



Extracts from “Dead Language”, “The Book of Hate” & “Cirxus

By John Harrigan

Read at Storytails on 30th May 2010

Dead Language by John Harrigan

Well, I tried. Tried to produce. To push my work, to create. I did everything I thought I should. Worked hard, perfected my techniques within my practice. Visited the past in my mind so I could honestly represent my journey as a human on planet Earth through my art. It was so hard, it's not that people didn't believe in me. My wife Michele, she always had faith. Said she knew that one day I would be copied. That I would be good enough for my work to be stolen retroactively from my mind and reproduced and sold by the Denaissance Corporation for a profit. She truly believed that one day I would have my own Art Cult.

She planned it all for me, first we would start small. Just a few drunks, whores, lost children recruited from Soho in the middle of the night. She said that's when they would be the coldest and hungriest. The most alone. She said my art must be ready to feed on the desperation of the human spirit if we were to build the successful foundations of a strong Art Cult that would last.

She called it our baby, our beast of art. Ready to fight to survive. All we need look to was how Governments founded societies. Use the poorest and most desperate to build the infrastructure of our dreams. So that our security and liberty may prosper together: Private citizen artists.

We saved enough to purchase an older version of Eschaton. We located Version 32 through a private buyer and purchased the hostile ideology contract from the

Denaissance Corporation, which would permit us to delete people without threat of prosecution.

We bought a lock up and found our first ten. It was so easy. Michele kept them in check, it's surprisingly easy to control someone who has no identity. Michele found it effortless to inflict, to create on the blank canvas of their flesh. I couldn't do it. Couldn't choose which elements of my artistic personality should be installed over the top of their meat. Michele said that's always the problem when you don't have willing recruits, fans who want to become you. She said it was my fault for my lack of infamy as an artist, said I was too fucking boring, that I didn't know how to use the most important medium available to any artist: FAME.

It was then that I realised my ideas, artistic ideas for new works were being stolen from my mind. I couldn't create. Empty. Nothing. I couldn't even hold a paintbrush without vomiting. Someone was retroactively stealing my work with the inspiration feature in the new version of Eschaton. Eschaton Eighty-Eight.

Michele was stealing my ideas for new art works with an illegal pirated copy of Eschaton, collating the code of my art ready to create her own Art Cult. Her artistic practice is based around the idea that she feeds my mind with love, pain and various other thought forms, fertilizes who I am so she can grow strong ideas inside my mind, which she then harvests with the inspiration feature of ESCHATON. She's already installed and displayed her first gallery show on the flesh of her first ten Art Cult members.

Michele says its time for her art to ascend, that I must witness The Last Story. I need to feed from The Source if my ideas for new works of art are going to be unique enough for her to recruit new members, my mind must be truly different. So I volunteered for Denaissance product testing in return for access to The Source. Please can I feed now?

The Book of Hate by John Harrigan & P. Emerson Williams

Hell-Cell

A cell for hell, ready to appease the haunted mind. The heat of the keys sting my nerves. I'm here once again. Where I swore I would never return. Unplugged from the mains but the current still stumbles below the surface, biting the epidermis, angry at the lack of freedom. Standing in a triangle of love and subjected to faith for old time's sake. I can't keep up with all the history. The sweat is breaking your sweet skin and loosening my memory. Ready to slide down on all I am.

Does it really, truly need to be a surprise? My jaw aches from faking acres of emotion to cover all the grim truths. Do I have to look like I don't know what happens next, just to appease an audience of stowaways and vacant eyed thieves? Give me back all the facts, so I can close his casket and move on. Weak gifts returned to sender, attempting to hold back the caustic water of eternity. Wiping away muscle with wet salt, why won't the stain fade?

I crossed a million imaginary miles. Just to look back and replicate the patterns of a dead personality, over and over again. In the name of magic and love. This is the curse of the abyss; understanding. Doomed to stand with the edge behind you. Walking forward full of ignorance into a landscape populated with meaning.

Demon to weak human flesh
Magus of an orphaned son
Son to a dead father
And Lover of the moon.

Skin

Herds of homeless run free along the supermarkets vast Savannah. Drinking and fucking in the name of freedom. A fat, rich woman from Knightsbridge is being pushed in a shopping trolley by a thin, naked girl. A drip attached to her arm feeds liquefied images taken from the scales of a mutant monster birthed when the fashion reactor went critical.

The girl's skin is lucid. Data streams across her breast. Up-to-date stock information is sent down into her body through the tentacles protruding from her nipples. Snatching the screams from stockbrokers in hell, testifying money will manifest a new and improved Hiroshima.

The rich woman from Knightsbridge fires her cunt at the homeless, taking down three young men with a thick yeast infection. Dripping from their faces, covering their eyes, ears and mouths. Suffocating three wise monkeys with a thick porridgy discharge. Their last thoughts are not for their mothers, their minds filled with nothing but the hag's foul smelling fanny.

Just as the tight faced female is about to celebrate, a gang of babies tip over her platinum and gold plated Gucci shopping trolley. She falls head-first into a sea of angry mewling children. Bite after suckle, those darn babies breastfeed her to death. The youngest of the litter, a mere abortion peels open her 'too posh to push' scar and climbs back into her Laura Ashley decorated womb. Smiling as it pulls the caesarean blanket up to its neck.

Truth for you

In the centre is a calm, safe, square that reflects the art outwards. Dreams of a simple place, grown from the shapes cast in the moment that history meets meaning. A green womb, hidden safely away, pondering if this will be our home forever. I arrived here once before, when the church held my final resting place. Will you live here when I have gone? Do you still mourn my loss or are you happy to be free of my many laws?

In the past, we walk together. Through pathways where loyalty covers all our mistakes. Our gift was to always feel the loss of one another. In each touch our minds drifted across lakes frozen with sadness. A calm and honoured respect held for the love that exists in the future, when we stand alone. Yet, in every beat of understanding, acceptance, desire and hurt, I feel nothing but truth for you. These acidic tears that carve my meat with grief are as beautiful as every drop of blood we exchanged.

I know that we are encoded into every reflection of art, our imprint is eternal. When we were together we were alone, and now we stand within our loss, I feel you stronger than ever. Time is the skin that encases our love, it is the method by which we will never leave each other's side. Hidden in pure thought, spreading from this point into eternity.

Cirxus
by John Harrigan

Are you brave enough to peep into the Palace? What exists beyond this wall of steel, hidden away from mankind for thousands of years?

This dark, long evening offers you but one chance to witness something unkind, an impossible history. Your eyes will plead to sing with your brain. In this world, on this earth, above me now, amongst these stars. The many hidden wondrous things that we will die never knowing. Life goes on. People are born, they grow from children to adults, age shrinks them down. They die having never seen or understood why. All they leave is a moment in history, a story no one has read except for themselves. They only know who they were. Their wishes leave no imprint upon time.

Through this window is the Palace. This is not heaven or hell. It's you, and all the reasons between the intakes of breath, the meaning left unsaid. The dreams unshared.

I offer you legal representation of the heart, I plead to this jury of reason to find mystery not guilty. To offer freedom to the secrets imprisoned within your mind. Allow passion to rise, as you arch your feet and stand up high upon your tiptoes to look upon what lies beyond this window. Every other moment in your life, from this holiest of days forth will be filled with a truth you can't unlearn. Develésko Mush urges you to look inside.

This is the last secret of Cirxus, the holy gospel of Theatric Arcana. Will you cast reason adrift? Set sail on a veritable ocean of light, beset by dangers, surrounded by the unknown and fickle conditions brought into existence by what waits beyond this steel wall inside the Palace?

Can you hear it? The world is safe and quiet this night.

Dull your blade on the secrets that haunt my insides. No sleep for me, that's the price I pay. The creatures that make their home in my mind offer many gifts and pay their rent in lessons never unlearned. My withered emotions are frail for meaning that has been sucked from my bones. The dogs of myth have made a meal of my marrow.

I'm hollow, yet full of stories that never let me close my eyes and dream for one meagre second, for this would be a betrayal of all I carry within.

Listen, can you hear them? Chattering and laughing as they tear pieces from the body of meaning that this world offers to those birthed of eve. Inside the belly of the beast it corrodes so very quickly and is liable to sudden transitions of glory.

The earth that holds your feet up has offered you no oath of honour. The wind has no need to share all it is with you, the water of this world need not make its introductions and the bright things that make their home between our words are not your family.

They are the reason I exist. Yet every moment I am with them hurts. They're too beautiful and terrible to look upon and when you meet them they never leave your side.

Rewriting your future as your past. Time dies when you cannot sleep. I'm tired, my bones ache with reverence and below my flesh, my soul cascades with wonder.



The Weaponized imprint extends the immersive art of FoolishPeople into the realm of publishing. Our mission beyond our own creations and collaborations is to seek out and disseminate experimental forms of fiction, prose and art that offer new ways to experience stories and myths. We are passionately committed to finding unique narrative hybrids that challenge, engage, inform and inspire our readers. Books released under the Weaponized imprint will be supported through additional content and media produced by FoolishPeople in the form of musical releases, podcasts, films, and live events that expand the stories that our authors create. Weaponized launches in the UK and US in July 2010.

Cirxus by John Harrigan

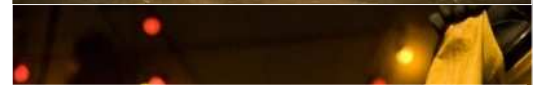
1957- Seascale, the North of England. Cirxus; an old English circus lost in the shadows of the smoke stacks of Calder Hall, the world's first commercial nuclear power station. Step into the world of Cirxus, explore its sideshows and meet extraordinary characters from the past and future.

Athalia the ballerina waits in the ring for Loudon the clown to return with directions to the Black Pool, the mythic site of the Home Sweet Home, the final show of the season.

Join her as she begins a bizarre and wondrous search for Loudon through the irradiated secrets of Cirxus, where she must face the macabre atomic menagerie, haunted by circus animals and navigate her way through the maze of strange, hallucinogenic sideshows to the other side of time. Immerse yourself in the world of Cirxus, where theatric arcana and atomic fallout irradiate the sawdust arenas of our inner worlds.

Cirxus is the first work to be published from FoolishPeople's back catalogue and is the first script of an immersive theatrical event to be published in the world. Cirxus defies genre and form and offers a literary experience like no other. A combination of hallucinogenic novel and blueprint to a physical experience. Each copy includes concept art and an original score composed and performed by P. Emerson Williams, alongside additional content from the first run of Cirxus at the Arcola theatre in 2009.

Dead Language



If 20 Tracey Emin's took on 20 Andy Warhols, who do you think would win?

FoolishPeople presents...

Dead Language

Art on the inside, blood on the outside.

18 - 22 October Performances 8pm every day, plus 2pm Saturday and Sunday matinees and a 90-minute workshop on the Saturday with writer/director John Harrigan at 4:30pm.

Prices: £10/£9 concs/£8 members; £5/£7 concs/£6 members (matinees); £6/£5/£4 members (workshop).
PLUS 17 October student Members 2-for-1 ticket offer

www.foolishpeople.org www.ica.org



by John Harrigan

Platoons of the latest replicas of Banksy roam the landscape, led by General Clone Banksy, a talentless nobody who once found a sample of Banksy DNA on an empty spray can. A rowdy gang of Tracey Emin's wrestle half a dozen dazed Andy Warhols to the ground.

IT IS THE FUTURE AND ALL FORMS OF ART ARE FREE. Perfect replicas exist of every masterpiece ever created, artworks and ideas are stolen from the mind before they're even created.

Copyright or ownership is meaningless. Artists have realised that their own identity is the only thing they can own or control to spread their infamy, they recruit fans to become copies of themselves: FLESH-WORTH is all that matters.

One final piece of uncorrupted art remains, yet to be copied: a living story told by Neonate Muses and exploited by Mr Shine, the bastard child of the apocalypse.

Read Dead Language and watch the world die or don't and help it do so, CULTURE CORPSE walking. Arm yourselves with weaponised art to explore the notions of open-source myth. What are intellectual rights in a decomposing culture?

Featuring full archival material from FoolishPeople's performance run of Dead Language at the Institute of Contemporary Arts in 2007.



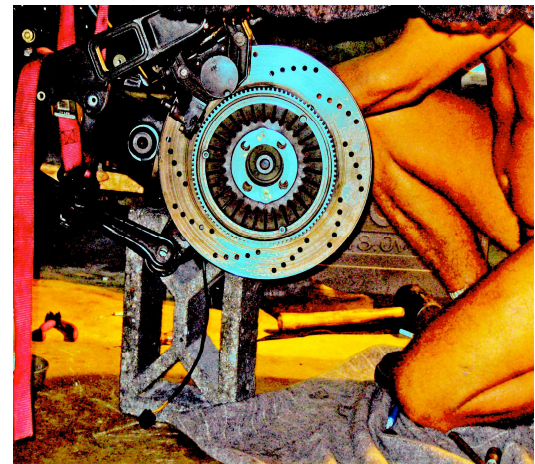
**The Book of Hate
by John Harrigan and P. Emerson
Williams**

The code to a soul. Cracked and deciphered.

A combination of Harrigan's highly experimental, stream of consciousness prose and P. Emerson Williams's hallucinatory art. Explorers at the outer edges of art. Together, their expedition reaches new vistas of strange, as they voyage together through transcendental neurosis, over a surface of nightmare imaginings. Beyond the internal, beyond the dream, beyond heaven and hell to the other side of human.

**The Sparky Show
by Xanadu Xero**

Meta-physics and mechanics in the nude, with sex and drugs. An exploding dossier of words and photography of a doomed and perfect relationship, retrofitted with psilocybin. Love is a gun. Shove it up the crack of the Multiverse, demand what you want.



Xandu Xero is unable to understand the desire of the female species for romance over sensation. A report from the trenches of love post culture, mid-life. Not your average empty-nest Mom.

There is no moving on.

Forum
by Richard Webb

Richard Webb presents a spectral image of our culture and collective psyche via the reflective portal of an internet football forum. Documenting the exchanges between visitors of the site in 2001, this chronological record of a publicly anonymous debate on a sports website explores ideas of moral panic, vigilantism, moral projection and vendetta.

Webb's objective role in simply compiling and re-presenting the correspondence instigates debate on the value and status of ideas one may not agree with, whilst serving to mirror cultural discourse surrounding emotive subjects.



ABOUT FOOLISHPEOPLE

FoolishPeople's working practice, Theatre of Manifestation combines mythology, shamanism, drama therapy and open source collaboration to create immersive experiences that have the power to raise a numinous experience within the audience. It dismantles the notion of the spectator being a passive recipient of a theatrical experience; active engagement and participation is vital and absolutely necessary. □

FoolishPeople have produced original work in London, USA, Amsterdam and Prague at venues including the Institute of Contemporary Arts, Arcola Theatre and the Horse Hospital. Our core collective features five artists from England, America and the Czech Republic, which grows when we undertake new collaborations with worldwide artists in the development of our open source projects.

WEAPONIZED

The Weaponized management team consists of P. Emerson Williams, Lucy Harrigan and John Harrigan.

For further information please visit www.foolishpeople.org, or you can contact us at: enquiries@weaponized.net

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