'm funny,  
I'm the centre of a lot of jokes.  
Jokes About my yellow colour  
Jokes about people slipping on my peel.  
But I don't think they would laugh if they saw where I came from.

The workers have very long hours,  
Even children work in the banana fields, full of toxic chemicals,  
They have to because the wages are so low.

People aren't allowed to talk or laugh,  
So some just hum to themselves.  
everyone is too scared to challenge the conditions,  
Or they will lose their jobs.

In the uk Bananas are the most profitable item At the checkouts  
They account for 10% of all groceries sold

\*Untitled - Notepad

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Man, these people work us hard O.

Do you know that Nigeria is the biggest producer of yam in the world?

Do you know how much they're pushing us?

No rest

Grow and go, grow and go, grow and go

I had to stop saying goodbye to my family members because you just  
don't know what's going to happen to any of them

Will they be pounded, roasted, boiled or ground to dust?

just for medicine? you just don't know

To think we have been sustaining these people for centuries and what do they do  
but throw us in the ground and pour dirt all over our bodies

Nothing ever changes kmt

same shit different cow

We have no choice but to be bountiful, its in our nature

is that not why they grow us so much

If we were to shrivel up and say we're not growing again is it not us that will suffer?

This life is a trick mehn

Adedamola |

Ln 36, Col 11



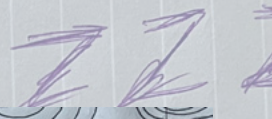


everyone else



A riddle?  
Or a warning.  
Tell me what you think.  
No.  
Tell me what you know.  
She was in the frame and then out again.  
Legitimate.  
Then- not.

I am Vindiquite the queen of the  
Vegetarites. We are here to save the  
world from immense disaster. We are  
here to destroy to kill.  
Now we are waiting for a  
fox. We have been here for many  
days - hunting for food. Hunting for people.  
Moments before we picked up a scent  
from a young child. An adolescent.  
A 'scumion's. Raised on by a group  
of the 'civilised' to bring news or  
word of us - should we be close.  
We are excited because we are  
close. Our hearts are beating with  
anticipation and our mouths are  
wet with anticipation.  
Today we feast, on the blood of  
the 'civilised'.  
So close - I can hear the sound of  
the 'animal', the man, the young  
man. We are so close to him.  
Theodore tells our a loud wail.  
We have found him! The chase is on.  
Like a feeble deer he springs up.



broken the code

## Overhead Projections

A light behind  
 Shining -  
 shadows dance  
 (we only see the shadows).  
 We can do something;  
 the easiest thing.  
 Lentils sharp and  
 soft at the edge -  
 we move them with our  
 fingers;  
 we look at them.  
 Eating;  
 creating;  
 we make a mess  
 we can't see.  
 Coffee;  
 dry;  
 roasted.  
 Little shapes of people.

tuning into accidents

Alm

Solid and satisfying  
 like a mouth;  
 lovely petals  
 oil on water;  
 it looks like a map  
 bloomed with blood  
 (suddenly all this red).  
 Add some oil;  
 go from blood to soup.  
 Feeling the same things  
 across our different spaces.  
 Use things that are alive -  
 Vegetation,  
 small houses.  
 The simplicity of it,  
 the transitory  
 nature of it.

Sending messages out.

ability

accepting your lies

A list of everyone who contributed to the painting, but isn't in it:

The stool collector  
Candle lighter  
Wick lighter  
Stocking sewer  
Carpenter  
Cobbler  
Sew buttons  
Candle maker  
Coat cleaner  
Button buyer  
Handkerchief weaver  
Jacket sewer  
Sock darning  
Wig fashioner  
Builder of flooring  
Sculptor  
Buckle chooser  
Nailer of shoe soles  
Killer of animals for fur  
Wall painter  
Easel maker  
Candle lighter  
Shelf builder  
My son is the drinks boy  
Beetle cruncher to make rouge  
Scrotum sucker  
Sold the steel for the nails  
Swept the floor  
Sewer of filigree  
Walking stick polisher  
Grew my hair for wigs  
Came over on the boat with the gold for their jewellery  
Made the egg timer  
Wig powder maker  
Shoe polisher  
Gave birth to these ungrateful shits  
Collar starcher  
Cushion fluffer  
Walking stick maker

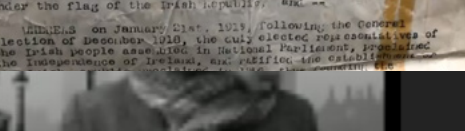
My mother cooks for these idiots  
Docker unpacking the tobacco for their pipes  
Mended the net that caught their breakfast herrings  
Mended the hole in his trousers  
Had an affair with the model  
Hung the paintings  
Provided the ideas  
Collected the sand for the timer and measured out 1 minute  
Candle maker  
Arranged the hanky in his pocket  
Hung his penis to the left  
Picked the cotton  
Tailor of jackets  
Couldn't care less  
We built this room  
Made the cow hide for his shoes  
Collected the gunpowder to blow up this room  
Collected the cream  
Picked the flowers for their perfume  
I'm the chicken that laid their breakfast eggs  
I made the hat for the green guy  
Table layer  
Canvas bleacher  
Cane owner – he stole it from me along with this pose  
Wrote the joke one of them will tell later  
Draw the wick to the powder keg  
Made the glass in their spectacles  
Sanded the floorboards  
Mix the lead for their coloured paints  
Pencil sharpener  
A boy working the Suez



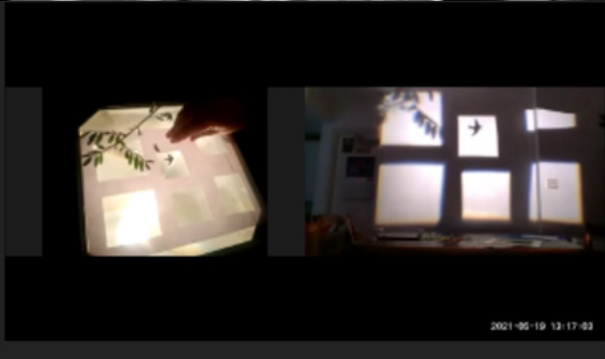



I Put the Light on in my Cell

SINN FEIN  
40 Binn ARD FEIS  
REPRESENTING SINN FEIN  
CUMANN SF  
BOS. PEARSE LONDON  
CONSTITUTION.  
WHEREAS the people of Ireland have relinquished the claim to separate nationhood, and  
WHEREAS the Provisional Government of the Irish Republic, Dester, 1916, in the name of the Irish people, and continuing the fight made by previous generations, reasserted the inalienable right of the Irish Nation to Sovereign Independence, and re-affirmed the determination of the Irish people to achieve it, and -  
WHEREAS the proclamation of the said Republic, in 1916, and the supreme courage and glorious sacrifices of the men who gave their lives to maintain it, united the people of Ireland under the flag of the Irish Republic, and -  
WHEREAS on January 21st. 1923, following the General election of December 1918, the duly elected representatives of the Irish people assembled in National Parliament, proclaimed the independence of Ireland, and ratified the establishment of the



Harry was born in 1907 – in Hackney – he was angry his whole life that he wasn't born in Ireland. Both his parents were from Tipperary. He sold shoes in the co-op in the East End. He spoke Irish. He liked to bet but only backed Irish horses. He was awarded an IRA medal for his services – the old IRA - it meant he had free travel all over Ireland. He joined the British Army in the 2nd world war as Irish men were offered finances to pay for their families to travel back to Ireland (Ireland was neutral during the war). He was buried in Billericay in Basildon with a tricolour on his coffin.



A black and white photograph of a crowd of people, possibly at a sporting event, with a red watercolor overlay containing blue text. The text is written in a bold, blocky, hand-drawn style. The background shows people in various poses, some with their arms raised, suggesting a lively atmosphere. The red overlay is semi-transparent, allowing the underlying image to be partially visible.

**KEEP YOUR  
INAPPROPRIATENESS  
TO A  
MINIMUM**



The Notorious 1880 Police Raid of the Cross-Dressing Ball at Temperance Hall - long form improvisation

Madame Dubois and  
Moonlight

Lying little shits  
Out you come  
They said  
Nasty little bleeder  
Nasty bastard  
Tripped me up  
Slammed into the ground  
Haven't had a drink in two  
days

Get me out  
Take on the sailors  
The Shakespeare group  
Tell me what you know  
Get inside  
Do a bit of wondering  
around  
I'm your best girl  
Fuck you  
Rotten old bitch  
The truth will out  
Get the measure

///

Louis, Gertie, Jill, Princess

Why are you looking  
At me  
I'm the only one  
It can only mean one  
thing  
The party has been  
ruined  
The way you look at  
each other  
Rotten old eel

(In the background small  
urchins stare  
Empty eyed)

Fuck her  
The only people we  
have

(No one has any money  
The bellies are empty as  
the eyes)

Very fortunate  
I must say

(Who will call the police  
when  
We don't trust you or



Your cheap shit wig)

All our best people  
Gone and nothing but  
rotten old eels

I don't know my literature  
and all that shit  
But I sewed pockets in the  
wigs

Slammed into the ground  
Not the way  
The queen

I don't think we should help  
her

Feathers in their hair  
Waists pulled so small  
So empty

And the moustaches lean  
and leer  
Above the hats and wigs

Finally decided to spring for  
me  
You got me

Windows broken  
And the rain coming in

Fingers up a policeman  
Rotten  
In a fix

Bottles of old ale  
Roll in gutters  
And the ships come in  
And leave again

A certain part of the  
house  
Keeps secrets  
We get what we need

The smog slips into the  
drinks  
Between us  
We'll meet you tonight

We'll meet you in the dark  
We'll open the door

///

Madame Dubois

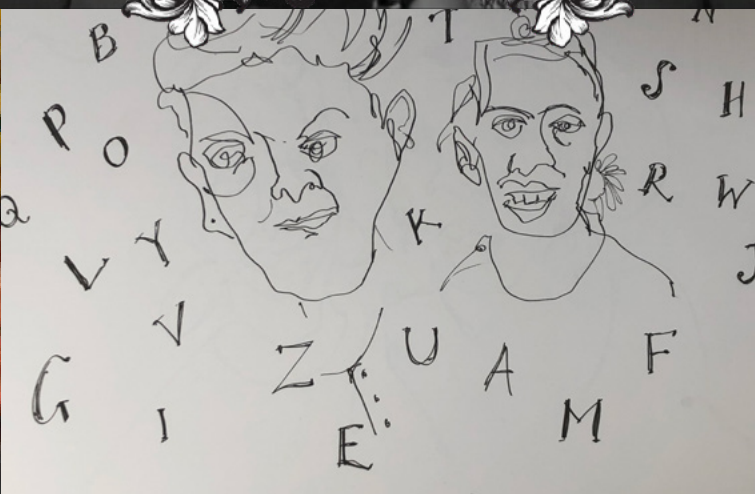
I warned you  
Nasty bastards  
What you were thinking  
I crotched it  
And you won't find the  
money

(Her dress is made of  
pink roses  
And her lipstick smeared  
red across her face  
She closes her eyes  
slowly  
Nods her head in time  
To some kind of music  
only she can hear  
A little hand action  
And the bottle tips up-  
She is never seen again)



The Forty Elephants gang





The older kids used to use us as punching bags. I'm six. Down by the river. A silver coin lying in my pocket that I got from collecting bottles. Jones and his gang are behind me before I know it as I've been putting all my attention on catching minnows in the river. Twack! A stone hits the back of my head. Draws blood. Another. There's a semi-circle of them on the ridge. Older boys. I can't get past them. Only one way – into the water.

We carry our stories In Our Bones:  
I carry a dark, dark, history in my bones.  
And my dark history carries me.  
What we are - dare not be known.  
For this stained story rings with power.  
Black power.  
It aches with antiquity.  
It longs to be heard.  
Recognised and reconciled.  
Reimagined.  
And believed.  
In the shadow of myth it both shines and is denied.

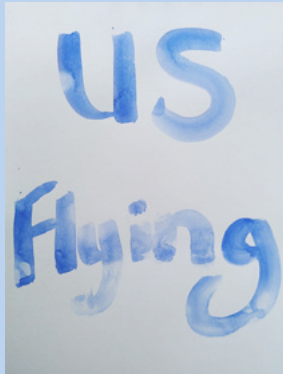
**I am the grief crow. I am beautiful. To some I am terrifying.**

**I am birdwoman.**

**Unremarkable and unremarked upon.**

**I mingle in the village with the other women, fetching water, tending to the sick, picking herbs in the forest. I pace out my days in my long brown skirts. Sometimes if it's hot, we linger at the river, washing clothes and dabbling our feet in the cool water. But no one's eyes swivel and glide over the curve of my dark calves, the turn of my ankle. Maybe once.**

**When someone is grieving and the pain is raw. I sit with you. I sing. You hear whatever you need to hear: a song, a poem, a message of love, a violent protest, a raw scream of pain.**



**My claws are much longer than you would expect. Sometimes we need to hold on tight. I love my claws.**

**To those who need me I am yours. I am a crow who visits when I am called.**

**My beak is sharp. Occasionally I attack. I am a wild animal. I am not here to tame. Grief is a wild thing.**

Sometimes we all sing or make supper together, but mostly it's back breaking work. I slip in backdoors with rumours of fever; bringing soup, broth, warm bread. Hold a compress to the patient's head; whisper a few words, receive a nod of thanks. Then all's forgotten. They see nothing strange or incredible in it, their grandmothers did the same. And if my success rate in curing ailments happens to perfect – well no one's noticed.



I fly through the air as a large black bird, bigger than an eagle. I cross fields, mountains, valleys, navigating through space and time. Today I hover over the Globe. It's 1599. The air is cold. Someone is stabbing a king. My presence is an omen. In human form I'm pushing through the crowd. I find the young woman, her eyes' wide, heart pulsing in time with the actors, bursting with desire. I slip my arm round her shoulders and guide her into a dark corner behind the stage that stinks of beer and piss despite the piles of straw. I cut her hair and show her how to bind her breasts. She slips into a costume and she's on. She's on.

