



DARK OR DARKER SHIVERING OR NOT! 7pm-1am, Saturday 26th November, 2016
Coastguard Studio, 91 Clarendon Road, The Strand, Southsea, PO4 0SA

1000 Plateaus invites artist working in any field to contribute to an urban potlatch taking place at this November.

If you are interested in the principles of "radical" inclusion, self-reliance, self-expression, community cooperation, gifting, de-commodification, and leaving no trace – then **One Thousand Plateaus** offers you an open platform for digital arts, performance and media, a *temporary autonomous zone* in which to play.

Live arts, performance, music, audio visual, video, spoken word, installations, psycho-geographers, cyber artists, hackers, interstitial architects, laptop artists, kinetic sculptors, painters, photographers and theatre makers - are all welcome to contribute to this open call.

The event is planned as a partnership between **1000 Plateaus**, *Supernatural Cities* and the *Portsmouth Writers Hub*. We will be posting a selection of texts from a forthcoming anthology of local writers which we would invite artists to read and respond to. The response can be an adaptation or re-visioning in the broadest possible sense. We are also organising a networking event to connect writers and artists in September and we invite you to attend (details below).

We also ask that you address some or all of the themes:

- Urban supernatural folklore and urban legends
- Ghost stories and urban temporalities
- Magic and occult beliefs in the urban context
- Uncanny architecture and urban heterotopias
- Hauntology, capitalism, and urban power relations
- Urban fantasy and urban gothic fictions (literature, art, film, TV, video games, music)
- Supernatural storytelling as intangible urban heritage
- Functions of the urban supernatural (communal identity and memory; socio-political and environmental critique)
- Baudelaire, Simmel, Benjamin and the phantasmagoric urban experience
- Psychogeography and urban space/place as palimpsest
- Monstrous urbanisation, urban monstrosity, and environmentalism
- Affective theory and the emotional urban environment
- Archaeology, concealed objects and domestic magical thought
- Urban supernatural, enchantment, and the de-familiarisation of the mundane
- Re-reading / re-writing the urban – supernatural cartographies; imagination as agency

You may be a solo artist, part of a group, a loose collective, student or professional. You can exhibit a work in progress, an existing piece or something you have developed for the event. There are no rules other than you must be willing to work collaboratively with the other artists contributing to the event.

We are organising an **Artists and Writers Speed Dating** event on Wednesday 7th September at Aurora Café, Albert Road, 7pm-10pm. Come along and meet some new collaborators:

<https://www.facebook.com/events/822710571193288/>

Or contact: dr.lighthouse@one000plateaus.com

Dark or Darker Shivering or Not: Narrative Triggers

The following extracts have been drawn from the forthcoming anthology of Portsmouth writers titled *Dark Cities* which has been produced as part of the UoP Supernatural Cities project. The extracts are intended as TRIGGERS, artists should read them and respond to them though this response might be in the broadest possible terms. Use them as inspiration, discard them, cut them up, remove something from them, remix, appropriate, adapt and detourne them.

Extract #1

'It feels like we're at sea. Is there water flowing under this shop?'

'It's the city' Ted murmured.

'I can feel something under my feet like a pump.'

'No, a pulse. It's the city's pulse.'

Jack closed his eyes again. It did feel like a pulse, a regular thud. He suddenly wondered if the man was a hypnotist. Was this an elaborate joke by Colin? The city having a pulse. Nonsense.

'So you're saying that some sort of beastie lives under our feet?' Jack asked, relieved that the suggestion sounded crazy.

The old man shook his head, his eyes becoming heavy. 'I've set up and run six business like this one, been working here for over forty years. There is no creature living under this city. It's the city itself that is alive. Can't you feel it?'

And Jack could feel it, he could sense the life around him.

'How?'

'I told you. The decades of blood, and salt. The deaths. I think they act as a sacrifice. I think the city is alive, and I think the city is hungry and that's what happens to the missing people.'

Extract from *The Rhythm* by Charlotte Comley. Copyright Charlotte Comley 2016.

Extract #2

‘Some nights I go and sit in the Round Tower, look out at the black water ebbing and flowing like a heartbeat. I’m one of the few ghosts who go there. It’s the sailor, he puts them off. He never got to say good-bye to his wife, he can’t get over it, says he won’t leave until she comes to him. He won’t understand decades have passed and she’s long gone. Night after night he sits in there waiting for her. He rants at anyone who goes near him, screams obscenities at them, but it doesn’t bother me none. I sit down on the cold stone, which I can no longer feel, to stare out through the narrow fortress window and eventually he leaves me alone to my thoughts. I make up stories, you know. When I come here, it makes it easier. He’s not here yet, it’s so quiet. There’s no-one here apart from the two teenage boys kissing by the water front in the dark. I don’t know where the sailor goes during the day and early evening.’

Extract from *Fragmented Self* by Roz Ryszka-Onions. Copyright Roz Ryszka-Onions 2016.

Extract #3

‘But what would happen if you did step on the cracks? That was the question no one seemed to know the answer to. Would you damage the pavement, causing further cracks to appear? Would you be struck by lightning or would you fall through them? Does something lurk beneath the pavement? Is there still some life beneath the otherwise dead ground, intent on pushing through any weakness in the solid stones?’

You remember those programmes on the TV. You, know, the ones that talk about lost and abandoned cities that fall victim to the forests and jungles that surround them. Within months, years, of people leaving, Nature takes revenge. Buildings are fettered by weeds and creepers, works of art are swallowed up and the ground is broken up from below. Cracks spread far and wide along the ground, forming their own mosaics between the natural and unnatural. And these cracks spread up through the buildings, making them brittle and unstable.

And what would that mean if a foot slipped and disturbed the cement lining?

Do you step on the cracks now?’

Extract from *Cracked City* by James Bicheno. Copyright James Bicheno 2016.

Extract #4

'When I remembered what I had told the doctors, I tried to tell this man as well. He didn't believe me either, and soon I was talking to other doctors, psychologists, therapists. None of them believed me. But I remembered what I had told them and I cannot forget – it's what I saw after the fall into the water. After I was swept down along its course, in the moments after I had been spat free from the tunnels. I had to warn them that in those moments, before I had lost consciousness once again, I had forced my eyes open and looked, in the misty sea water, to make sure that I had finally emerged from the caverns. But none of them believed me – none of them have ever, or will ever, believe me. None of them accept that what I saw in the depths of the sea, so far beneath Portsmouth which is built so high above where it lays – I saw staring back at me a giant, colossal eye.'

Extract from *Undercurrent* by Justin MacCormack. Copyright Justin MacCormack 2016.

Extract #5

'I plunged deep into the occult fantasies of this island city, saw the mania it inspired in some, the towering imaginary monuments it tyrannically demanded in homage from others. I conversed with those fervent acolytes who were mysteriously betrothed to it. Who wove their strange religions and rites from the city's dense, urban landscape and the depths of its sedimentary history, sacrificing their lives to it.

Stan, a retired Southern Rail worker, had taken it upon himself to calculate the number of bricks in Portsmouth; his own insane genome of architecture. I gleaned little about the waltz from him and left him fretting about his ambitions in the face of the fact that buildings were going up faster than he could perform his Sisyphean calculations. The wretched despair in his face as he realised, relatively speaking, that his knowledge of the city was ever decreasing. In their own ways I saw dozens similarly impaled upon the spurs of this callous, unloving city, ground up in the psychological mechanisms that they alone could hear whirring beneath its ugly pavements and behind its scarred walls.'

Extract from *The Waltz* by Karl Bell. Copyright Karl Bell 2016.