

JIMMY CONNELLY

Passport Drawings

2003

A portrait for a story.

Stories, memories, poems and jokes
from a cardboard photobooth.

THE READING EDITION



Sit down.
Tell me something.

A week in a booth. Ninety minutes on stage.

I made a cardboard photobooth and spent a week drawing portraits in exchange for stories. People sat down, I drew them, and they gave me something in return: a memory, a joke, a poem, a confession, or whatever came into their head.

They took their portraits away. I kept the stories and some carbon copies of the drawings.

At the RCA Interim Show in 2003, I retold the stories in a ninety-minute theatre performance. Someone later told me it was the funniest, maddest thing they had ever seen.

These are the pages they left behind.



THE CARDBOARD PHOTOBOOTH

The handwriting is part of the story.

Stories by theme

01	In the booth	005
A moment to sit still. A blank page. Something to say.		

02	Growing up	023
The things we remember. The things that stay with us.		

03	Art & artists	034
Pictures, painters, private views and the lives around them.		

04	Strange encounters	050
Journeys, coincidences and stories brought back home.		

05	Tall tales	068
A little invention. A world of its own.		

06	Jokes & mischief	079
A good punchline is another kind of gift.		

07	Poems & feelings	095
Things said softly. Things written large.		

08	Faces	109
Portraits and carbon copies from the booth.		

Click a chapter to begin. Click the running footer to return here.

Many voices. Their own words.

Each contribution appears beside its handwritten source. The reading text keeps the contributor's voice, including informal grammar, unusual spellings and rough edges. Paragraphs and some punctuation have been added to make reading easier.

Where a page has no title, a short editorial title has been supplied. The chapter groups are a way into the collection, rather than a claim about whether a story is true.

These are first-reading transcripts from low-resolution scans. Unclear words, cropped text and supplied letters are marked in square brackets or in a note. A few pages remain fragments. Crossed-out drafts are generally not repeated.

Contributions in French, Spanish, Swedish and South Slavic language are kept in their original language. Email addresses are not repeated in the reading text, though they remain visible in the scans.

Repeated scans are shown once. Separated story pages have been reunited where the text joins. Original page numbers remain beside every manuscript and in the source index. The images have a modest contrast adjustment; the marks and paper remain.

The portrait sheets form their own section. They have not been assigned to particular stories. A blank source sheet is omitted.

ORIGINAL ARCHIVE: 167 SCANNED PAGES

READING COPY: 78 CONTRIBUTIONS + 34 PORTRAIT SHEETS

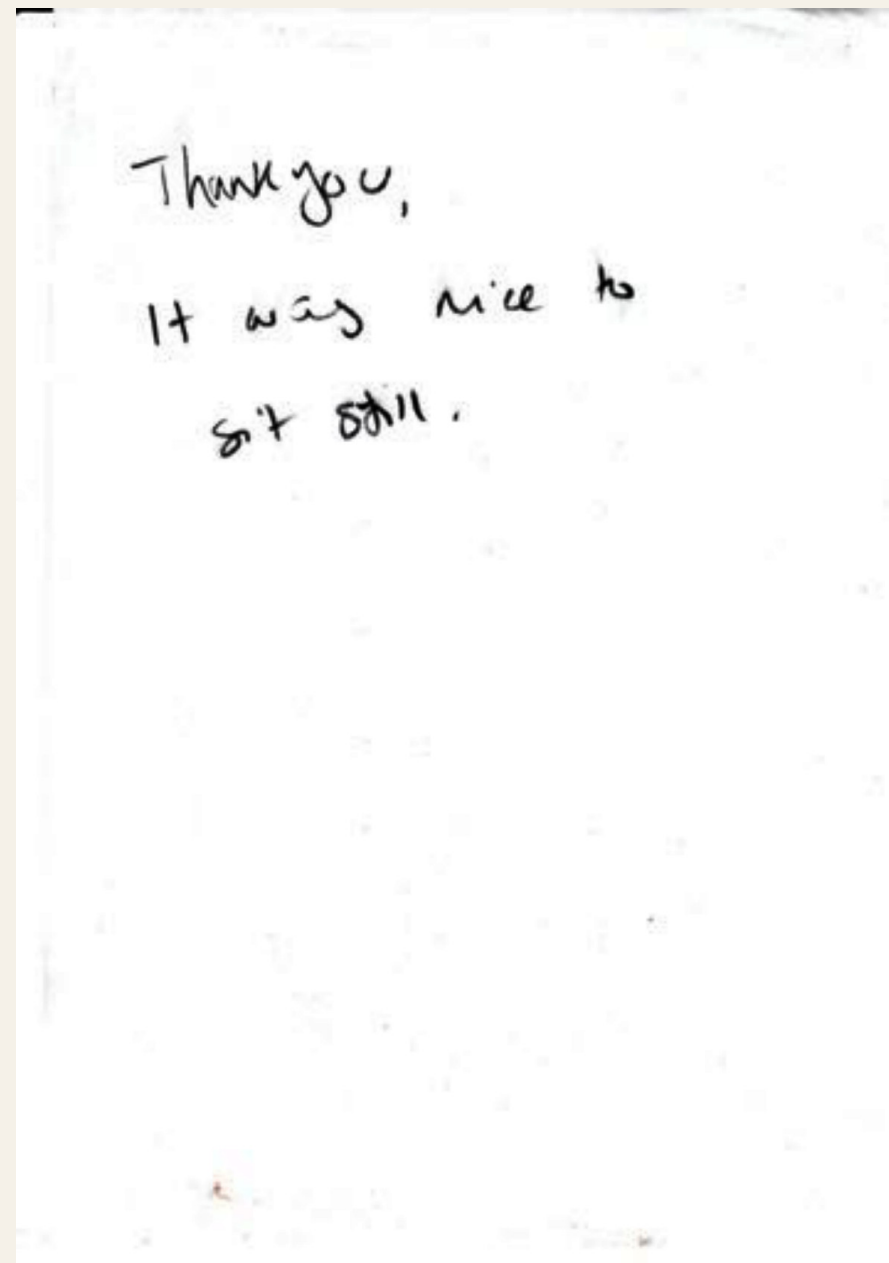
01

In the booth

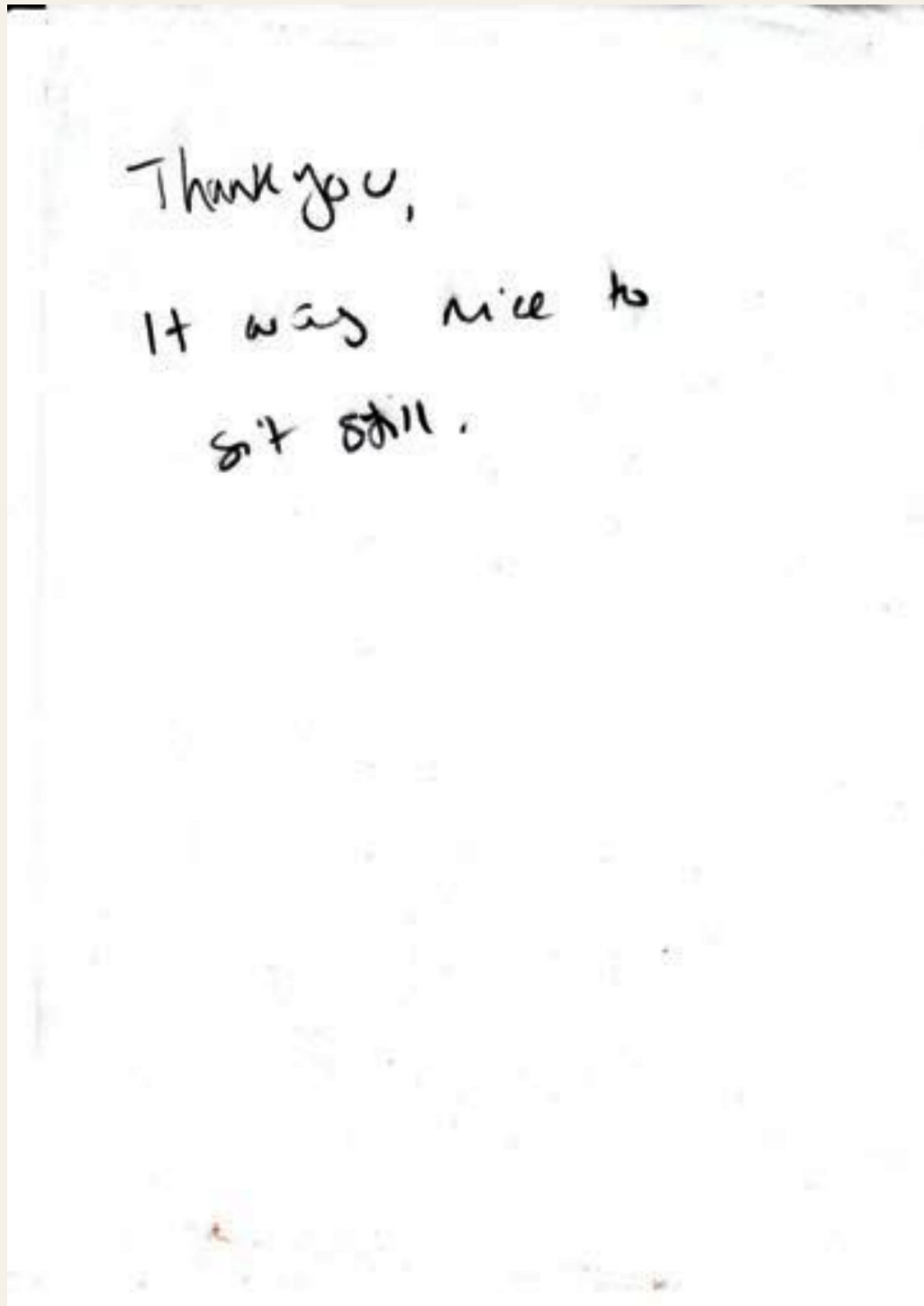
A moment to sit still.

A blank page. Something to say.

16 CONTRIBUTIONS



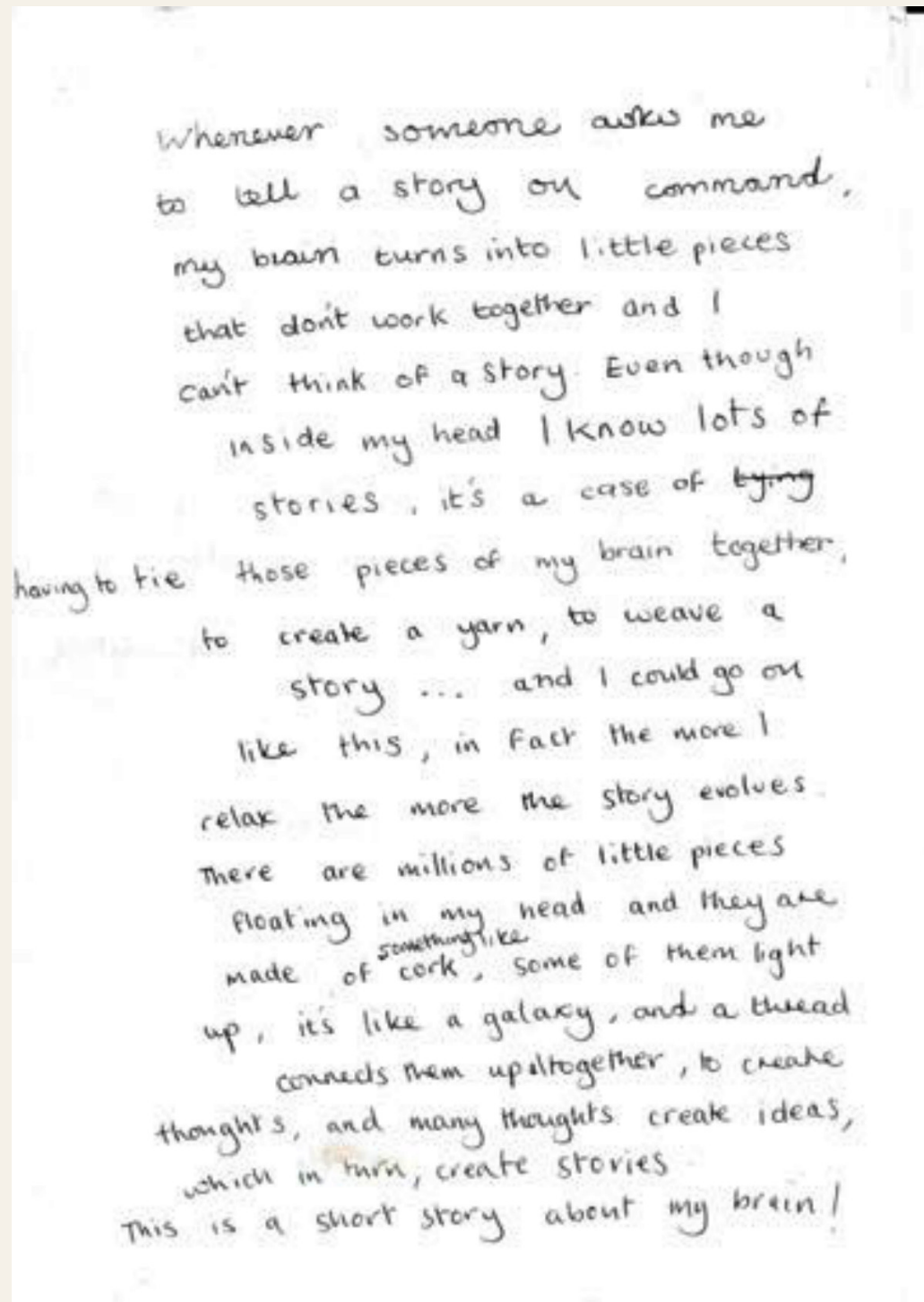
FROM ORIGINAL PAGE 23



It was nice to sit still

Thank you,

It was nice to sit still.

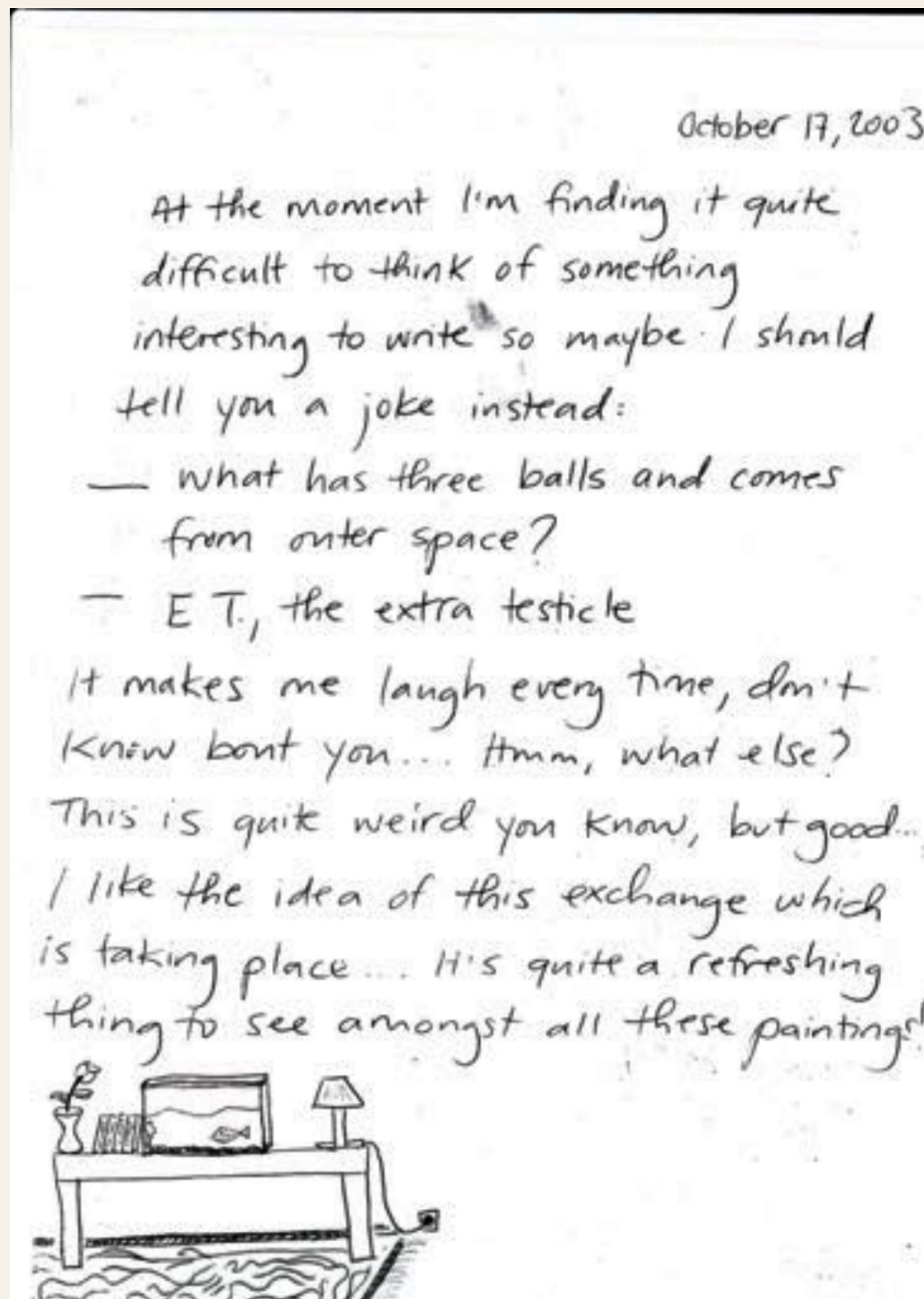


A short story about my brain

Whenever someone asks me to tell a story on command, my brain turns into little pieces that don't work together and I can't think of a story. Even though inside my head I know lots of stories, it's a case of having to tie those pieces of my brain together, to create a yarn, to weave a story... and I could go on like this, in fact the more I relax the more the story evolves.

There are millions of little pieces floating in my head and they are made of something like cork, some of them light up, it's like a galaxy and a thread connects them up altogether, to create thoughts, and many thoughts create ideas, which in turn, create stories...

This is a short story about my brain!



Quite weird, but good

October 17, 2003

At the moment I'm finding it quite difficult to think of something interesting to write so maybe I should tell you a joke instead:

- What has three balls and comes from outer space?
- E.T., the extra testicle

It makes me laugh every time, don't know bout you... Hmm, what else? This is quite weird you know, but good... I like the idea of this exchange which is taking place... It's quite a refreshing thing to see amongst all these paintings!

Main Adams. Monday 20 October 2003.
 This installation is a reminder of a
 'shelter' in the street - but more warm
 & comfortable as you can sit down and
 reflect without being hassle by 'outsiders'.
 It is very peaceful in this make shift
 cardboard 'space' with a friendly chap
 who is drawing my portrait, or that's what
 he said he was going to do - Every time I come
 to the RCA I end up with a 'thinking' of
 ideas to take back 'home'. - I love the
 white walls and the airy space and the
 lighting. The place seems to buzz with
 a kinetic amount of energy.
 (My friend Liz, a painter, is here too.)
 Having read about the performance
 on 30th Oct. I don't think I could
 talk to you and your mates about what
 goes on at my college. (Cheltenham)
 We are all fighting the proposed closure
 & we are still hoping for a reprieve - but we
 must & we are united in making Art.
 As the saying on the wall outside
 our building says: "Don't let them
 Rip the Art out of our
 University". Many Thanks!

A shelter in the street

Monday 20 October 2003

Mair [surname unclear]

This installation is a reminder of a 'shelter' in the street - but more warm & comfortable as you can sit down and reflect without being hassle by 'outsiders'.

It is very peaceful in this make shift cardboard 'space' with a friendly chap who is drawing my portrait, or that's what he said he was going to do. Every time I come to the RCA I end up with a 'full bag' of ideas to take back 'home'. I love the white walls and the airy space and the lighting. The place seems to buzz with a kinetic amount of energy. (My friend Liz, a painter, is here too.)

Having read about the performance on 30th Oct. I don't think I could talk to you and your mates about what goes on at my college (Cheltenham). We are all fighting the proposed closure & we are still hoping for a reprieve - but we cannot & we are united in making Art.

As the saying on the wall outside our building says: 'Don't let them Rip the Art out of our University'.

Many Thanks!

The surname and the phrase 'but we cannot' are uncertain.

21/10/03
RCA Picture booth
Interim Painting Show

Hi! I guess that most people write about themselves as hopefully we all think that we've got something interesting, useful or encouraging to say about us and to other people. I spend much of my time asking questions and finding out about other people - both in terms of my work and in my spare time. At work, I get involved in interviewing people for different jobs and try to find out about their skills, experience and what makes them tick. I also spend time asking people questions about different work situations and themselves in order to resolve difficulties or problems. As a person I'm really interested in other people's work, families, friends, homes, what they do in their spare time, what they love & hate. It's great to spend time with friends, acquaintances and people I don't even know just finding out about them. Some things are obvious, the kind of clothes they wear, what music they listen to, how they spend their weekends and other are hidden, what they want to achieve in life, their hopes, fears and mistakes. I hope that I can be an excellent friend to others and that in time they'll enjoy being with me too. I guess that's a little of my philosophy in life and hope that it adds something to your collection of sketches, accounts & jobs. Thanks in anticipation for the picture! *[Signature]* I'll think about the lecture theatre performance + check my diary....

P.S I hope you can read my writing - I tried to make it as clear as possible but it's a bit messy on a screen

Asking questions

21/10/03

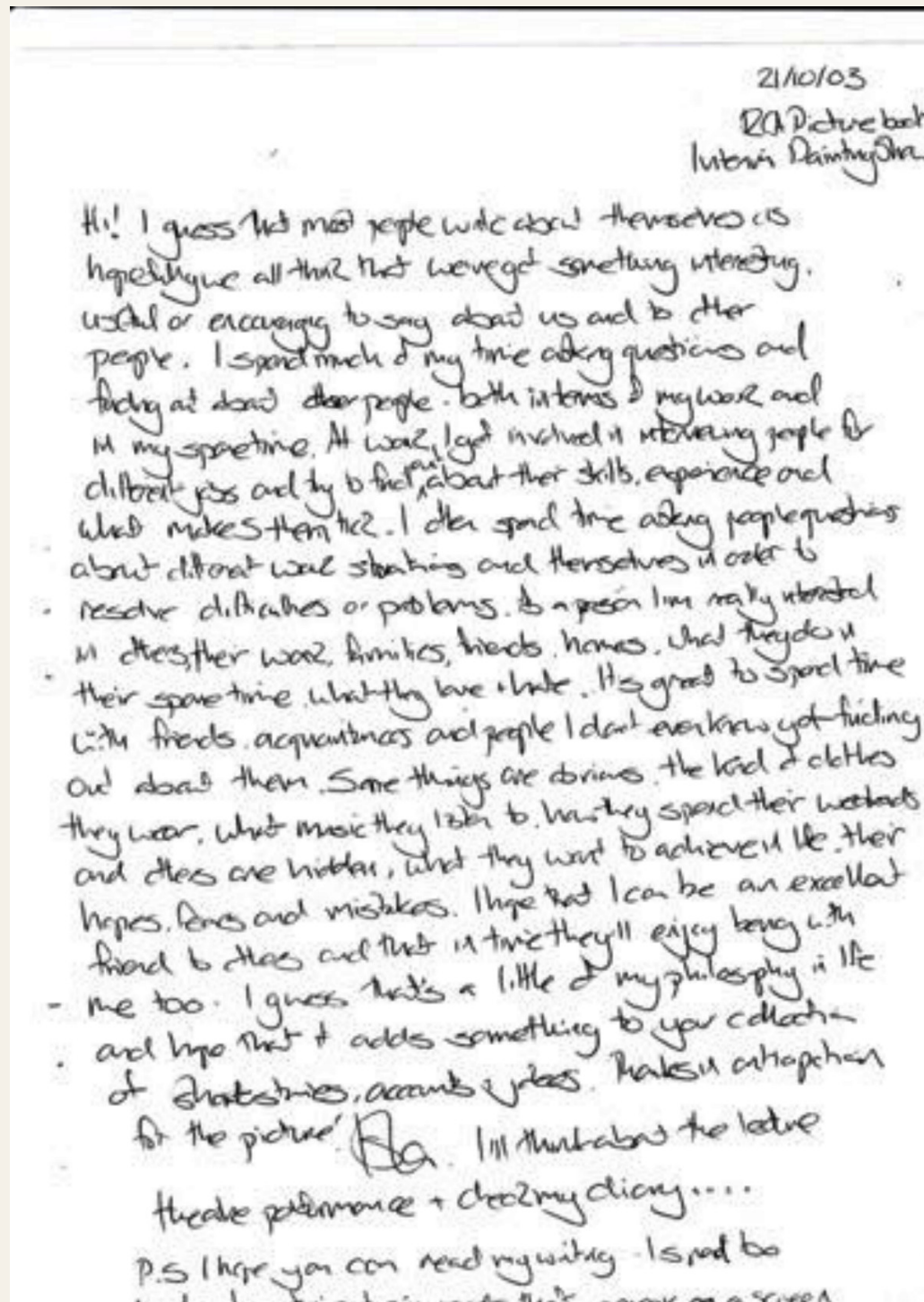
RCA Picture booth

Interim Painting Show

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The last line is cropped. A signature appears before the final sentence but is unclear.



Asking questions

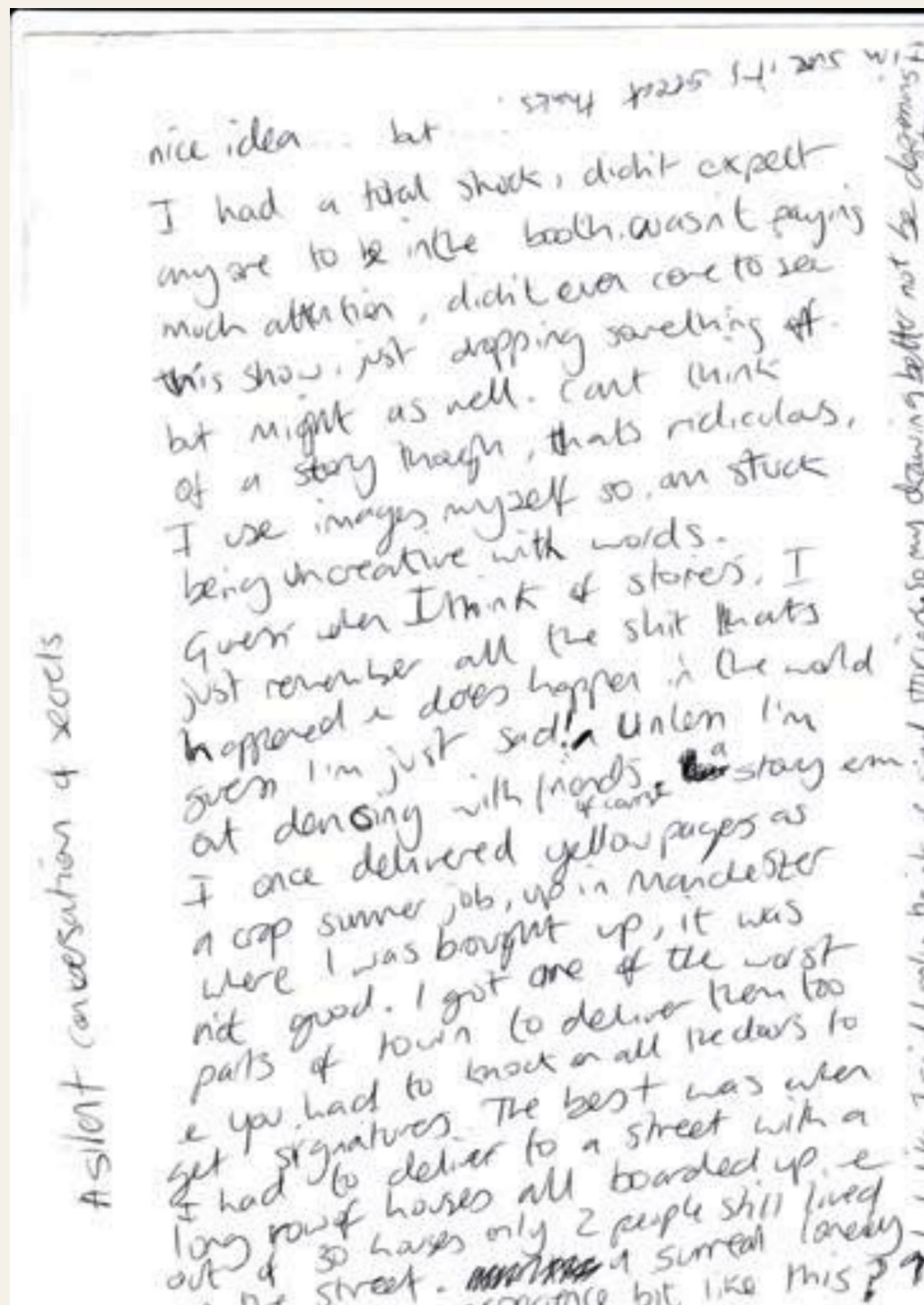
As a person I'm really interested in others, their work, families, friends, homes. What they do in their spare time, what they love + hate. It's great to spend time with friends, acquaintances and people I don't even know yet finding out about them. Some things are obvious - the kind of clothes they wear, what music they listen to, how they spend their weekends and others are hidden, what they want to achieve in life, their hopes, fears and mistakes.

I hope that I can be an excellent friend to others and that in time they'll enjoy being with me too. I guess that's a little of my philosophy in life and hope that it adds something to your collection of anecdotes, accounts & jokes.

Thanks in anticipation for the picture! I'll think about the lecture theatre performance + check my diary....

p.s. I hope you can read my writing. I'm not too [scan ends].

The last line is cropped. A signature appears before the final sentence but is unclear.



A silent conversation of secrets

nice idea... but...

I had a total shock, didn't expect anyone to be in the booth, wasn't paying much attention, didn't even come to see this show, just dropping something off but might as well. Can't think of a story though, that's ridiculous, I use images myself so am stuck being uncreative with words.

Even when I think of stories, I just remember all the shit that's happened + does happen in the world, guess I'm just sad! Unless I'm out dancing with friends & can't [unclear].

I once delivered yellow pages as a crap summer job, up in Manchester where I was brought up, it was not good. I got one of the worst parts of town to deliver them too & you had to knock on all the doors to get signatures. The best was when I had to deliver to a street with a long row of houses all boarded up & out of 30 houses only 2 people still lived [cropped] street. [unclear] surreal lonely [cropped] but like this [scan ends].

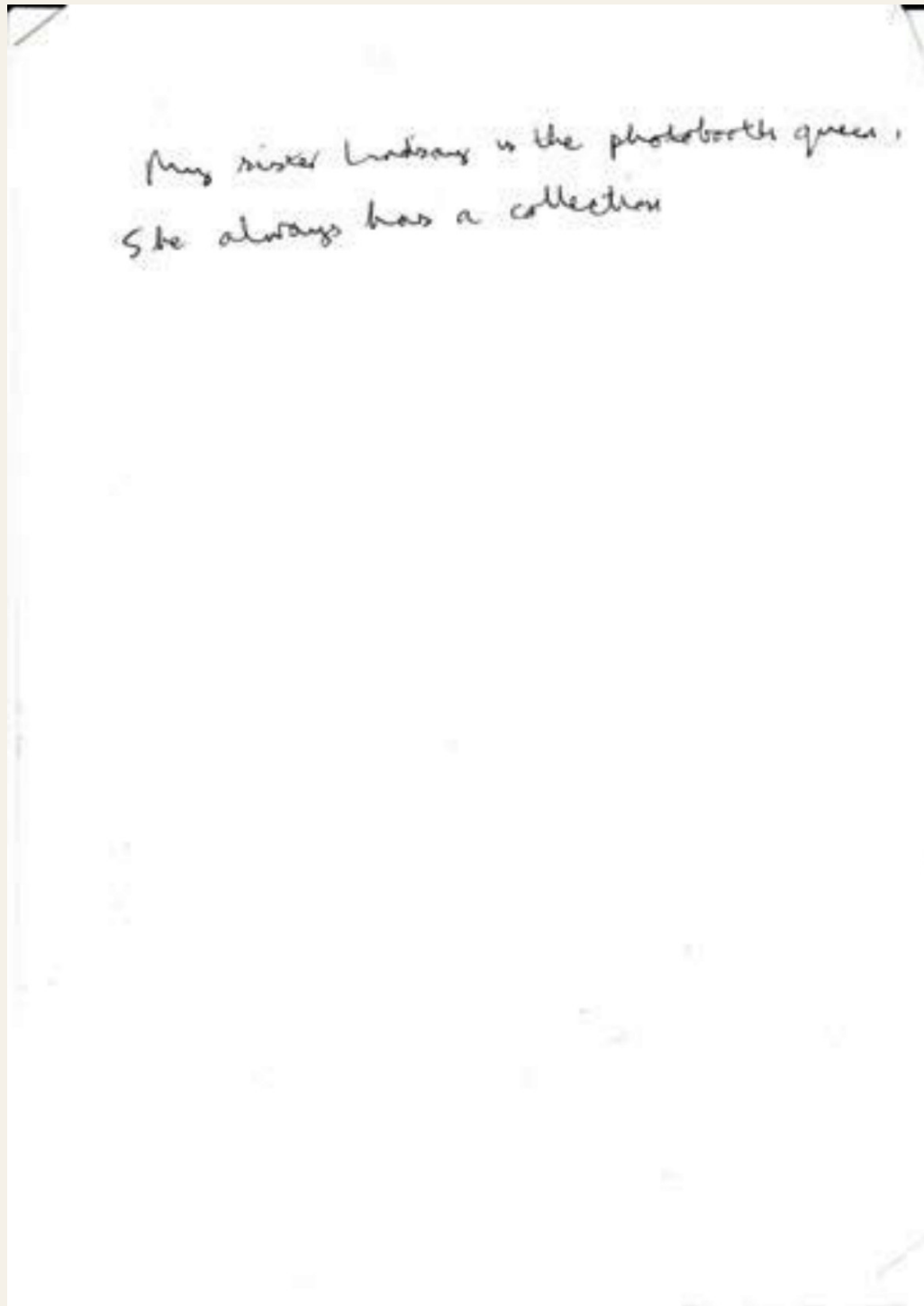
[Margin]

A silent conversation of secrets

I'm sure it's secret facts.

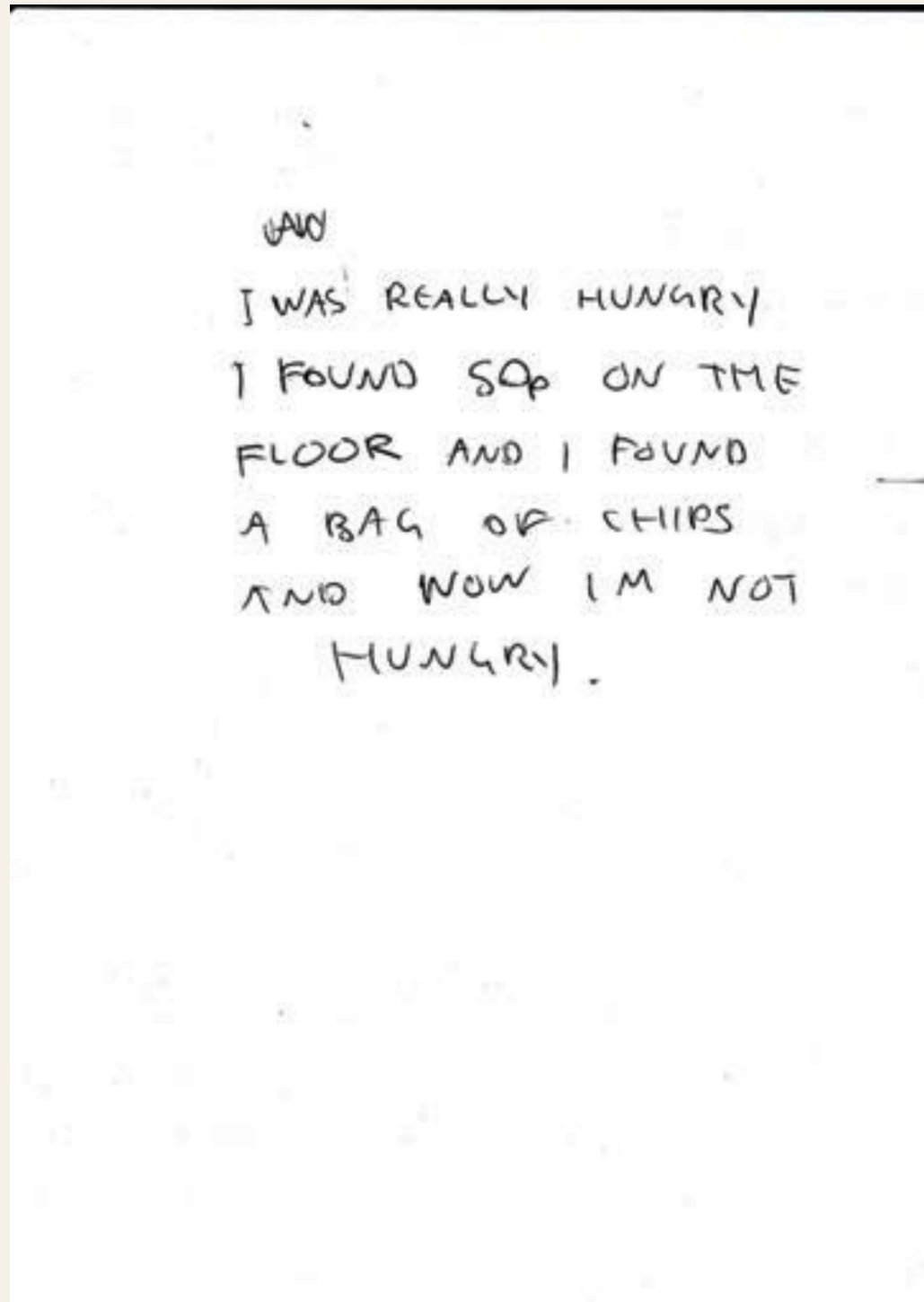
[Further marginal writing is partly cropped and unclear.]

The bottom and right edges are cropped. Several words and the marginal writing cannot be read confidently.



The photobooth queen

My sister Lindsay is the photobooth queen.
She always has a collection

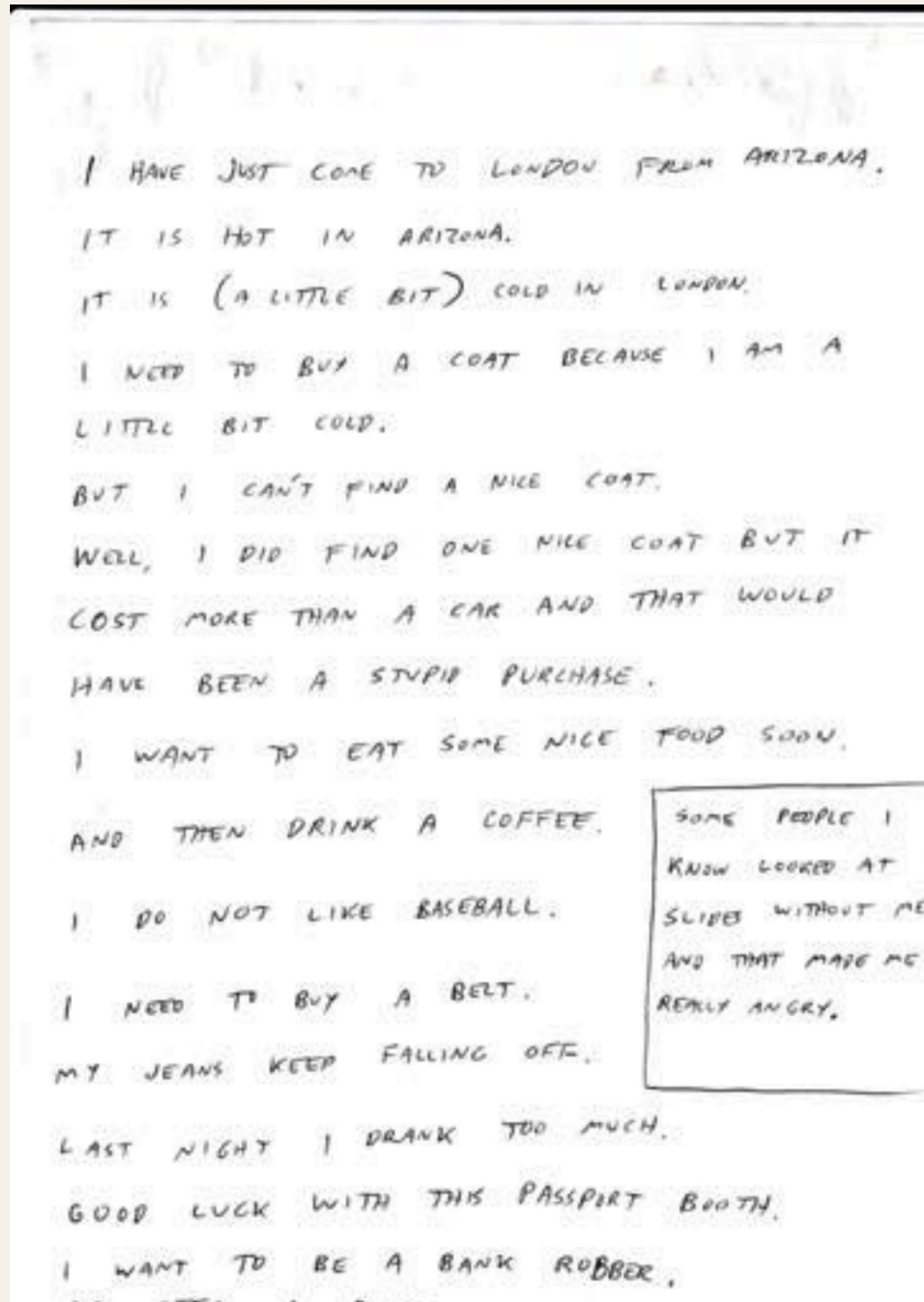


A bag of chips

IAN

I WAS REALLY HUNGRY

I FOUND 50p ON THE FLOOR AND I
FOUND A BAG OF CHIPS
AND NOW I'M NOT HUNGRY.



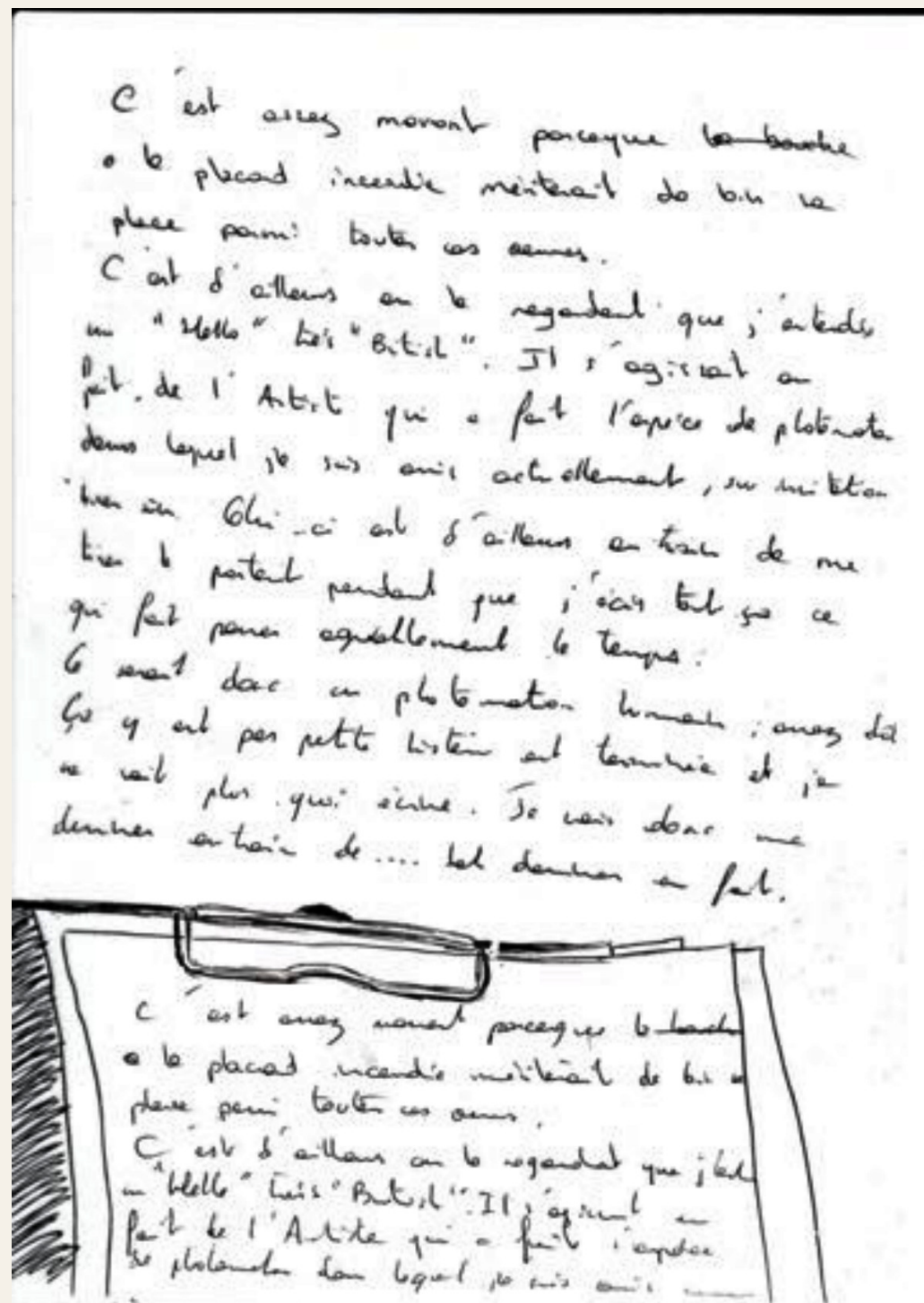
A little bit cold

I HAVE JUST COME TO LONDON FROM ARIZONA.
 IT IS HOT IN ARIZONA.
 IT IS (A LITTLE BIT) COLD IN LONDON.
 I NEED TO BUY A COAT BECAUSE I AM A LITTLE BIT COLD.
 BUT I CAN'T FIND A NICE COAT.
 WELL, I DID FIND ONE NICE COAT BUT IT COST MORE THAN A
 CAR AND THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN A STUPID PURCHASE.
 I WANT TO EAT SOME NICE FOOD SOON,
 AND THEN DRINK A COFFEE.
 I DO NOT LIKE BASEBALL.
 I NEED TO BUY A BELT.
 MY JEANS KEEP FALLING OFF.
 LAST NIGHT I DRANK TOO MUCH.
 GOOD LUCK WITH THIS PASSPORT BOOTH.
 I WANT TO BE A BANK ROBBER.
 [Clipped line]

[Boxed note]

SOME PEOPLE I KNOW LOOKED AT SLIDES WITHOUT ME AND
 THAT MADE ME REALLY ANGRY.

The bottom line is cut off by the scan.



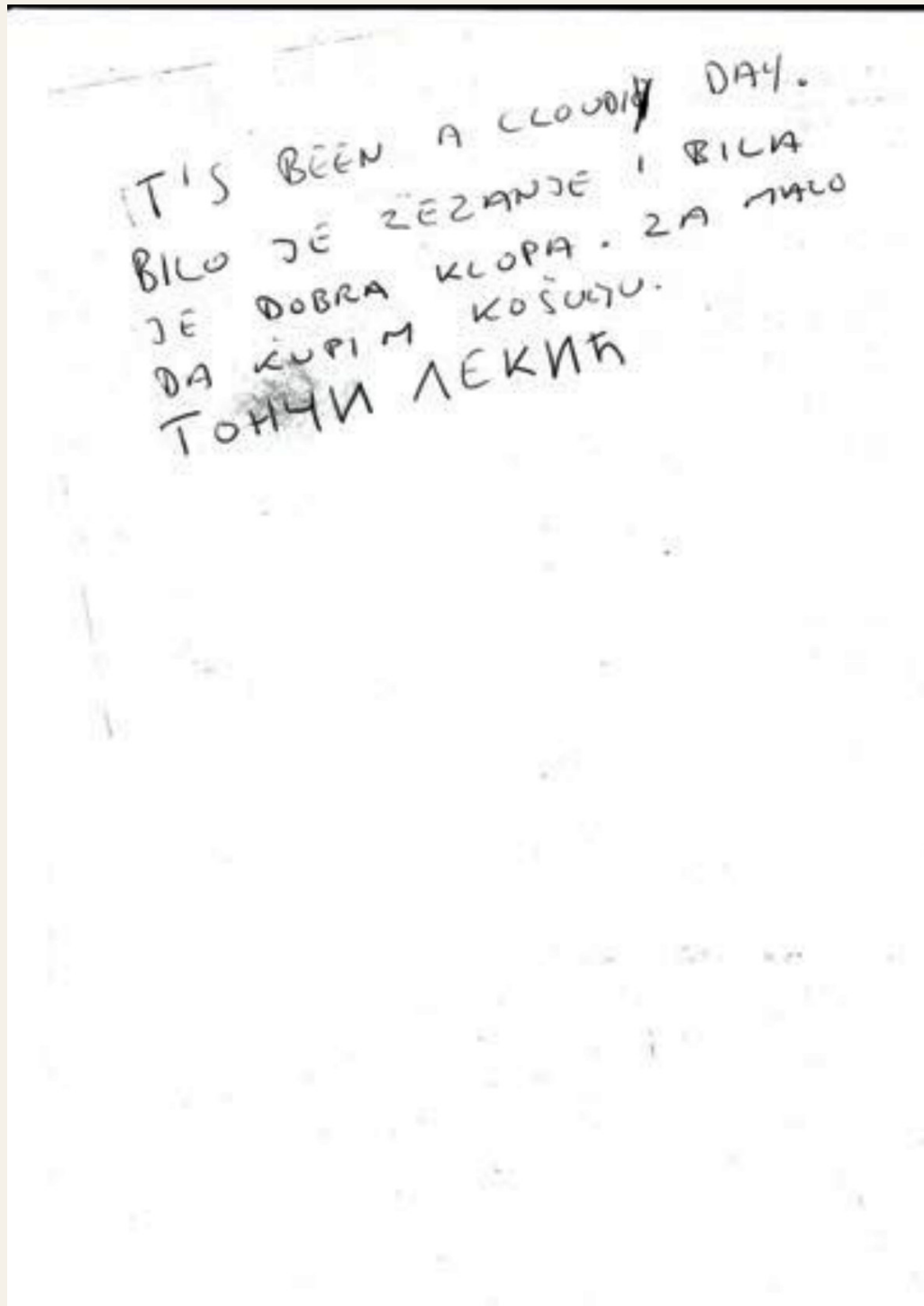
Un photomaton humain

C'est assez marrant parce que le placard incendie méritait [unclear] une place parmi toutes ces œuvres.

C'est d'ailleurs en le regardant que j'entendis un 'Hello' très 'British'. Il s'agissait en fait de l'Artiste qui a fait l'espèce de photomaton dans lequel je suis assis actuellement, sur invitation bien sûr. Celui-ci est d'ailleurs en train de me tirer le portrait pendant que j'écris tout ça ce qui fait passer agréablement le temps.

Ce serait donc un photomaton humain ; assez drôle. Ça y est ma petite histoire est terminée et je ne sais plus quoi écrire. Je vais donc me dessiner en train de... de dessiner en fait.

French, preserved in the original language. The first and final sentences are difficult to decipher and remain uncertain. The drawing below repeats the beginning of the text.



It's been a cloudy day

IT'S BEEN A CLOUDY DAY.

BILO JE ZEZANJE I BILA JE DOBRA
KLOPA. ZA MALO DA KUPIM KOŠULJU.

ТОНЧИ ЛЕКИЋ

English and South Slavic text, with a Cyrillic signature. The signature is uncertain.



A little rhyme for James

Ollie Ollie Ollie
fits in a trolley
bum's in a biscuit tin

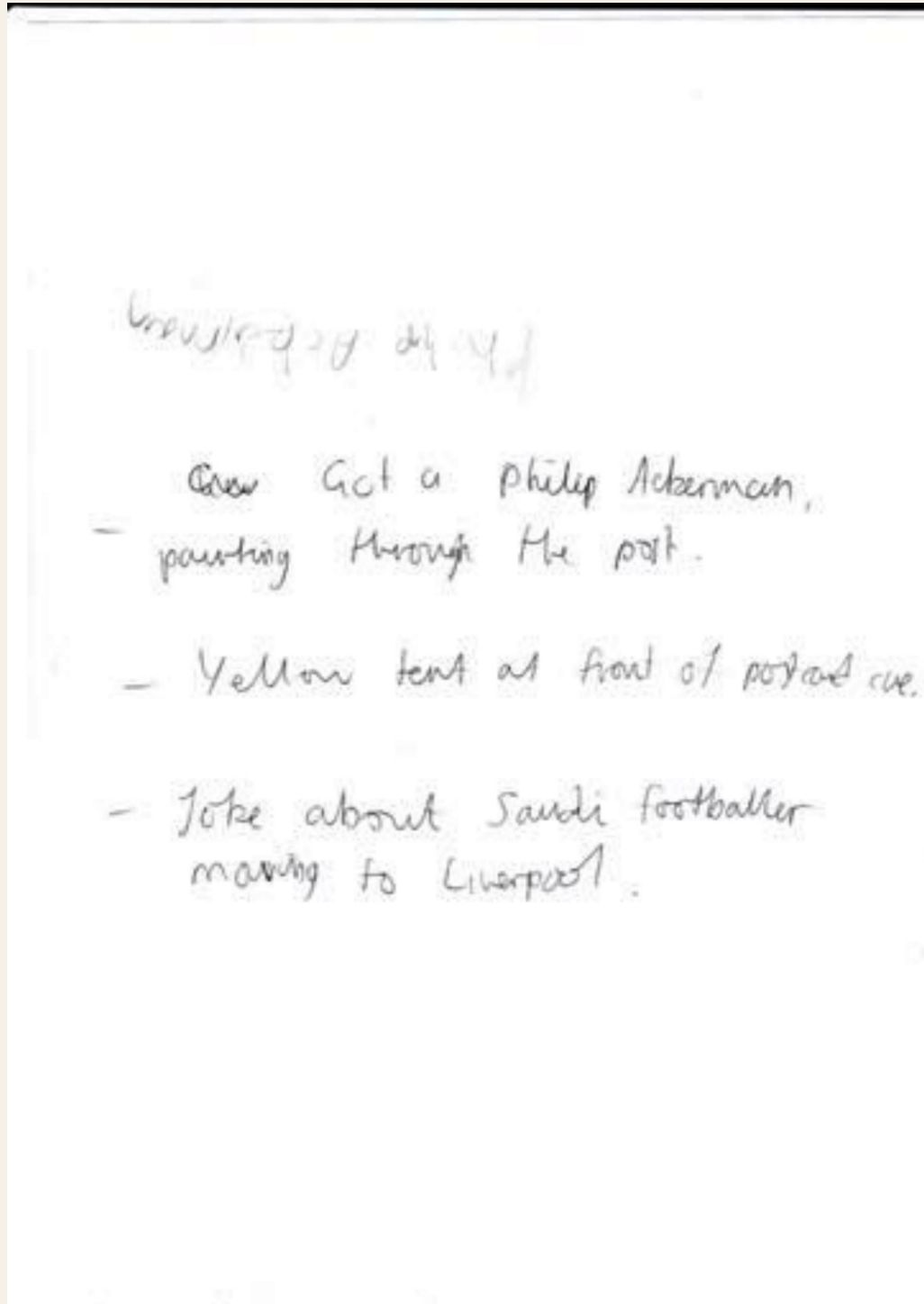
My kitchen floor is covered in rabbit skin glue and my
cupboard doors are hanging and covered in varnish.

I blush at the grouting in my bathroom.

Am going for a coffee shortly with Sarah Dwyer in a
minute - will show her my new neoprene gloves in
great detail. Whilst being drawn I'm waiting to be
collected.

Feel like I'm on the phone -

The name and 'neoprene gloves' are slightly unclear.

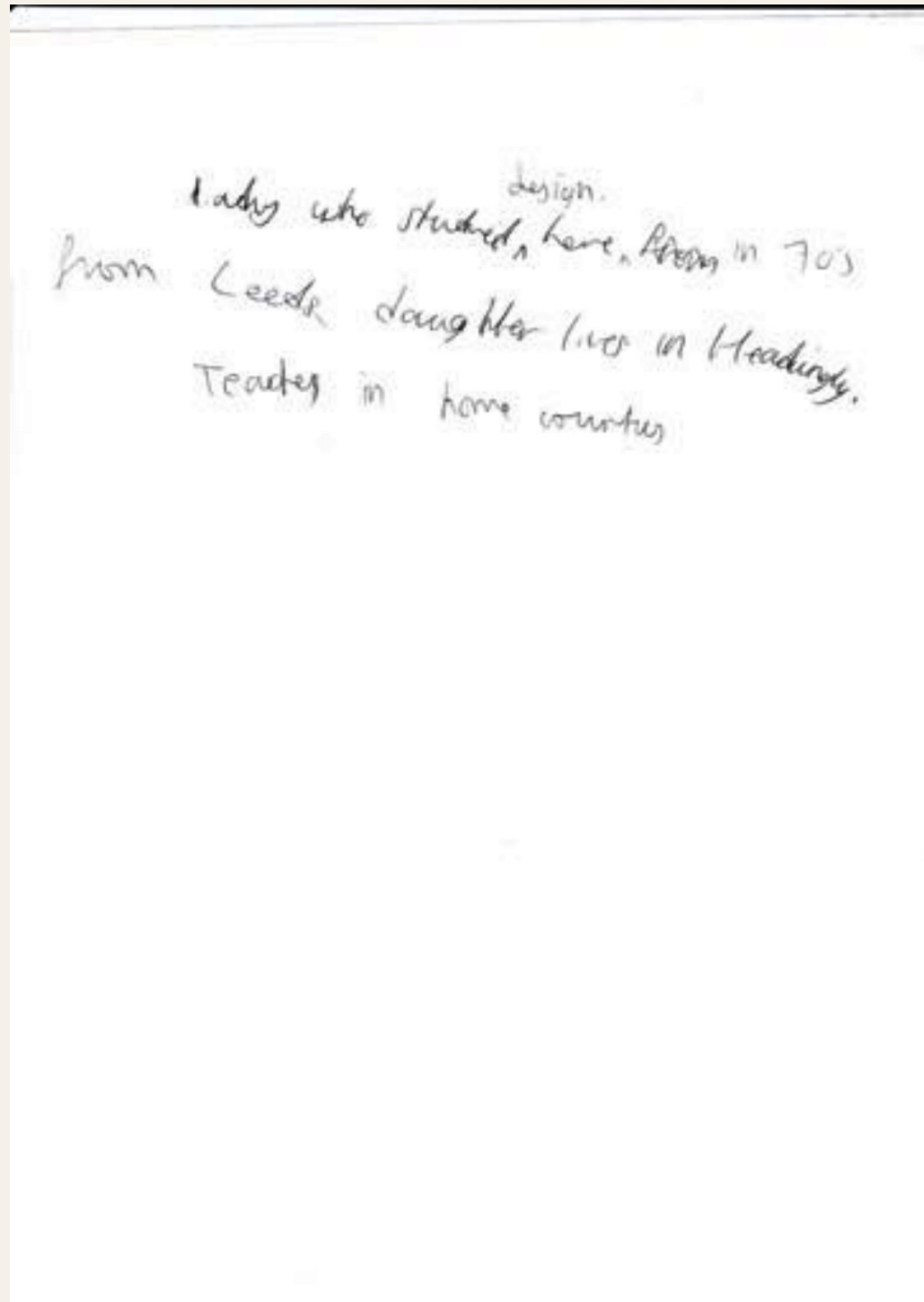


Notes in pencil

Got a Philip Ackerman,

- painting through the post.
- Yellow tent at front of royal ave.
- Joke about Saudi footballer moving to Liverpool.

These are brief, faint notes. The name, 'tent' and location are uncertain; faint inverted writing above is not readable.



A former student

Lady who studied design here in 70s
from Leeds daughter lives in Headingley.
Teaches in home counties

Brief notes rather than a finished story. A crossed-out or unclear word follows 'here'.



TRANSCRIPT

Three lines of notes

Shit happens, jam [unclear]
[Unclear] - [unclear] your bike
[Unclear] children - then being shot at -
[unclear]

These small, faint notes cannot be transcribed confidently. Readings are deliberately left incomplete.



TRANSCRIPT

A fragment in motion

[The scan is distorted. No continuous passage can be transcribed reliably.]

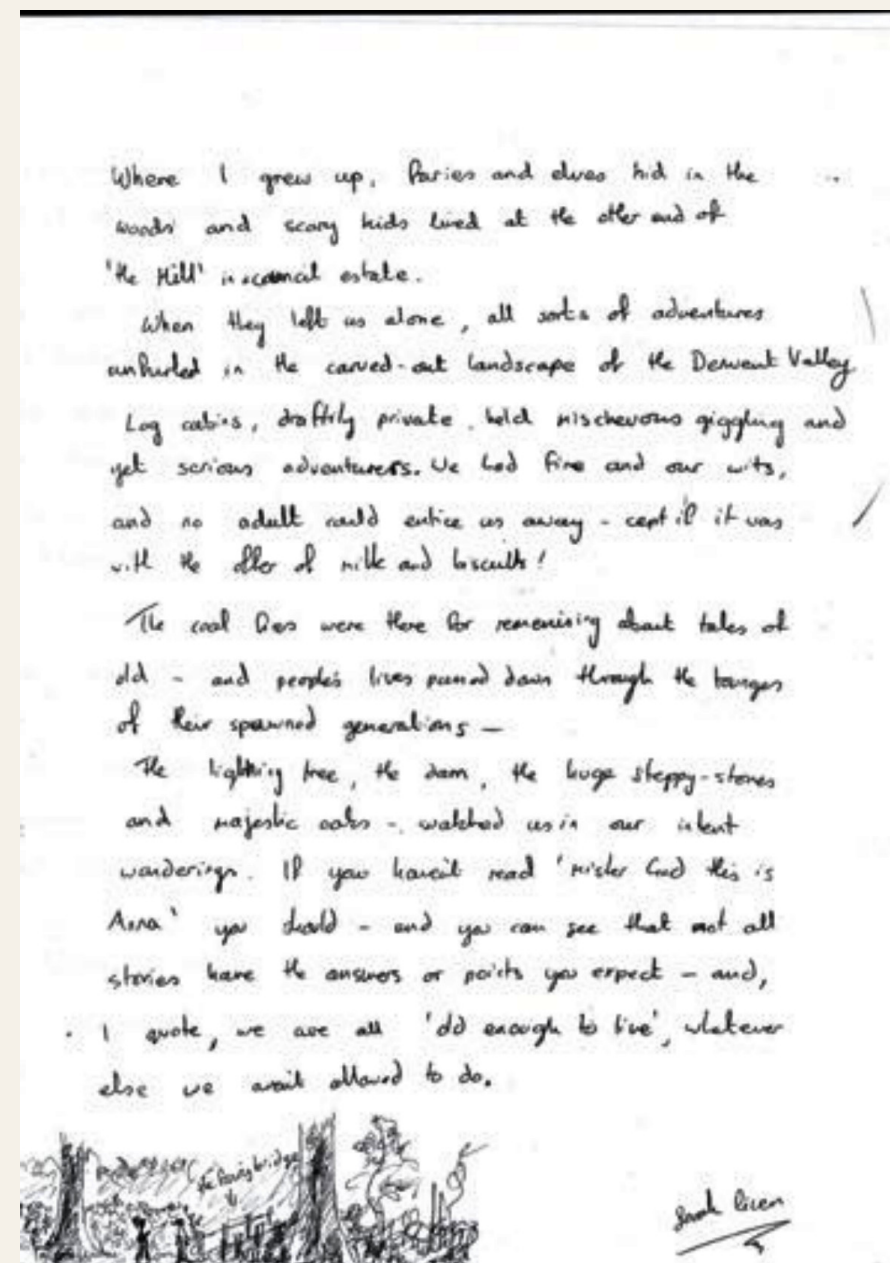
An abstract-looking scan fragment, preserved as part of the archive.

02

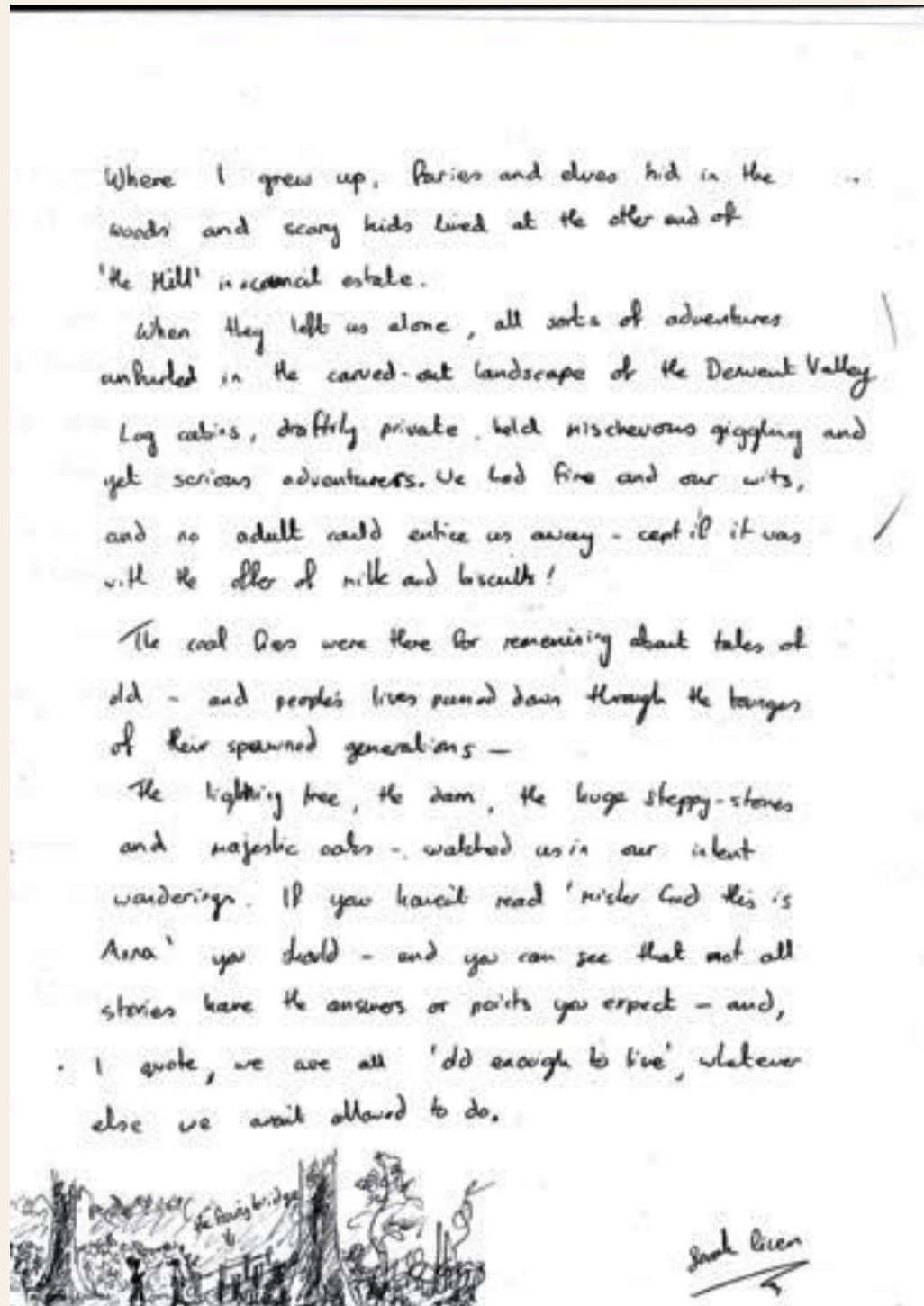
Growing up

The things we remember.
The things that stay with us.

7 CONTRIBUTIONS



FROM ORIGINAL PAGE 75



Where I grew up

Where I grew up, fairies and elves hid in the woods and scary kids lived at the other end of 'the Hill' in a council estate.

When they left us alone, all sorts of adventures unfolded in the carved-out landscape of the Derwent Valley. Log cabins, draftily private, held mischievous giggling and yet serious adventurers. We had fire and our wits, and no adult could entice us away - except if it was with the offer of milk and biscuits!

The coal fires were there for reminiscing about tales of old - and people's lives passed down through the tongues of their spawned generations.

The lightning tree, the dam, the huge steppy-stones and majestic oaks - watched us in our infant wanderings. If you haven't read 'Mister God this is Anna' you should - and you can see that not all stories have the answers or points you expect - and, I quote, we are all 'old enough to love', whatever else we aren't allowed to do.

[Signature unclear]

The source scan is mirrored. It has been turned for reading in this edition.



Seeing clearly

I was probably 3 or 4 years old when I knew that I was short-sighted. It was when I was walking home from school or nursery and I couldn't see my legs/feet.

I kept this hidden - the fact that I couldn't really see very well. Anyway, we were living in Kashmir at the time. Later (the details don't matter much), we moved to Belgium, a town called Ostend. Great fish, beach etc.

The next thing I remember is that I couldn't really see the black board very well. I sat next to my best friend; he was called Davey. I began to copy things that he wrote in his notebook and then doing the answers etc. This wasn't as great as I thought it was

The signature and one word near the end are unclear.

Joshua Zane

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The next thing I remember is that I couldn't really see the black board very well. I sat next to my best friend; he was called Davey. I began to copy things that he wrote in his notebook and then doing the answers etc.

This wasn't as great as I thought it was because my grades slipped and my Mum had to come and meet with the teacher. With hindsight I realise that Davey was probably dyslexic.

It was another teacher called Mrs O'Riordan that referred me to an optician.

The great tragedy was that by this point I had missed [unclear] episodes of Neighbours/Home & Away (Dynasty/Dallas etc etc)... Even now I think that there are vital missing links in my cultural education. Although I am an expert in Obelix & Asterix, Roald Dahl, Enid Blyton and many more.

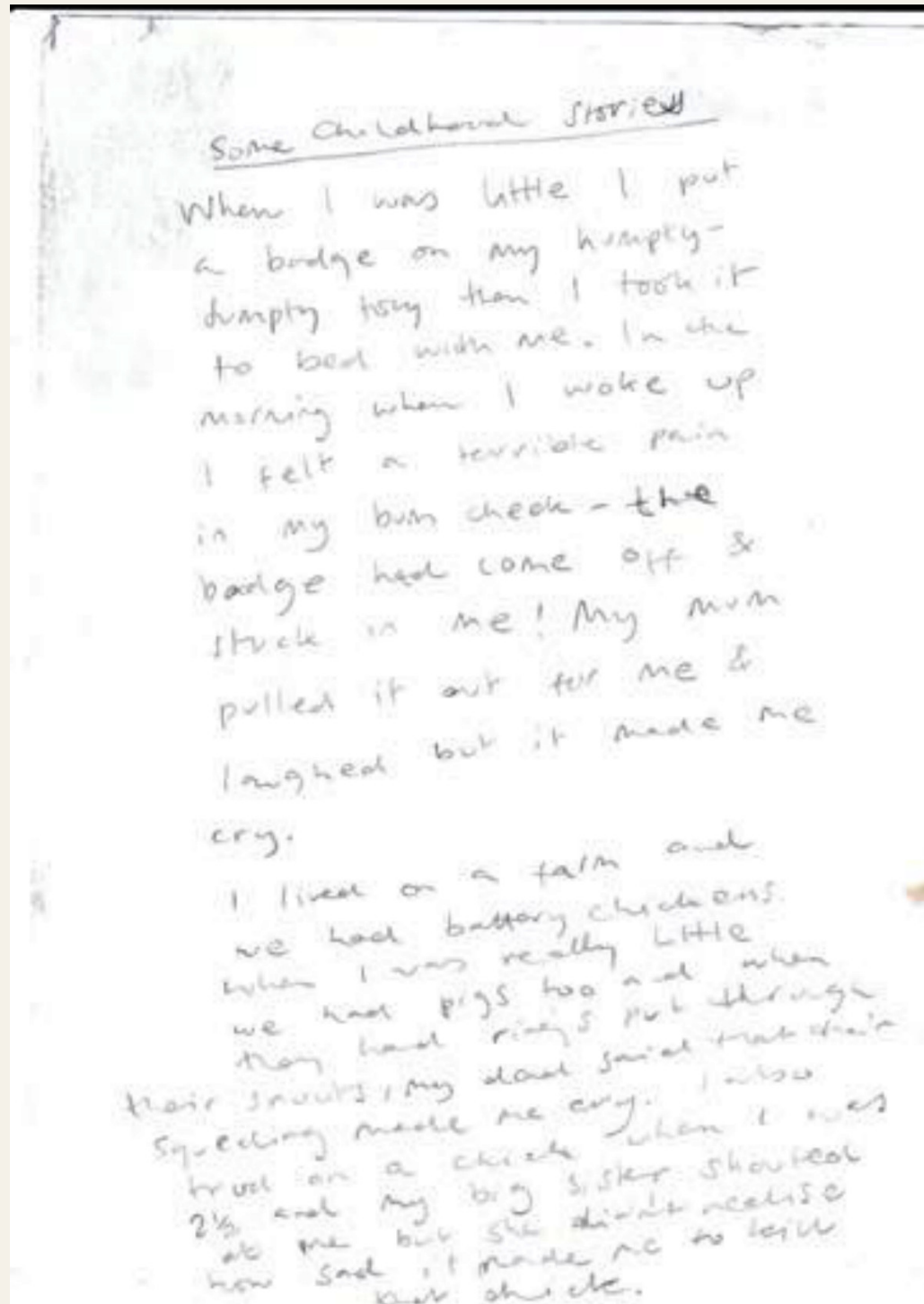
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The signature and one word near the end are unclear.



Some childhood stories

When I was little I put a badge on my humpty-dumpty toy then I took it to bed with me. In the morning when I woke up I felt a terrible pain in my bum cheek - the badge had come off & stuck in me! My mum pulled it out for me & laughed but it made me cry.

I lived on a farm and we had battery chickens. When I was really little we had pigs too and when they had rings put through their snouts, my dad said that their squealing made me cry. I also trod on a chick when I was 2½ and my big sister shouted at me but she didn't realise how sad it made me to have hurt a chick.

The pencil is faint, especially towards the bottom of the page.

I'm going to write like I write letters. I come from a family with a tradition/ not really a tradition but a way maybe of not being able to say what you want to say directly. This means that it takes ages for us to get to the point, which means that people don't really seem to like me when I meet them for the first time or for only a short while. My aunt is my most regular letter writer. She's a pharmacist and writes letters ~~at~~ when the shop is quiet and there's no customers to serve or prescriptions to do. She writes very detailed letters: for example about the last customer that came in and what they were telling her or how her gooseberries seem to be... because she spent the evening before picking them - well anyway - she writes letters from the printer in the pharmacy which means that they're not pages but a really long strip of paper that one time was a metre and a half long or so. Gosh. Well so I should tell a story... now - that I'm thinking about my aunt I think I should tell something from when I was small... when I was really small my dad made a dress from me from his browser hair that he cut off... sorry I'm a bit distracted... ~~One~~ One time (only once) I went to an athletics competition where I represented my school - I went to a really small school where there was only 13 people in my class. In fact it was an Irish language school that a guy that lived down the road from us set up - he went to all the neighbours and little kids and asked them if they would send them to this new school so my parents said yes and when I started school it was in a hurling club - in the dublin like so, in the mornings when we used to go in there would sometimes be cigarette butts floating in the

The way I write letters

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Pages reunited in reading order: 27, 59. Crossed-out closing lines are not repeated.

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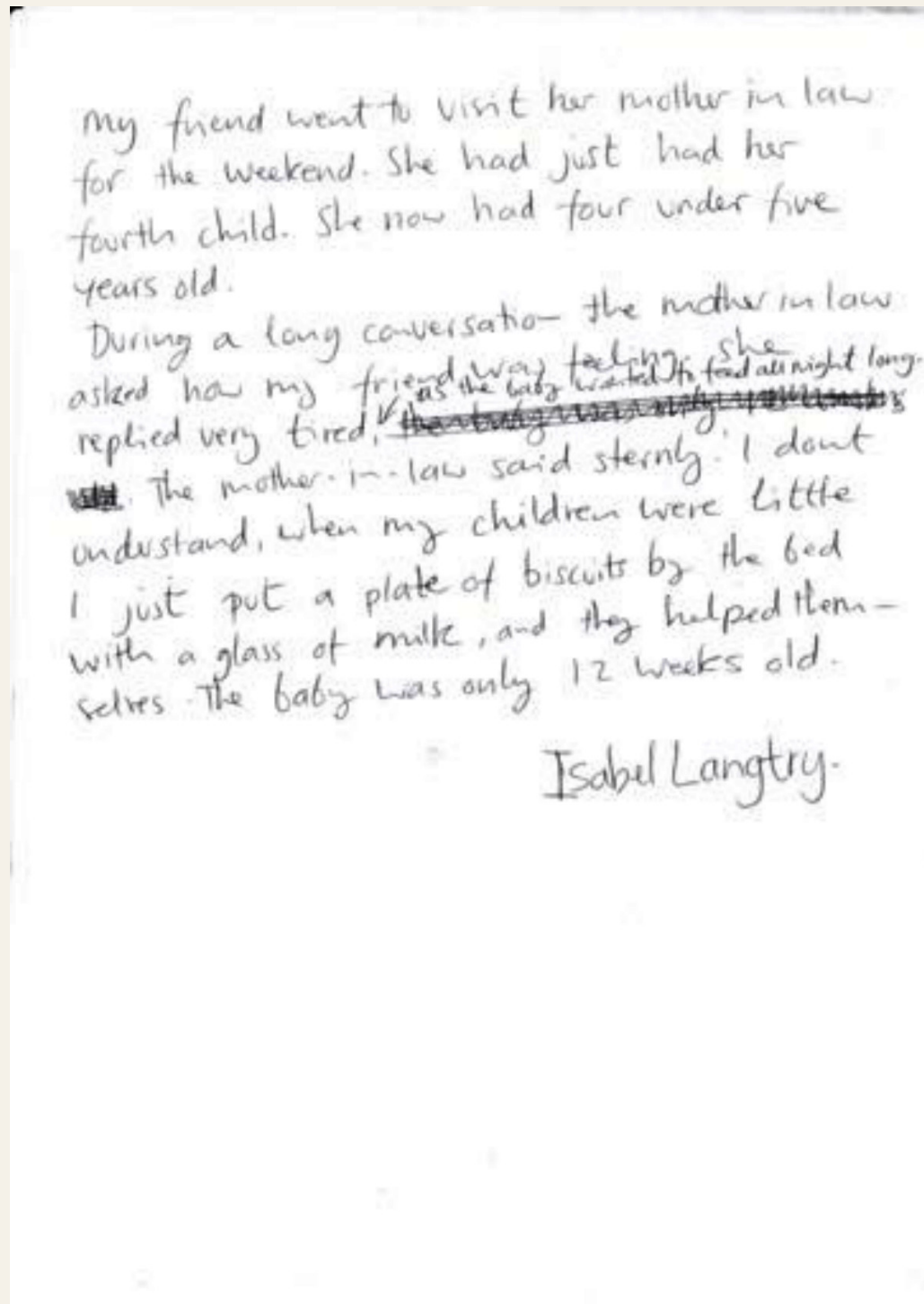
Pages reunited in reading order: 27, 59. Crossed-out closing lines are not repeated.



The way I write letters

the toilet because they would have discos in the clubhouse the night before, and sometimes our posters would fall from the walls and get ruined from being walked on and one time when we went in our goldfish was dead.

Pages reunited in reading order: 27, 59. Crossed-out closing lines are not repeated.



Biscuits by the bed

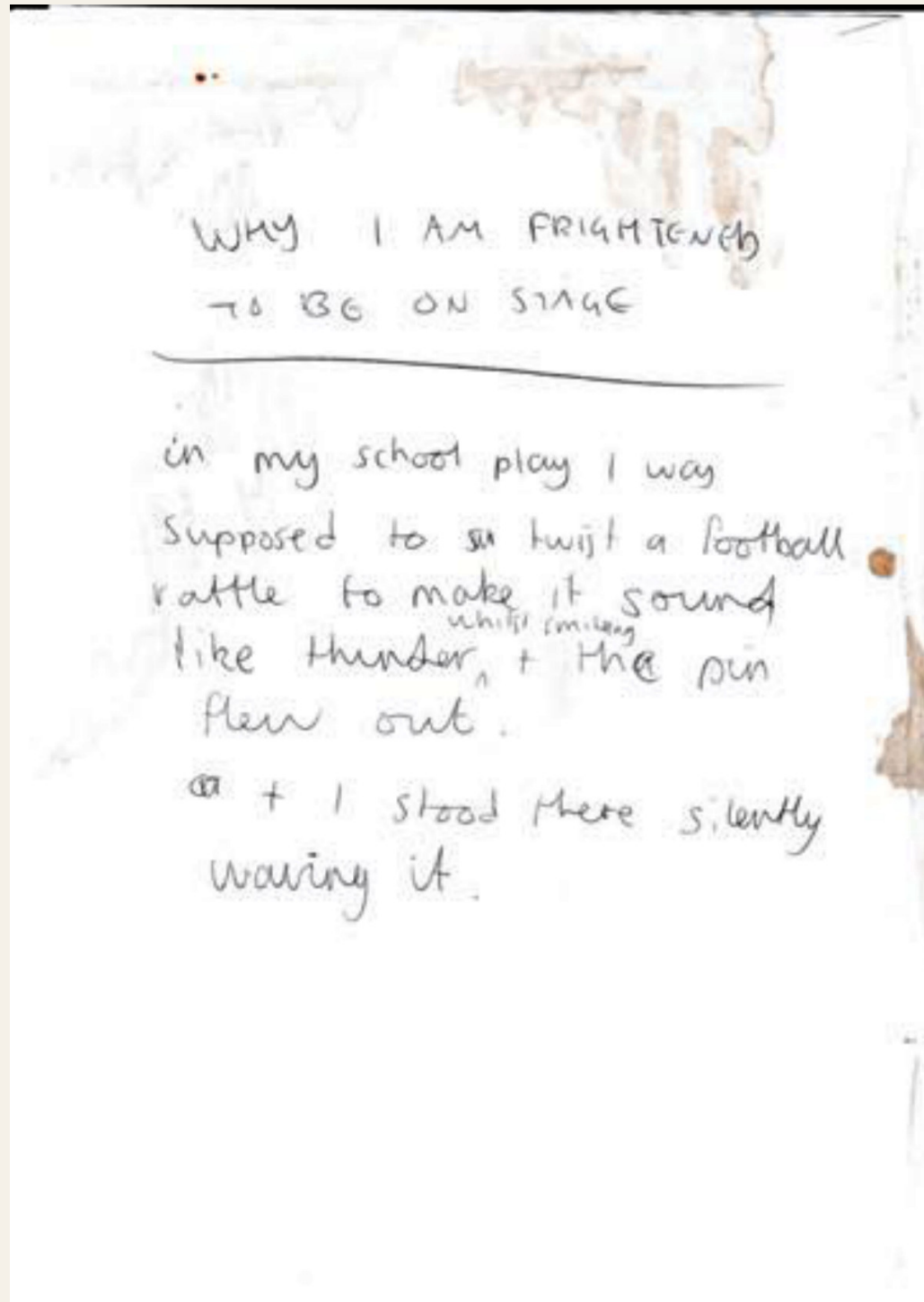
My friend went to visit her mother in law for the weekend. She had just had her fourth child. She now had four under five years old.

During a long conversation the mother in law asked how my friend was feeling. She replied very tired as the baby wanted to feed all night long.

The mother-in-law said sternly 'I don't understand, when my children were little I just put a plate of biscuits by the bed with a glass of milk, and they helped themselves'.

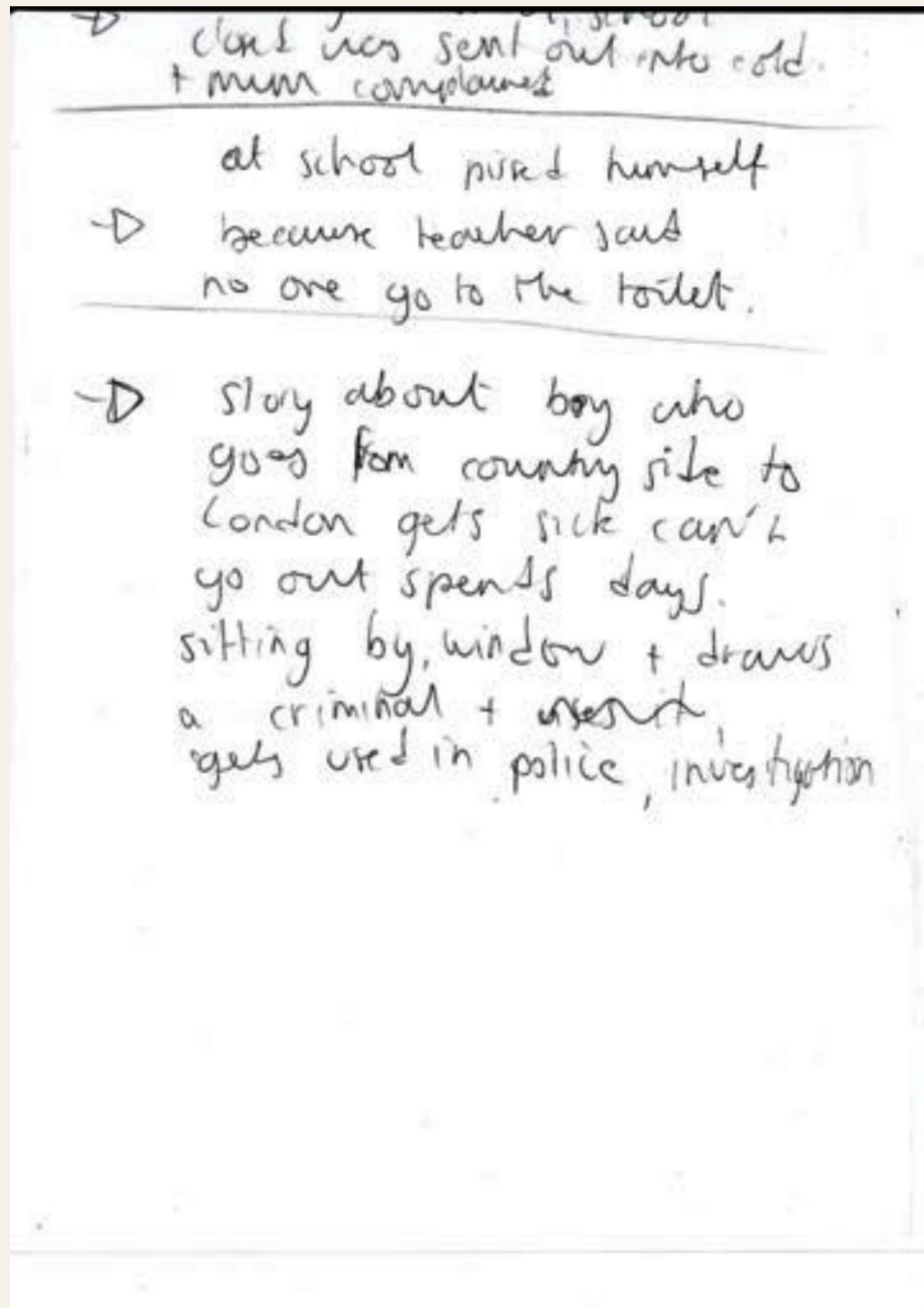
The baby was only 12 weeks old.

Isabel Langtry.



Why I am frightened to be on stage

In my school play I was supposed to twist a football rattle to make it sound like thunder, while smiling, & the pin flew out. & I stood there silently waving it.



Story notes

[Clipped opening] school
Clive was sent out into cold.
& mum complained

At school pissed himself
because teacher said
no one go to the toilet.

Story about boy who goes from country side to
London gets sick can't go out spends days sitting by
window & draws a criminal & [crossed-out word] gets
used in police investigation

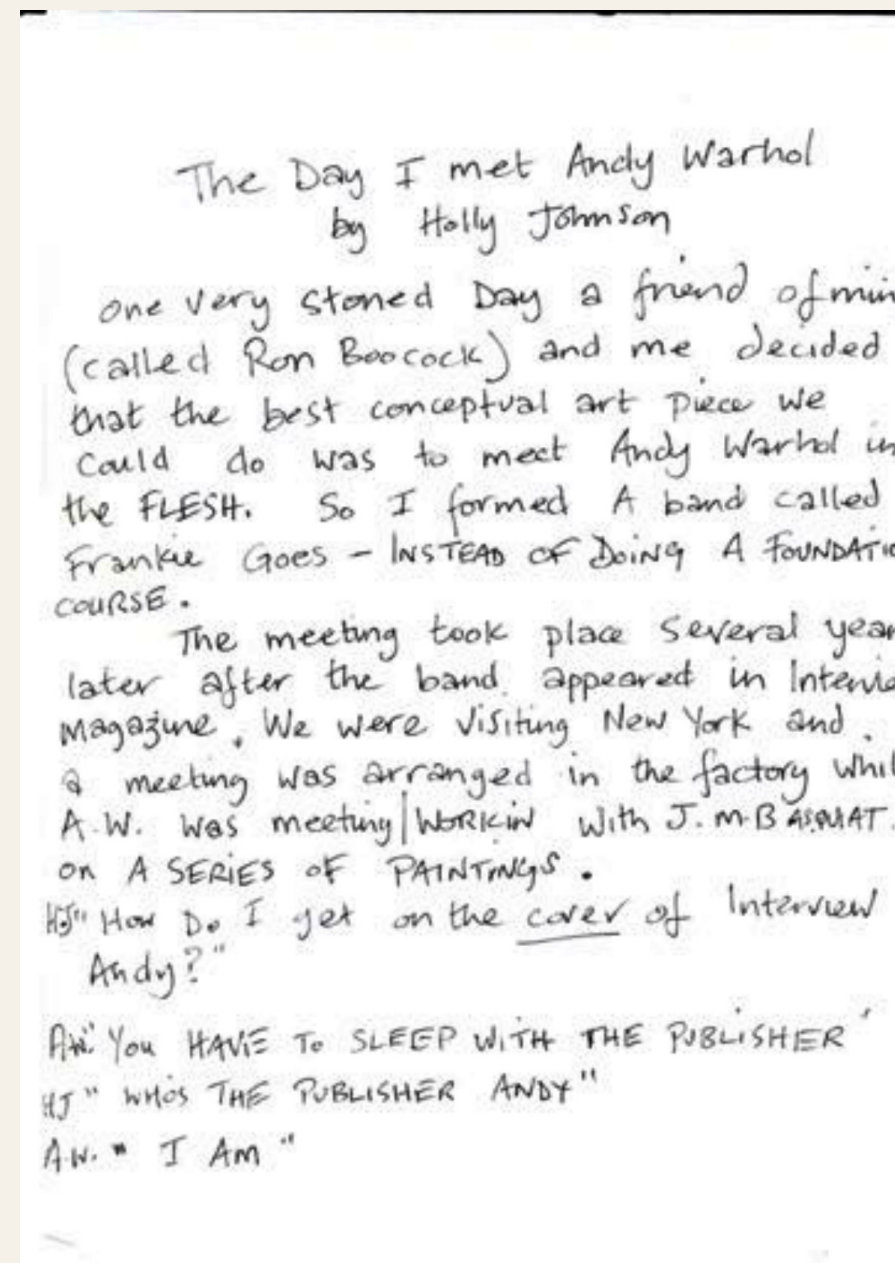
Brief notes rather than a finished contribution. The top edge is cropped; the name is uncertain.

03

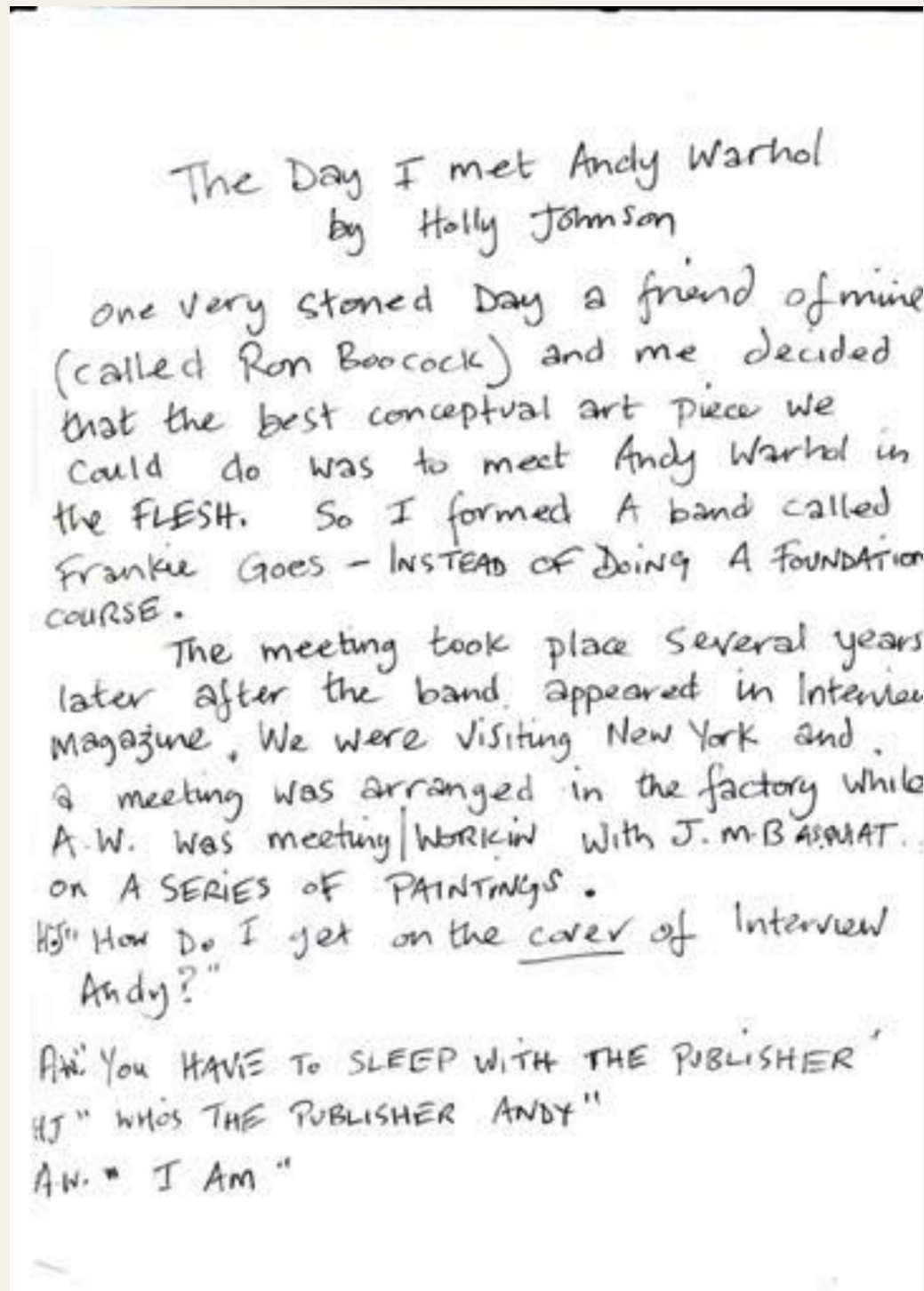
Art & artists

Pictures, painters, private views
and the lives around them.

13 CONTRIBUTIONS



FROM ORIGINAL PAGE 115



The Day I met Andy Warhol

By Holly Johnson

One very stoned day a friend of mine (called Ron Beecock) and me decided that the best conceptual art piece we could do was to meet Andy Warhol in the FLESH. So I formed a band called Frankie Goes - INSTEAD OF DOING A FOUNDATION COURSE.

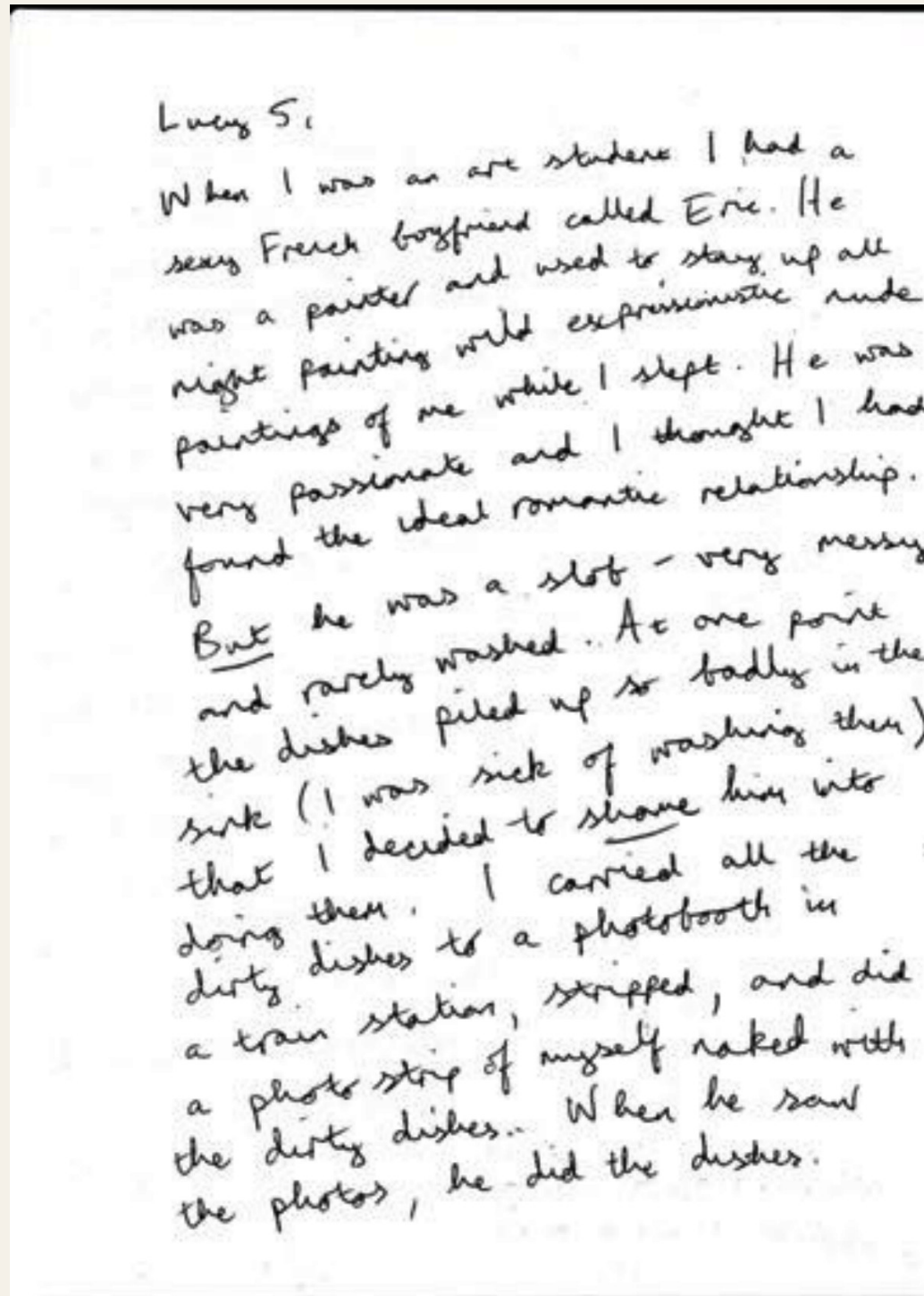
The meeting took place several years later after the band appeared in Interview magazine. We were visiting New York and a meeting was arranged in the factory while A.W. was meeting/working with J.M. Basquiat on a series of paintings.

HJ: 'How do I get on the cover of Interview Andy?'

AW: 'You HAVE TO SLEEP WITH THE PUBLISHER'

HJ: 'Who's the publisher Andy'

AW: 'I AM'



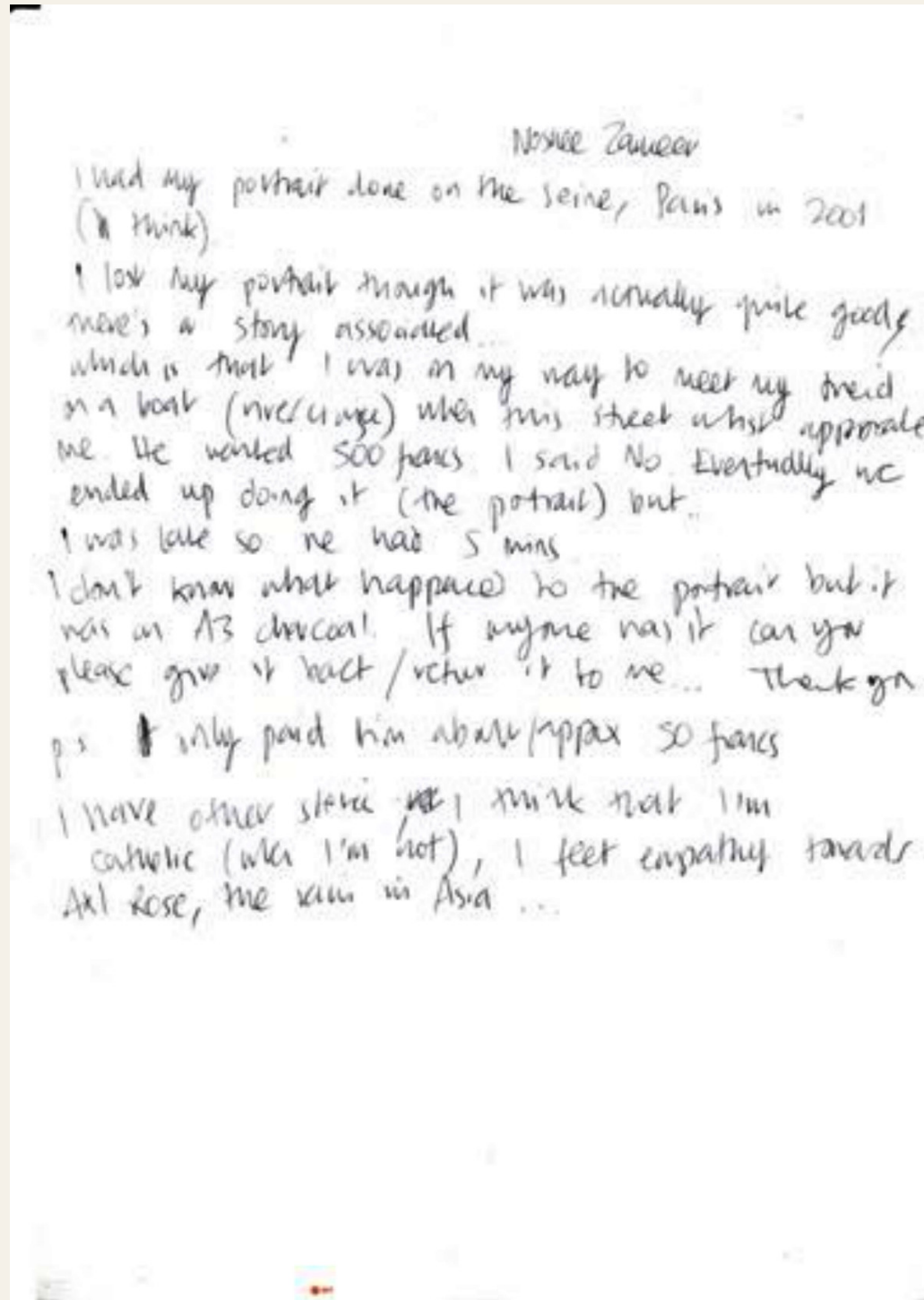
The dirty dishes

Lucy S.

When I was an art student I had a sexy French boyfriend called Eric. He was a painter and used to stay up all night painting wild expressionistic nude paintings of me while I slept. He was very passionate and I thought I had found the ideal romantic relationship.

But he was a slob - very messy and rarely washed. At one point the dishes piled up so badly in the sink (I was sick of washing them) that I decided to shame him into doing them. I carried all the dirty dishes to a photobooth in a train station, stripped, and did a photo strip of myself naked with the dirty dishes...

When he saw the photos, he did the dishes.



A portrait on the Seine

I had my portrait done on the Seine, Paris in 2001 (I think). I lost my portrait though it was actually quite good.

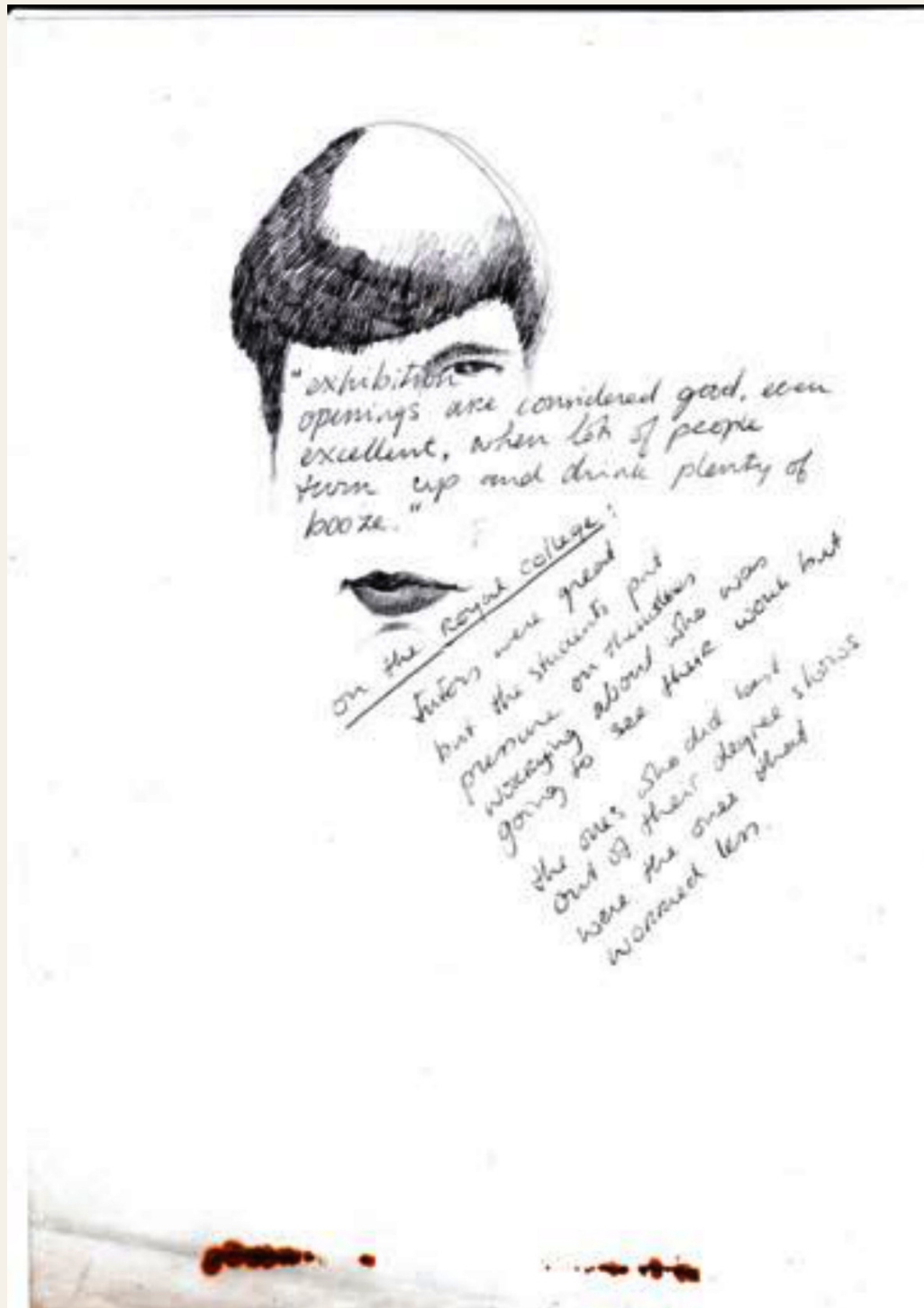
There's a story associated... which is that I was on my way to meet my friend in a boat (nice guy) when this street artist approached me. He wanted 500 francs. I said NO. Eventually we ended up doing it (the portrait) but... I was late so he had 5 mins.

I don't know what happened to the portrait but it was an A3 charcoal. If anyone has it can you please give it back/return it to me... Thank you.

p.s. I only paid him about/approx 50 francs.

I have other stories [crossed-out word] think that I'm cathartic (well I'm not), I feel empathy towards Axl Rose, the [unclear] in Asia.

The signature and part of the closing remark are unclear.



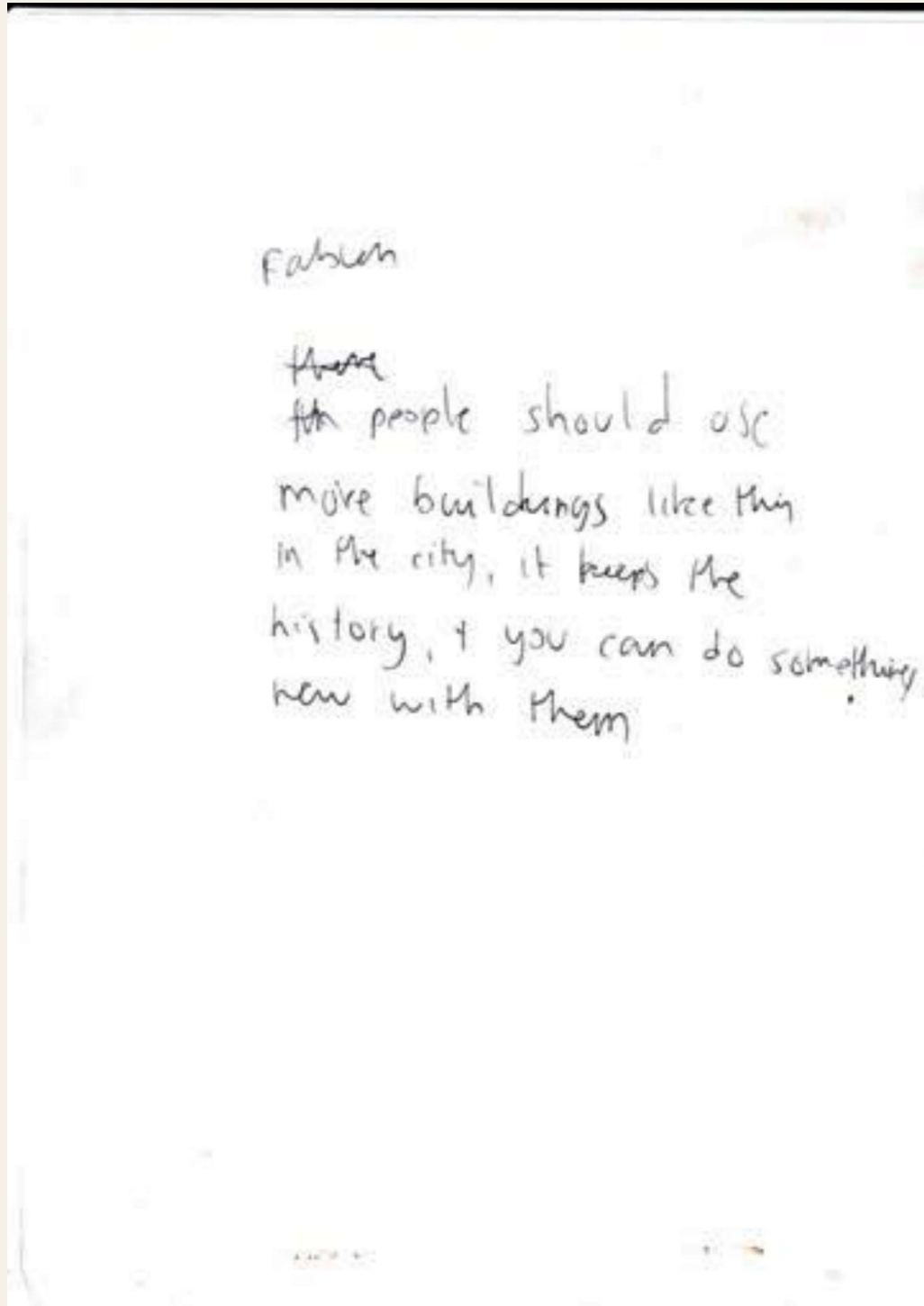
On the Royal College

"Exhibition openings are considered good, even excellent, when lots of people turn up and drink plenty of booze."

On the Royal College

The tutors were good but the students put pressure on themselves worrying about who was going to see their work, but the ones who did best out of their degree shows were the ones that worked less.

The final phrase appears to read 'worked less'.

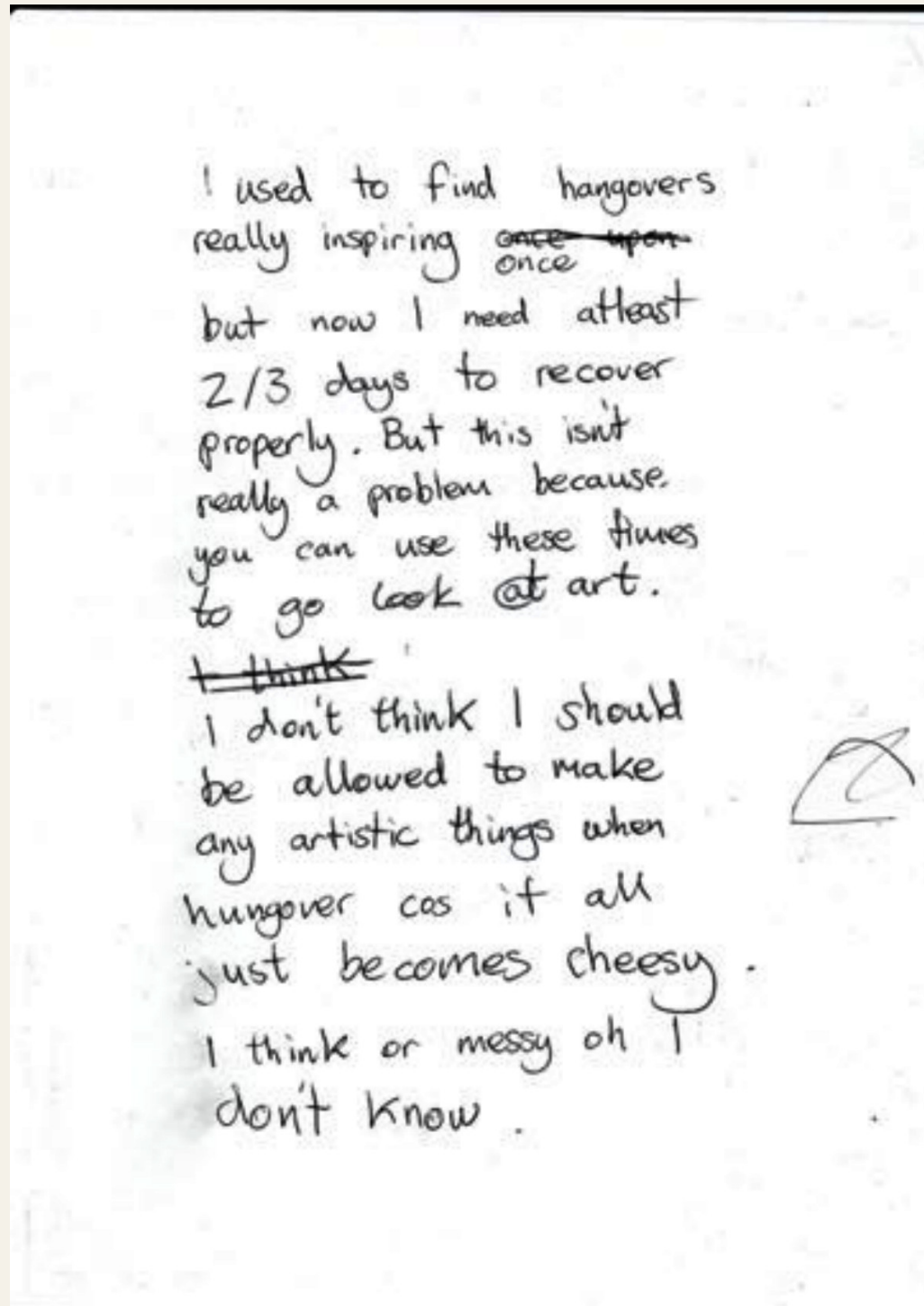


Keep the history

Fabien

People should use more buildings like this in the city, it keeps the history, & you can do something new with them.

The name appears to read Fabien. Crossed-out opening words are not repeated.

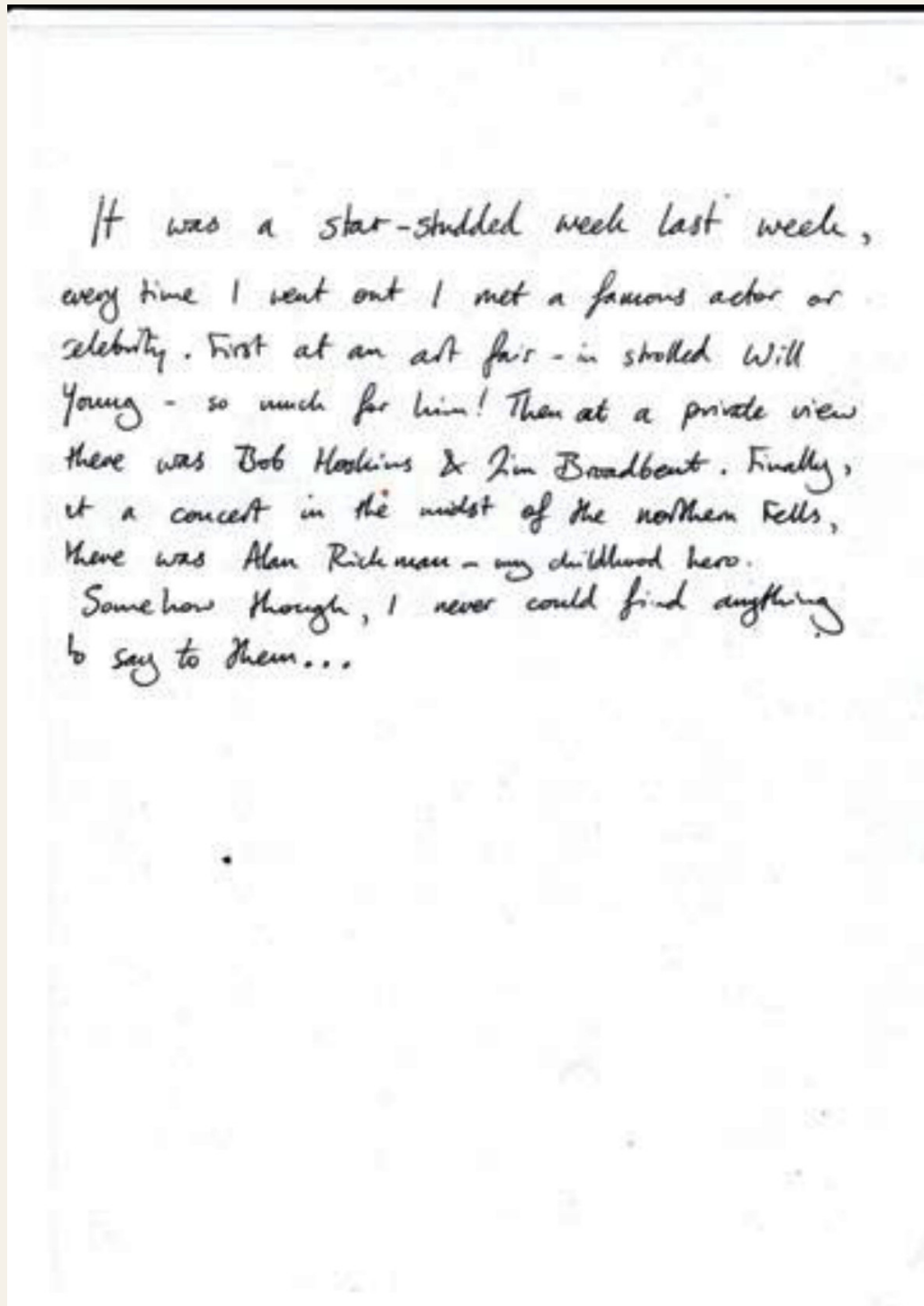


Hangovers and art

I used to find hangovers really inspiring once but now I need atleast 2/3 days to recover properly. But this isn't really a problem because you can use these times to go look @ art.

I don't think I should be allowed to make any artistic things when hungover cos it all just becomes cheesy.

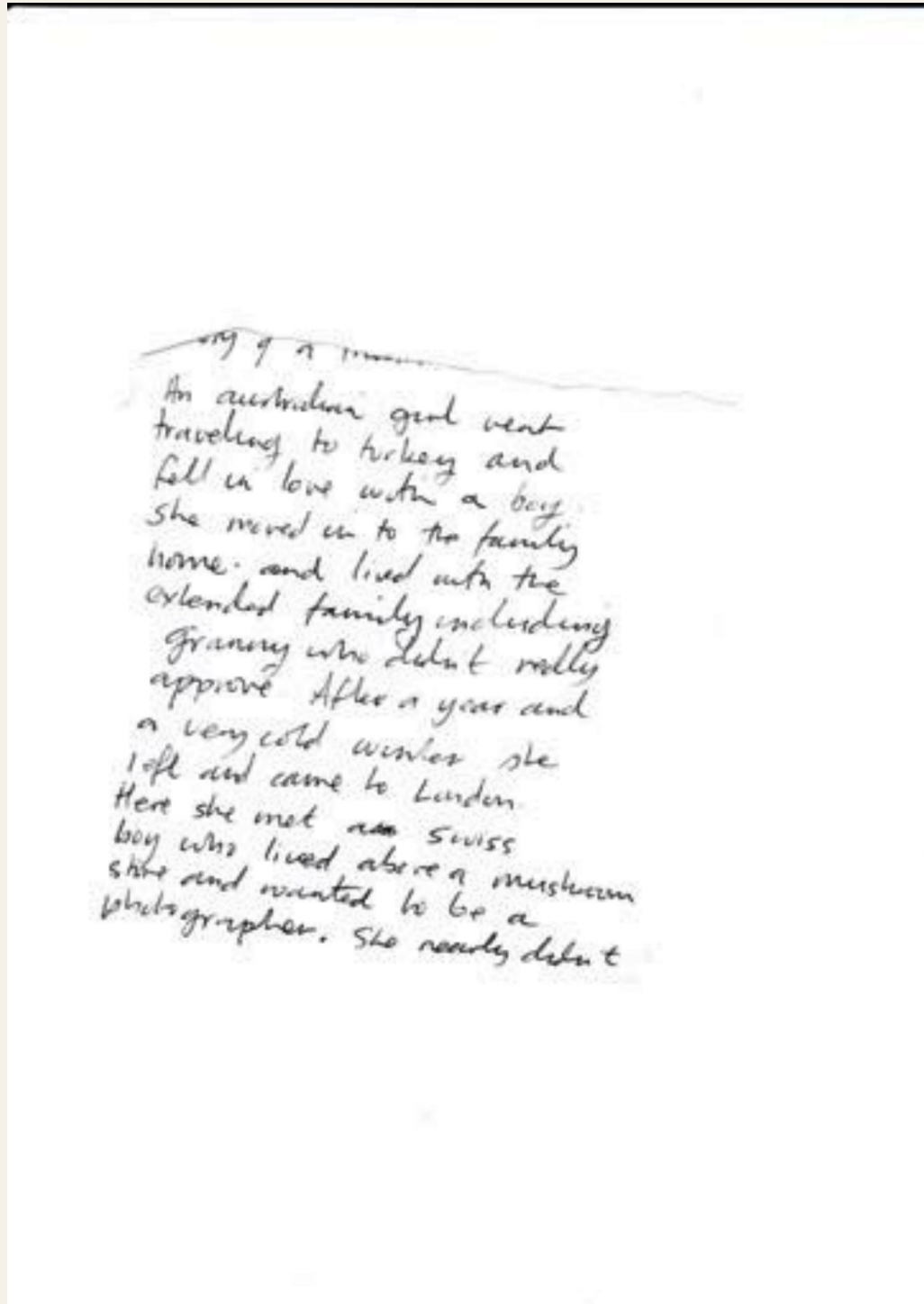
I think or messy oh I don't know.



A star-studded week

It was a star-studded week last week, every time I went out I met a famous actor or celebrity. First at an art fair - I strolled Will Young - so much for him! Then at a private view there was Bob Hoskins & Jim Broadbent. Finally, at a concert in the midst of the northern Fells, there was Alan Rickman - my childhood hero.

Somehow though, I never could find anything to say to them...

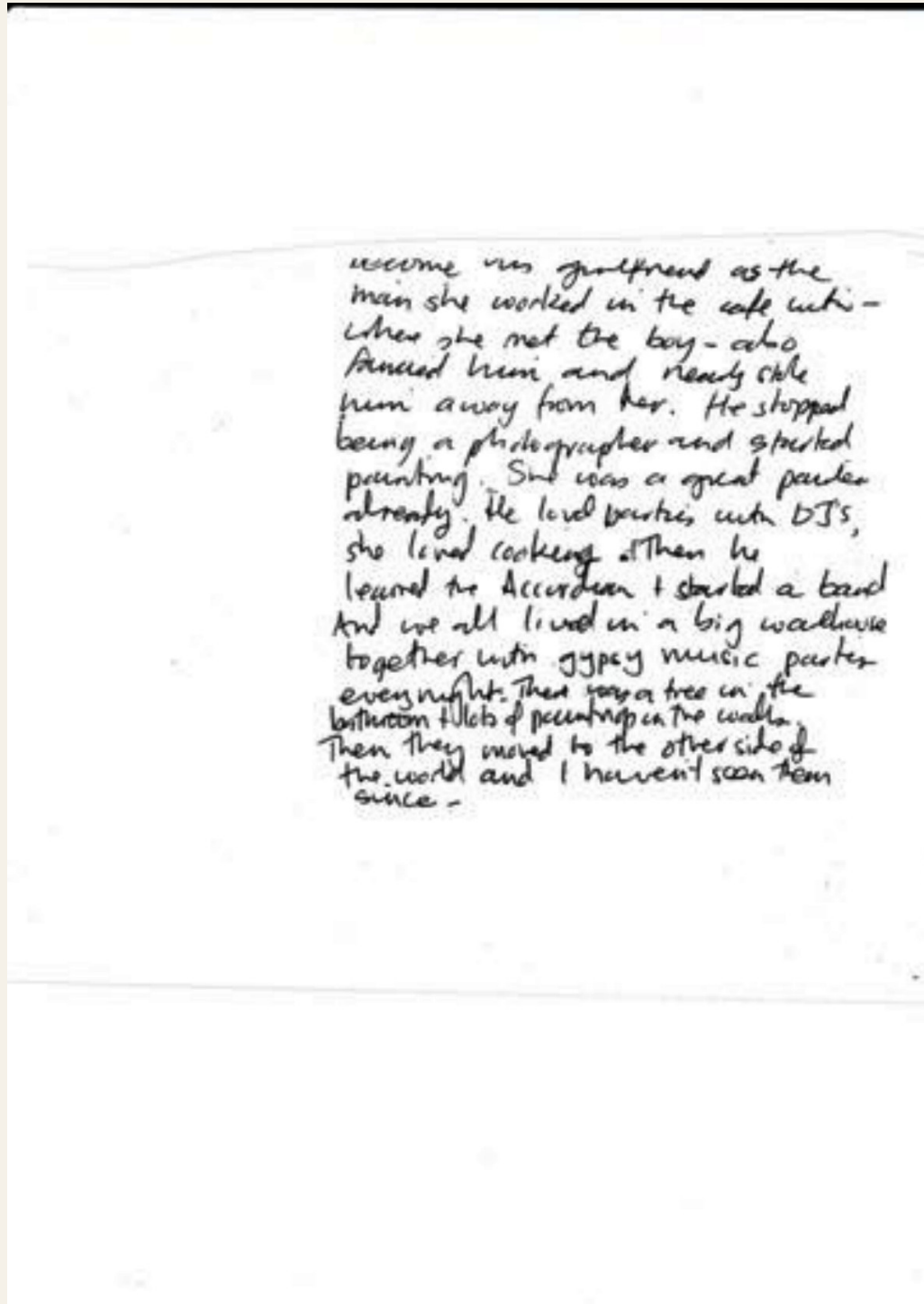


A warehouse full of music

An Australian girl went travelling to Turkey and fell in love with a boy. She moved in to the family home, and lived with the extended family including granny who didn't really approve. After a year and a very cold winter she left and came to London.

Here she met a Swiss boy who lived above a mushroom shop and wanted to be a photographer. She nearly didn't

Pages reunited in reading order: 99, 28. The writer's grammar is retained.



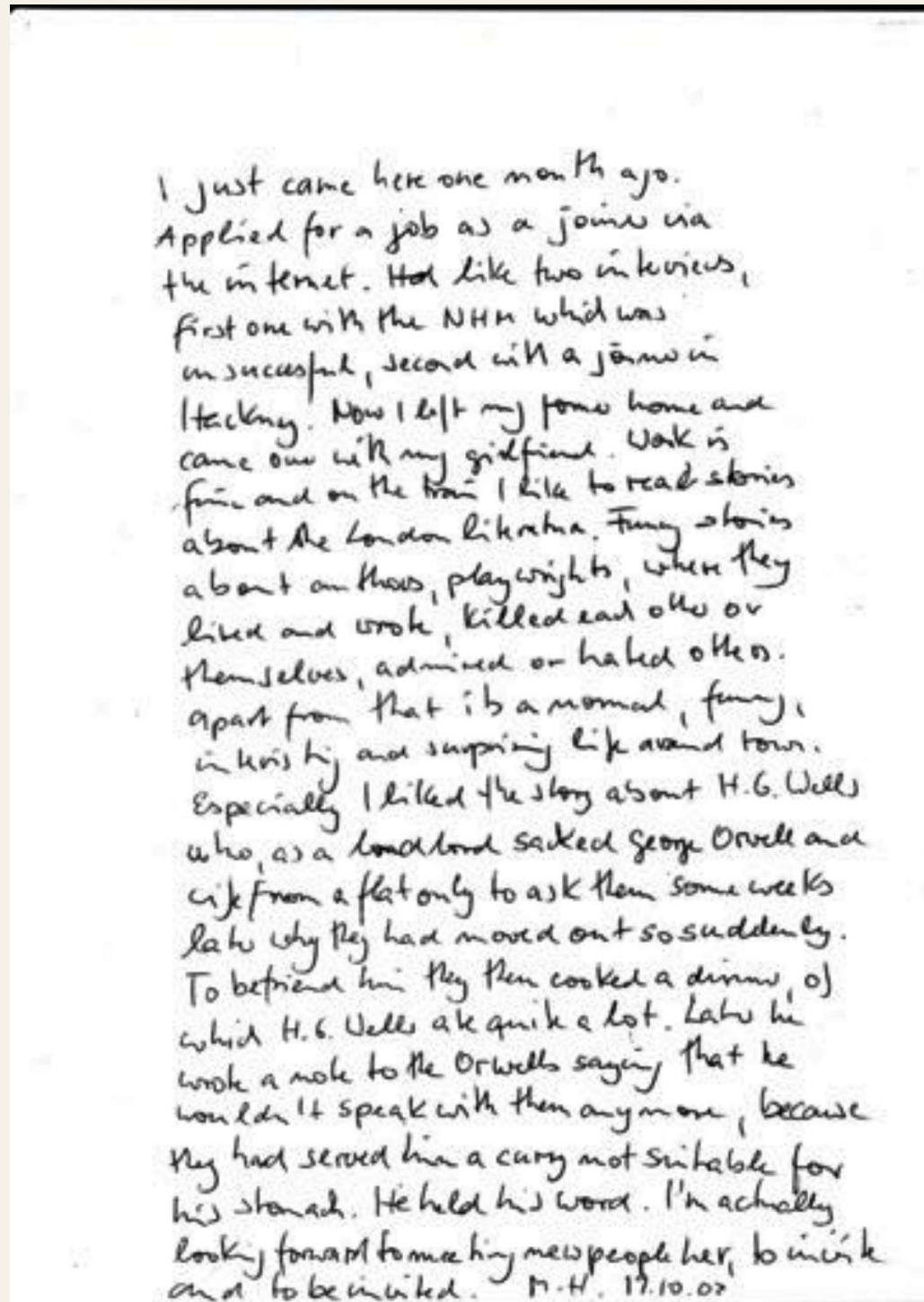
A warehouse full of music

became his girlfriend as the man she worked in the cafe with - when she met the boy - also fancied him and nearly stole him away from her.

He stopped being a photographer and started painting. She was a great painter already. He loved parties with DJ's; she loved cooking & then he learned the Accordion & started a band.

And we all lived in a big warehouse together with gypsy music parties every night. There was a tree in the bathroom & lots of paintings on the walls. Then they moved to the other side of the world and I haven't seen them since.

Pages reunited in reading order: 99, 28. The writer's grammar is retained.



I just came here one month ago.
 Applied for a job as a joiner via
 the internet. Had like two interviews,
 first one with the NHM which was
 unsuccessful, second with a joiner in
 Hackney. Now I left my former home and
 came over with my girlfriend. Work is
 fine and on the train I like to read stories
 about the London literature. Funny stories
 about authors, playwrights, where they
 lived and wrote, killed each other or
 themselves, admired or hated others.
 Apart from that it's a normal, funny,
 interesting and surprising life around town.
 Especially I liked the story about H.G. Wells
 who, as a landlord sacked George Orwell and
 wife from a flat only to ask them some weeks
 later why they had moved out so suddenly.
 To befriend him they then cooked a dinner, of
 which H.G. Wells ate quite a lot. Later he
 wrote a note to the Orwells saying that he
 wouldn't speak with them anymore, because
 they had served him a curry not suitable for
 his stomach. He held his word. I'm actually
 looking forward to meeting new people here, to invite
 and to be invited. M.H. 19.10.03

A month in London

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"Human beings cannot stand very much reality
 — T.S. Eliot — not me, said that. Compare &
 contrast? Discuss. Saw a play yesterday,
 "The Lieutenant of Inishmore" — horrendously
 violent — like Tarantino meets Peckinpah, but
 on the stage!! Is there a reason for such
 brutality in our times? Blood + dismembered
 corpses all over the stage.

Why am I writing this??
 Very odd to be sat in a booth, being
 sketched, while trying to write.

Anyway, in the play what I saw
 there's a mad psychopath Irishman who's
 torturing this guy, hanging by chains upside
 down. The psychopath loves his cat, crazily
 so. His father, & a boy, find the cat
 dead in the road. Darent tell the psychop
 man they do, he goes crazy & comes to
 kill them. (They've disguised a ginger
 cat as his black cat & he obviously
 sees this — as they're covered in black boot
 polish, as is the pretend-black cat.) 3 guys
 in the terrorist group have killed the cat
 to lure him back — so they can kill hi
 (psychopath) for starting his own "splinter
 group". But all goes wrong. He kills
 them — but also kills the "pretend
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 is killed by his girlfriend as it was

The black cat

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3 guys in the terrorist group have killed the cat to lure him back so they can kill him (psychopath) for starting his 'own' splinter group. But all goes wrong. He kills them - but also kills the 'pretend' boot-polish cat in fury. Then he himself is killed by his girlfriend as it was

A contributor's account of a play, preserved as written. Some right-edge word endings on the first page are supplied where clear.

Her cat he killed!! Revenge.
 More revenge. Bloodshed. The
 bodies are sawn up on stage. The
 girlfriend goes off to continue the
 terrorist violence with her own new
 splinter group...
 The boy, & the psychopath's
 father, survive.
 Then —
 a black cat comes in.
 Silence.
 The cat is the one they
 thought was dead. Not dead after
 all!
 So all the violence was about
 nothing. Terrorism. Madness.
 Sign of our times.
 Olé
 James

The black cat

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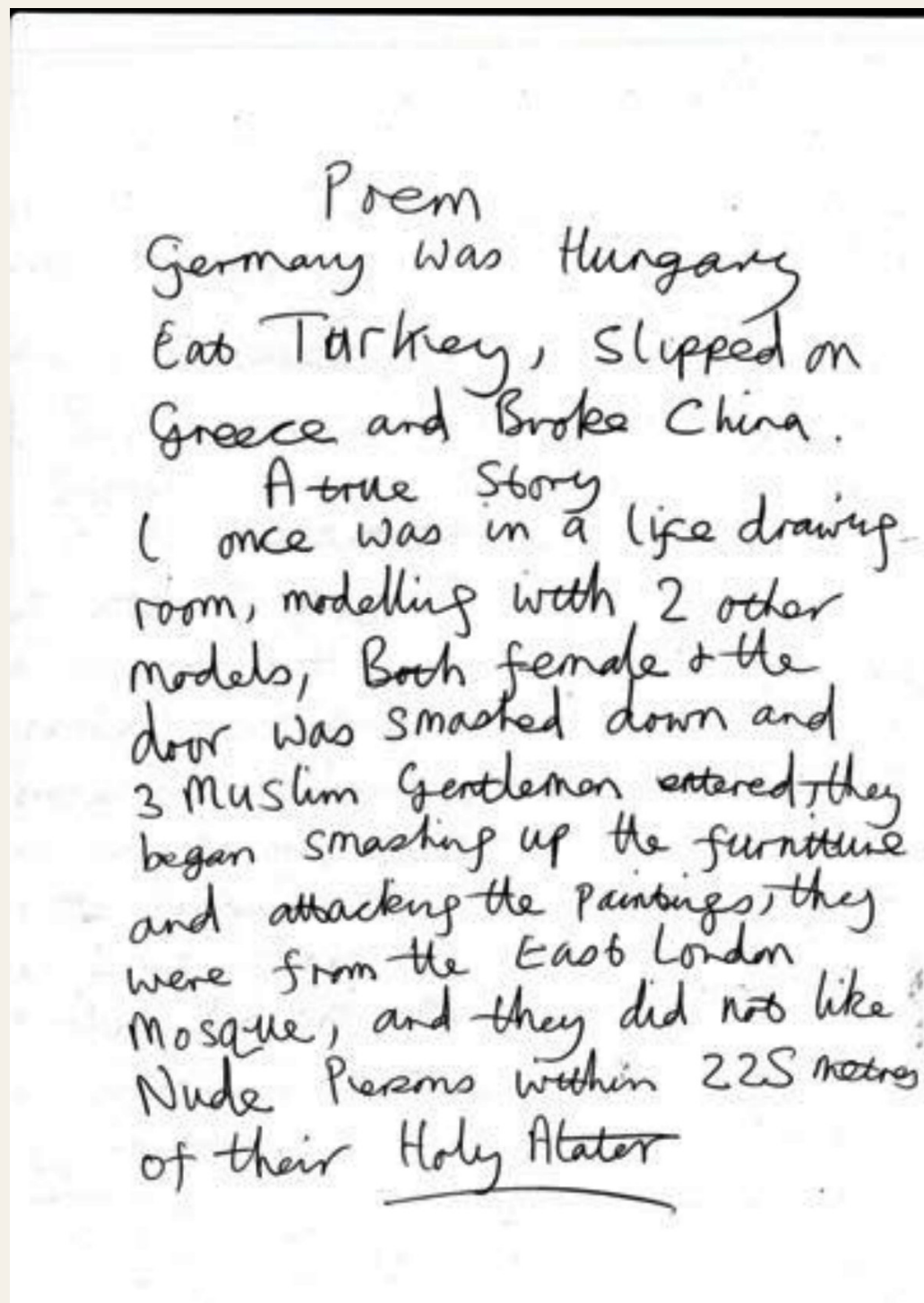
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A poem and a true story

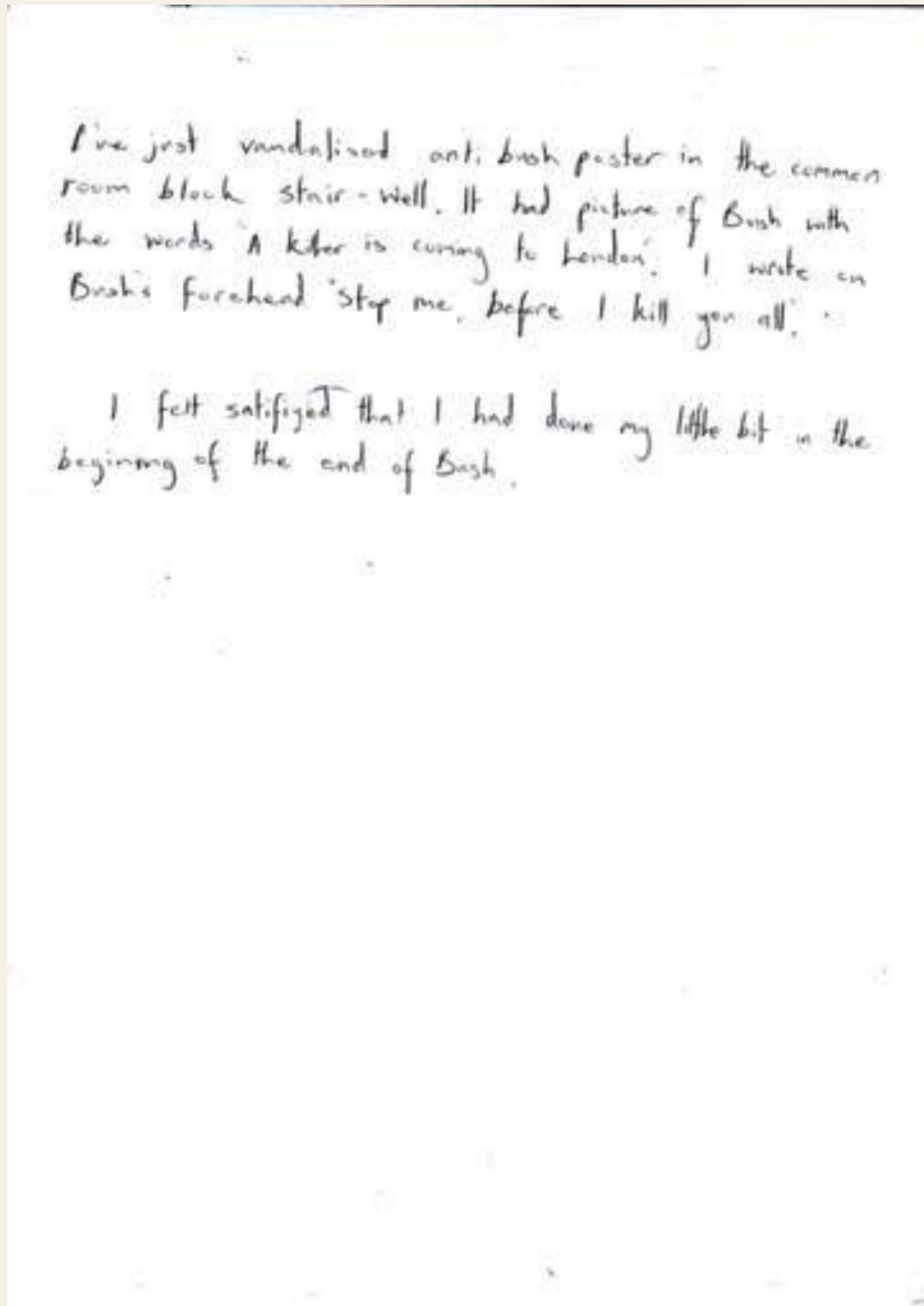
Poem

Germany was Hungary
Eat Turkey, slipped on
Greece and Broke China.

A true Story

I once was in a life drawing room, modelling with 2 other Models, Both female & the door was smashed down and 3 Muslim Gentlemen entered, they began smashing up the furniture and attacking the paintings, they were from the East London Mosque, and they did not like Nude Persons within 225 metres of their Holy Alater.

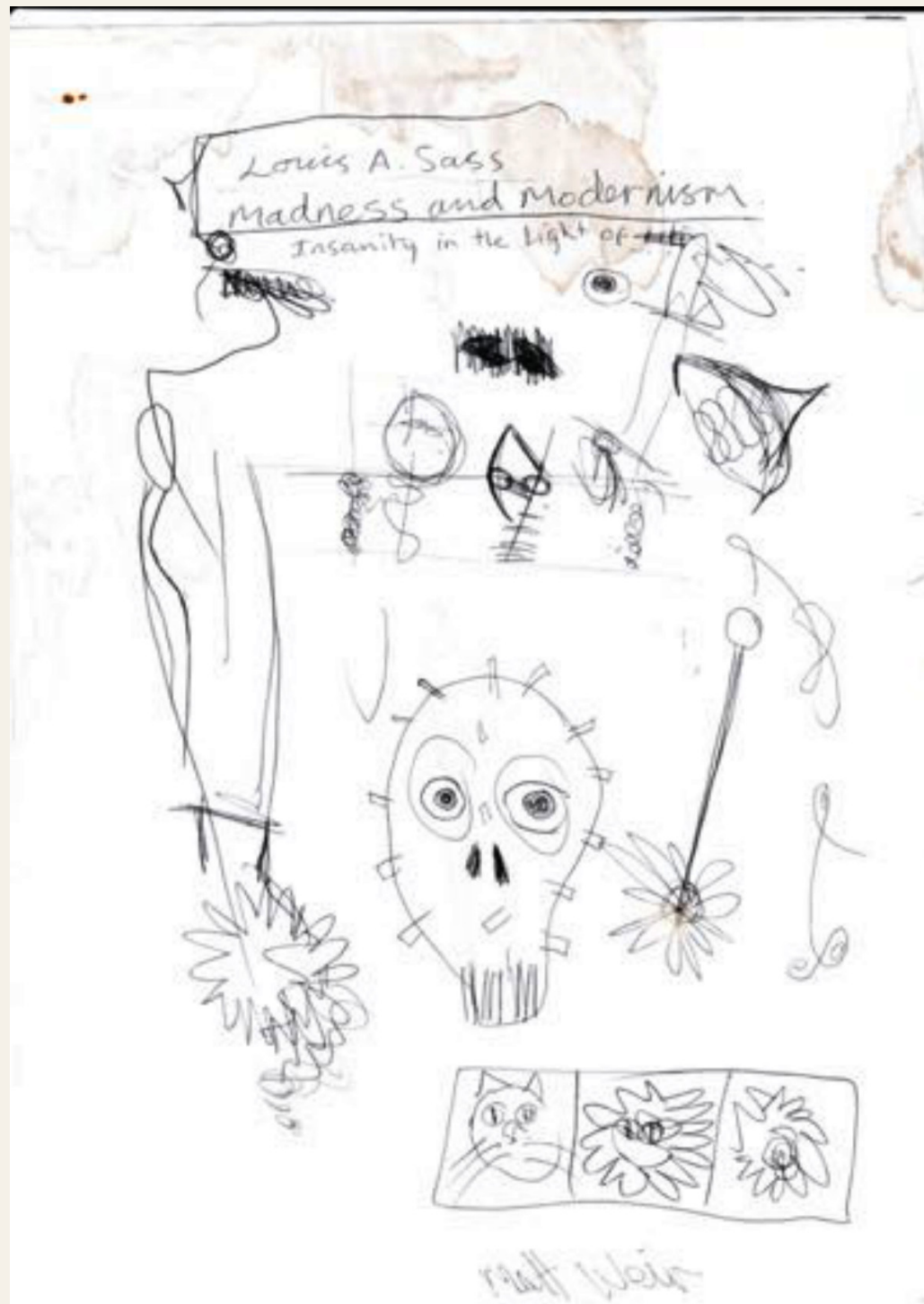
The contributor's account and spelling are preserved as written; its claims have not been independently verified.



My little bit

I've just vandalised anti Bush poster in the common room block stair-well. It had picture of Bush with the words 'A killer is coming to London'. I wrote on Bush's forehead 'Stop me, before I kill you all'.

I felt satisfied that I had done my little bit in the beginning of the end of Bush.



Madness and Modernism

Louis A. Sass

Madness and Modernism

Insanity in the light of [crossed-out word]

[Further lettering is unclear.]

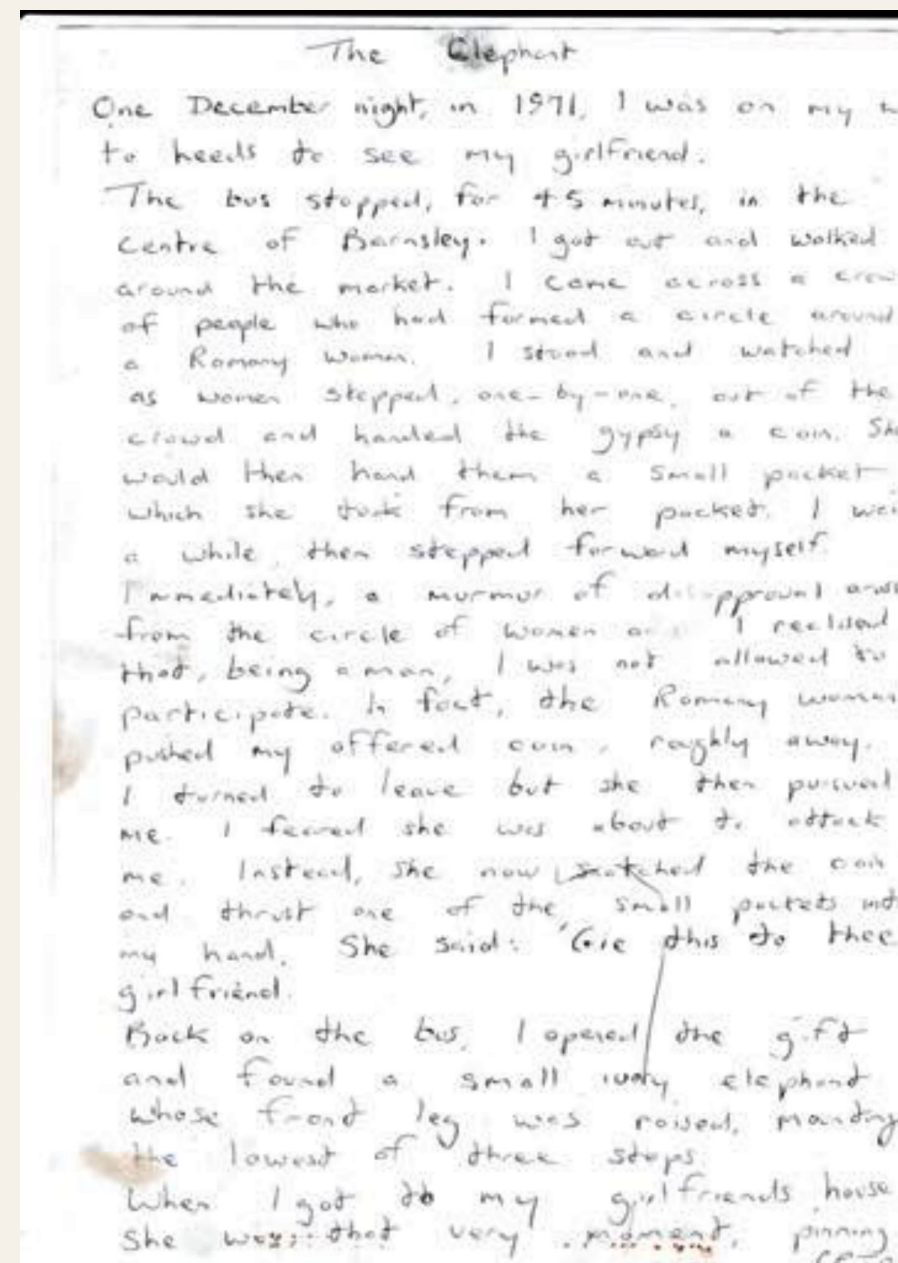
A book reference surrounded by drawings; the line below the title is unfinished or crossed out.

04

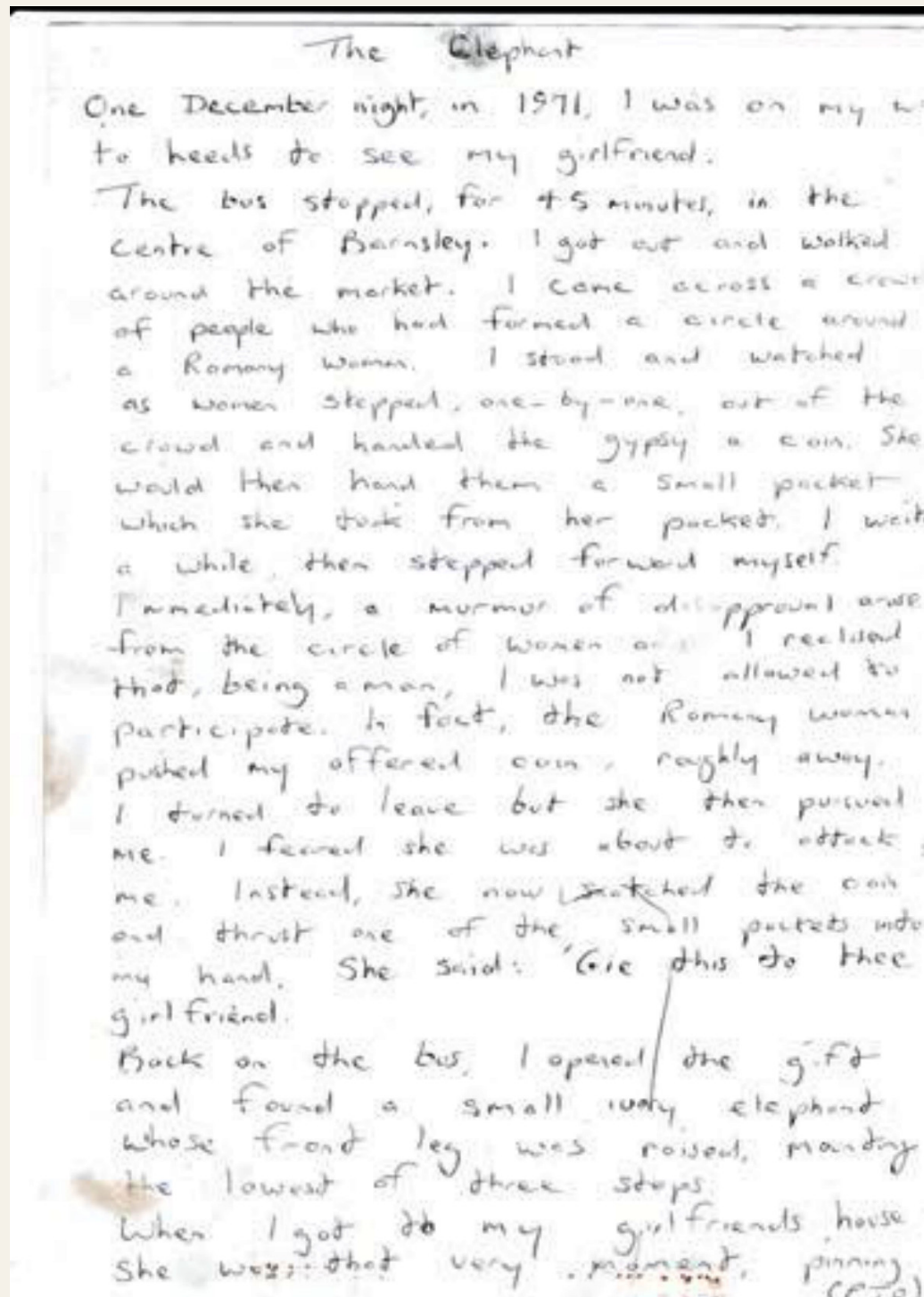
Strange encounters

Journeys, coincidences
and stories brought back home.

10 CONTRIBUTIONS



FROM ORIGINAL PAGE 20



The Elephant

One December night, in 1971, I was on my [way] to Leeds to see my girlfriend.

The bus stopped, for 45 minutes, in the centre of Barnsley. I got out and walked around the market. I came across a crowd of people who had formed a circle around a Romany woman. I stood and watched as women stepped, one-by-one, out of the crowd and handed the gypsy a coin. She would then hand them a small packet which she took from her pocket. I waited a while, then stepped forward myself.

Immediately, a murmur of disapproval arose from the circle of women and I realised that, being a man, I was not allowed to participate. In fact, the Romany woman pushed my offered coin, roughly away. I turned to leave but she then pursued me. I feared she was about to attack me. Instead, she now snatched the coin and thrust one of the small packets into my hand. She said: 'Gie this to thee girlfriend.'

Back on the bus I opened the gift and found a small ivory elephant whose front leg was raised, mounting the lowest of three steps.

When I got to my girlfriend's house she was, that very moment, pinning

Some word endings on page 20 are clipped. The email address is not repeated in the transcript.

a freshly painted picture to a wall. The picture was of a white elephant whose front leg was on the middle one of three steps.

Twenty-five, or so, years later, I was working on a railway track in a maintenance gang. When we took our break, I sat cross-legged on the bank and, as I had often done, thought about the elephants.

The ganger was an older man whose naval experience had took him to India during the war. He remarked to me that I was the 'spitting image' of someone he had met there. This Hindu man had earned his living selling lucky charms. My ganger/sailor friend had made friends with him - despite neither knowing the other's language. When the time came for the sailor to return to the sea, the trinket-seller appeared to be aware of it: 'I gave him a packet of sandwiches and he kissed his own hand and gave me this.'

The ganger reached into his pocket and pulled out an exquisitely-decorated box. He then opened the box and inside was an ivory elephant whose front leg was resting on the top-most of three steps.

Jim.buck@blueyonder.co.uk

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- The grandfather of an old girlfriend of mine fought in the Spanish civil war. His wife at home in Copenhagen had serious spiritual hick-ups and turned to Jehova - became a witness. Anyway in ⁱⁿ Spain Joergen (the grand father) in a trench ~~took~~ took a bullet through his helmet, and left him unconscious for days. When he woke up in hospital he had a scar right between the eyes, and was told, by doctors, how lucky he had been dodging the bullet.

He returned to ^{Copenhagen} ~~Denmark~~ and soon followed ~~her~~ ^{in her} his wife ~~to~~ new found religion and became a Jehovas witness too. After all what more proof do you need of a living god than taking a bullet between the eyes and living to tell the tale.

20 years went, ~~and it was time to go to~~ ^{and it was time to go to} the dentist, he had a slight pain in the back of his upper jaw anyway. The dentist sent him home, nothing wrong, come back next year. He did go back 5 years later, this time with a thundering toothache. He had some x-rays done and on them a small bullet shaped shadow could be seen squeezing to surface between ^{two} teeth.

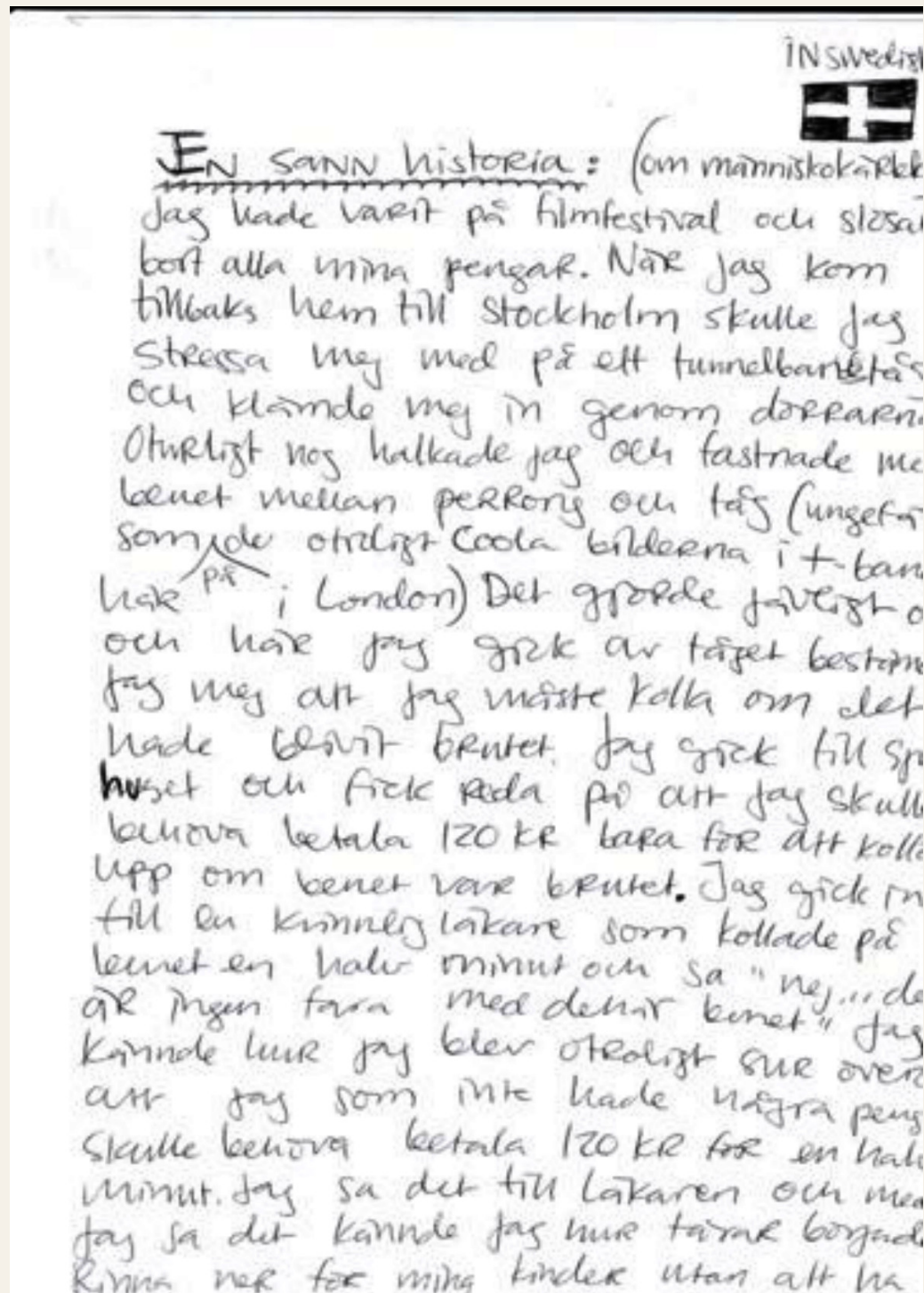
The bullet

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When he woke up in hospital he had a scar right between the eyes, and was told, by the doctors, how lucky he had been dodging the bullet.

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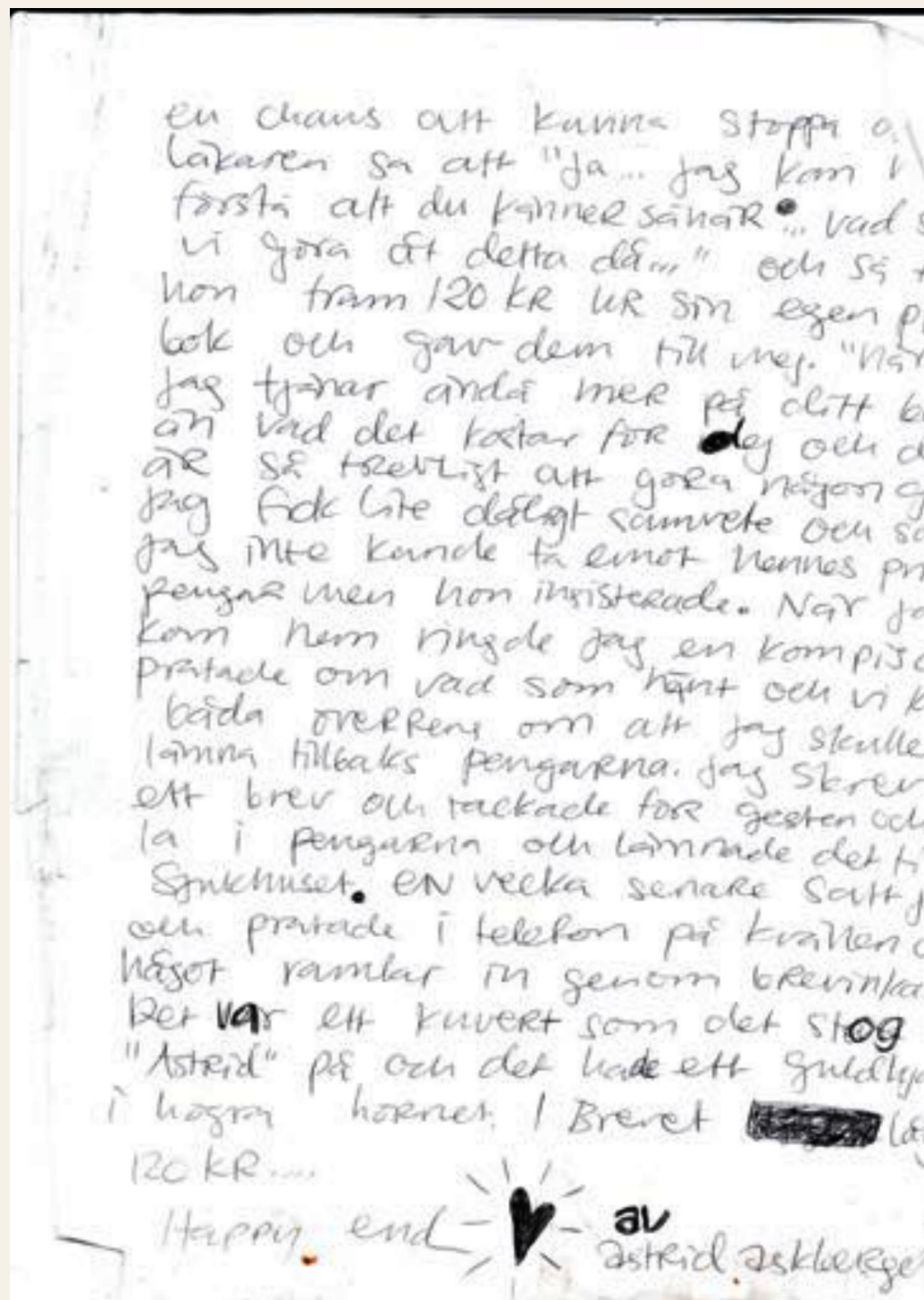
En sann historia

En sann historia: (om människokärlek [avklippt])

Jag hade varit på filmfestival och slösat bort alla mina pengar. När jag kom tillbaks hem till Stockholm skulle jag stressa mig med på ett tunnelbanetåg och klämde mig in genom dörrarna. Oturligt nog halkade jag och fastnade med benet mellan perrong och tåg (ungefär som de otroligt coola bilderna i t-banan här i London). Det gjorde jävligt ont och när jag gick av tåget bestämde jag mig att jag måste kolla om det hade blivit brutet. Jag gick till sjukhuset och fick reda på att jag skulle behöva betala 120 kr bara för att kolla upp om benet vore brutet.

Jag gick in till en kvinnlig läkare som kollade på benet en halv minut och sa 'nej... det är ingen fara med ditt benet'. Jag kände hur jag blev otroligt sur över att jag som inte hade några pengar skulle behöva betala 120 kr för en halv minut. Jag sa det till läkaren och medan jag sa det kände jag hur tårar började rinna ner för mina kinder utan att ha

Swedish, preserved in the original language. Pages reunited in reading order: 37, 22. 'Avklippt' marks cropped words. Some obvious word endings are restored on the first page.



En sann historia

en chans att kunna stoppa [avklippt].

Läkaren sa att 'ja... jag kan [avklippt] förstå att du känner såhär... vad s[avklippt] vi göra åt detta då...' och så [avklippt] hon fram 120 kr ur sin egen p[avklippt]bok och gav dem till mej. 'Nä [avklippt] jag tjänar ändå mer på ditt b[avklippt] än vad det kostar för dej och d[avklippt] är så trevligt att göra någon g[avklippt]'.

Jag fick lite dåligt samvete och sa [avklippt] jag inte kunde ta emot hennes pengar men hon insisterade... När jag kom hem ringde jag en kompis [avklippt] pratade om vad som hänt och vi [avklippt] båda överrens om att jag skulle lämna tillbaks pengarna. Jag skrev ett brev och tackade för gesten och la i pengarna och lämnade det [avklippt] sjukhuset.

En vecka senare satt j[avklippt] och pratade i telefon på kontoret [avklippt] något ramlar in genom brevlåd[avklippt]. Det var ett kuvert som det stod 'Astrid' på och det hade ett guld[avklippt] i högra hörnet. I Brevet [avklippt] 120 kr...

Happy end
av Astrid [efternamn oklart]

Swedish, preserved in the original language. Pages reunited in reading order: 37, 22. 'Avklippt' marks cropped words. Some obvious word endings are restored on the first page.

Back to your roots

My girlfriend and I going drinking in a pub round the corner from our house in Hackney on the canal called the Princess of Wales, this has been our local for a while. The other day we took Jo's grandmother out as she used to live in the area when she was young in fact she used to live on the last road down called the narrow way, it was where she was born.

She had been asking for us to take her out for ages, and we had finally found the time to take her out. She lives in Romford now;

We picked her up and brought her to our house and took her for a walk round to where she was born and then along the canal to the Princess of Wales.

She told us a story in the pub of her uncle who used to work as a glass blower in the building opposite the pub and how they used to come in for a drink after work. The story went on for a while and eventually lived up as he came into a large amount of money, nobody knew where he got the money but he was last seen alive on the bridge going over the canal next to the Princess of Wales pub. He was seen with a suitcase and a smart suit. Three weeks later he was found strangled by his own tie, and wrapped around one of the poles in the canal. The police said it looked as if he had been hung with his own tie and dropped into the canal, as he fell the back of his jacket unwrapped around the pole.

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We picked her up and brought her to our house, and took her for a walk round to where she was born and then along the canal to the Princess of Wales.

Pages reunited in reading order: 32, 90. The road name is unclear; 'heel of his jacket' is also an uncertain reading.

Back to your roots

My girlfriend and I going drinking in a pub round the corner from our house in Haringey on the canal called the Princess of Wales, this has been our local for a while. The other day we took Jo's grandmother out as she used to live in the area when she was young in fact she used to live on the last road down called the narrow way, it was where she was born.

She had been asking for us to take her out for ages, and we had finally found the time to take her out. She lives in Lombard now;

We picked her up and brought her to our house and took her for a walk round the way she was born and then along the canal to the Princess of Wales.

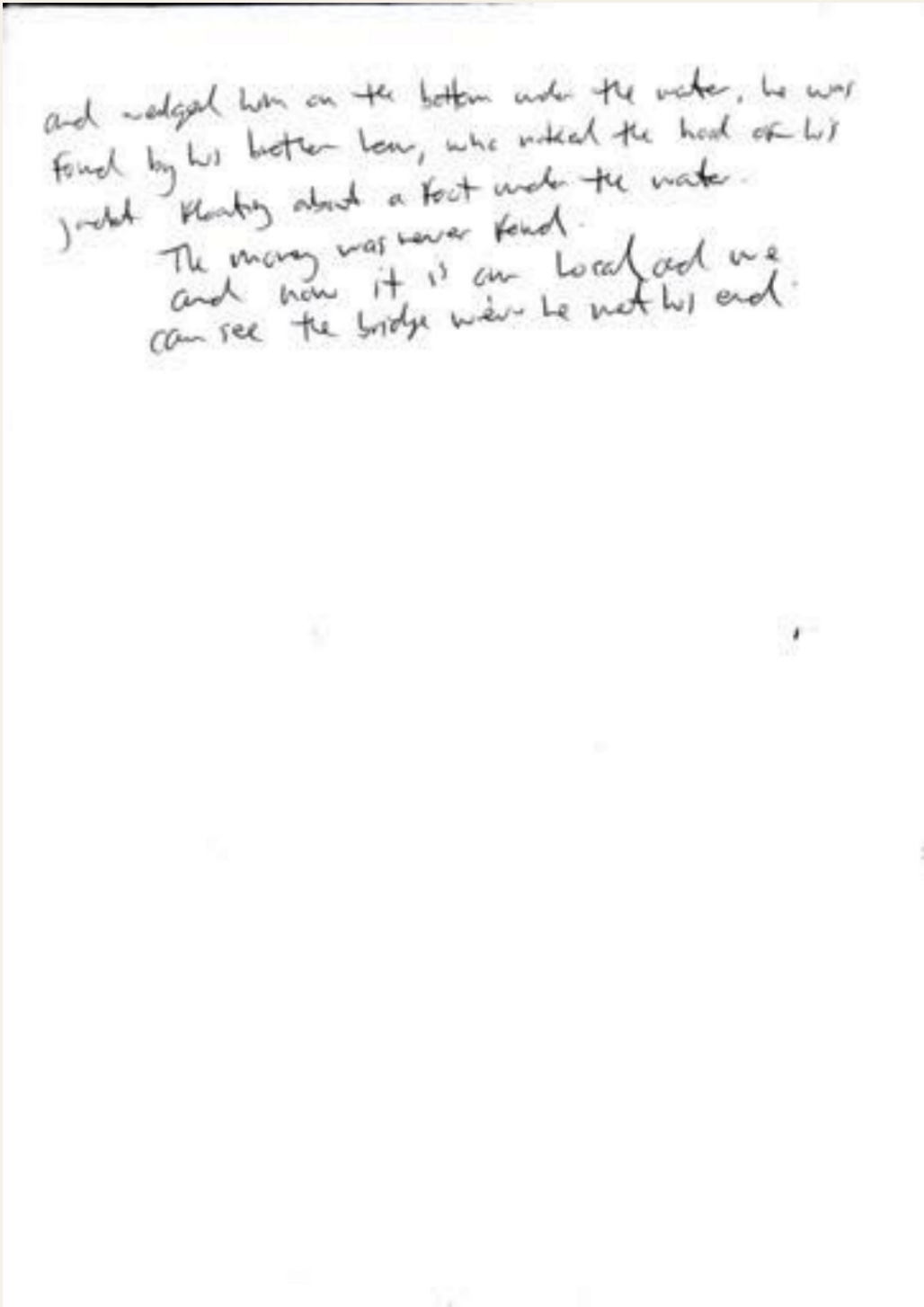
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Back to your roots

and wedged him on the bottom under the water, he was found by his brother-in-law, who noticed the heel of his jacket floating about a foot under the water.

The money was never found.

And now it is our local and we can see the bridge where he met his end.

Pages reunited in reading order: 32, 90. The road name is unclear; 'heel of his jacket' is also an uncertain reading.

once upon a time there was a young Japanese man, his father, grandfather and great grandfather were all buddhist priest who had tempels scattered all over japan. As a rule the eldest son of the family should take over the tempel of his father and try to build a new one. However on the frightful day that young Yoko turned 7 and his elder brother turned 13, the elder brother put his foot down. He shouted and shouted that Private school and fast cars were what he wanted. he wanted to be rich and live fast die young. his father and mother pleaded with him, but he refused and they allowed him to do what he wanted. As Yoko's their younger son would be able to take the elder sons role in the tempel. (However ~~the~~ the japanese culture doesn't lend itself to openness, so they did not consult poor young Yoko on their decision) When Yoko turned 20 he finished high school and went to a big city and worked long hard hours in a Chinese resturt, where the chefs shared and he had to remember numbers rather than names of food. so he thought he would escape to the dark streets of England.

He arrived in Lewis of all places, he spent five yrs travelling the length and breadth of england. His parents knew he was in england but would not be able to find it on a map. He went to an art school where he used fake gold leaf and painted holding dancers. he made quite a bit of money. once his show had come down his time in england had to end. he returned to japan where he joined the tempel and tried to organize everything. At christmas he will start to pray to mothers and their children and he will have to sit his

Yoko's journey

Once upon a time there was a young Japanese man, his father, grandfather and great grandfather were all Buddhist priest who had temples scattered all over Japan. As a rule the eldest son of the family should take over the temple of his father and try to build a new one.

However on the frightful day that young Yoko turned 7 and his elder brother turned 13, the elder brother put his foot down. He shouted and shouted that Private school and fast cars were what he wanted. He wanted to be rich and live fast die young. His father and mother pleaded with him, but he refused and they allowed him to do what he wanted. As rule their younger son would be able to take the elder sons role in the temple (however the Japanese culture doesn't lend itself to openness, so they did not consult poor young Yoko on their decision).

Spelling follows the manuscript. The final line is cropped.

once upon a time there was a young Japanese man, his father, grandfather and great grandfather were all Buddhist priest. who had temples scattered all over Japan. As a rule the eldest son of the family should take over the temple of his father and try to build a new one. However on the night for day that young Yoko turned 7 and his elder brother turned 13, the elder brother put his feet down. He shouted and stated that Private school and fast cars were what he wanted. he wanted to be rich and live fast die young. his father and mother pleaded with him, but he refused and they allowed him to do what he wanted. As Yoko their younger son would be able to take the elder sons role in the temple. (However ~~the Japanese~~ the Japanese culture doesn't lend itself to openness, so they did not consent poor young Yoko on their decision) When Yoko turned 20 he finished high school and went to a big city and worked long hard hours in a Chinese restaurant, where the chefs shouted and he had to remember numbers rather than names of food. so he thought he would escape to the dark skies of England.

He arrived in Lewes of all places, he spent five yrs travelling the length and breadth of England. His parents knew he was in England but would not be able to find it on a map. He went to an Art school where he used fake gold leaf and painted budding flowers. He made quite a bit of money. Once his shows had come down his time in England had to end. He returned to Japan where he tidied the temple and tried to organise everything. At Christmas he will start to pray to [crossed-out word] and he will have to cut his [scan ends].

Yoko's journey

When Yoko turned 20 he finished high school and went to a big city and worked very hard hours in a Chinese restaurant, where the chefs shouted and he had to remember numbers rather than names of food. So he thought he would escape to the dark skies of England.

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Spelling follows the manuscript. The final line is cropped.

There was this GAY GUY, his boyfriend was very rich and so. HE SPENT HIS DAY going ROUND THE ISLAND in a small, but comfortable, speed BOAT. HE WAS TRYING TO FIND NICE ISOLATED SHORES TO swim and SNORKLE. HE IS a VERY SOCIABLE MAN BUT HE LIKES ISOLATION and the SEA.

One day, I think HE HAD JUST SEEN an OCTOPUS, HE SAW a blip on the HORIZON BEYOND a NEIGHBOURING ~~ISLET~~ ISLET. Sometime LATER HE SAW THAT IT WAS a CANOE and someone PADDLING. AND ~~IT WAS~~ IT WAS coming TOWARDS Him. Then HE NOTICED IT WAS a SPECIAL CANOE and ~~THE MAN~~ ^{THE MAN} PADDLING WAS OF ~~great~~ great SKILL.

THE CANOE ^{came} ~~came~~ ^{next to} ~~him~~ him, when HE WAS swimming. ~~THE CANOE~~ THE CANOE ASKED 'WHERE am I?' AND it WAS in ~~the~~ ^{THE SWIMMER UNDERSTOOD} A LANGUAGE ~~they~~ THEY WERE BOTH in a FOREIGN ~~country~~ ^{COUNTRY}.

IT TURNED OUT THE ^{MAN IN THE} CANOE HAD BEEN AT SEA FOR A LONG TIME AND FOR PERSONAL REASONS DECIDED TO CANOE a LONG LONG JOURNEY. ~~HE~~ WITHOUT THE PR AND GLOFF.

AND THE FIRST PERSON HE SPEAKS ^{TO} ~~TO~~ THE ~~END OF HIS~~ AFTER a LONG OCEAN VOYAGE WAS SOMEONE FROM THE SAME COUNTRY.

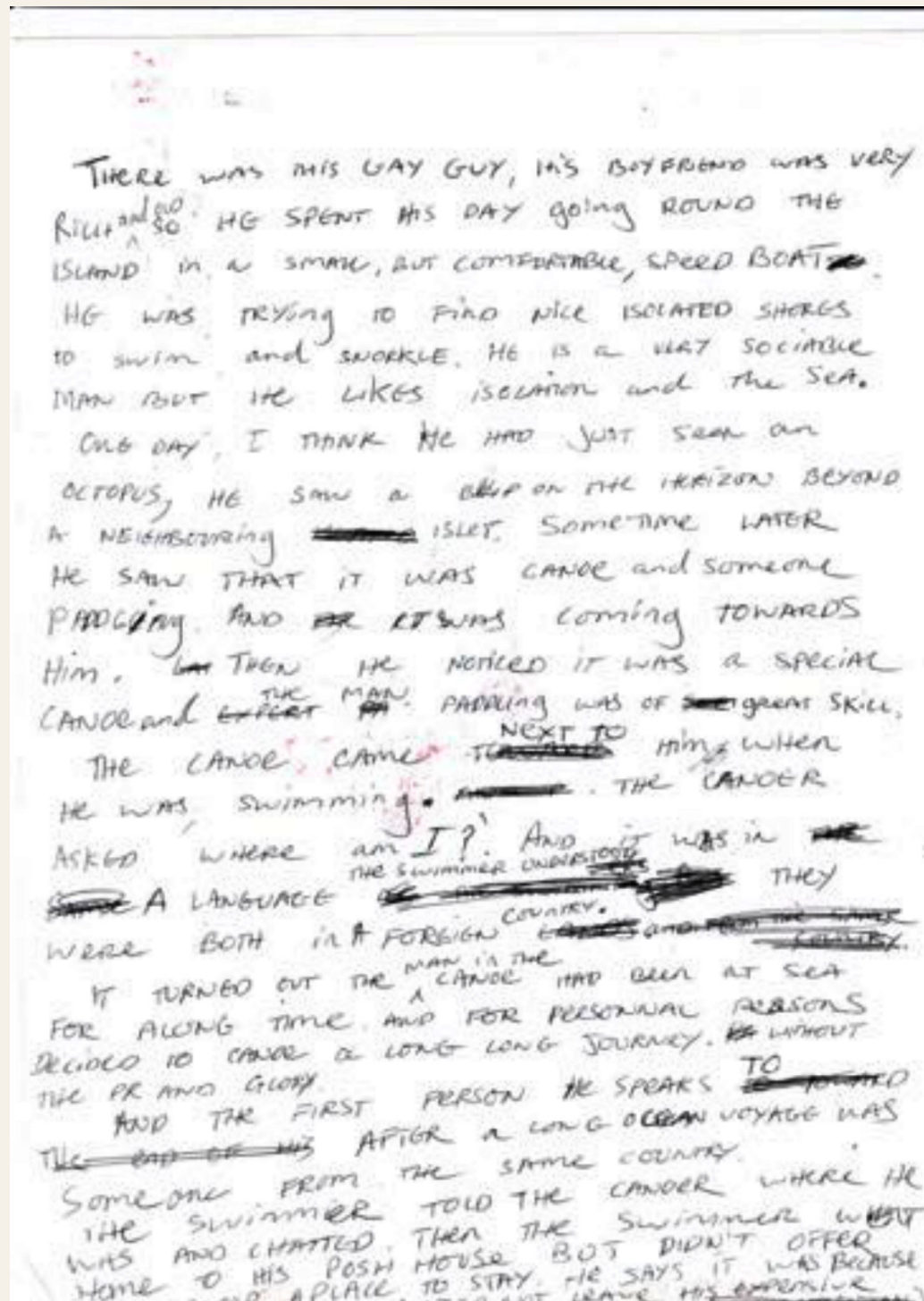
THE SWIMMER TOLD THE CANOE WHERE HE WAS AND CHATTED. THEN THE SWIMMER WENT HOME TO HIS POSH HOUSE BUT DIDN'T OFFER ~~AND A PLACE TO STAY. HE SAYS IT WAS BECAUSE~~ ^{HE DIDN'T WANT TO LEAVE HIS EXPENSIVE}

The swimmer and the canoe

There was this gay guy, his boyfriend was very rich and so he spent his day going round the island in a small, but comfortable, speed boat. He was trying to find nice isolated shores to swim and snorkle. He is a very sociable man but he likes isolation and the sea.

One day, I think he had just seen an octopus, he saw a blip on the horizon beyond a neighbouring islet. Sometime later he saw that it was a canoe and someone paddling and it was coming towards him. Then he noticed it was a special canoe and the man paddling was of great skill.

The last two lines are cropped and incomplete.



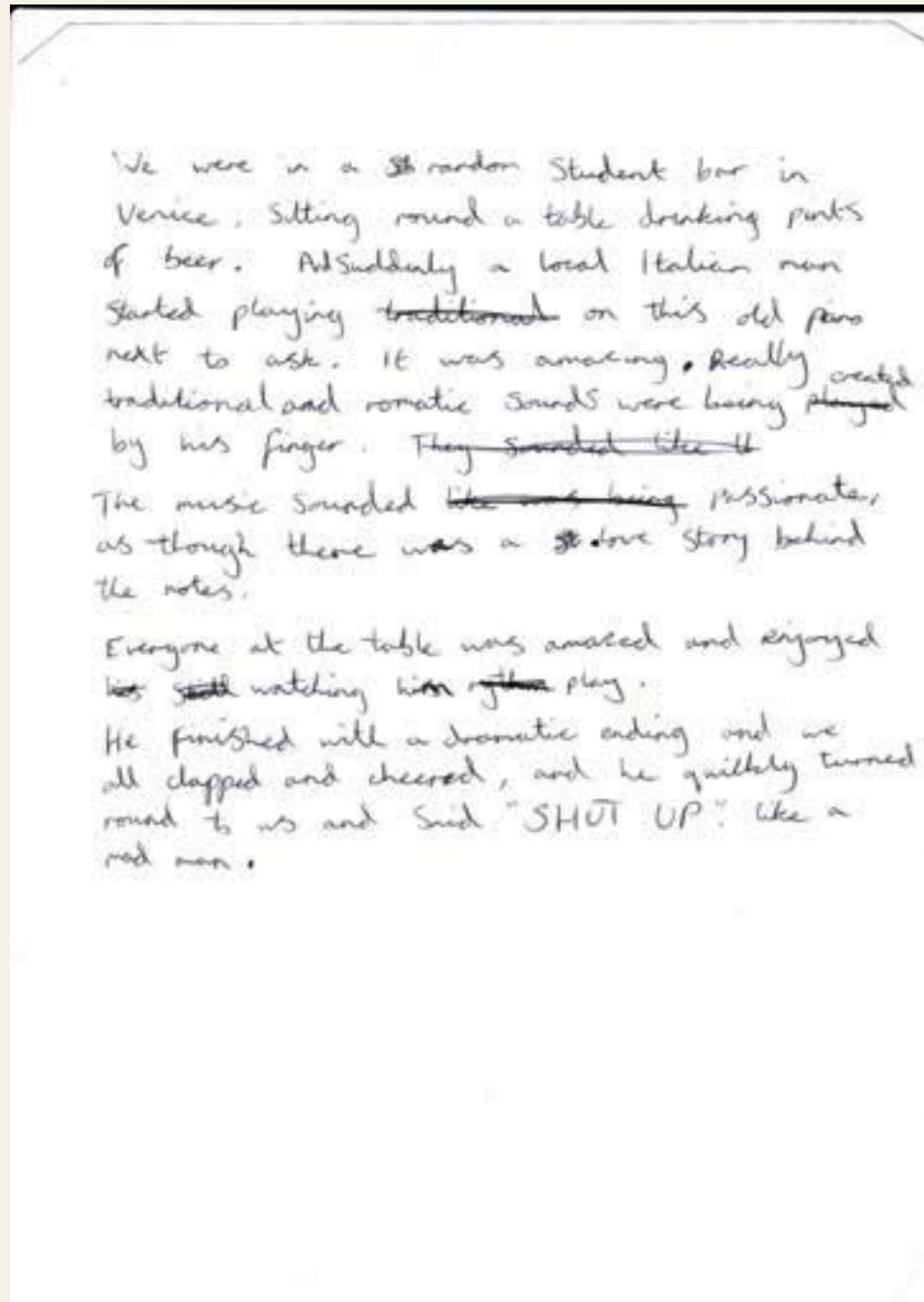
The swimmer and the canoe

The canoe came next to him, where he was swimming. The canoer asked 'Where am I?' And it was in a language the swimmer understood. They were both in a foreign country.

It turned out the man in the canoe had been at sea for a long time and for personal reasons decided to canoe a long long journey. Without the PR and glory. And the first person he speaks to after a long ocean voyage was someone from the same country.

The swimmer told the canoer where he was and chatted then the swimmer went home to his posh house. But didn't offer [cropped] a place to stay. He says it was because [cropped] have his boyfriend [scan ends].

The last two lines are cropped and incomplete.



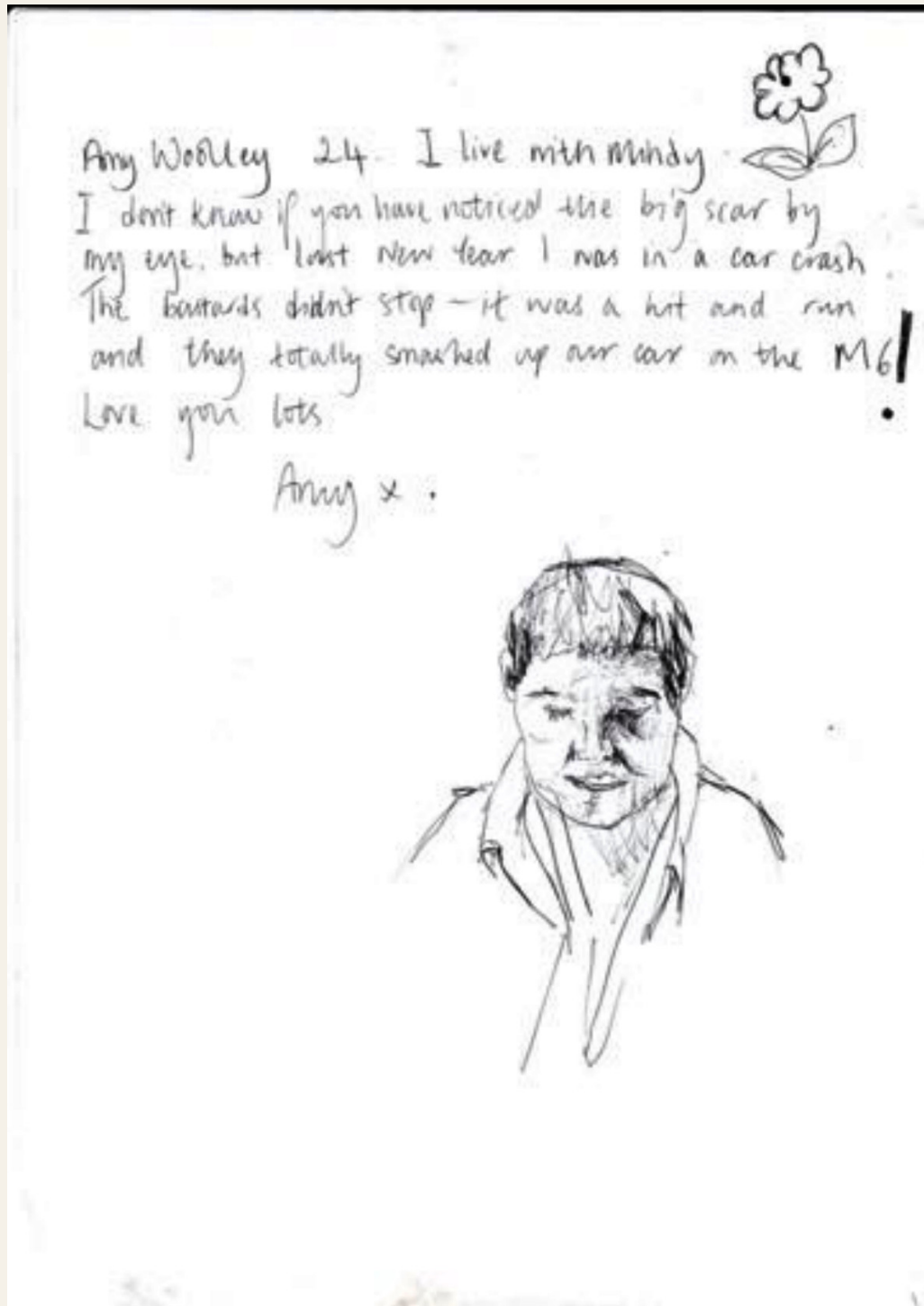
The pianist in Venice

We were in a student bar in Venice, sitting round a table drinking pints of beer. And suddenly a local Italian man started playing on this old piano next to us. It was amazing. Really traditional and romantic sounds were being created by his fingers. The music sounded passionate, as though there was a love story behind the notes.

Everyone at the table was amazed and enjoyed watching him play.

He finished with a dramatic ending and we all clapped and cheered, and he quickly turned round to us and said 'SHUT UP' like a mad man.

One word before 'student bar' is unclear and omitted from the reading text.



The scar by my eye

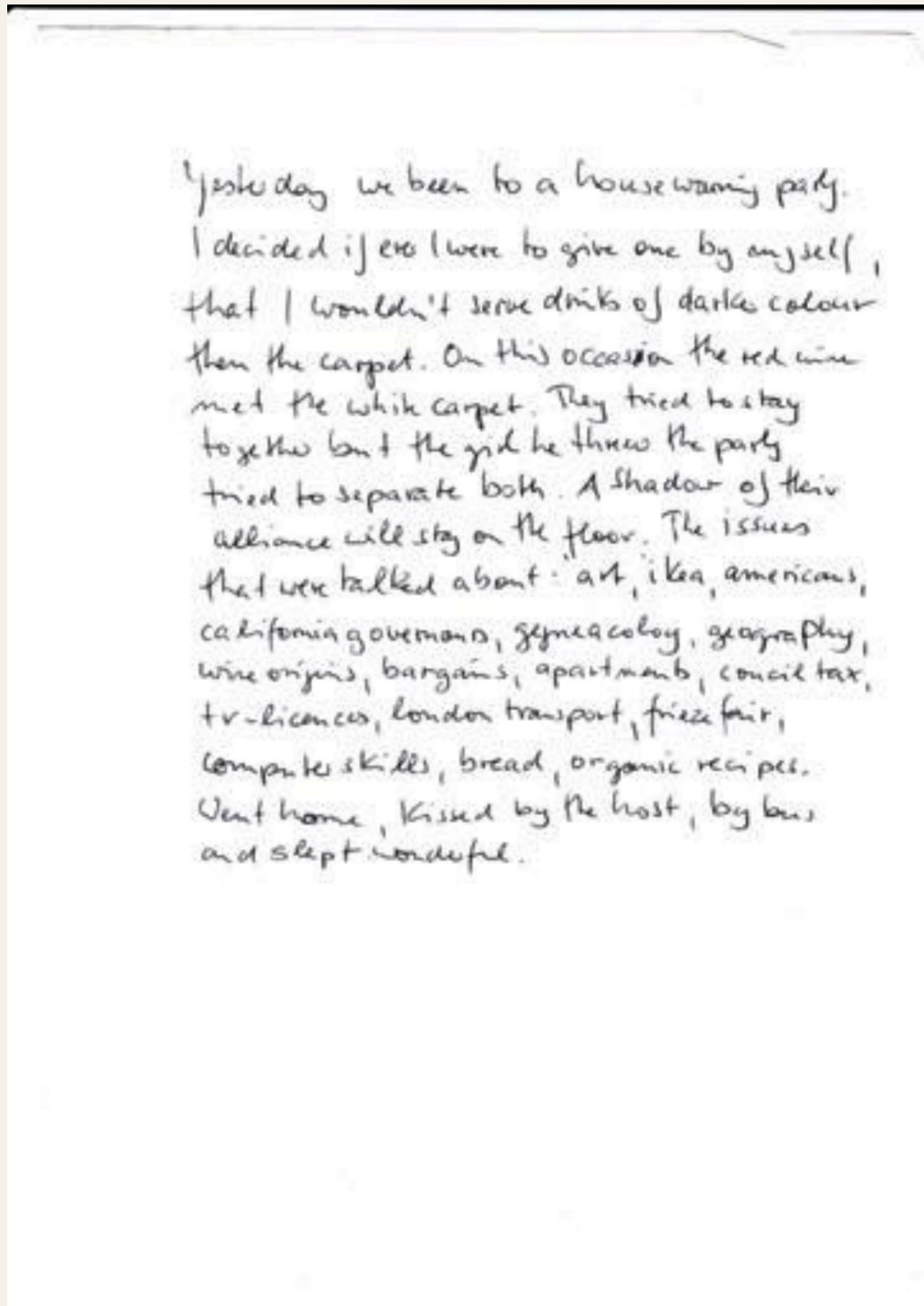
Amy Woolley 24. I live with Mindy.

I don't know if you have noticed the big scar by my eye, but last New Year I was in a car crash. The bastards didn't stop - it was a hit and run and they totally smashed up our car on the M6!

Love you lots

Amy x.

The names are slightly unclear. A drawing accompanies the text on this same source page.

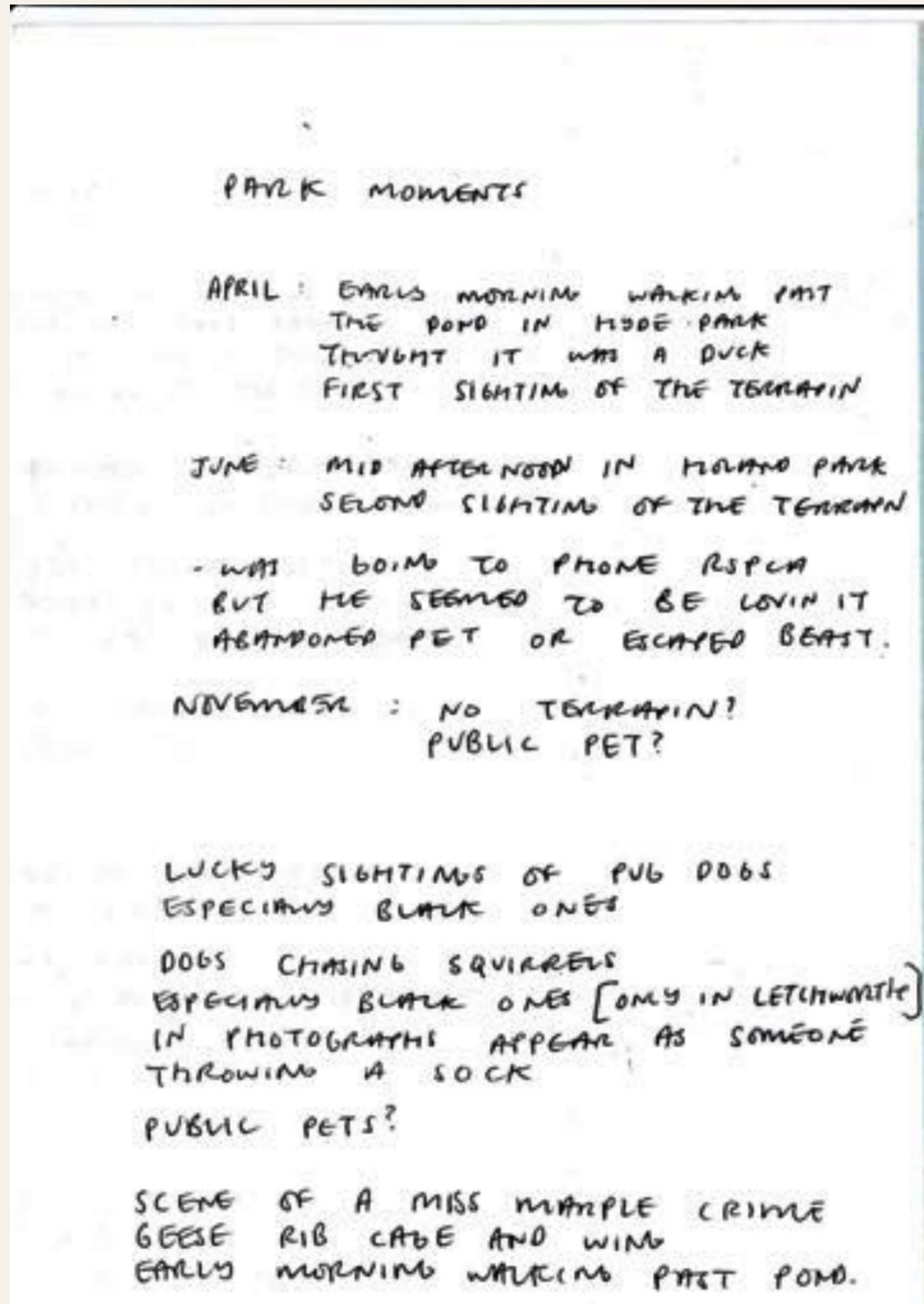


The red wine and the white carpet

Yesterday we been to a housewarming party. I decided if ever I were to give one by myself, that I wouldn't serve drinks of darker colour than the carpet. On this occasion the red wine met the white carpet. They tried to stay together but the girl who threw the party tried to separate both. A shadow of their alliance will stay on the floor.

The issues that were talked about: art, ikea, americans, california governors, gyneacology, geography, wine origins, bargains, apartments, council tax, tv-licences, London transport, frieze fair, computer skills, bread, organic recipes.

Went home, kissed by the host, by bus and slept wonderful.



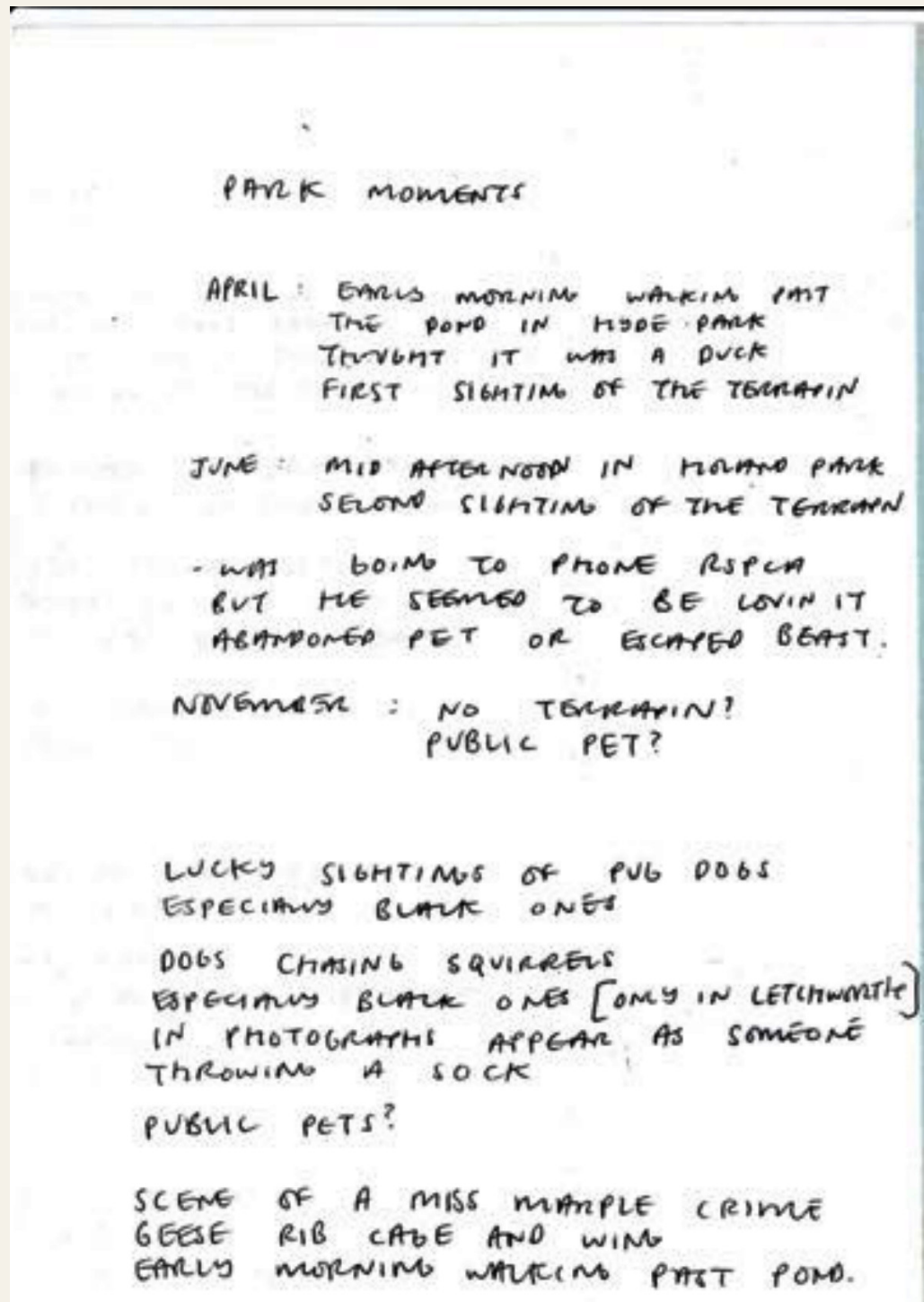
Park moments

APRIL: EARLY MORNING WALKING PAST THE
POND IN HYDE PARK
THOUGHT IT WAS A DUCK
FIRST SIGHTING OF THE TERRAPIN

JUNE: MID AFTERNOON IN HOLLAND PARK
SECOND SIGHTING OF THE TERRAPIN

- WAS GOING TO PHONE RSPCA
BUT HE SEEMED TO BE LOVIN IT
ABANDONED PET OR ESCAPED BEAST.

NOVEMBER: NO TERRAPIN!
PUBLIC PET?



Park moments

LUCKY SIGHTINGS OF PUG DOGS
ESPECIALLY BLACK ONES

DOGS CHASING SQUIRRELS
ESPECIALLY BLACK ONES [ONLY IN
LETCWORTH]

IN PHOTOGRAPHS APPEAR AS SOMEONE
THROWING A SOCK

PUBLIC PETS?

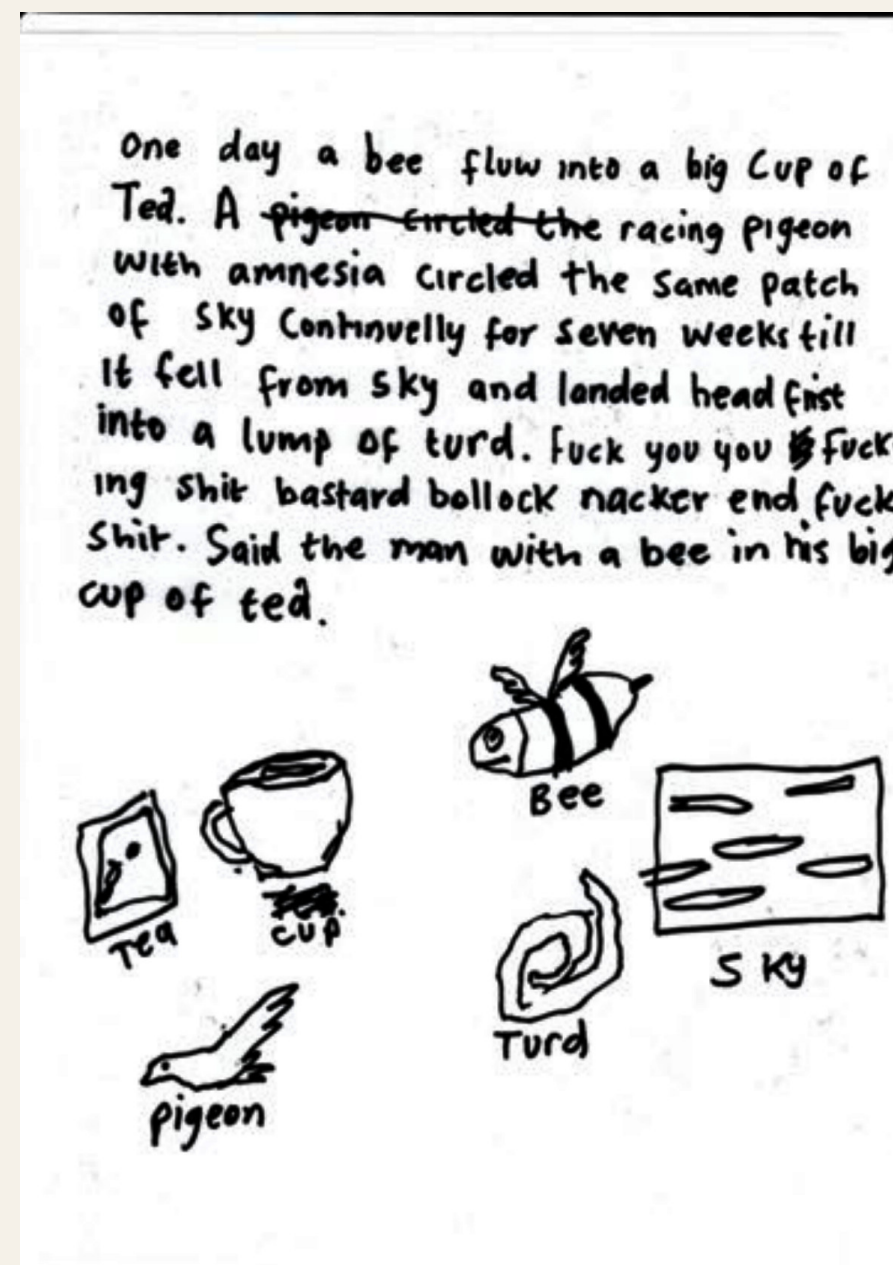
SCENE OF A MISS MARPLE CRIME
GEESE RIB CAGE AND WING
EARLY MORNING WALKING PAST POND.

05

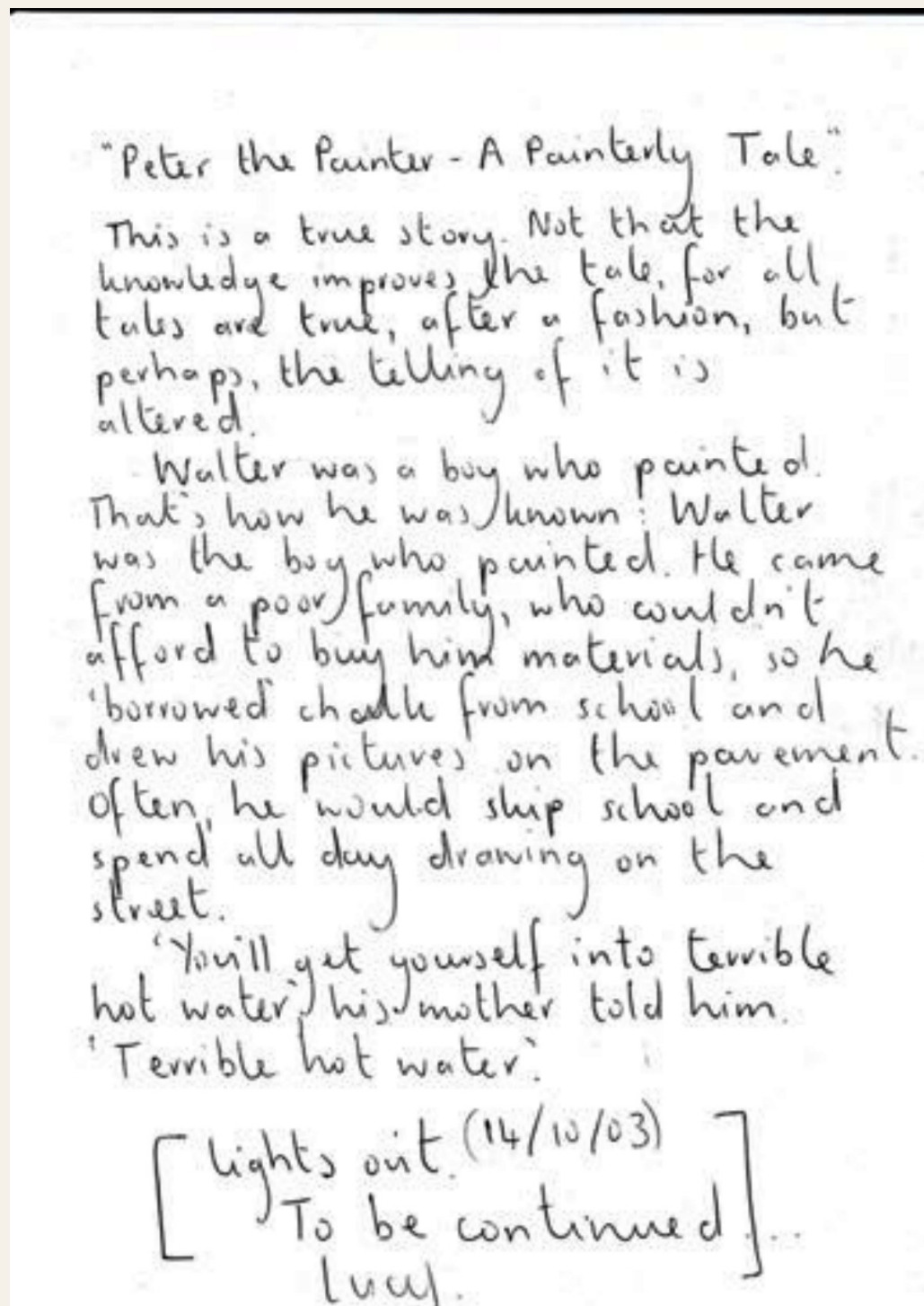
Tall tales

A little invention.
A world of its own.

6 CONTRIBUTIONS



FROM ORIGINAL PAGE 68



Peter the Painter - A Painterly Tale

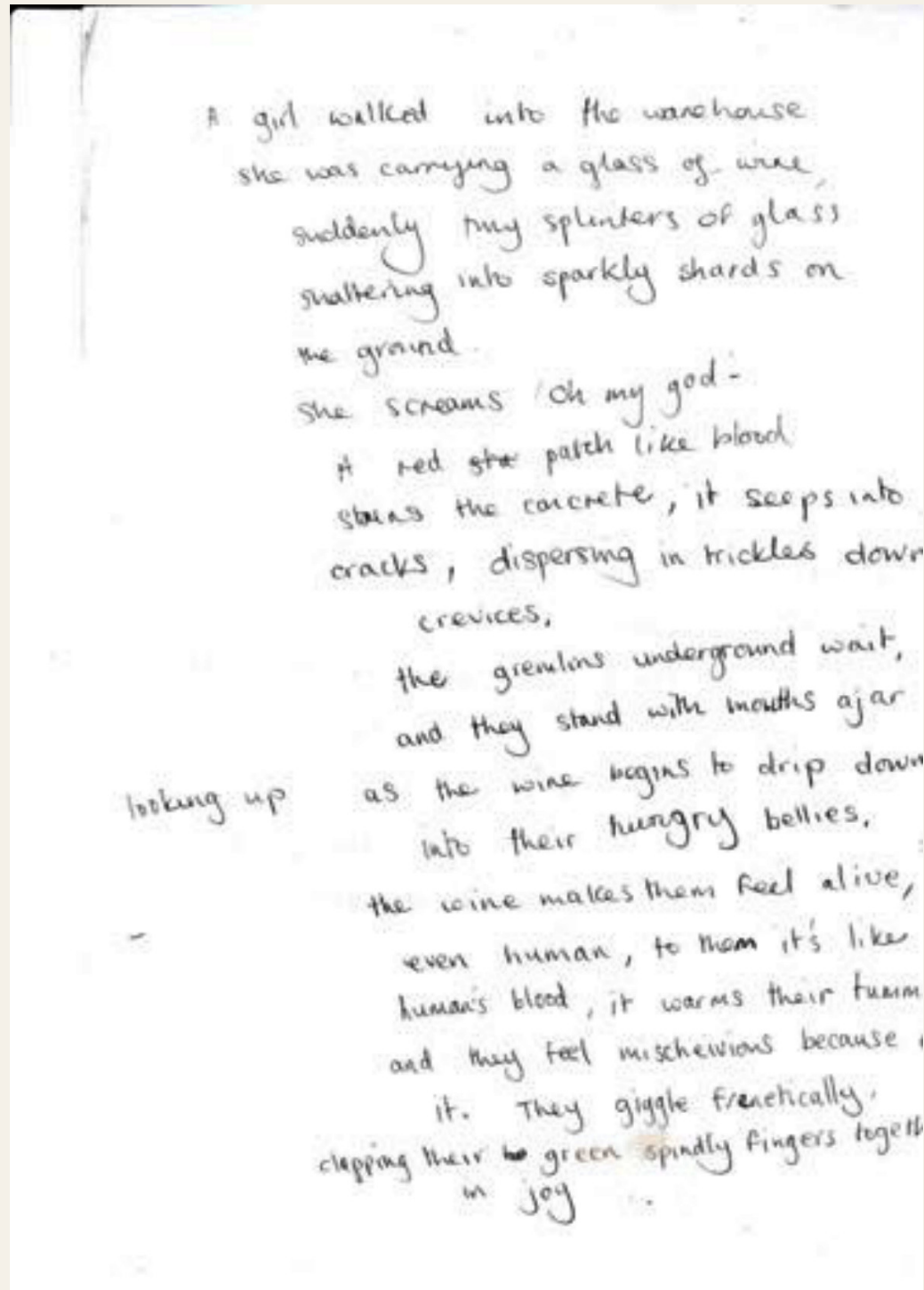
This is a true story. Not that the knowledge improves the tale, for all tales are true, after a fashion, but perhaps, the telling of it is altered.

Walter was a boy who painted. That's how he was known: Walter was the boy who painted. He came from a poor family, who couldn't afford to buy him materials, so he 'borrowed' chalk from school and drew his pictures on the pavement. Often, he would skip school and spend all day drawing on the street.

'You'll get yourself into terrible hot water,' his mother told him. 'Terrible hot water.'

[Lights out. (14/10/03) To be continued...]

Lucy



The gremlins underground

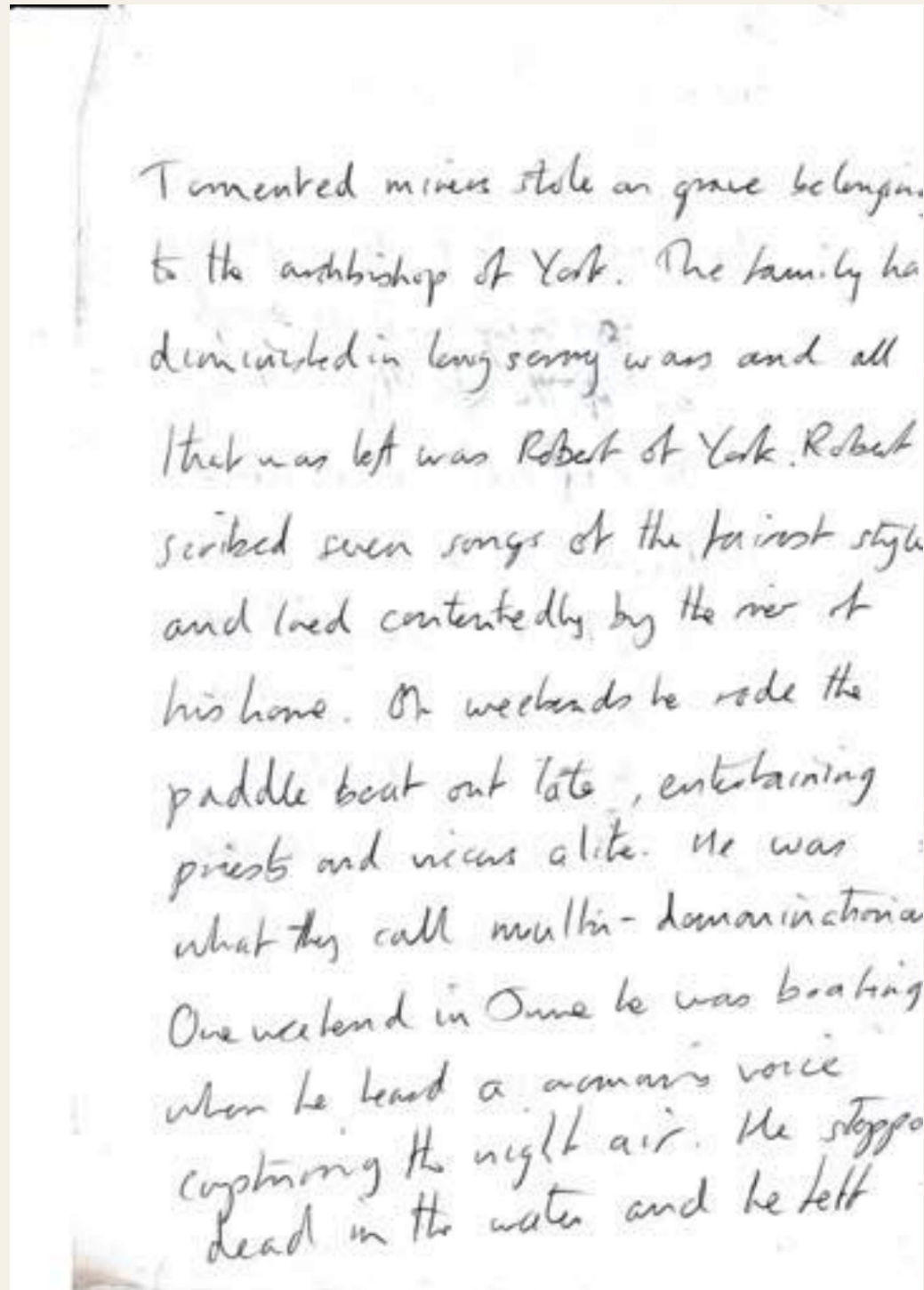
A girl walked into the warehouse she was carrying a glass of wine, suddenly tiny splinters of glass shattering into sparkly shards on the ground.

she screams 'Oh my god'

A red patch like blood stains the concrete, it seeps into cracks, dispersing in trickles down crevices.

the gremlins underground wait, and they stand with mouths ajar looking up as the wine begins to drip down into their hungry bellies, the wine makes them feel alive, even human, to them it's like humans blood, it warms their tum[m]ies and they feel mischievous because [of] it. They giggle frantically, clapping their green spindly fingers togeth[er] in joy.

A few word endings are clipped at the right edge; supplied letters appear in brackets.



Robert of York

[Opening words unclear] belonging to the archbishop of York. The family had diminished in long [unclear] wars and all that was left was Robert of York. Robert scribed seven songs of the fairest style and lived contentedly by the river at his home. On weekends he rode the paddle boat out late, entertaining priests and vicars alike. He was what they call multi-denominational.

One weekend in June he was boating when he heard a [unclear] voice capturing the night air. He stopped dead in the water and he felt

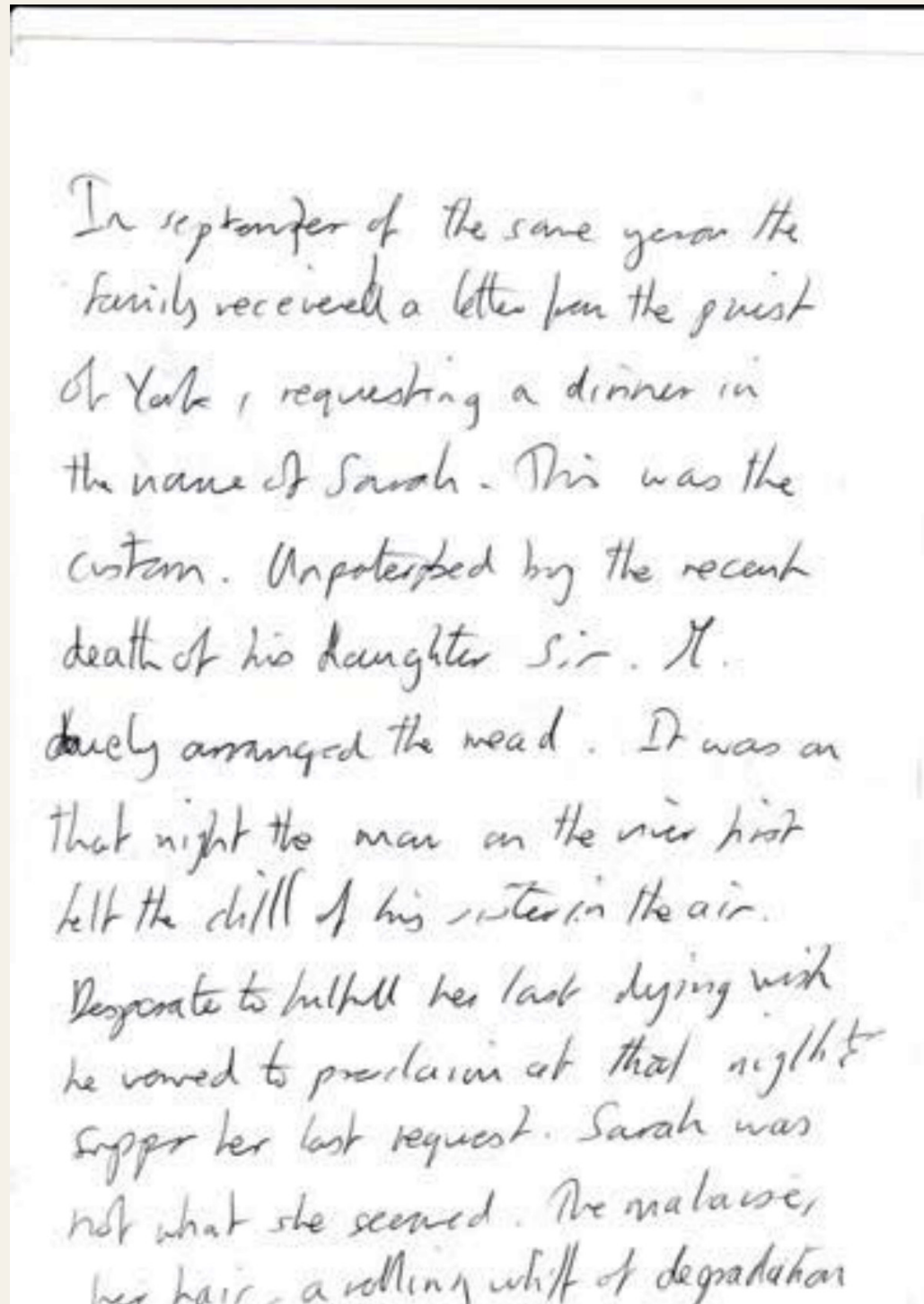
The manuscript is presented in reading order: original pages 9, 8, 10, 11. Several words are unclear.

his breath stolen. The pause was
 reticent but he also felt awe. The
 pull of the current took him away
 from familiar territory and he suddenly
 became aware of the frosty chill on
 the water. The cry came again and
 He looked down to the black cold.
 His sister looked back. Sarah had
 not grown up in the usual fashion.
 Her doctor had forewarned of a
 sickening despicable strange malaise.
 The illness took hold at her fourth
 birthday and grew worse by the day.
 In the end, for the illness was short,
 she withered down to her last remains.
 Died. She, died.

Robert of York

his breath stolen. The pause was ethereal but he also felt awe. The
 pull of the current took him away from familiar territory and he
 suddenly became aware of the frosty chill on the water. The cry
 came again and he looked down to the black cold. His sister
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 illness took hold at her fourth birthday and grew worse by the day.
 In the end, for the illness was short, she withered down to her last
 remains. Died. She, died.

The manuscript is presented in reading order: original pages 9, 8, 10, 11. Several words are unclear.



In september of the same year the family received a letter from the priest of York, requesting a dinner in the name of Sarah. This was the custom. Unperturbed by the recent death of his daughter Sir. M. duly arranged the meal. It was on that night the man on the river first felt the chill of his sister in the air. Desperate to fulfill her last dying wish he vowed to proclaim at that night's supper her last request. Sarah was not what she seemed. The malaise, her hair, a rolling whiff of degradation

Robert of York

In September of the same year the family received a letter from the priest of York, requesting a dinner in the name of Sarah. This was the custom. Unperturbed by the recent death of his daughter Sir. [unclear] duly arranged the meal. It was on that night the man on the river first felt the chill of his sister in the air. Desperate to fulfil her last dying wish he vowed to proclaim at that night's supper her last request. Sarah was not what she seemed. The malaise, her hair, a rolling whiff of degradation

The manuscript is presented in reading order: original pages 9, 8, 10, 11. Several words are unclear.

ymaged even her empty chair. That
 night she died, the shocking facts were
 told and once again were to be
 known.
 Knowing his chance. He took it.
 The priest was keen to lament
 the death, but conversation faltered
 soon. Then. 'She's a priest'.
 "She's what"?
 "She's a priest. She's you.
 She's you".
 The priest looked mean and
 unhandsome — like water-
 lacking the moral due. I'm
 Due.

Robert of York

... even her empty chair. That night she died, the shocking facts were told and once again were to be known.

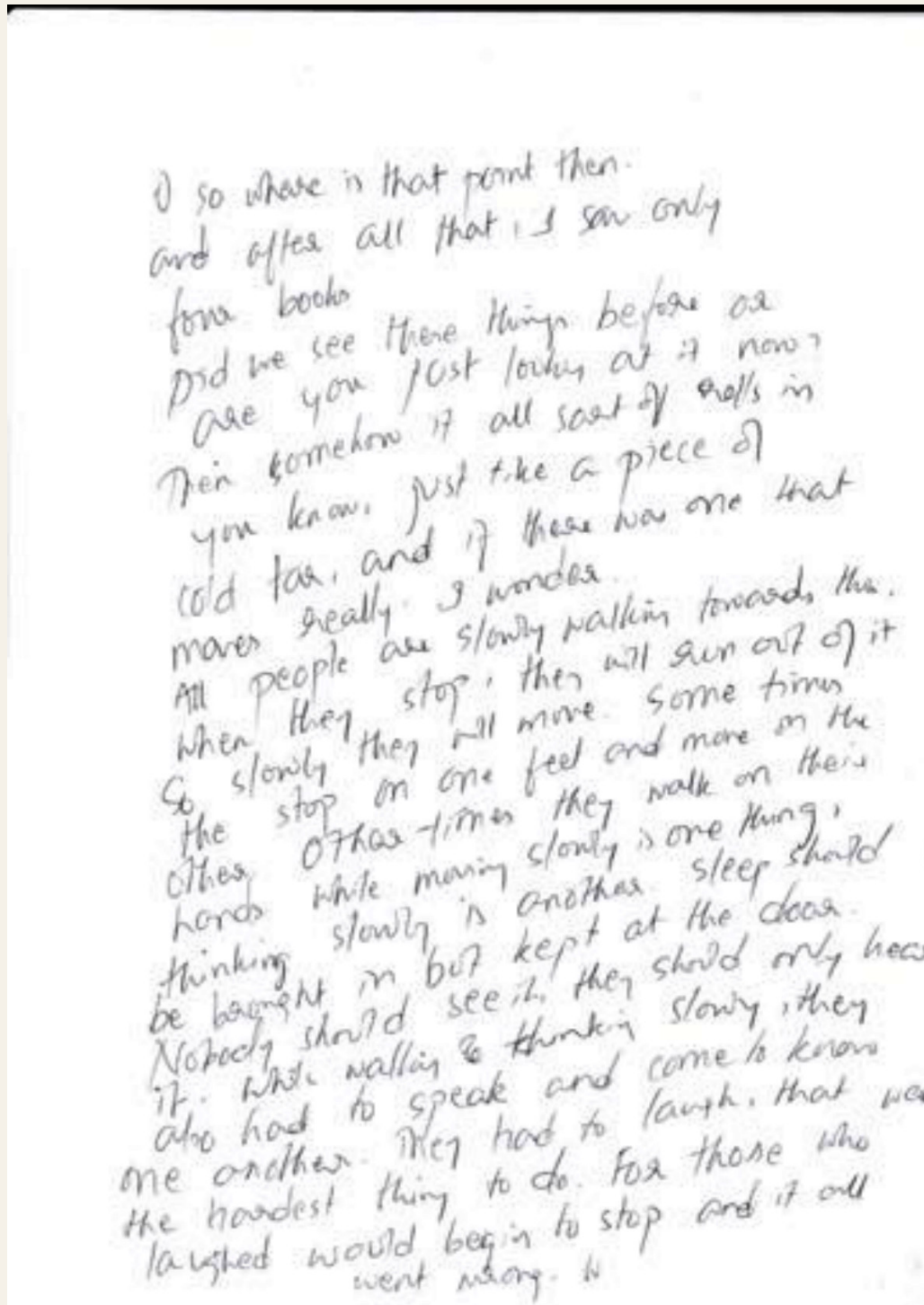
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'She's what'?

'She's a priest. She's you. She's you'.

The priest looked mean and unhandsome - like [unclear] - lacking the moral due. I'm Due.

The manuscript is presented in reading order: original pages 9, 8, 10, 11. Several words are unclear.



Slowly moving people

O so where is that point then.

And after all that I saw only from books

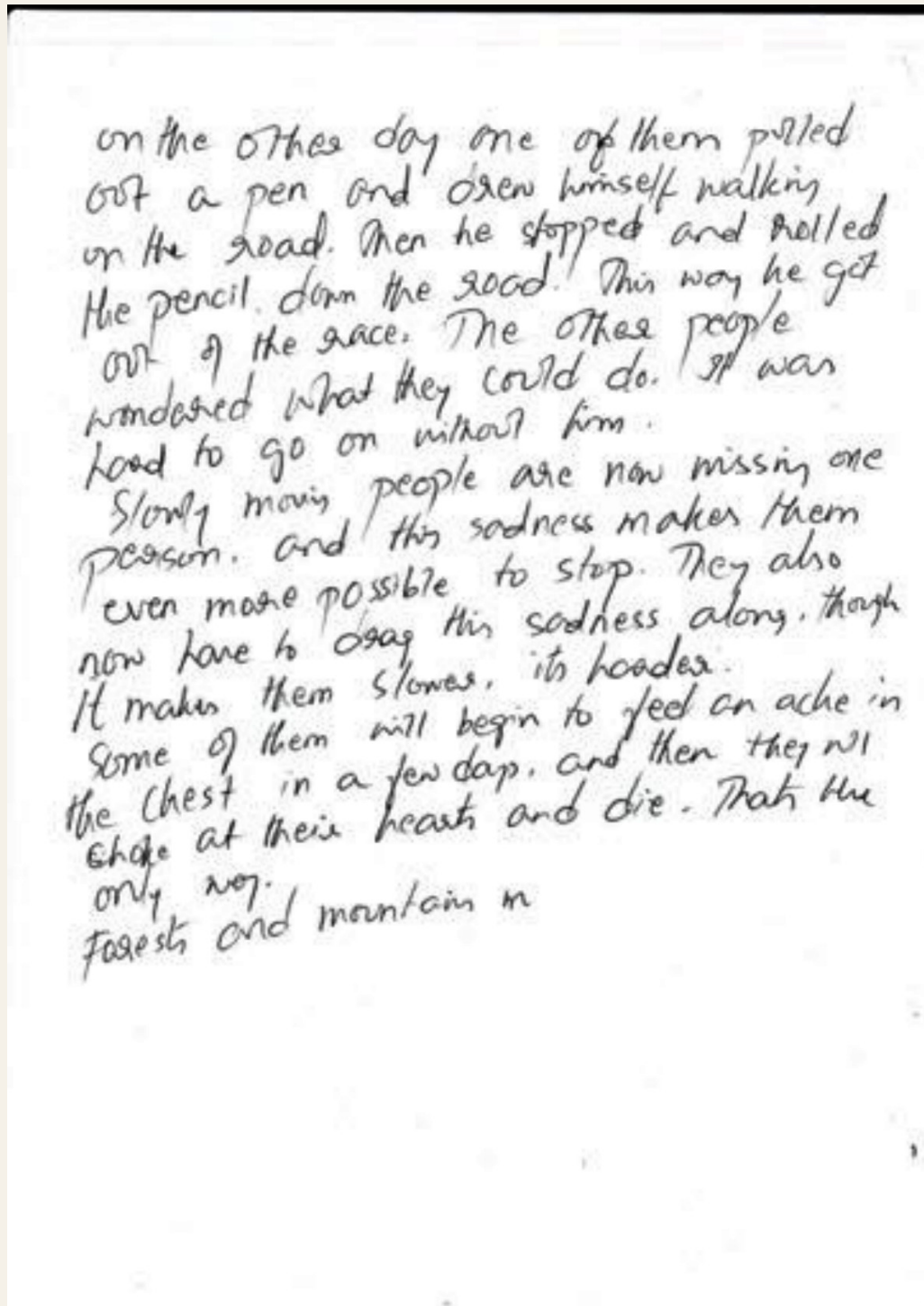
Did we see those things before or are you just looking at it now?

Then somehow it all sort of rolls in you know. Just take a piece of cold tea, and if there was one that moves really I wonder.

All people are slowly walking towards this. When they stop, they will run out of it. Go slowly they will move. Sometimes they stop on one foot and move on the other. Other-times they walk on their hands. While moving slowly is one thing, thinking slowly is another. Sleep should be brought in but kept at the door. Nobody should see it. They should only hear it.

While walking & thinking slowly, they also had to speak and come to know one another. They had to laugh. That was the hardest thing to do. For those who laughed would begin to stop and it all went wrong.

Pages reunited in reading order: 122, 33. The final phrase is incomplete. The writer's unusual phrasing is preserved.



Slowly moving people

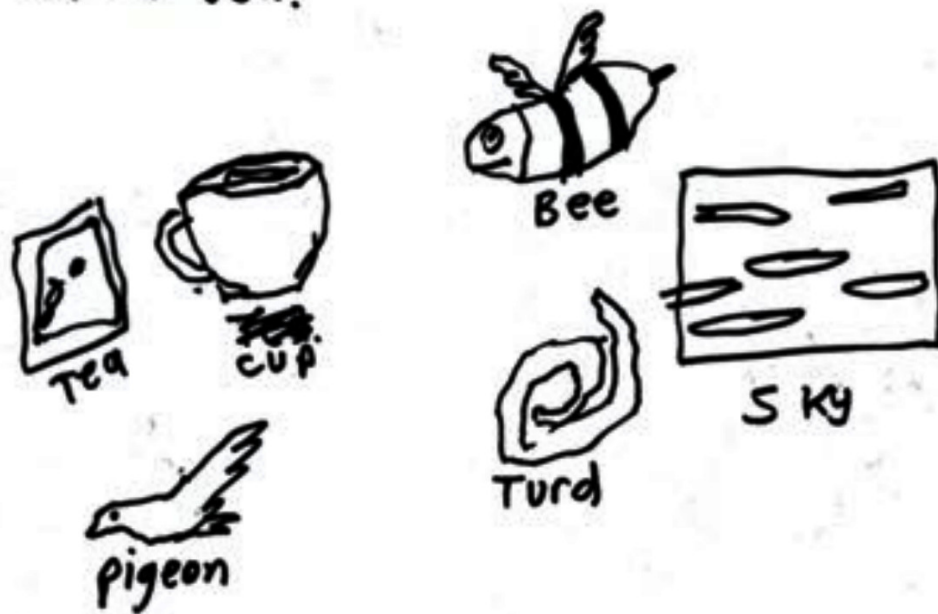
On the 7th day one of them pulled out a pen and drew himself walking on the road. Then he stopped and rolled the pencil down the road. This way he got out of the race. The other people wondered what they could do. It was hard to go on without him.

Slowly moving people are now missing one person. And this sadness makes them even more possible to stop. They also now have to drag this sadness along. Though it makes them slower, it's harder. Some of them will begin to feel an ache in the chest in a few days. And then they will choke at their hearts and die. That's the only way.

Forests and mountains in [scan ends]

Pages reunited in reading order: 122, 33. The final phrase is incomplete. The writer's unusual phrasing is preserved.

One day a bee flew into a big Cup of Tea. A ~~pigeon~~ ~~circled~~ the racing pigeon with amnesia circled the same patch of sky continually for seven weeks till it fell from sky and landed head first into a lump of turd. Fuck you you fucking shit bastard bollock nacker end fuck shit. Said the man with a bee in his big cup of tea.

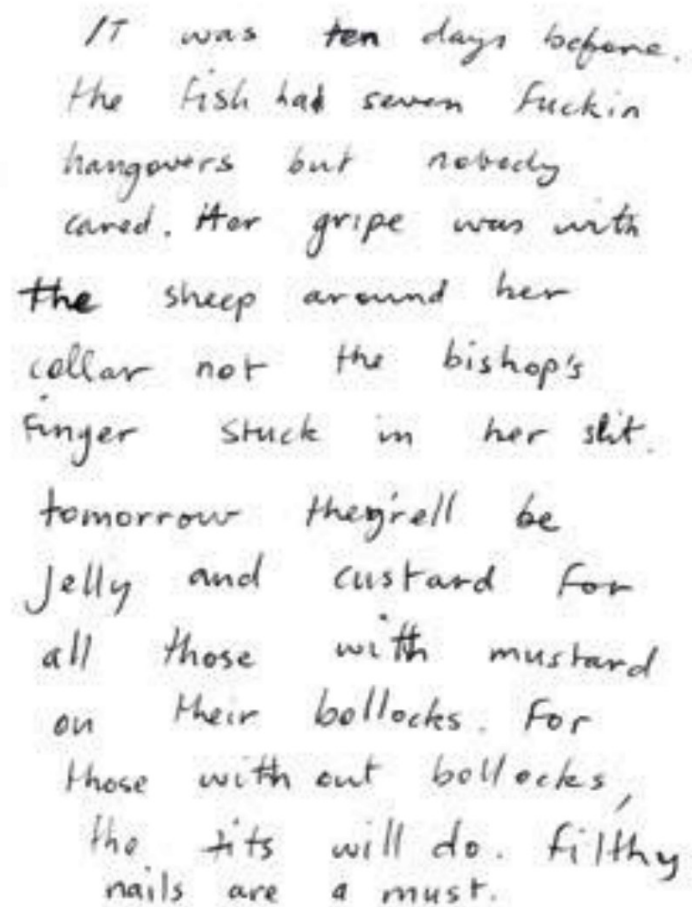


A bee in a big cup of tea

One day a bee flew into a big Cup of Tea. A racing pigeon with amnesia circled the same patch of sky continually for seven weeks till it fell from sky and landed head first into a lump of turd.

Fuck you you fucking shit bastard bollock nacker end fuck shit. Said the man with a bee in his big cup of tea.

[Drawing labels: Tea · Cup · Bee · Sky · Pigeon · Turd]



It was ten days before.
The fish had seven fuckin
hangovers but nobody
cared. Her gripe was with
the sheep around her
collar not the bishop's
finger stuck in her slit.
tomorrow they'll be
jelly and custard for
all those with mustard
on their bollocks. For
those with out bollocks,
the tits will do. filthy
nails are a must.

Ten days before

It was ten days before.

The fish had seven fuckin hangovers but nobody cared. Her gripe was with the sheep around her collar not the bishop's finger stuck in her slit.

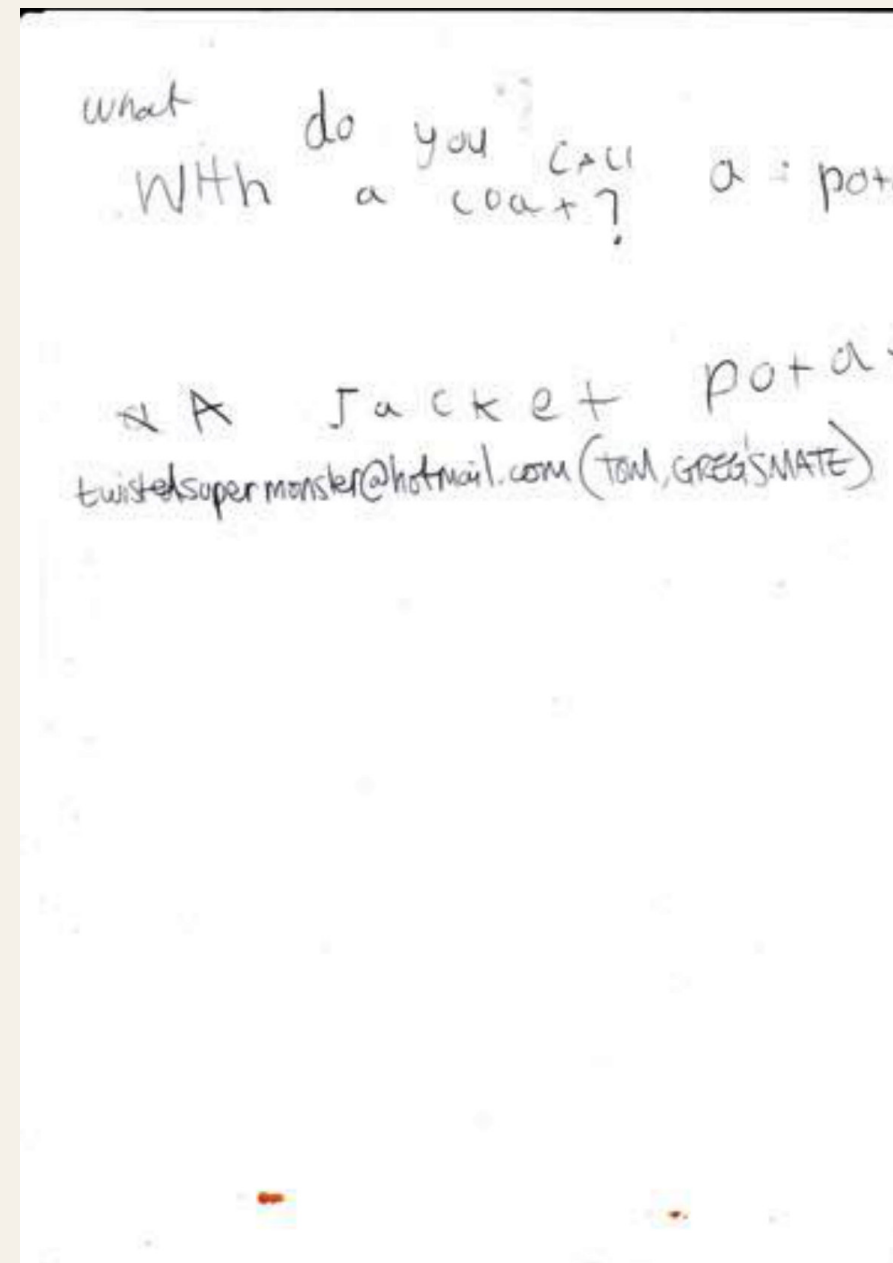
Tomorrow there'll be jelly and custard for all those with mustard on their bollocks. For those with out bollocks, the tits will do. Filthy nails are a must.

06

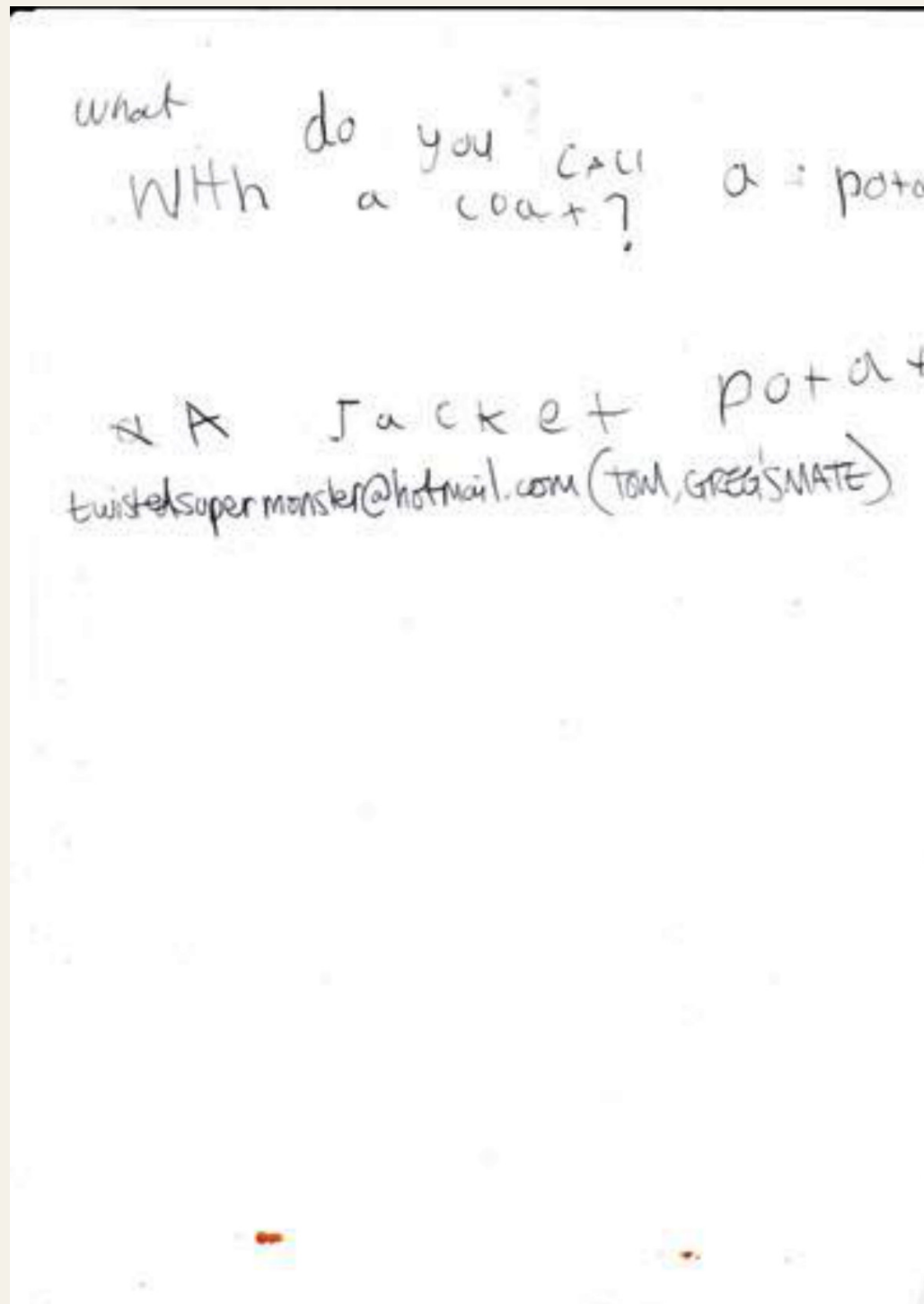
Jokes & mischief

A good punchline
is another kind of gift.

13 CONTRIBUTIONS



FROM ORIGINAL PAGE 5



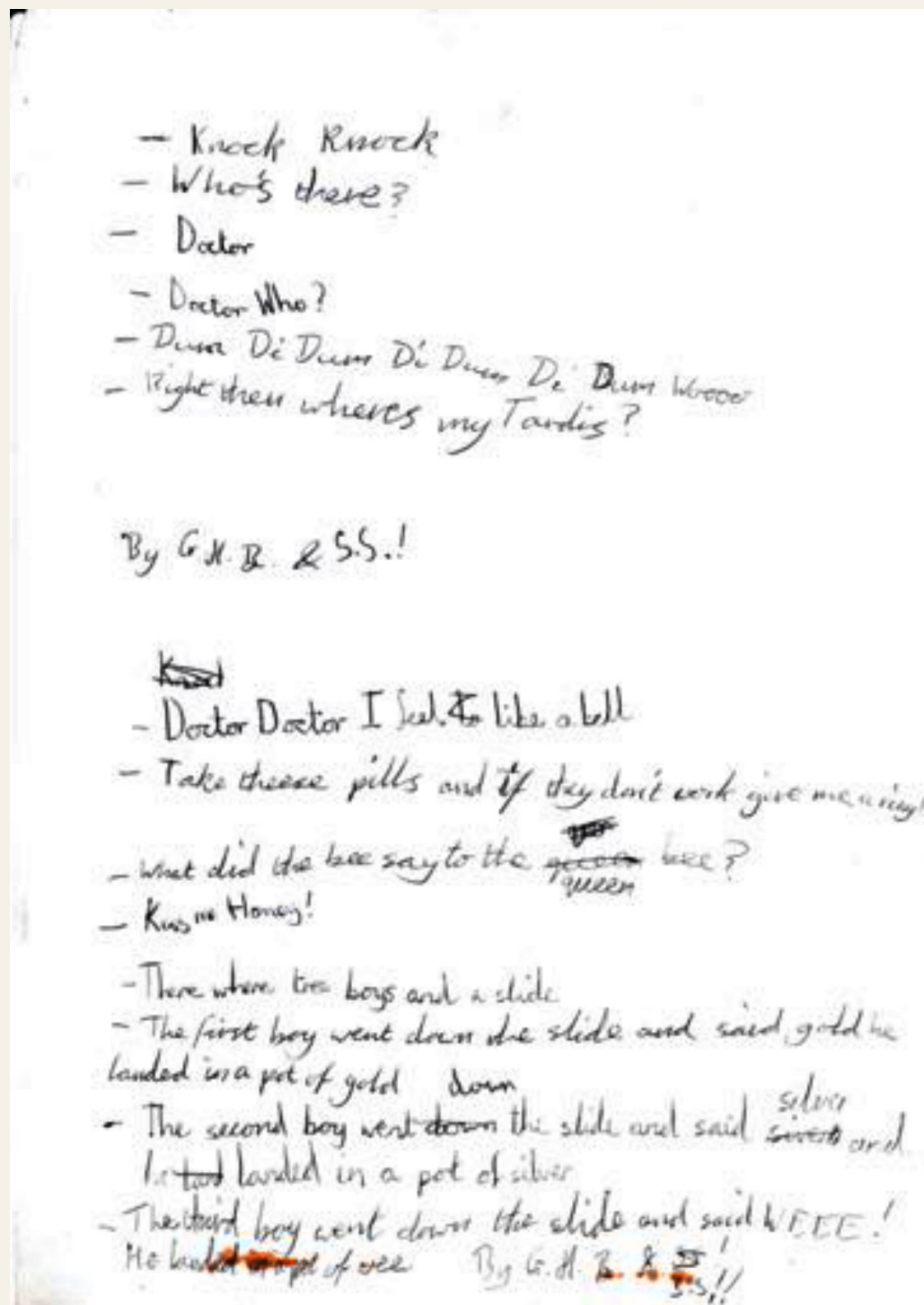
A jacket potato

What do you call a potato with a coat?

A jacket potato.

(Tom, Greg's mate)

An email address is visible in the original but is not repeated in the reading text.



Knock knock

- Knock knock
- Who's there?
- Doctor
- Doctor Who?
- Dum di dum di dum di dum de dum woaaa
- Right then, where's my Tardis?

By G.H.B. & S.S.!

- Doctor Doctor I feel like a bell
- Take these pills and if they don't work give me a ring!
- What did the bee say to the queen bee?
- Kiss me Honey!

- There were two boys and a slide.
 - The first boy went down the slide and said gold; he landed in a pot of gold.
 - The second boy went down the slide and said silver and landed in a pot of silver.
 - The third boy went down the slide and said WEEE!
- He landed in a pot of wee.

By G.H.B. & S.S.!!

Initials are uncertain. The final joke refers to two boys, then introduces a third; this has been retained.



The baker

WHY DID THE BAKER HAVE DIRTY
HANDS?

COS HE KNEADED A POOH!

One day we were outside on the roof
and my brother Jack was telling a
story about a girl who likes to lick walls.
As he demonstrated by sticking his
tongue out a bird flew overhead and
shat only centimetres away from
his tongue. He narrowly missed
being shat on by the bird. I bet
the girl who licks walls never
encountered that sort of thing.



The girl who licks walls

One day we were outside on the roof and my brother Jack was telling a story about a girl who likes to lick walls. As he demonstrated by sticking his tongue out a bird flew overhead and shat only centimetres away from his tongue. He narrowly missed being shat on by the bird. I bet the girl who licks walls never encountered that sort of thing.

One night, after one too many vodkas, myself and two good friends stumbled out of a cab on our way home after a good night out. After a playful fight, Ian slipped and fell on his face, losing most of one of his front teeth. Once home, in our drunken state, we decided to preserve the tooth in a glass of milk until the morning when a dentist could sort out the problem. The next day, upon attempting to retrieve the tooth from the glass of milk which had been kept in the fridge, we realised the milk was gone, along with the tooth. During the night one of our friends had come down-stairs parched, and had downed the lot!

A glass of milk

One night, after one too many vodkas, myself and two good friends stumbled out of a cab on our way home after a good night out. After a playful fight, Ian slipped and fell on his face, losing most of two of his front teeth.

Once home, in our drunken state, we decided to preserve the tooth in a glass of milk until the morning when a dentist could sort out the problem. The next day, upon attempting to retrieve the tooth from the glass of milk which had been kept in the fridge, we realised the milk was gone, along with the tooth.

During the night one of our friends had come down-stairs parched, and had downed the lot!



The weekend in Prague

I came to London this weekend to take my boyfriend away on holiday. We were going to go to Prague. But when I tried to book the tickets, my credit card wasn't accepted. I have three credit cards now and they are all full up on clothes, and photos and my hungry belly.

Anyway, we came to London anyway to see the Frieze art fair and I was planning to abduct him and take him to the airport and force him to use his card to take me to Prague. Because I told everyone I was going there for the weekend. And I know when I get back on Monday they will all ask how it was.

I could lie and tell them it was great. But he left last night and went back home to Winchester. And if they see him today or tomorrow, it will ruin my story. So I called him this morning and

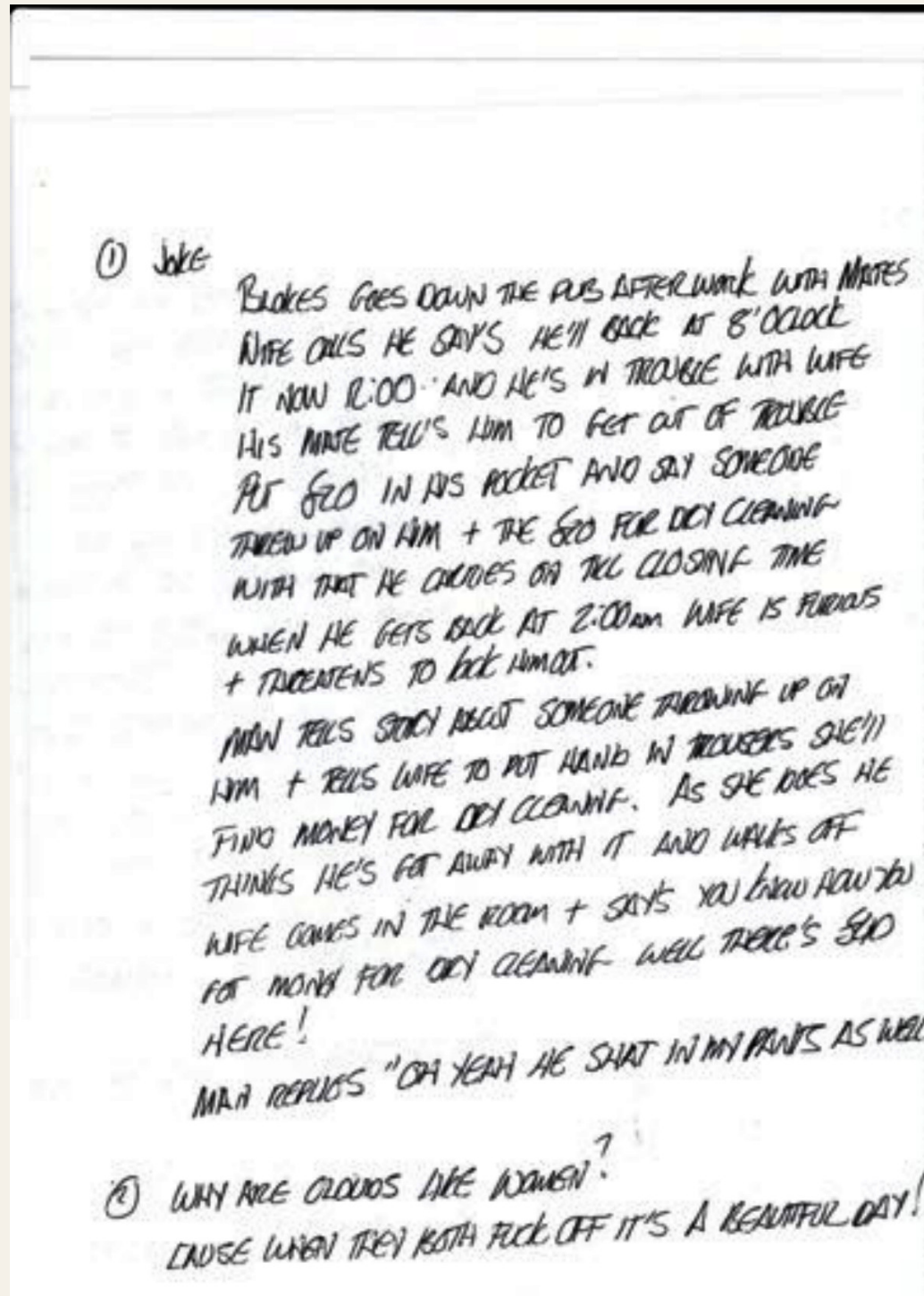


The weekend in Prague

told him to stay in the house all day and watch the matrix which my friend, Roza bought for him for his birthday.

I am in London now with her to see lots of shows and buy clothes (or steal them?) But my problem is... I won't be able to tell anyone that I came here or I went to Hoxton or I went to any other trendy galleries because that will ruin my story about Prague. Another problem is getting my friend to exclude me in her stories about London.

Maybe I will phone my boyfriend and tell him to go out and see lots of people so I can tell them about London? Or maybe I can make Roza go to Gatwick and take me to Prague. But I'm going to leave now so I can't finish my story.



Money for dry cleaning

1. JOKE

Blokes goes down the pub after work with mates. Wife calls he says he'll back at 8 o'clock. It now 12:00 and he's in trouble with wife. His mate tell's him to get out of trouble put £20 in his pocket and say someone threw up on him & the £20 for dry cleaning.

With that he carries on till closing time. When he gets back at 2:00am wife is furious & threatens to lock him out. Man tells story about someone throwing up on him & tells wife to put hand in trousers she'll find money for dry cleaning. As she does he thinks he's got away with it and walks off.

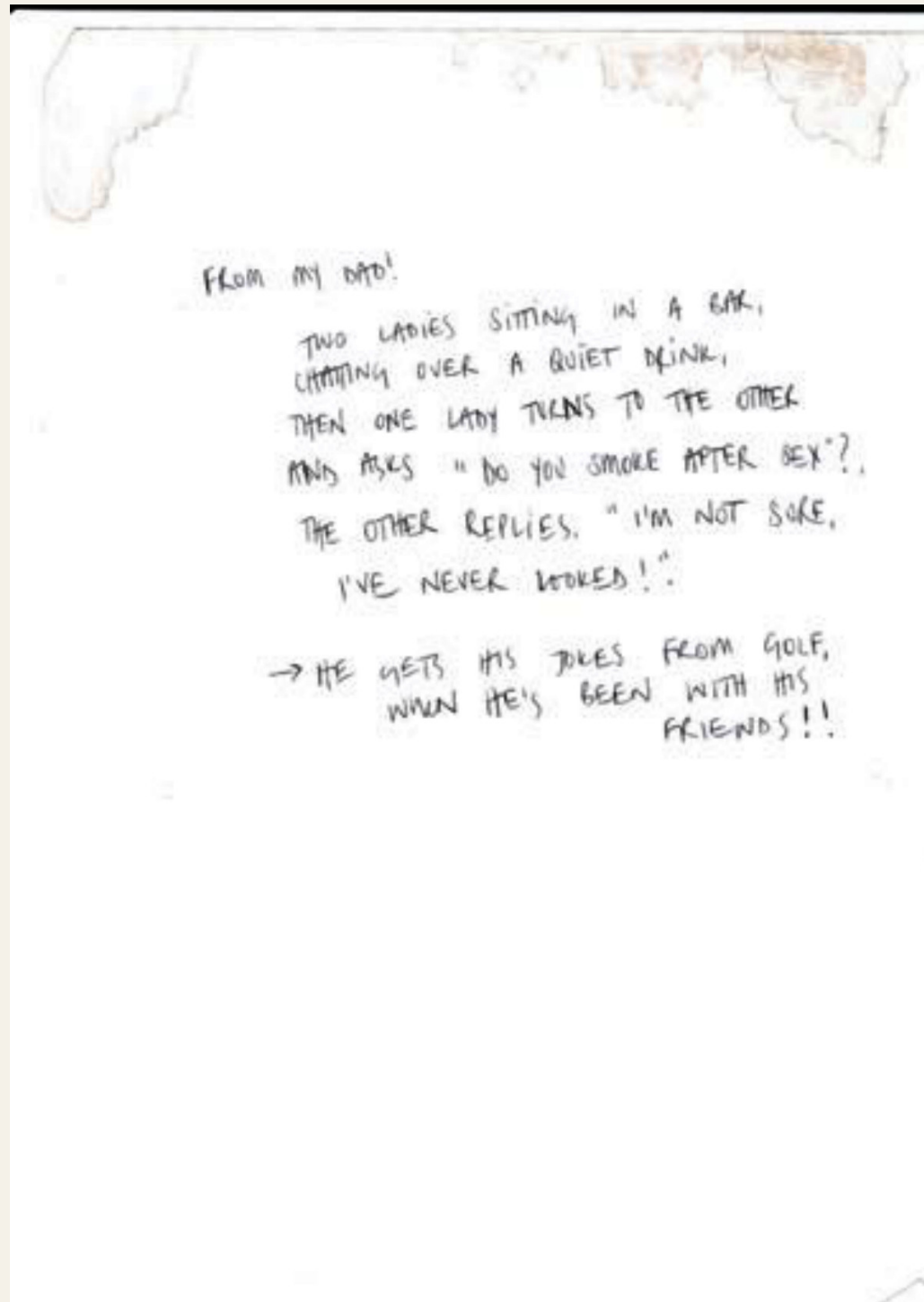
Wife comes in the room & says you know how you got money for dry cleaning well there's £40 here!

Man replies 'Oh yeah he shat in my pants as well'.

2. WHY ARE CLOUDS LIKE WOMEN?

CAUSE WHEN THEY BOTH FUCK OFF IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY!

The contributor's wording and spelling are preserved.



From my dad!

TWO LADIES SITTING IN A BAR,
CHATting OVER A QUIET DRINK, THEN
ONE LADY TURNS TO THE OTHER AND
ASKS 'DO YOU SMOKE AFTER SEX'?

THE OTHER REPLIES, 'I'M NOT SURE,
I'VE NEVER LOOKED!'

HE GETS HIS JOKES FROM GOLF, WHEN
HE'S BEEN WITH HIS FRIENDS!!

21st OCTOBER 2003

Bob was going up the stairs in his house, he met his mate coming down. His mate George said to him, "was I going up the stairs or coming down, I'm fucked if I remember?" "Well" says Bob, "I would say you were definitely coming down the stairs". "O.K" the ^{BOB} says ~~George~~ and he proceeds on up to the bathroom. There to find his other house mate standing naked and looking a bit blank. His mate Ken says to ^{BOB} ~~George~~, "was I getting into the bath or out of it?" ^{BOB} ~~George~~ says, "the water's hot,

Knock on wood

21st October 2003

Bob was going up the stairs in his house, he met his mate coming down. His mate George said to him 'was I going up the stairs or coming down, I'm fucked if I remember?'

'Well' says Bob, 'I would say you were definitely coming down the stairs'.

'O.K' then says Bob and he proceeds on up to the bathroom. There to find his other house mate standing naked and looking a bit blank. His mate Ken says to Bob 'was I getting into the bath or out of it'.

Bob says 'the water's hot,

Pages reunited in reading order: 101, 64. Character names follow the writer's corrections, including the apparent inconsistency.

the water's clean, so you were
 about to get "in". ~~George~~ Bob
 goes back down stairs and
 sits down by the table. He
 knocks on wood and says
 "I hope to fuck I don't
 end up like those two."
 Knock, knock he goes again
 on the wood. He sits
 there for a moment and
 says to himself "Was that
 the back door or the
 front door?"
 Ha Ha
 Ha.
 F U C K
 O F F.

Knock on wood

the water's clean so you were about to get "in".

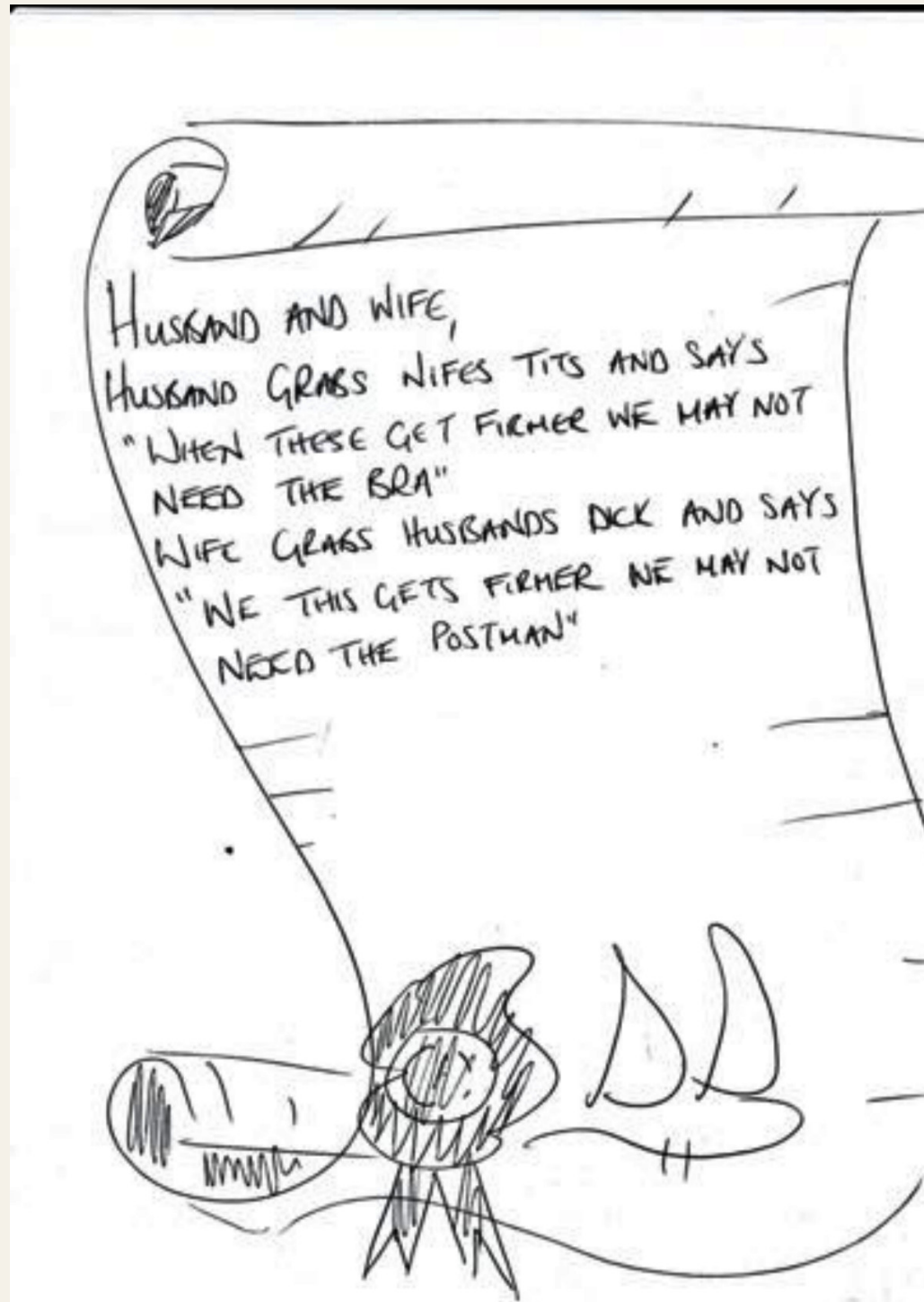
Bob goes back down stairs and sits down by the table. He knocks on wood and says 'I hope to fuck I don't end up like those two'.

Knock, Knock he goes again on the wood. He sits there for a moment and says to himself 'Was that the back door or the front door?'

Ha Ha Ha.
 FUCK OFF.

[Signature unclear]

Pages reunited in reading order: 101, 64. Character names follow the writer's corrections, including the apparent inconsistency.



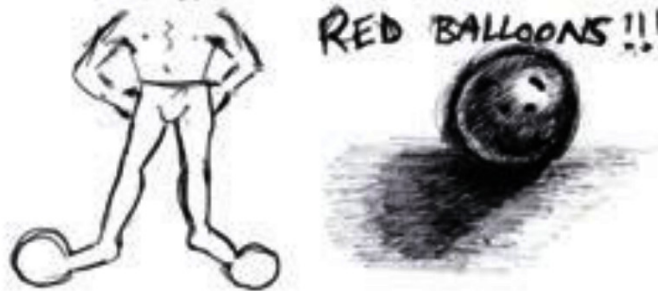
Husband and wife

Husband and wife,

Husband grabs wife's tits and says 'When these get firmer we may not need the bra'.

Wife grabs husband's dick and says 'When this gets firmer we may not need the Postman'.

MY EX HUSBAND HAD A RUBBER FETISH.
 ONE XMAS HE BOUGHT ME A PAIR OF RED
 LATEX TIGHTS.
 THEY LOOKED A BIT SAD - ALL COVERED IN TALC.
 AFTER XMAS DINNER I FELL ASLEEP ON
 THE SOFA.
 A WHILE LATER I WAS WOKEN BY MY EX
 CALLING ME FROM UPSTAIRS.
 I WENT INTO THE BEDROOM + THERE HE WAS!
 STANDING WEARING THE RED RUBBER
 TIGHTS!
 HE LOOKED A BIT LIKE BATMAN'S LOST ROBIN.
 HOWEVER - HE WAS UNABLE TO GET THE AIR
 OUT OF THE FEET SO IT LOOKED LIKE
 HE WAS WEARING ~~TWO~~ TWO
 RED BALLOONS!!!!



Two red balloons

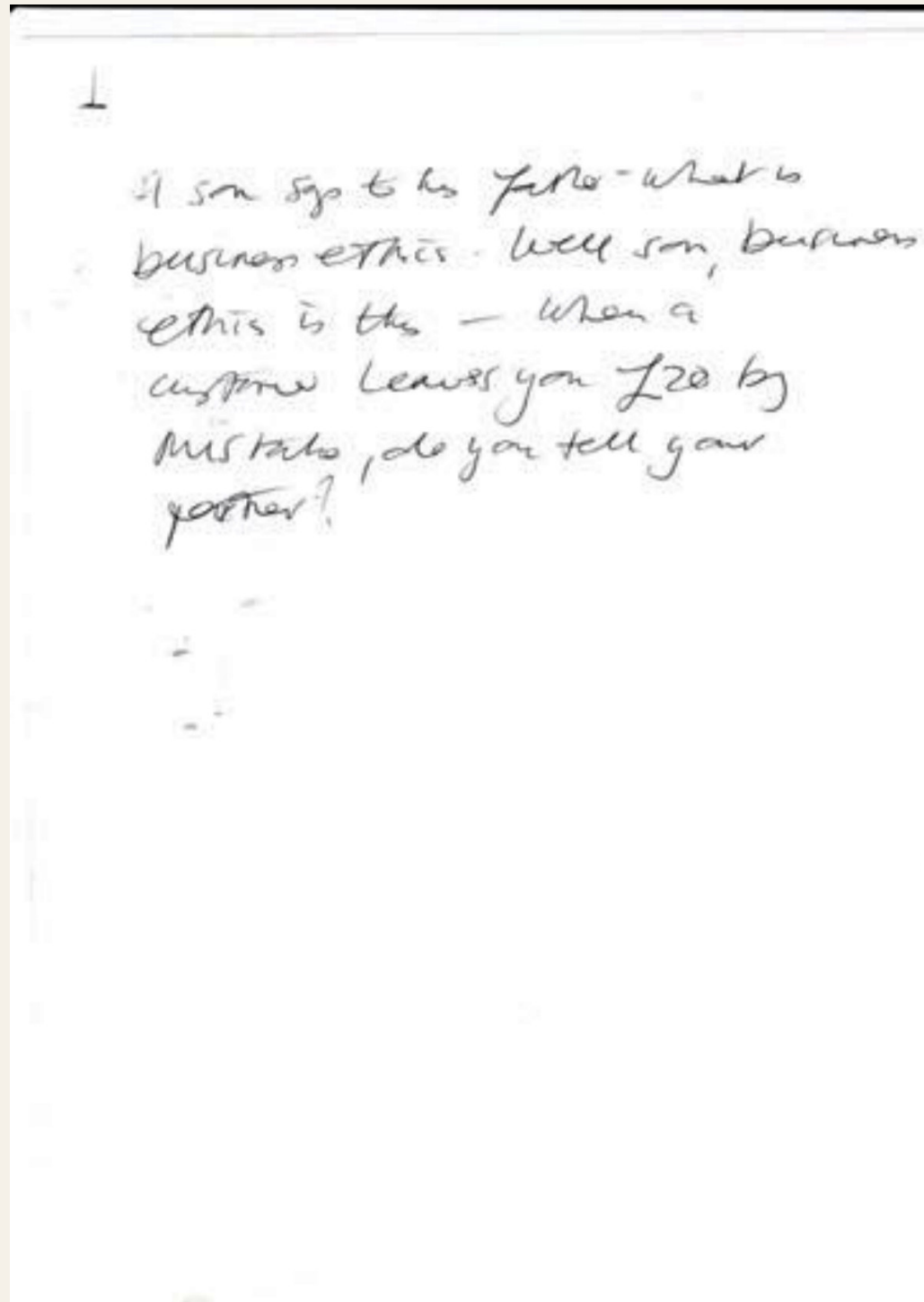
My ex husband had a rubber fetish. One Xmas he bought me a pair of red latex tights.

They looked a bit sad - all covered in talc.

After Xmas dinner I fell asleep on the sofa. A little later I was woken by my ex calling me from upstairs.

I went into the bedroom & there he was! Standing wearing the red rubber tights!

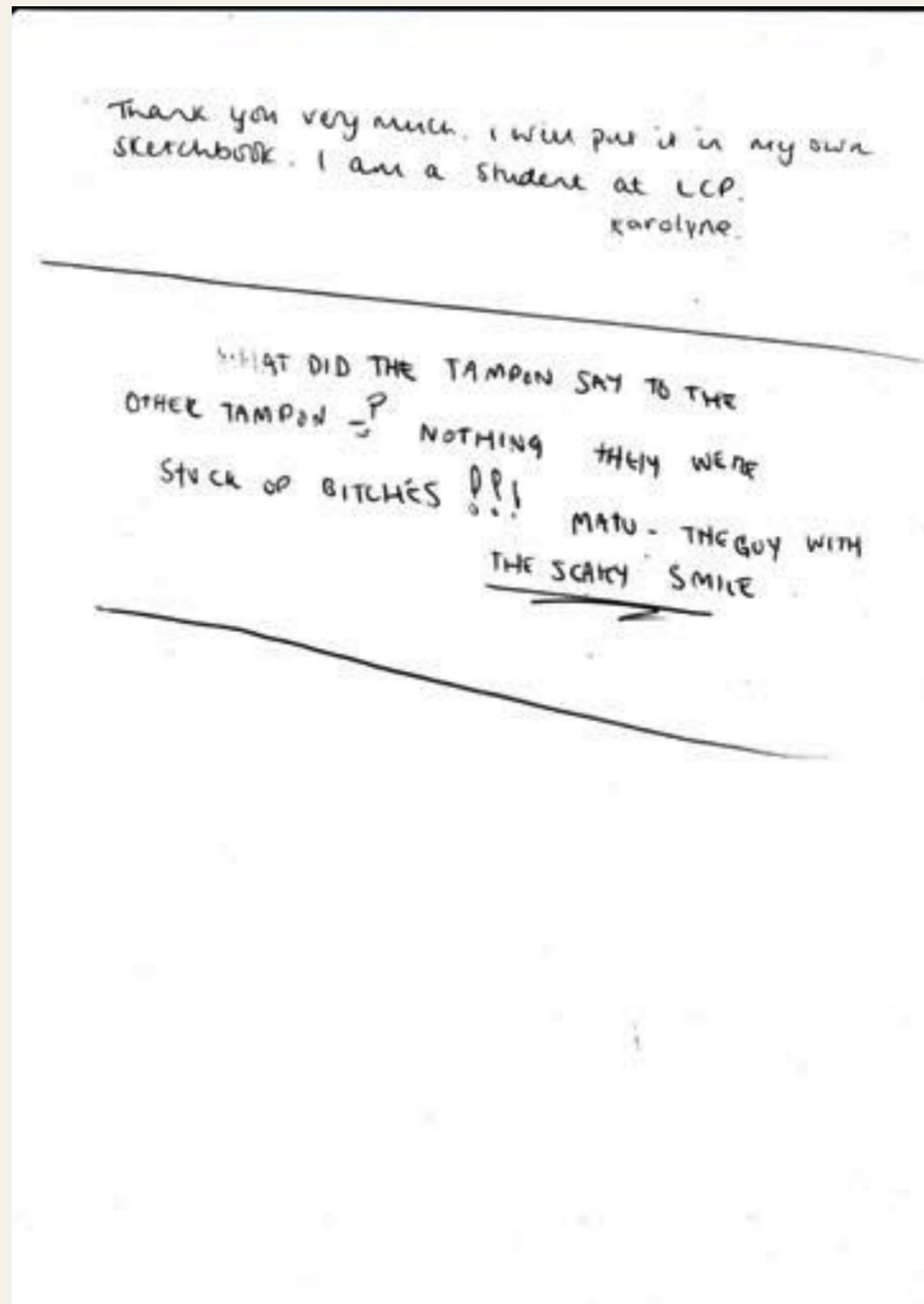
He looked a bit like Batman's lost Robin. However he was unable to get the air out of the feet so it looked like he was wearing two RED BALLOONS!!!!



Business ethics

A son says to his father - What is business ethics?

Well son, business ethics is this - when a customer leaves you £20 by mistake, do you tell your partner?



A sketchbook and a joke

Thank you very much. I will put it in my own sketchbook. I am a student at LCP.
Karolyne

WHAT DID THE TAMPON SAY TO THE OTHER TAMPON?
NOTHING THEY WERE STUCK UP BITCHES!!!

MATU - THE GUY WITH THE SCARY SMILE

Two contributions share this page. The signatures are slightly unclear.

07

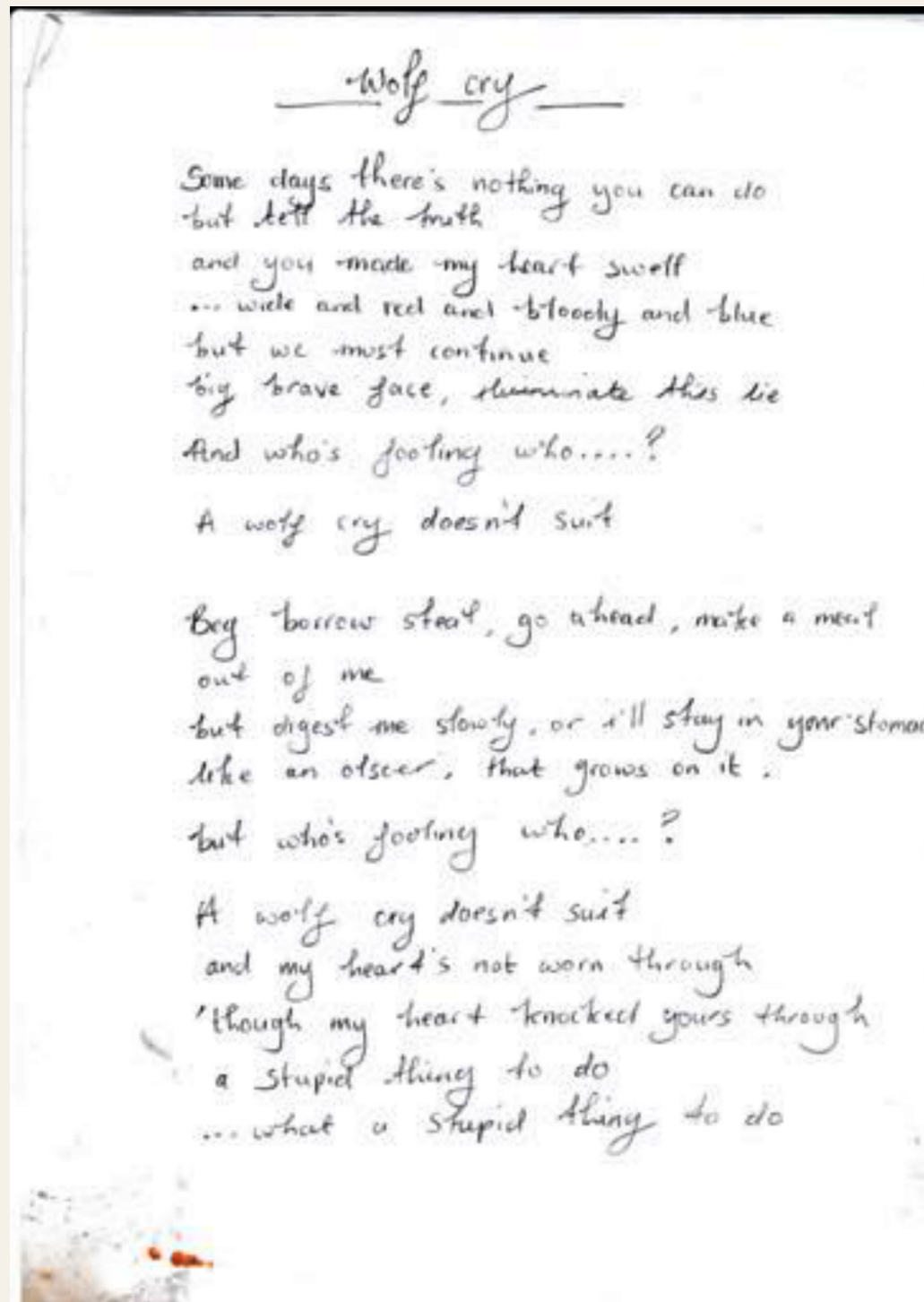
Poems & feelings

Things said softly.
Things written large.

13 CONTRIBUTIONS



FROM ORIGINAL PAGE 14



Wolf cry

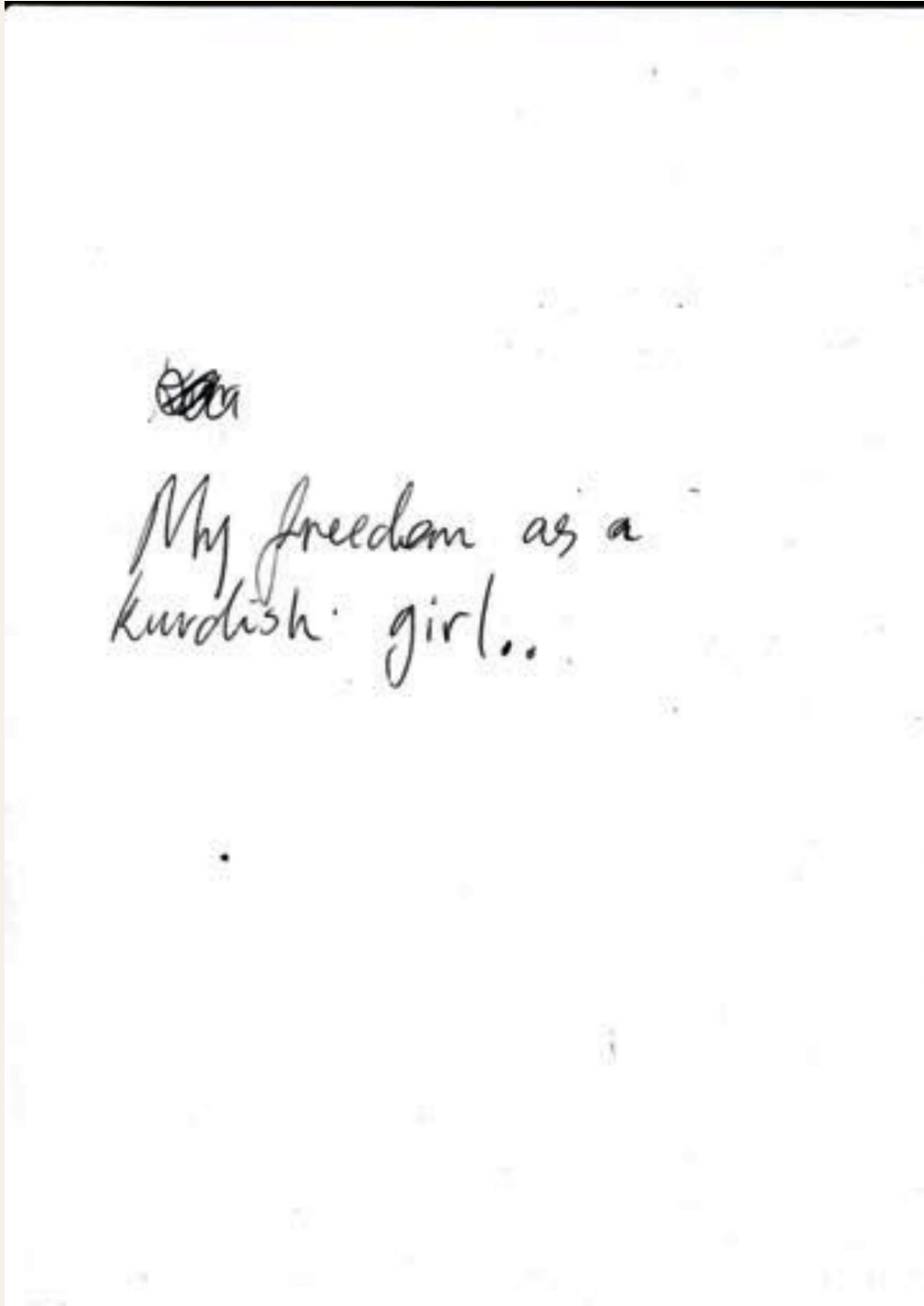
Some days there's nothing you can do
but tell the truth
and you made my heart swell
... wide and red and bloody and blue
but we must continue
big brave face, illuminate this lie

And who's fooling who....?
A wolf cry doesn't suit

Beg borrow steal, go ahead, make a meal
out of me
but digest me slowly, or I'll stay in your stomach
like an ulcer, that grows on it.

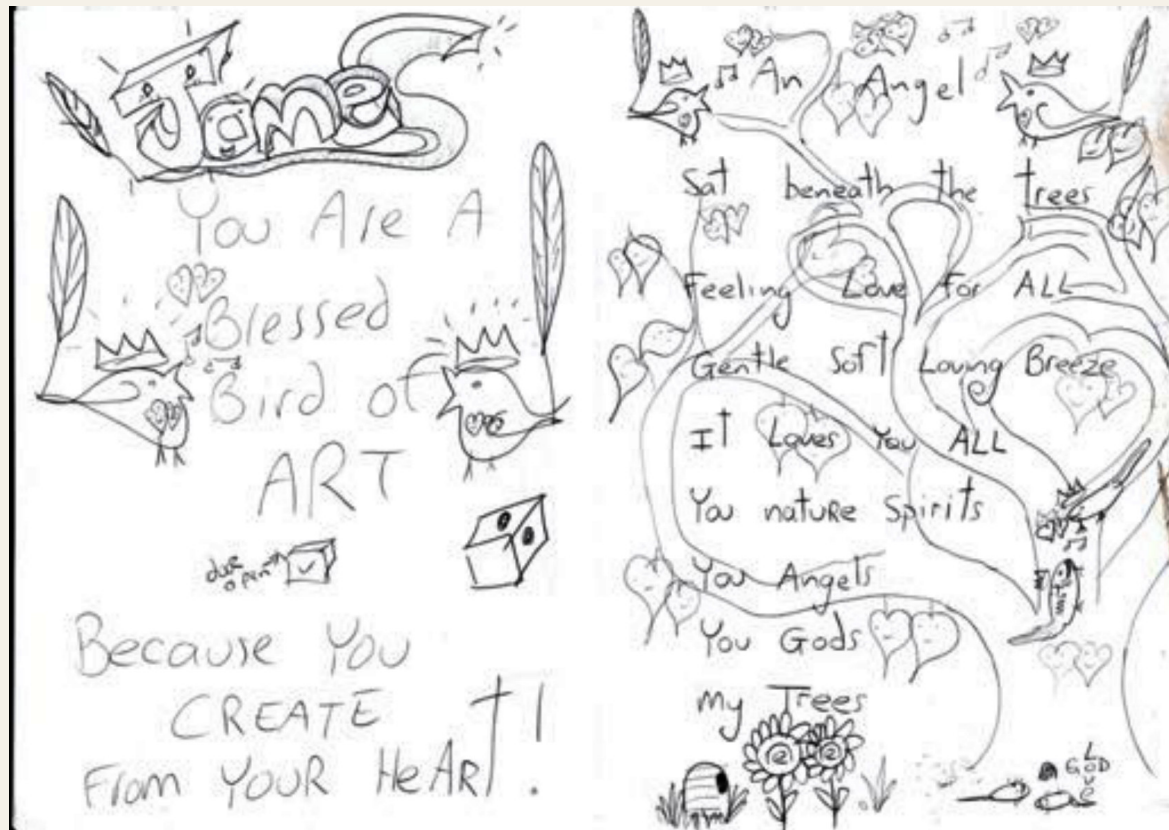
but who's fooling who....?

A wolf cry doesn't suit
and my heart's not worn through
'though my heart knocked yours through
a stupid thing to do
... what a stupid thing to do



My freedom

My freedom as a Kurdish girl..



Create from your heart

James

You Are A Blessed Bird of ART
Because You CREATE From Your HeART.

'I Am An Angel'

Sat beneath the trees
Feeling Love For ALL
Gentle soft Loving Breeze
It Loves You ALL
You nature Spirits
You Angels
You Gods
my Trees

Text is arranged among drawings of crowned birds, hearts and flowers.



TRANSCRIPT

Passport ticket

Passport ticket

You Are Free to Travel!

LOVE

Key of the Change!

one · one · one · one

Happy Bird Day!

La La!

For ever

The Son

[Words at the lower edge are clipped.]

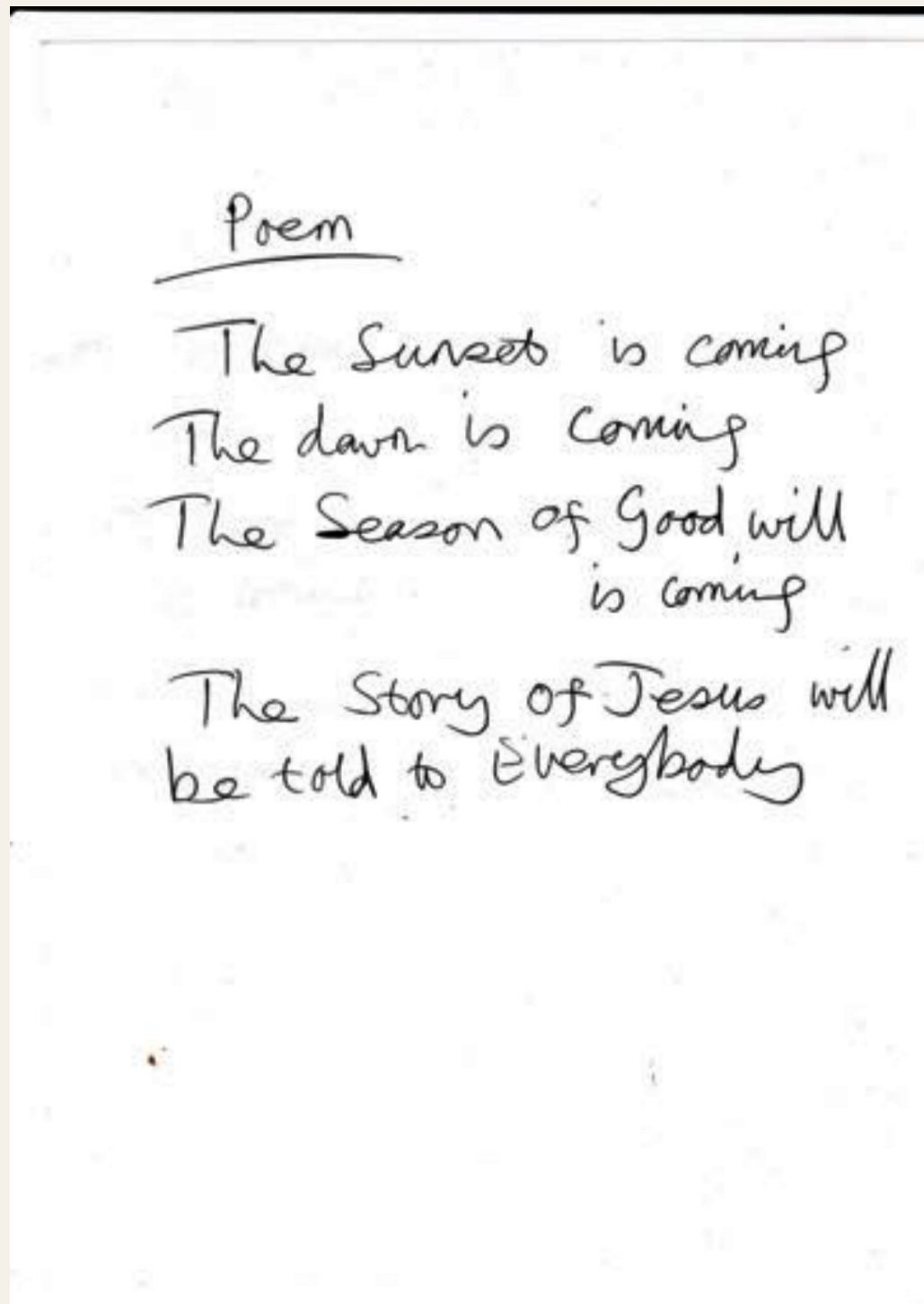
Lettering appears within drawings. The bottom line is only partly visible.



On skid row

and I found myself on skid row

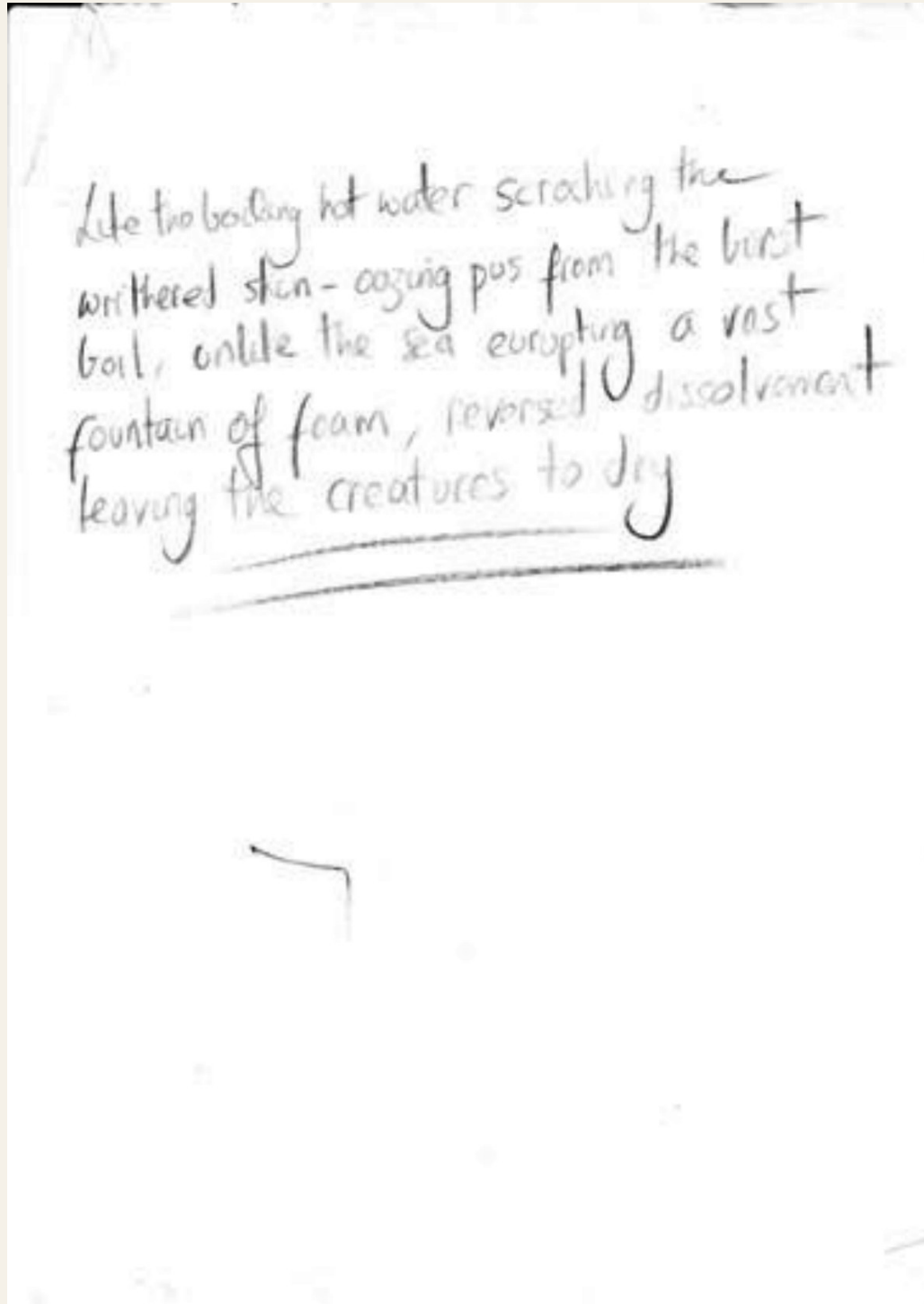
The small speech bubble appears to read 'and I found myself on skid row'.



Poem

The Sunset is coming
The dawn is coming
The Season of Good will
is coming

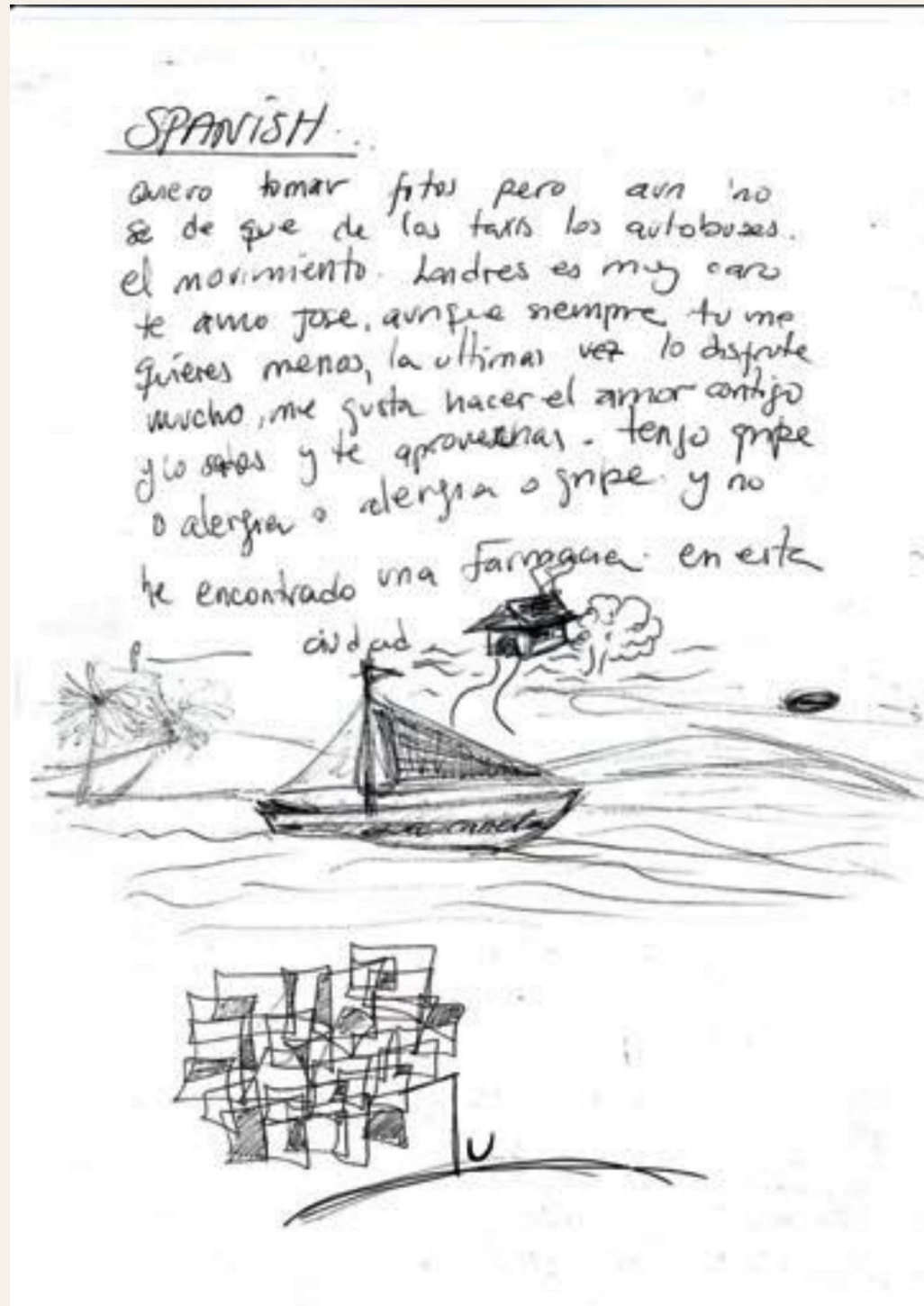
The Story of Jesus will
be told to Everybody



A fountain of foam

Like the boiling hot water scalding the
withered skin - oozing pus from the burst
boil unlike the sea erupting a vast
fountain of foam, reversed discontent
leaving the creatures to die

The pencil is faint; 'reversed discontent' is uncertain.

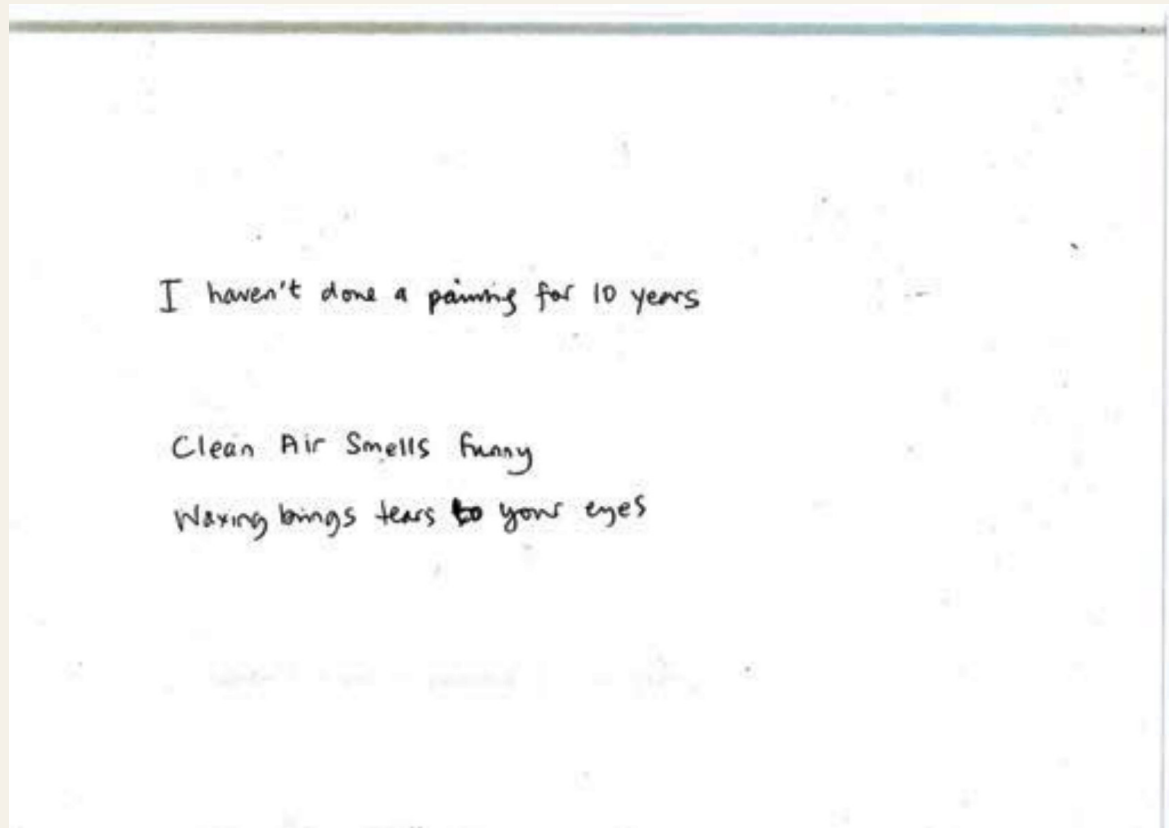


Quiero tomar fotos

SPANISH

Quiero tomar fotos pero aun no se de que de los taxis los autobuses. el movimiento Londres es muy caro te amo Jose, aunque siempre tu me quieres menos, la ultima vez lo disfrute mucho, me gusta hacer el amor contigo y lo sabes y te aprovechas. tengo gripe o alergia o alergia o gripe y no he encontrado una farmacia en esta ciudad.

Spanish, preserved as written. The name appears to read Jose. Drawings of boats and a building accompany the text.



Clean air smells funny

I haven't done a painting for 10 years

Clean Air Smells funny

Waxing brings tears to your eyes

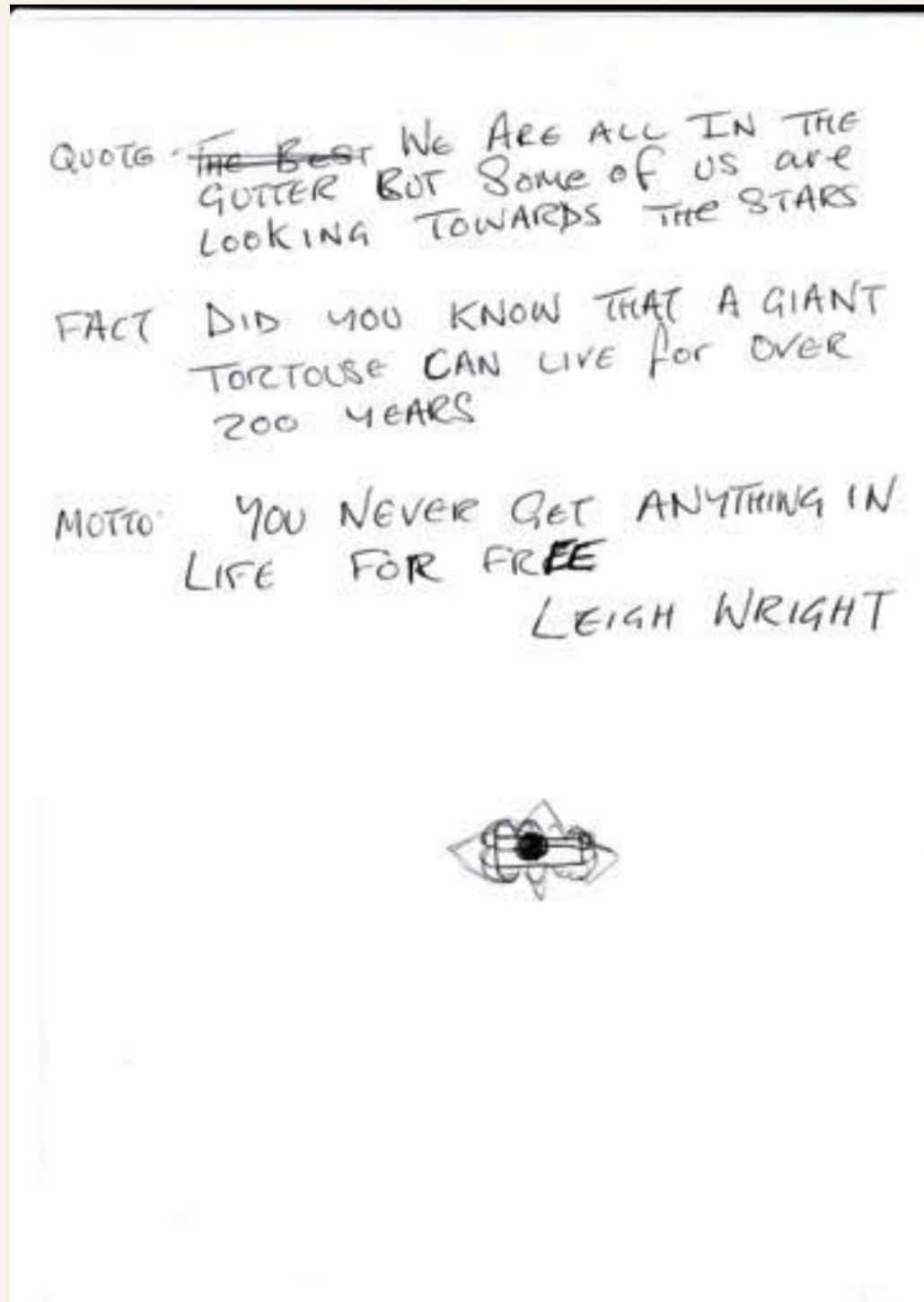
vanilla nice:

oking at my watch
 saw her in a blur
 lked by, focused on
 r arse. (I couldn't
 lp myself) and thought
 ice arse. I hate jeans
 metimes they obstruct
 auty from fully forming
 nd lies, all those lies.
 But I just kept on,
 pursuing to next one
 A1A girls are hot wearing
 less than bikinis, jealous
 ... I'm ... to act like none ..

Vanilla nice

[Lo]oking at my watch
 saw her in a blur
 [wa]lked by, focused on
 [he]r arse. (I couldn't
 [he]lp myself) and thought
 [n]ice arse. I hate jeans
 [so]metimes they obstruct
 [b]eauty from fully forming
 [a]nd lies, all those lies.
 But I just kept on,
 pursuing to not one
 A1A girls are hot wearing
 less than bikinis, jealous
 [unclear]

Several line openings are clipped; supplied letters are bracketed. The final line and 'A1A' are uncertain.



Quote, fact, motto

QUOTE

WE ARE ALL IN THE GUTTER BUT SOME
OF US ARE LOOKING TOWARDS THE
STARS

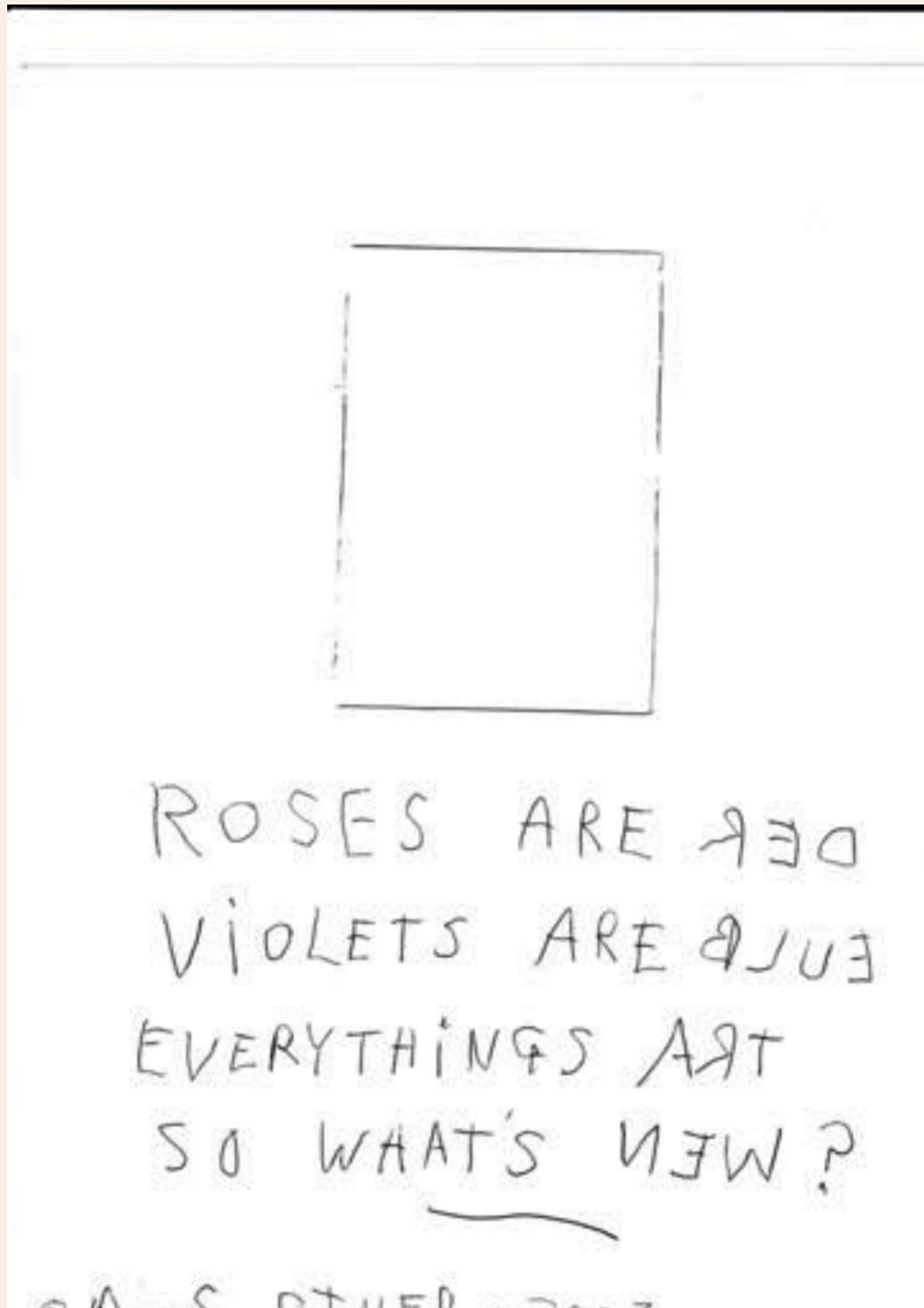
FACT

DID YOU KNOW THAT A GIANT
TORTOISE CAN LIVE FOR OVER 200
YEARS

MOTTO

YOU NEVER GET ANYTHING IN LIFE FOR
FREE

LEIGH WRIGHT



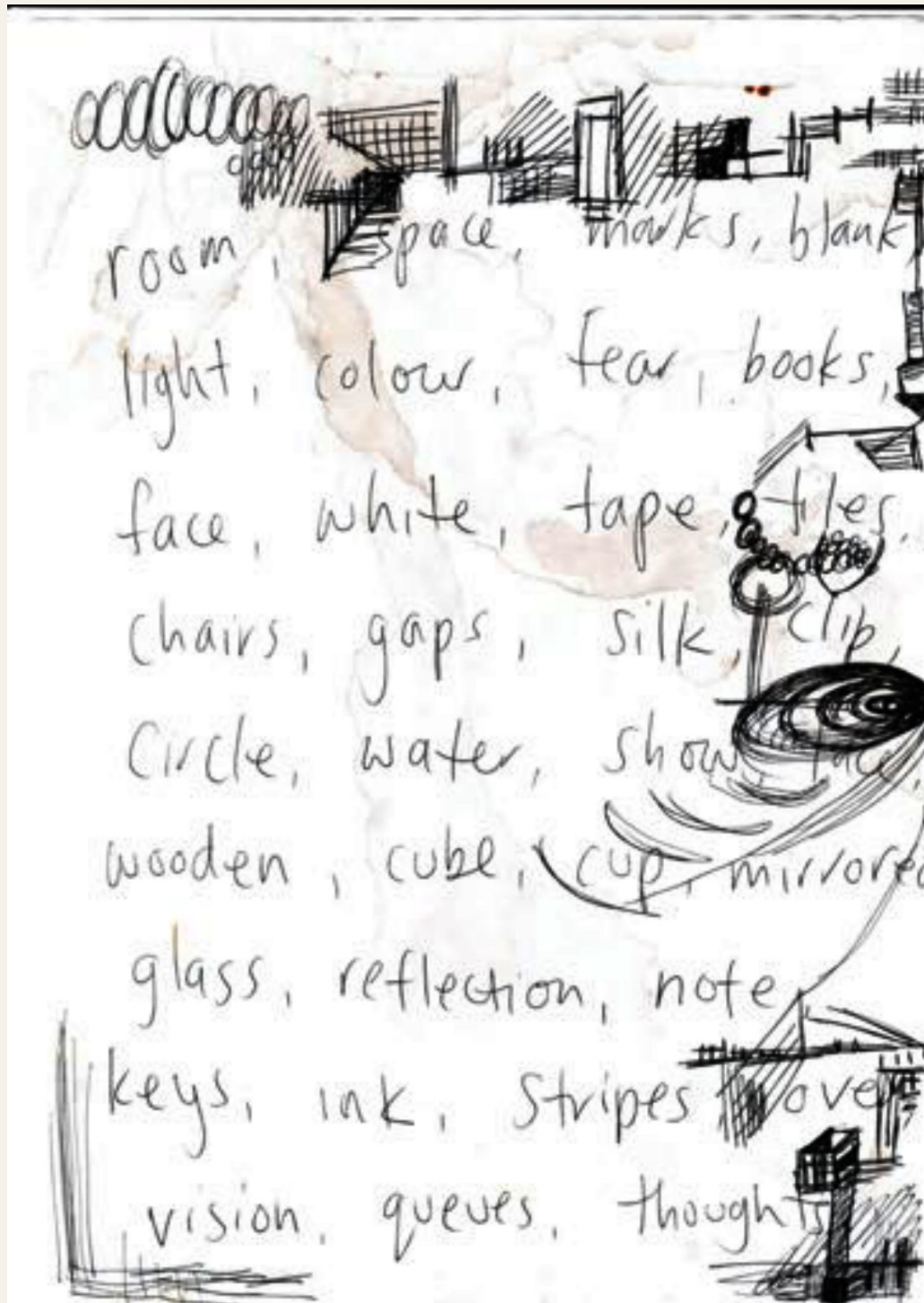
TRANSCRIPT

Everything's art

ROSES ARE RED
VIOLETS ARE BLUE
EVERYTHING'S ART
SO WHAT'S NEW?

[Clipped lettering below]

Several words and letters are deliberately reversed in the handwriting.



Room, space, marks

room, space, marks, blank
 light, colour, fear, books
 face, white, tape, tiles
 chairs, gaps, silk, clip
 circle, water, show
 wooden, cube, cup, mirrored
 glass, reflection, note
 keys, ink, stripes, love
 vision, queues, thoughts

A word-list among drawings. Some right-edge word endings are clipped or obscured.

08

Faces

Portraits and carbon copies
from the booth.

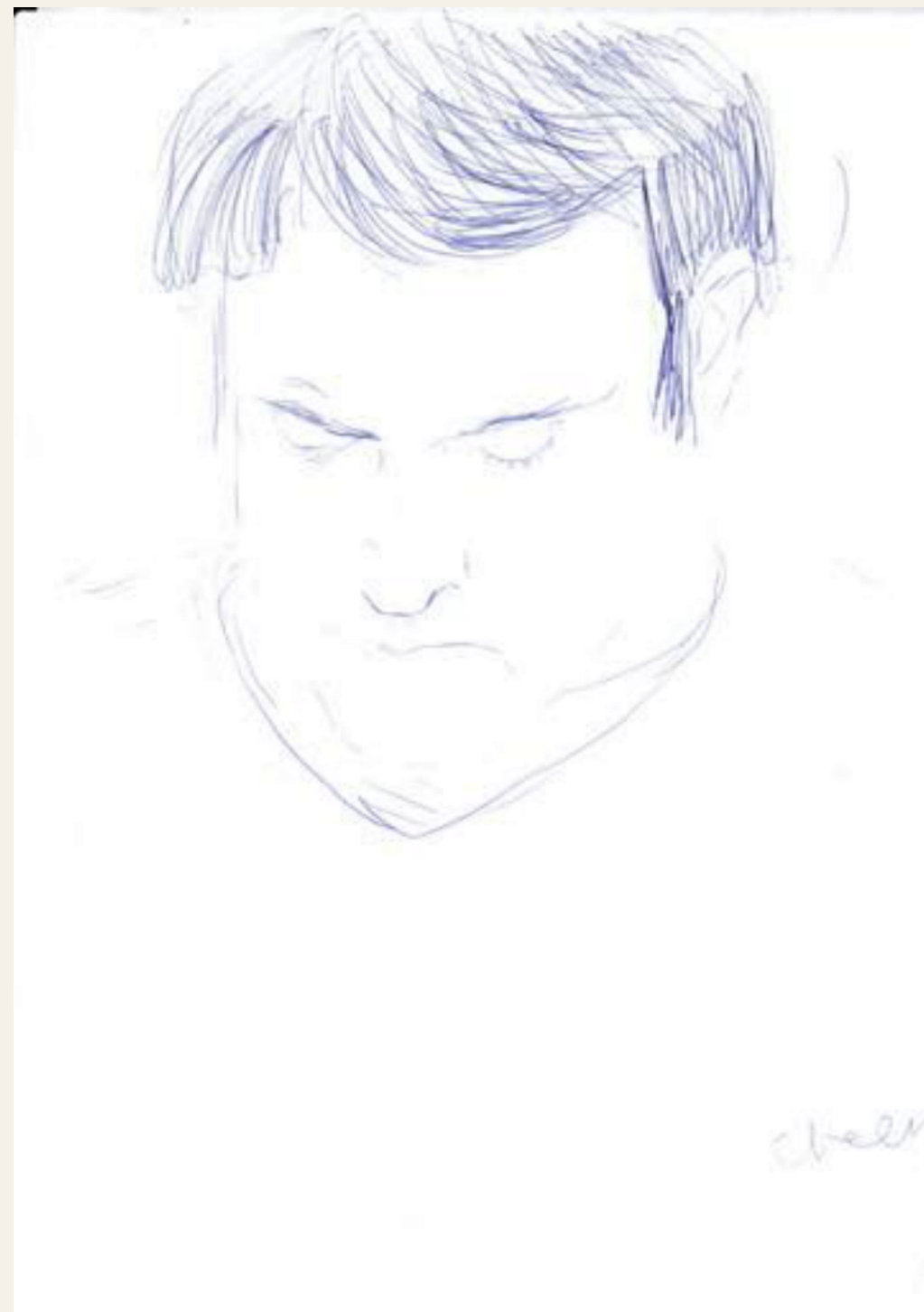
34 PORTRAIT SHEETS



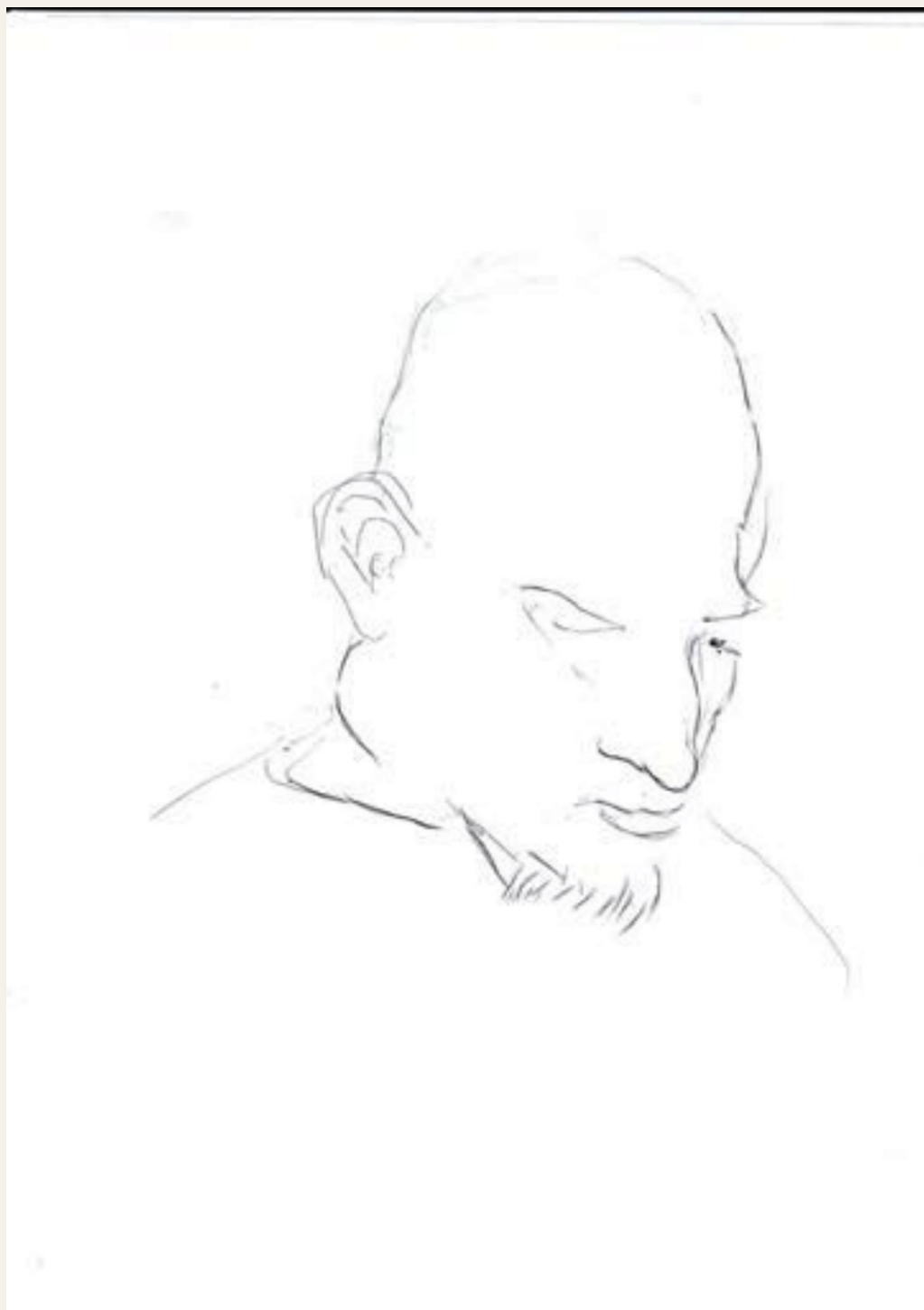
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ORIGINAL PAGE 131



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ORIGINAL PAGE 134



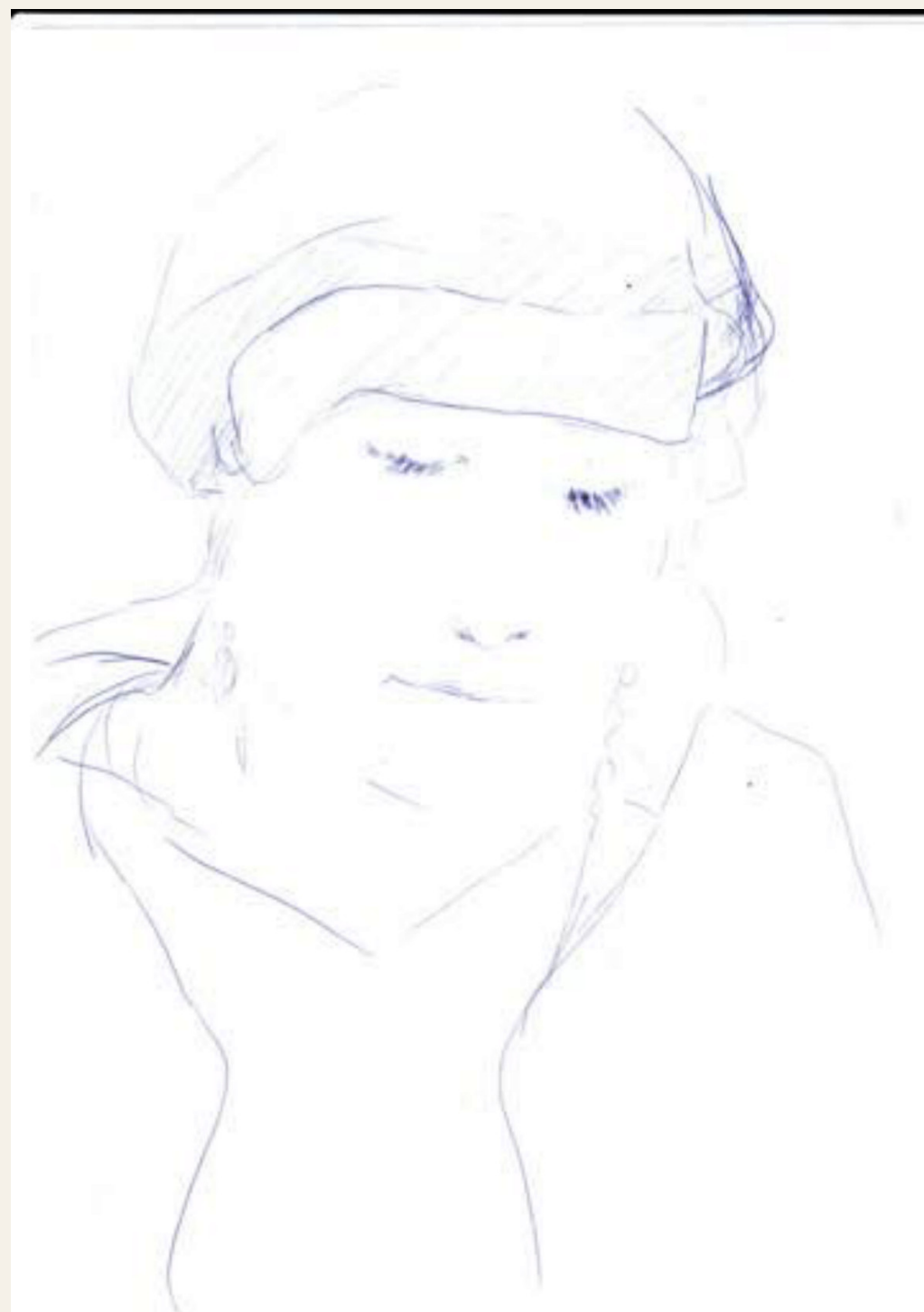
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ORIGINAL PAGE 136



ORIGINAL PAGE 137



ORIGINAL PAGE 138



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ORIGINAL PAGE 141



ORIGINAL PAGE 142



ORIGINAL PAGE 143



ORIGINAL PAGE 146



ORIGINAL PAGE 147



ORIGINAL PAGE 148



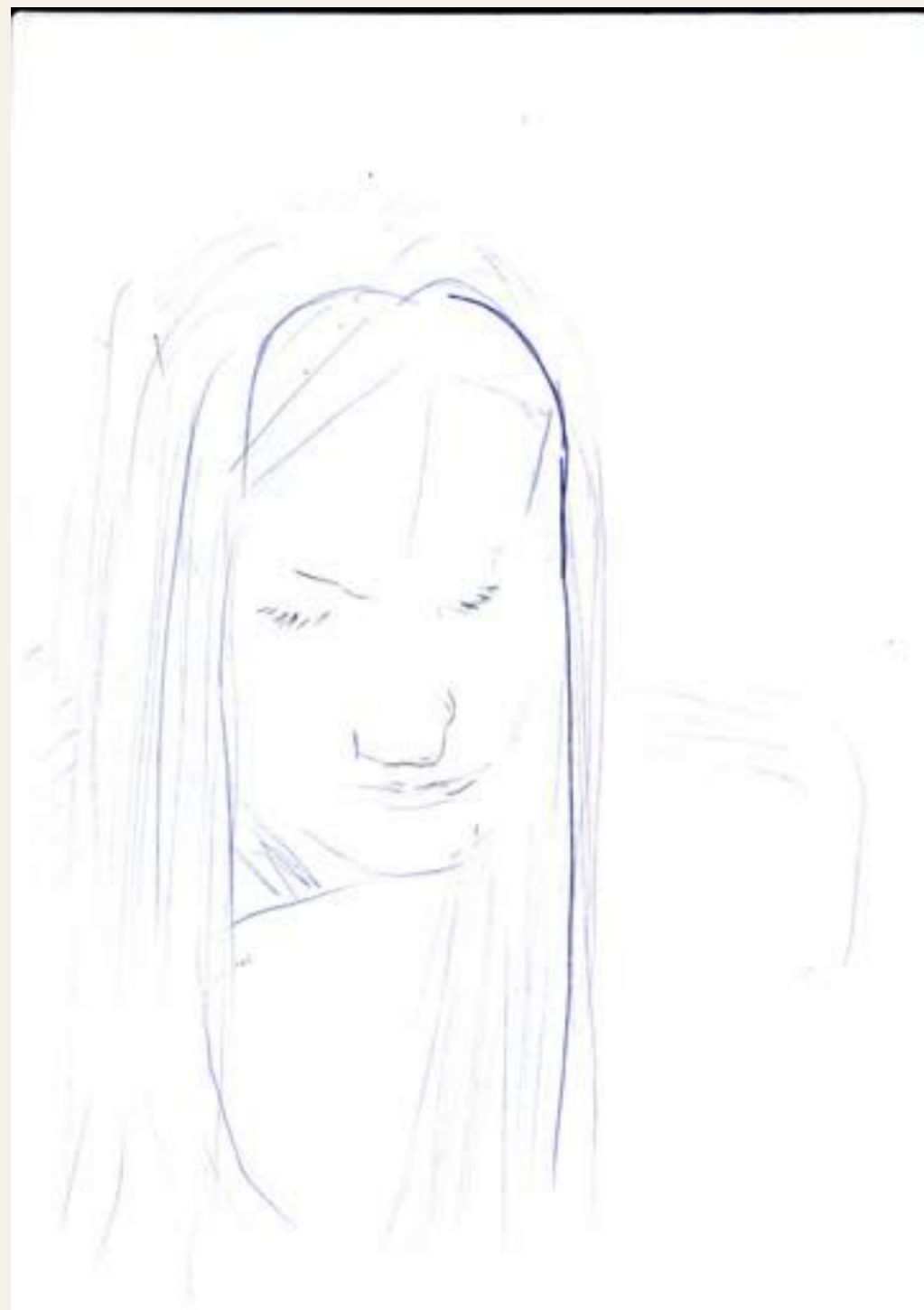
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ORIGINAL PAGE 150



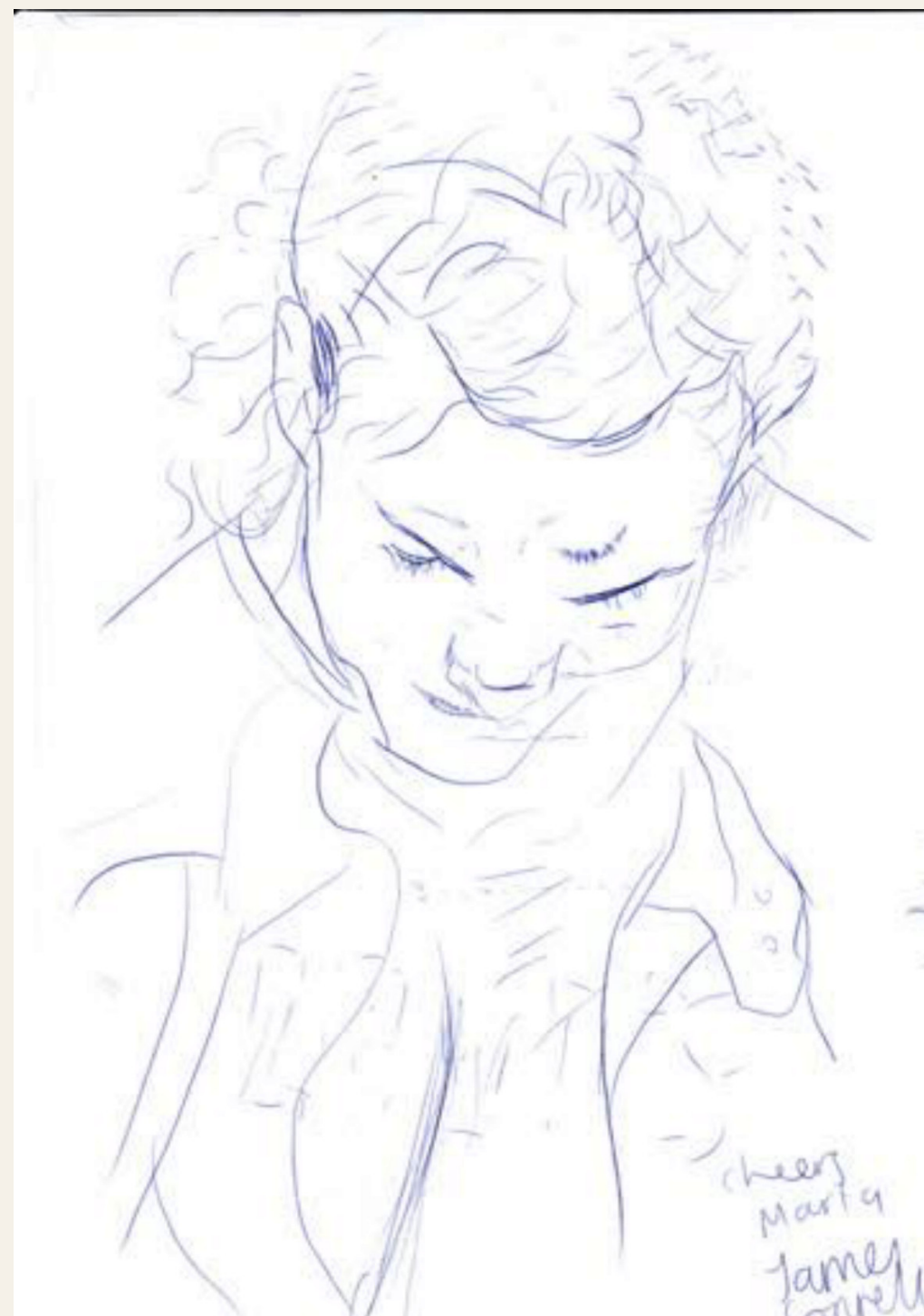
ORIGINAL PAGE 151



ORIGINAL PAGE 152



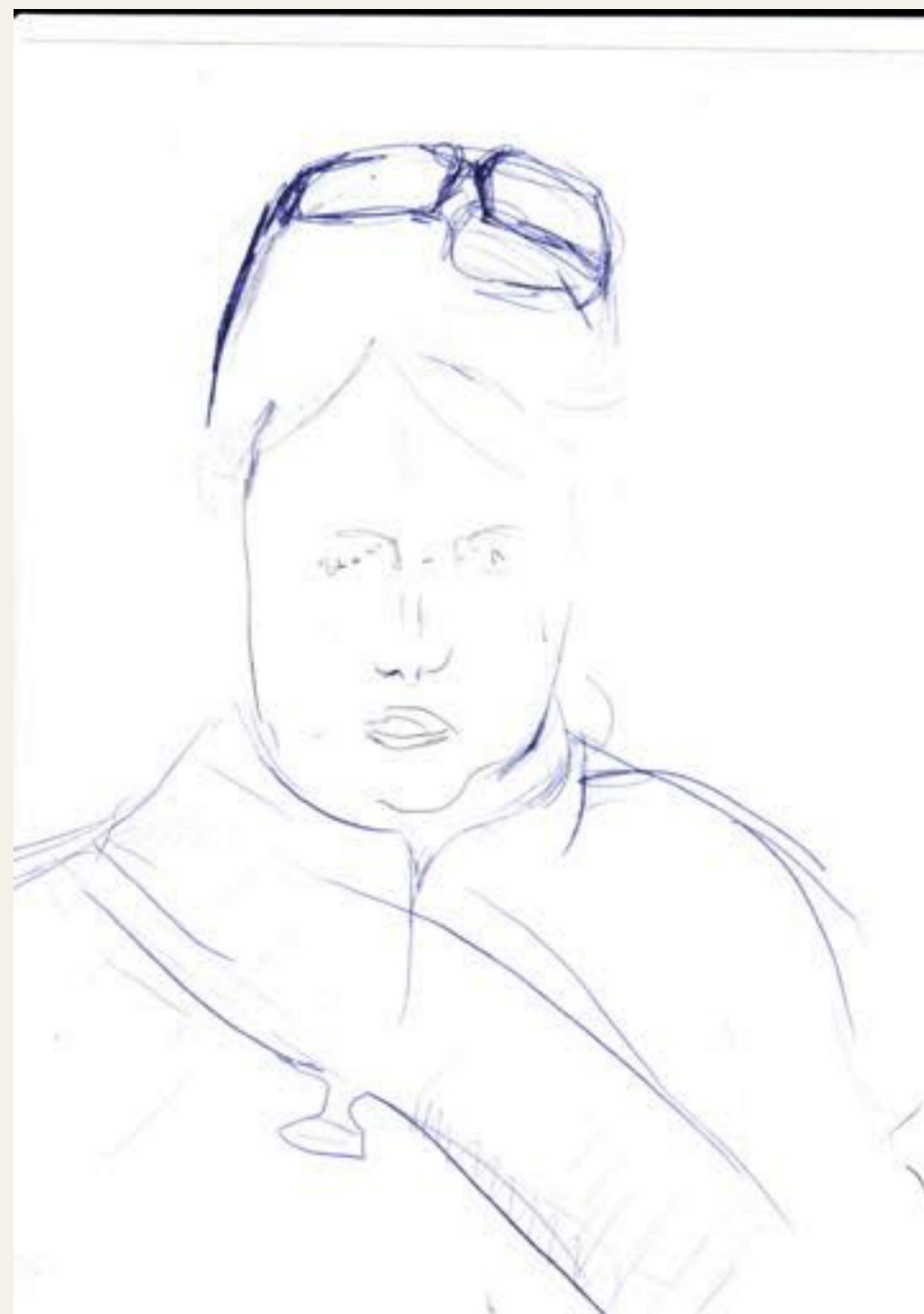
ORIGINAL PAGE 153



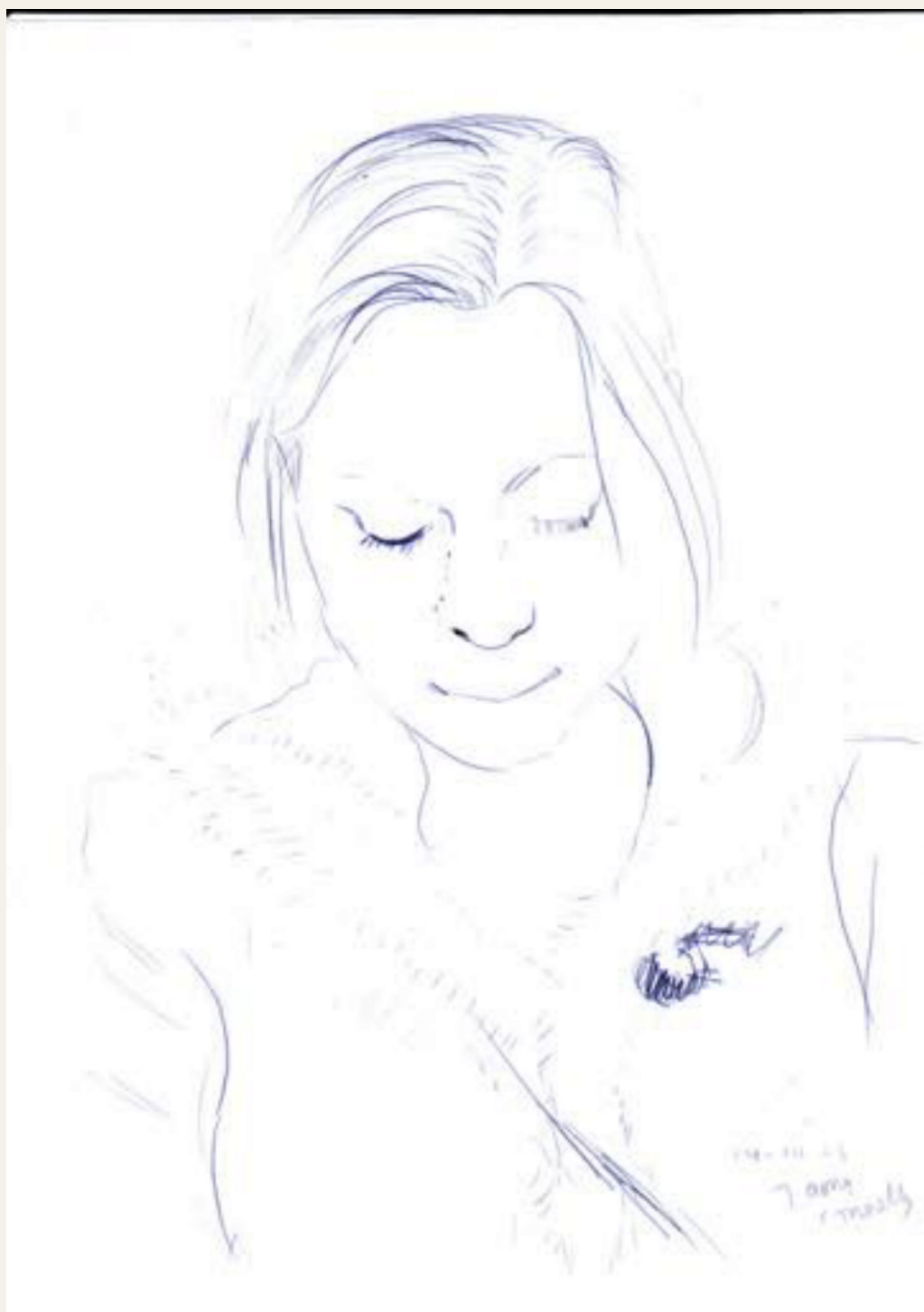
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ORIGINAL PAGE 155



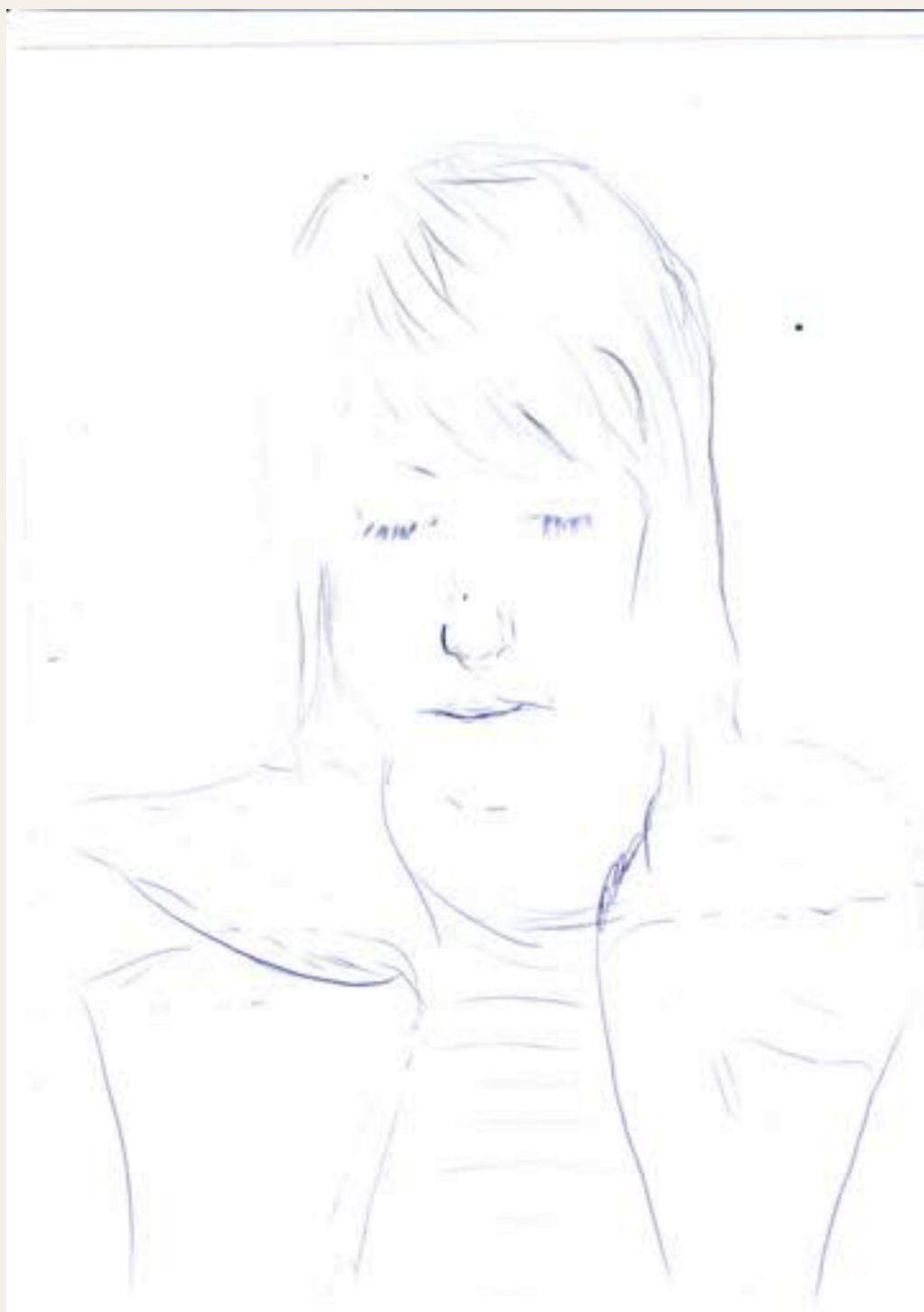
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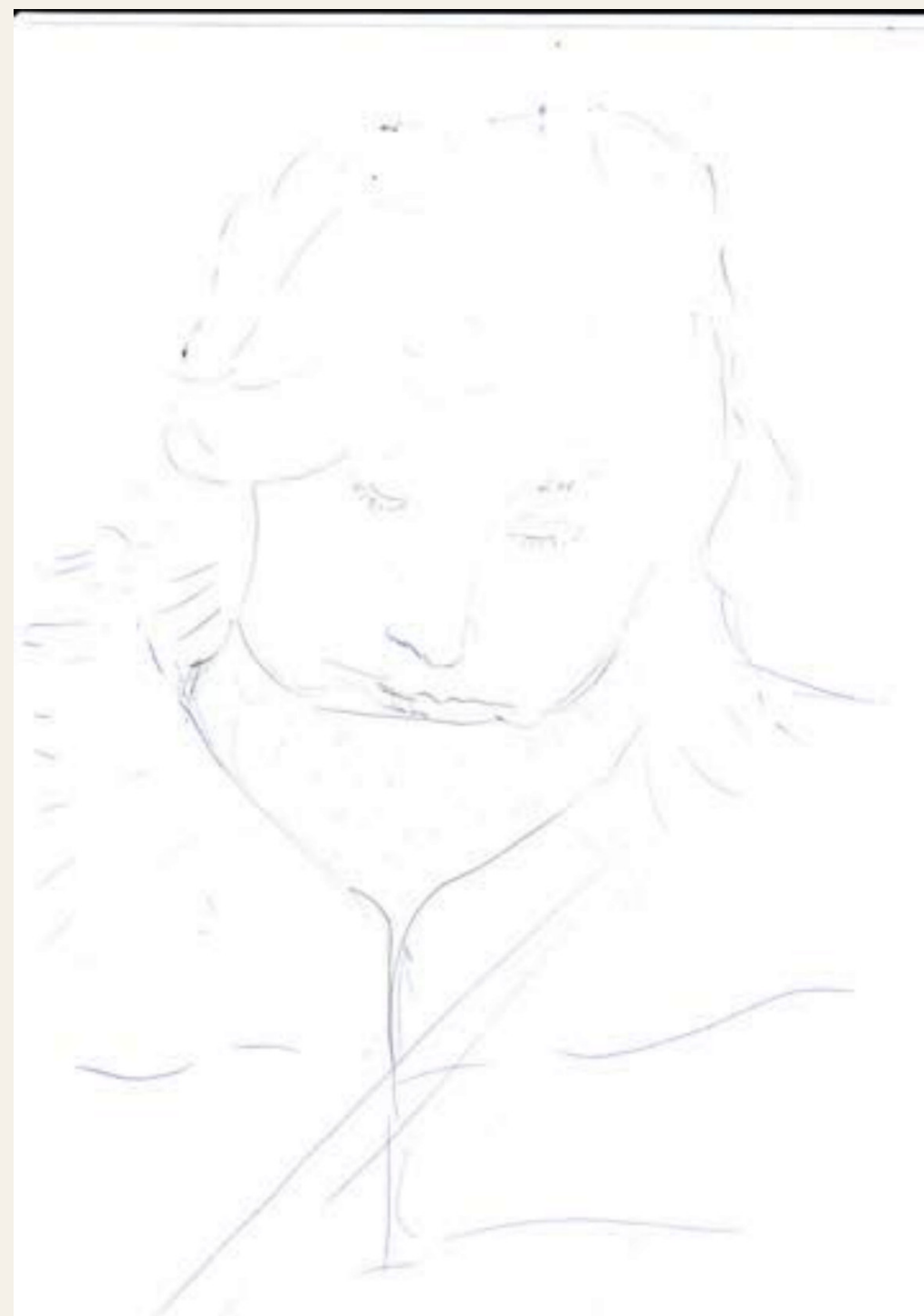
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ORIGINAL PAGE 160



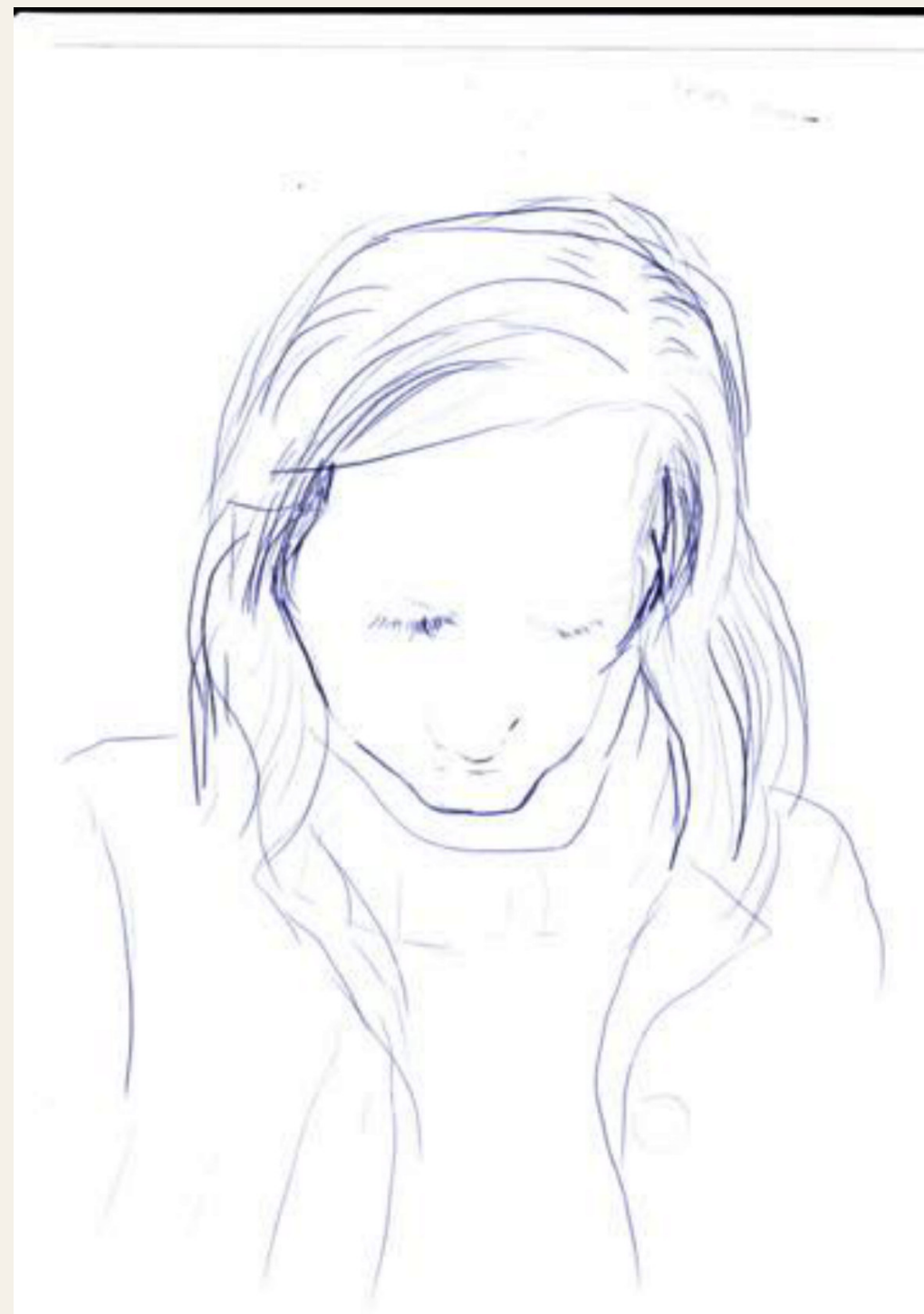
ORIGINAL PAGE 162



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ORIGINAL PAGE 166



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4	On the Royal College	038	29	Yoko's journey	059
5	A jacket potato	080	30	Hangovers and art	040
6	A portrait on the Seine	037	31	The dirty dishes	036
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159	Portrait sheet 159	123			

What has been kept

The reading edition contains 89 distinct pages of stories, poems, notes and drawings, arranged as 78 contributions, followed by 34 portrait sheets. All 167 original scan pages are accounted for: 123 pages are reproduced, 43 repeated scans are consolidated, and one blank sheet (161) is omitted.

The original scan remains the reference. The source numbers used throughout this book refer to that 167-page file, not to the earlier shortened archive. Transcripts are editorial readings, with uncertain passages marked for correction from the originals.

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FIRST READING EDITION / SEPTEMBER 2026

Thank you,
it was nice
to sit still.

A CONTRIBUTION LEFT IN THE BOOTH, 2003