

HALF MOON

OUTRAGES

YOUNG PEOPLE'S
THEATRE



WITCHCRAFT

in 17th century England

1604 James I passed a statute against witchcraft if any man or woman "shall use, practise or exercise any invocation or conjuration of any evil and wicked spirit; or shall consult, covenant with.....or reward any evil and wicked spirit to or for an intent or purpose..... whereby any person shall be killed, destroyed, wasted, consumed, pined or lamed in his or her body" they shall be put to death.

Witches and witchcraft were very real things to people who lived in 17th century England, including many educated people, although the witch hunts in England were very small and isolated affairs compared with the mass persecutions on the Continent. The reasons for this are numerous but it is significant that not only was religious conflict less extreme in England but also torture was not permitted in examinations - the most spectacular confessions came from people under torture. So in English witchcraft there are no Black Sabbaths or covens of witches, and only one mention of a broomstick! The victims were generally women, usually old, ugly and alone, and even then only a small number of those accused were actually executed - the penalty in England being hanging NOT burning. Under English law, except during the trials initiated by the professional witchfinder Matthew Hopkins, it was necessary to show that the witch had actually caused harm to somebody, their family or the animals they kept. It was not enough to allege interest in occult activities. In the country, most of the accusations centred around farm animals that died or got mysteriously sick. In London, with less livestock but a higher mortality rate, the accusations centred around people, particularly children. In the Elizabeth Newman case, for example, according to one account, the witch "bewitcht a Woman and her children, the Children blind and lame by it; and the Mother pained in her side, and back, and bound in her body." In an age when medical science was fairly unsophisticated, there were many undiagnosed illnesses that could be attributed to witchcraft.

A Cure for Cramp

The devil is tying a knot in my leg,
Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, unloose it I beg:
Crosses three we make to ease us,
Two for the thieves and one for Christ Jesus.

Traditional.

The accusations against a witch often grew out of spite or the settling of an old score. It was also common for people to accuse those they had in fact wronged or acted badly towards - witches were almost always allowed some reason for their malice. Many cases involved an old woman who had been refused charity by someone and is then accused of witchcraft when that person's affairs start going wrong.

From witches and wizards and longtail'd buzzards
And creeping things that run in hedge bottoms,
Good Lord deliver us.

Traditional.

Two particular proofs were looked for. The first was the presence of a 'familiar' - an agent of the Devil sent to the Witch to do her bidding which took the shape of an animal. Cats were favourite 'familiars' since so many lonely old people kept them as pets, but dogs, toads, and flies were also mentioned. In Joan Peterson's case it was her pet squirrel. It was also believed that these familiars sucked the blood of their mistresses and so the bodies of the witches were searched for special openings or teats - any mole or blemish might be taken as 'proof'.

Charm to Cure Warts.

Ash tree, Ashen tree,
Pray buy this wart of me.

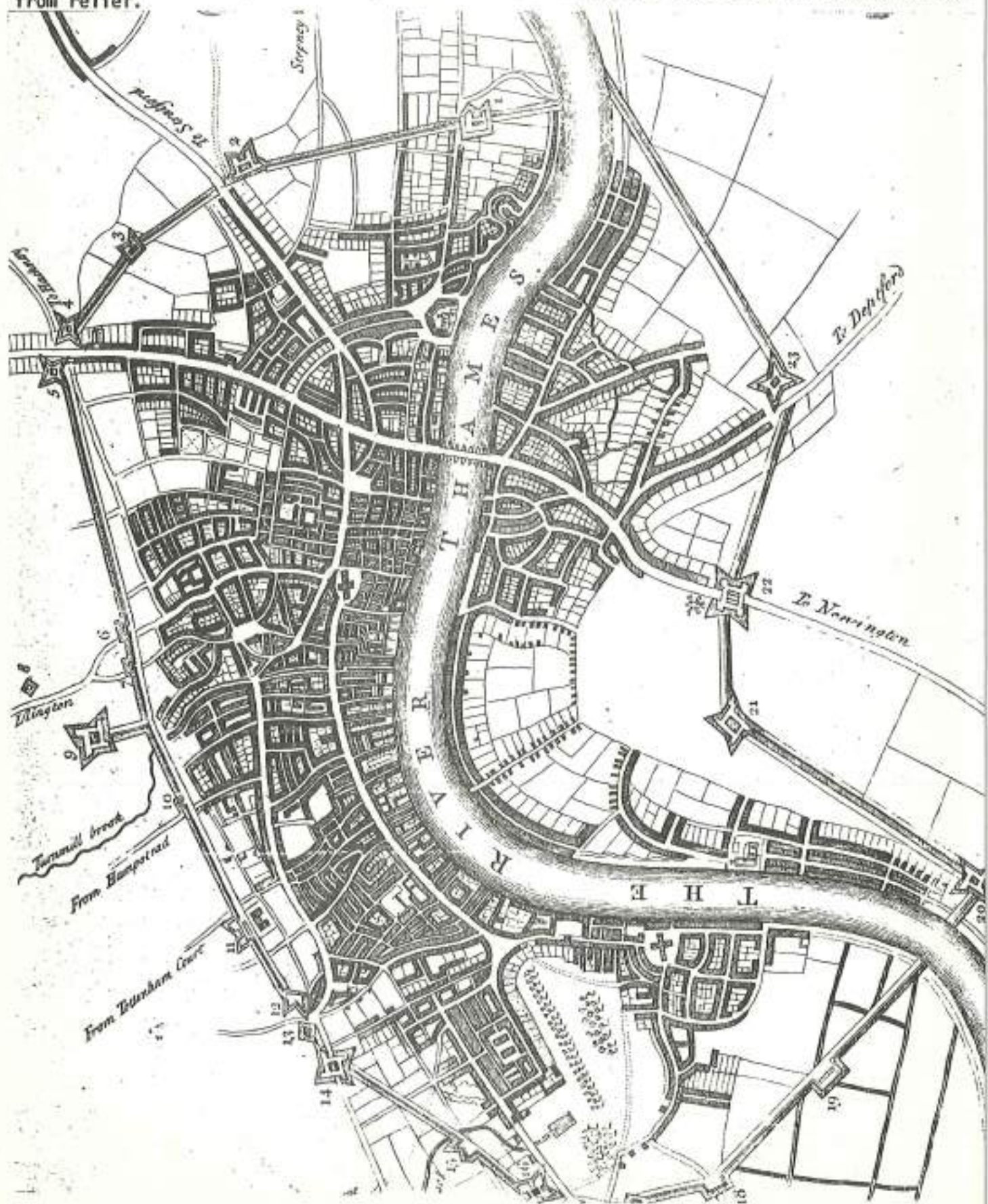
Traditional.

There was also widespread belief in 'white witches', people who used magic to help and cure people. Joan Peterson was one of these, combining a certain amount of mumbo jumbo with herbal remedies and shrewd psychology. However, to many in authority and to many religious people, Anglican and nonconformist, all witches were evil. The causes of the witch hunts are too complex to discuss fully here. By and large, accusations of witchcraft were far more common in small enclosed rural communities than in London, where there was a more shifting population with less shared beliefs and less intimate knowledge of each other's doings. The great witch hunts in Germany, France and Switzerland coincided with a period of great religious conflict and unrest, and they were used as a weapon by Catholics against Protestants and vice versa. There seems less evidence that this was so in England although the greatest number of accusations of witchcraft in London did appear during the Commonwealth period - 17 indictments were brought to the Middlesex Assizes from the East of London between 1645 and 1660 (only two were convicted) compared with only 6 between 1560 and 1645. This may reflect the turmoil of beliefs at the time, the undermining of established procedures by the deposition of King Charles I and the greater belief of the Puritan sects in the active presence of the Devil in ordinary life.

The myth of the witch is still a potent one, as films, books, and T.V. programmes show.

city and suburbs London 1643.

Many country people were drawn to the East End looking for work. The lucky ones might find a house to rent. Many of them on arrival would have had to make do with a cellar or outhouse or worse. The Poor Laws in London were comparatively humane in providing help for the sick, aged and needy but unlicensed immigrants into a parish were debarred from relief.



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ACROSS.

1. NOT IN.
2. WITHOUT.
3. NON-MEMBERS OF SOME CIRCLE, PARTY, PROFESSION ETC.
5. COMPETITORS NOT KNOWN TO HAVE A CHANCE IN A RACE OR COMPETITION.

DOWN.

1. I OUTPRESS: PEOPLE NOT FIT TO MIX WITH GOOD SOCIETY.
2. UNINITIATED.
4. DEPOSED.

Not Waving but Drowning

Nobody heard him, the dead man,
But still he lay moaning:
I was much further out than you thought
And not waving but drowning.

Poor chap, he always loved larking
And now he's dead
It must have been too cold for him his heart gave way
They said.

Oh no no no, it was too cold always
(Still the dead one lay moaning)
I was much too far out all my life
And not waving but drowning.

Stevie Smith.



It's lonely at the top.....

Why?

Is it a sense of superiority which creates remoteness?

.....the isolated responsibility of decision making?

Or the real or artificial distancing by the group below?



The basic features which lead to the aggregation of individuals, the forming of groups, are numerous, they are called societal necessities.

Man alone is a stupid animal, his intelligence however, multiplied by a group can create culture. Through language and sociability there is an added dimension to man's existence which is human and not animal.

Culture being a matter of tradition can and does vary from one group to another.

The interaction of inherited traits, the external environment and culturally acquired patterns create the controls.

DEVIATION FROM THE NORM LEADS TO ISOLATION.....

ISOLATION LEADS TO DEVIATION FROM THE NORM.....

The specialisation of different groups within one society means that individuals do not have to have a complete knowledge of their culture or controls.

"Ignorance of the law is no excuse."

In addition naive artists have little technical or "art history" knowledge yet their art is part of our culture. An illustration of the reliance but lack of complete knowledge of controls, is the authority given to the minority, usually in specialised professions, for example doctors and lawyers.

SUGGESTED AREAS TO EXAMINE:-

Leadership of groups.

Conflict of groups.

Groups within groups.

Isolation within groups.



Mother General Aloysia &
Indians (5-1-31)

Before the Industrial Revolution migration movements of the world's population had been comparatively small. The Industrial Revolution in England made an enormous impact and with the consequent movement of the agrarian populations to expanding towns and cities, the population of Europe increased seven times over, in comparison with three times for other parts of the world. Between 1650 and 1933, 50 million people emigrated from Europe to the Americas, Africa, the East and Australasia. They displaced the native population and brought with them new European ideas.

Society has never been completely static. What are the reasons, for example, for migration from the country to the city, or for the development of cities?

What appear to be the first cities arose in the Nile, Tigris, Indus and Euphrates valleys. Areas where the climate was dry enough to be healthful and hot enough to provide sunshine, and the natural vegetation was thin enough to be easily cleared. The need to have a good base for agriculture was complemented by the need for easy transportation of goods produced, and both of these aspects were provided by the rivers. As agricultural society displaced the hunters, so urban society appears to have displaced it in its turn.

The advances brought about by the industrial society, and its successor the technological society are accompanied by over population economic stress and the associated problems of a developing capitalist economy leading directly to the greatest international mass movement of peoples that our human society has ever seen - from the horror of the early slave trade, the escape from the Irish potato famine, the jettisoning of "human garbage" from society (poachers to Australia), to the mass migration from Hitler's 'economic' policies in pre-war Germany. Migration is none the less selective - not all persons in one area are equally impelled to move to another; not all persons are equally permitted in, or welcome to enter, another area.

It is a fact that the areas around large cities have been increasing in population more rapidly than the core areas themselves. Not only are people still arriving from the 'rural' areas but they are also moving from the decaying inner city areas to the newer, cleaner outskirts.

If the logical extension of the movement of peoples is a completely urbanised world, then our social structure will be very different from anything we know today. One difference is that a world so technologically advanced as to be completely urbanised cannot exist as a collection of sovereign nations; it must become either one political world or destroy itself in one Brobdignagian conflict.

Telephone Conversation

The price seemed reasonable, location
Indifferent. The landlady swore she lived
Off premises. Nothing remained
But self-confession. 'Madam,' I warned
'I hate a wasted journey - I am African.'
Silence. Silenced transmission of
Pressurized good-breeding. Voice, when it came,
Lipstick coated, long gold-rolled
Cigarette-holder pipped. Caught I was foully.
'HOW DARK?' Button B. Button A. Stench
Of rancid breath of public hide-and-speak.
Red booth. Red pillar-box. Red double-tiered
Omnibus squelching tar. It was real! Shamed
By ill-mannered silence, surrender
Pushed dumbfoundment to beg simplification.
Considerate she was, varying the emphasis -
'ARE YOU DARK? OR VERY LIGHT?' Revelation came.
'You mean like plain or milk chocolate?'
Her assent was clinical, crushing in its light
Impersonality. Rapidly, wave-length adjusted,
I chose. 'West African sepia' - and as an afterthought
'Down in my passport.' Silence for spectroscopic
Flight of fancy, till truthfulness clanged her accent
Hard on the mouthpiece. 'WHAT'S THAT?' conceding
'DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT IS.' 'Like brunette.'
'THAT'S DARK, ISN'T IT?' 'Not altogether.
Facially I am brunette, but madam you should see
The rest of me. Palm of my hand, soles of my feet
Are a peroxide blonde. Friction, caused
Foolishly, madam - by sitting down, has turned
My bottom raven black - One moment madam!' - sensing
Her receiver rearing on the thunderclap
About my ears - 'Madam,' I pleaded, 'wouldn't you rather
See for yourself?'

Wole Soyinka

DO YOU
THINK I
SHOULD
GO
OUT?



AND
BE
HURT
AGAIN?



MAYBE
THIS
TIME
I WON'T
BE HURT.



THAT'S WHAT
YOU SAID
THE LAST
3 DOZEN
TIMES.



BUT I CAN'T CUT
MYSELF OFF FROM
LIFE ENTIRELY!
MY EMOTIONS
WILL DIE. MY
BRAIN WILL
CORRUPT.



NO-
SENSE!
LAUGH
CLICK



HA HA HA
HA HA HA
HA HA HA



CRY
CLICK



BAW W W W



SEE? YOU LAUGH,
YOU CRY. YOUR
EMOTIONS ARE
IN FINE FETTER.



AND MY
BRAIN?
WHAT
ABOUT
MY
BRAIN?



I'LL SWITCH
TO THE
EDUCATION
CHANNEL



NO PERSON HAS
EVER UNDERSTOOD
ME THE WAY
YOU DO.



ENJOY.



We communicate through our bodies, our senses, our facial expression, our language. When we are physically handicapped in some way, either because we cannot move our bodies, or are deprived of one or more of our senses, or when we cannot understand the language of another person, communication becomes more difficult and can isolate.

The person sitting in a wheelchair is often talked about rather than talked to, for some reason a physical disability signifies a lack of intelligence in some people's minds. A few handicaps are more readily recognisable than others. Deafness for instance is not immediately noticeable, particularly when the deaf person can lip read. It is surprising how many people are irritated or embarrassed when having to shout or shape their mouths more clearly. It is usually the non handicapped person who is embarrassed by a handicap in others. Why is that?

'you don't know she's deaf until she moves her hands to speak, and her laugh is so lovely you wish she could hear it too....'

Alta
from 'I am not a Practising Angel.'

A 65 year old Cypriot Greek shepherd Nicolis Loizou, was wounded by security forces early today. He was challenged twice: when he failed to answer, troops opened fire. A subsequent hospital examination showed that the man was deaf.

News item. December 30, 1957.

IT'S MADNESS

barmy cranky lunatic

idiotic raving nutty

Our fear and ignorance towards the mentally ill has a long tradition, deep-rooted in superstition and the devil. In the 18th century, lunatics were chained and imprisoned in Bedlam, treated like animals, a spectacle of amusement and horror, ranked with the Crown Jewels and the menagerie as one of the sights of London.

In this country people still go to the doctor if they are feeling depressed, tired or mixed-up. Busy doctors are dishing out Valium to people who may be better off seeing a psychiatrist, or just someone willing to listen. It is difficult to see a psychiatrist on the National Health, and expensive to see one without state subsidy. In the United States where there is no National Health system, more people see their family 'shrink'. If there was more state help in Britain for Mental Health perhaps there would be less drug abuse.

"ONE MAN IN NINE BECOMES MENTALLY ILL
ONE IN A THOUSAND MAY BE ABLE TO HELP."

Why is the ratio one in six for women?

"When I was small I had a sense of isolation and I ran away from reality into fantasy. Reality was always painful. I felt there was something missing inside me. I thought a career, a husband, a child would fill the gap, but they didn't. Alcohol eased the pain. In the end I was drinking as soon as I woke up. The hangovers were terrible, I had the shakes and saw things like enormous shellfish and heard music in my head. But I thought an alcoholic was a down-and-out on the Embankment. I didn't know it could happen to anyone. Then at AA meetingsI could talk about my fears and problems.....AA isn't religious but it offers spiritual nourishment that replaces my need for drink; love for example. I could never have stopped drinking and started living without the help of those people. They healed the emptiness inside me."

An actress.

mad eccentric odd

I WANT
TO BE
LIKED.

NO, I WANT TO BE MORE
THAN JUST 'LIKED'...

I WANT PEOPLE
TO SAY, 'THAT CHARLIE
BROWN IS A GREAT
GUY!'

AND WHEN PEOPLE ARE AT PARTIES, I WANT
THEM TO LOOK FOR ME, AND WHEN I FINALLY
ARRIVE, I WANT THEM TO SAY 'HERE
COMES GOOD OL' CHARLIE BROWN...
NOW EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT!'

I WANT TO BE A SPECIAL PERSON.. I
WANT TO BE NEEDED... IT'S KIND
OF HARD TO EXPLAIN...

DO YOU UNDERSTAND? I MEAN, DO
YOU KNOW WHAT I'M TALKING
ABOUT?

SURE I UNDERSTAND
PERFECTLY

WELL?

FORGET IT!

SAD AUNT MADGE

As the cold winter evenings drew near
Aunt Madge used to put extra blankets
over the furniture, to keep it warm and cosy.
Mussolini was her lover, and life
was an out of focus rosy-tinted spectacle.

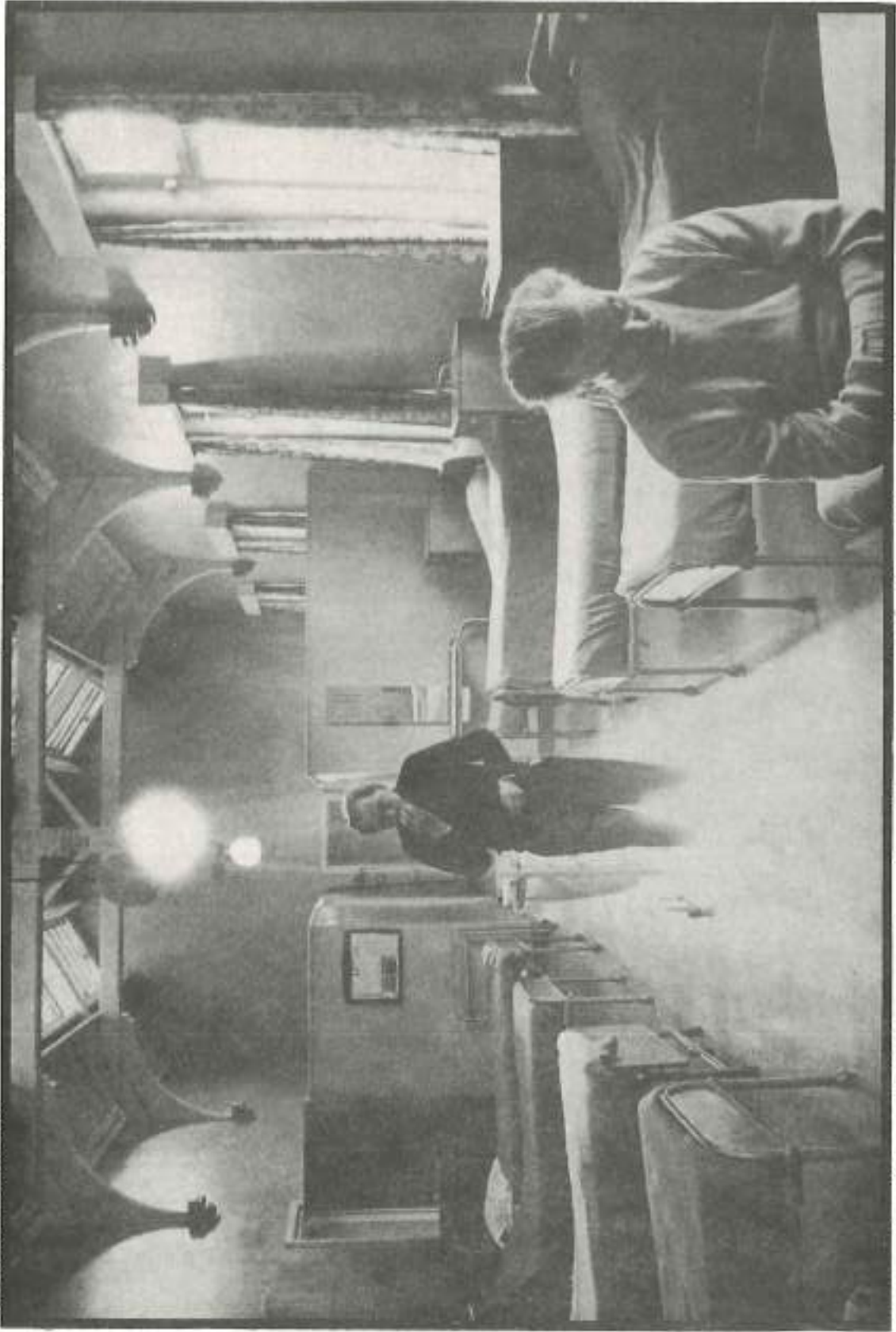
but neurological experts
with kind blue eyes
and gentle voices
small white hands
and large Rolls Royces
said that electric shock treatment
should do the trick
it did.....

today after 15 years of therapeutic tears
and an awful lot of ratepayers' shillings
down the hospital meter
sad Aunt Madge
no longer tucks up the furniture
before kissing it goodnight
and admits
that her affair with Mussolini
clearly was not right
particularly in the light
of her recently announced engagement
to the late pope.

Roger McGough.

Observer 18th October '78 Prestwich Hospital, Manchester

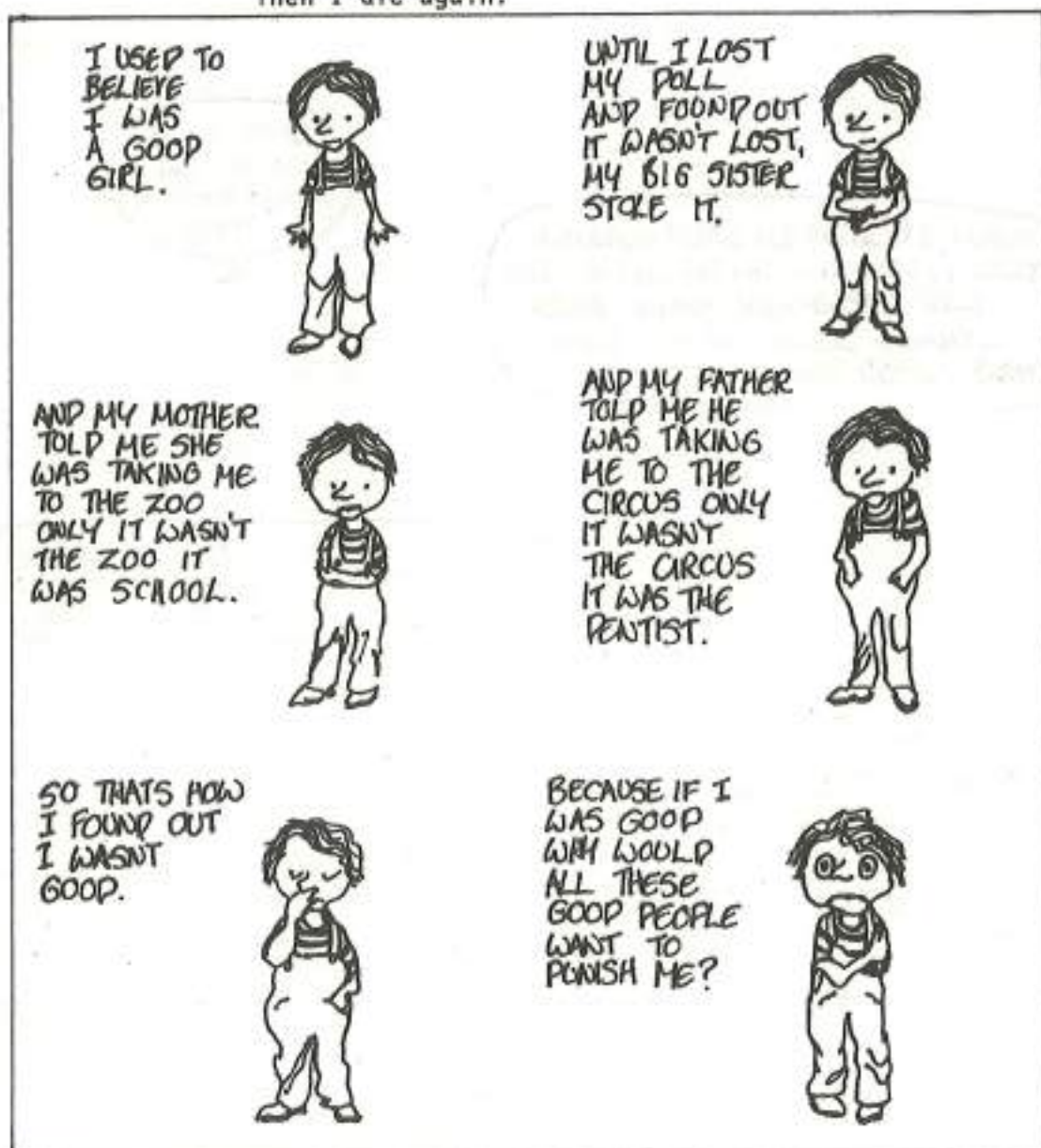
MENTAL HOSPITAL continued



Between them Ken and John have spent more than 45 years in wards like this, and have nothing left to say to each other

under 16's over 21's life begins at..... oap's

Another school day has ended
Another nightmare vanished
Till tomorrow,
Then I die again.



North London and East London

East London lives only for violence
And Jack the Ripper started its reputation.
As they walk through the streets of Stepney
In uniform,
Levi jeans, boots, Crombies, Ben Shermans,-
The skinheads, smart but hard
Walk in twos and threes
But never alone,
There here there there everywhere
When I reach King's Cross
I'm in a different world.....

HOW OLD ARE YOU

Age is an isolating factor, not just in terms of old people, but also of the young. Adolescents particularly have a hard time, trying to convince the 'older and wiser' adults that they have their own point of view and as much a right to be heard as the next person. Teenagers, more often find difficulty with their parents than their grandparents, where there is a different kind of 'generation gap'. The present world is frightening to grow up in and leaving home can be a lonely and despairing situation. The drop out rate at colleges and universities is so high that the courses are often knowingly over-prescribed at the beginning, to ensure that the numbers don't drop too radically.

For children brought up in care and with no stable background to return to, there is only limited help. Responsibility for children in care ceases when they reach the age of eighteen.

Steve Moreton left his young people's hostel in the Wirral last year, he moved into a bed-sit with almost nothing: £4 in cash, "after the staff had had a whip round", a few bedclothes and nothing to eat or drink. "The first day I slept until 2 o'clock because I had no alarm clock". He was also unemployed. "Care," he said with some understatement, "is a bad start to life." What has since exaggerated Steve's difficulties is that the hostel in Ellesmere Port, in which he spent the last 18 months of his life in care, has now been closed. With nowhere to go back to Steve says, "You feel it's like you come from nowhere."

Polly Pattullo. The Observer
June 10th. 1979.

In the family unit it is usually the woman who spends most of her time at home with the full time job of looking after the home and kids. She becomes isolated from the world outside and can become desperately lonely. Similarly the father becomes isolated from his family, spending the greater part of his time away from them working. When the children have left home, the woman has even less company than before. In retirement the couple suddenly find themselves with time to enjoy each other's

company, but by this time they may not know how to, or even desire to.

The stigma of the workhouse image is still quite prominent. The workhouse system was set up in the 1830's as the only kind of assistance to the poor and destitute. Since the earning potential for old people was small, many old people ended up in the workhouse. Laurie Lee in *Cider with Rosie* describes an old couple forced to enter, and dying within a few days of each other from the shock of being parted. People old enough to remember the workhouse or at least the stigma attached to it, still fear hospitals and old people's homes for fear of being isolated there and dying alone. With the present nuclear family it is difficult to decide what to do when a parent becomes too old and infirm to look after themselves, a difficult decision for both parent and child.



What do you see nurses
 what do you see?
Are you thinking
 when you are looking at me
A crabbit old woman,
 not very wise,
Uncertain of habit
 with far-away eyes,
Who dribbles her food
 and makes no reply,
When you say in a loud voice
 "I do wish you'd try"
Who seems not to notice
 the things that you do,
And forever is losing
 a stocking or shoe,
Who unresisting or not
 lets you do as you will
With bathing and feeding
 the long day to fill,
Is that what you're thinking,
 is that what you see?
Then open your eyes nurse,
 you are not looking at me,
I'll tell you who I am
 as I sit here so still;
As I use at your bidding,
 as I eat at your will.
I'm a small child of ten
 with a Father and Mother,
Brothers and sisters who
 love one another,
A young girl of sixteen,
 with wings on her feet,
Dreaming that soon now
 a lover she'll meet:
A bride soon at twenty
 my heart gives a leap,
Remembering the vows
 that I promised to keep:
At twenty-five now
 I have young of my own
Who need me to build
 a secure happy home,
A woman of thirty,
 My young now grow fast,
Bound to each other
 with ties that should last;
At forty my young sons
 now grown and will all be gone
But my man stays beside me
 to see I don't mourn,

At fifty once more
 babies play round my knee,
Again we know children
 my loved one and me.
Dark days are upon me,
 my husband is dead,
I look at the future
 I shudder with dread
For my young are all busy
 rearing young of their own,
And I think of the years
 and the love I have known,
I'm an old woman now
 and nature is cruel,
'Tis her jest to make
 old age look like a fool.
The body it crumbles,
 grace and vigour depart,
There now is a stone
 where once I had a heart:
But inside this old carcass
 a young girl still swells,
And now and again
 my battered heart swells,
I remember the joys,
 I remember the pain,
And I'm loving and living
 life over again,
I think of the years
 all too few - gone too fast,
And accept the stark fact
 that nothing can last.
So open your eyes nurses,
 open and see,
Not a crabbit old woman,
 Look closer - see ME.

by KATE.

The writer of this poem was unable to speak, although was seen to write from time to time. After her death her locker was emptied and this poem of her life was found.

GONE FISHING

Physical and mental isolation can both be actively, and sometimes eagerly sought out by the individual, these can either be expressed in the choice of occupation or hobby.

Physical isolation is perhaps the easier to understand, the solitary lighthouse keeper receiving Christmas dinner has been a popular media image, the trapper covering miles of hostile countryside, the shepherd walking the hills with only his dogs for company.

John Barrington is a shepherd whose flock roams 2000ft. high above Loch Katrine. Land where the terrain is rough and the weather hostile.

'Shepherding is, and will always remain a way of life rather than just a form of employment.....You ask me what I like about it.... it is being so close to the ground that I can feel it moving.....'

An old occupation made popular recently has been long distance solo sailing. Francis Chichester, Chay Blyth, Clare Francis and Robin Knox-Johnston became minor celebrities for brief periods. They also wrote about their voyages, with varying titles reflecting their own attitudes towards their experiences.....'The Impossible Journey''A World of My Own'. Common to all the authors, however, is an almost total lack of analysis of their own sense of isolation. Knox-Johnston mentions it briefly, almost in passing.

"As usual after a radio contact I felt the loneliness of my situation and sought comfort in my books."

Blyth seems to sum up the attitude of those who choose seemingly isolated physical occupations, any stray thoughts of the true nature of their position are dealt with by immersion in hard work.

"Work was the best antidote (as always) to depressing thoughts..... I feel depressed and homesick.....tried to take my mind off it by cleaning the galley and cooker....."

Otherwise their books are almost entirely factual, practical accounts. Does this suggest that those who have chosen physically isolated positions are so involved practically that they do not have time to contemplate their isolation? Or does the isolation seem relatively unimportant in their greater struggle for survival?

The struggle for survival when taken to its extreme limits can result in a dichotomy of personality, the physical isolation imposing excessive strain on the mind. Situations where this has been recorded are almost always those of extreme physical danger.

Sheila Scott during her dangerous solo flight over the North Pole records the experience as follows;

" It becomes a fight for survival. Turn, oh turn out of it, my second

"self and every nerve in my body yell in panic, but I cannot. I must go on, I must go on for twenty minutes.....Why? My frightened self argues over one of the lonliest spots on earth this day..... My other self, the stubborn self replies "I said I would do it, so now I must try harder to get through, and then I must try harder than I think I can. "

"But why did you say you would do it?" asks the first self.

I had the unreal feeling that I was two people - one the observer, the other the doer."

An ideal occupation for the seeker of solitude would seem to be that of the professional hermit, a popular profession in the 18th.century.

'A gentleman living near Preston.....advertised in the papers offering a salary of £50 a year for life, to any man who would live for seven years underground, without seeing any human being, and without cutting his hair, beard, toe-nails, or finger-nails. The advertisement was answered immediately and the happy advertiser prepared an apartment underground.....very commodious with a cold bath, a chamber organ, as many books as the occupier pleases, and provisions served from the gentleman's own table.' The ornamental occupant bloomed, unseen, in this retreat for the space of four years...'

When it comes to hobbies, however, there seems to be a rational choice in the physical isolation, the city worker whose ultimate pleasure is fishing, the heavy machine worker who seeks solitude in gliding.

'Gone fishing. There's no better notice to hang on your door. It's like announcing that you've gone into exile for the day, headed for a private Tahiti of the spirit. Alone, out of time, out of society, out of language even, I'm back at my pool in touch again with all those strange and beautiful shadows in its depths.

WHEN DOES SOLITUDE WHICH CAN BE DESIRABLE BECOME ISOLATION AND UNDESIRABLE?



Amy with her fellow aviator Jim Mollison, whom she married. A brilliant pilot and legendary drunkard, Mollison's punch-ups made adverse publicity

"A great work of art is prepared within the silence of the heart."

Camus.

Is isolation an essential factor in creation?

Creative occupations tend to be emotionally and mentally isolating. All of art is produced by individuals, even when many people collaborate as in a dramatic production, opera or ballet. In these performing arts all parts may be ultimately traced to the contributions of this individual or that. Groups as such create nothing; although ideas may arise through the interaction with others; the act of creation is always individual.

'Isolation and loneliness are an integral part of the writer's life....'

Sylvia Plath.....'in those dead hours between night and day she was able to gather herself into silence and isolation, almost as though she were reclaiming some past innocence and freedom before life got a grip on her. Then she could write.....'

Buchi Emecheta, a Nigerian writer now settled in Britain.....

'At the end of the day, I tax the patience of the few friends I have by phoning them and telling them a lot of irrelevancies. I think they all know I tell them a lot of nonsense, but the long suffering and loyal things don't seem to mind at all. England can be a very lonely place for an African, but my life is lonelier still because I can't work unless I have complete quiet, and because of this, I have to choose my friends with care.....'

Beyond all this the wish to be alone;
However the sky grows dark with invitation cards
However we follow the printed directions of sex
However the family is photographed under the flagstaff-
Beyond all this, the wish to be alone.

Philip Larkin.

'When I am working I have the impression of being in another atmosphere than the normal one. If I am alone, as I love to be I fall into a sort of ecstasy. It's as if everything around me were vibrating.'

Augustin lesage.

'When you're on your own, you find your own thing.'

Pascal Verbena.

These quotations are from two of the artists whose work was displayed at the Hayward Gallery in 1979 under the title of The Outsiders.

As the title implies these artists tend to remain independent of influences since they are never sought out, and usually the artists live in such a way that the influences are by-passed altogether.

'They tend to be people on whom culture has left almost no mark. The work they produce derives not from a desire to become recognized as an artist, but from an irrepressible creative impulse.'

The Outsider works on his own and develops his own ways of handling his private material. He finds a style which suits what he wants to say, and for this he requires no models or guidance.

The outstanding Outsiders are people of intense imagination. They create whole worlds in their minds, and reflect aspects of these in their works. Their art is never a copy of the real world; it is always the projection of a powerful alternative to reality.

Outsider art demonstrates that creativity means nothing less than getting in touch with what is most individual within oneself.

your image is slipping

Today, in the highly powered, fast moving technological western world, fashion means 'image'. It is the instant visual way of saying - 'this is me, my taste, what I do, what I wish to associate myself with - and above all, the way I would like others to see me.' Some people are more aware of this than others, some deliberately choose to ignore the slavish addiction to trends - but in doing so make their own personal statement. How intrinsic is the awareness of 'image' to human nature? Is there plausibility for the idea 'you are what you wear' and is it possible for fashion to isolate people?

The history and the factors involved in the creation of fashion are rather more ancient and complex than one might realise. One broad definition of fashion is:- 'a conventional usage of dress'; another describes it as a 'convention - decided by society', which has certainly been true during the last thousand years. When practicality has established necessity for clothing suitable to the climate, human nature, with its inbuilt striving towards change and development, takes over and contrives a choice and variation of styles or fashion - which have been developing with increasing rapidity up to the present day. It is interesting to note that there is a tendency for more frequent and often more bizarre and flamboyant changes in fashion in countries with less extreme fluctuations of climate; e.g. Great Britain, America and European countries more than African, Asian or Arctic regions. But there are economic and communication factors involved in this, as much as the possibility that the more extreme the climate the less the need for fast changing fashions.

Once men and women learned to clothe their bodies, and it had taken on all the interest of decoration, beauty, sexual advertisement, practicality and its potential for individuality - fashion took its place as part of the status hierarchy. People judge others from outside appearances; first impressions can mean lasting impressions. The visual presentation of a person can be very important, for example attending an interview or special occasion. Most people make an effort to give a 'good impression', by looking clean and smart or 'dressing for the occasion'. In other words conforming to an idea of what other people expect - or what is considered by the majority or the select influential few, to be correct.

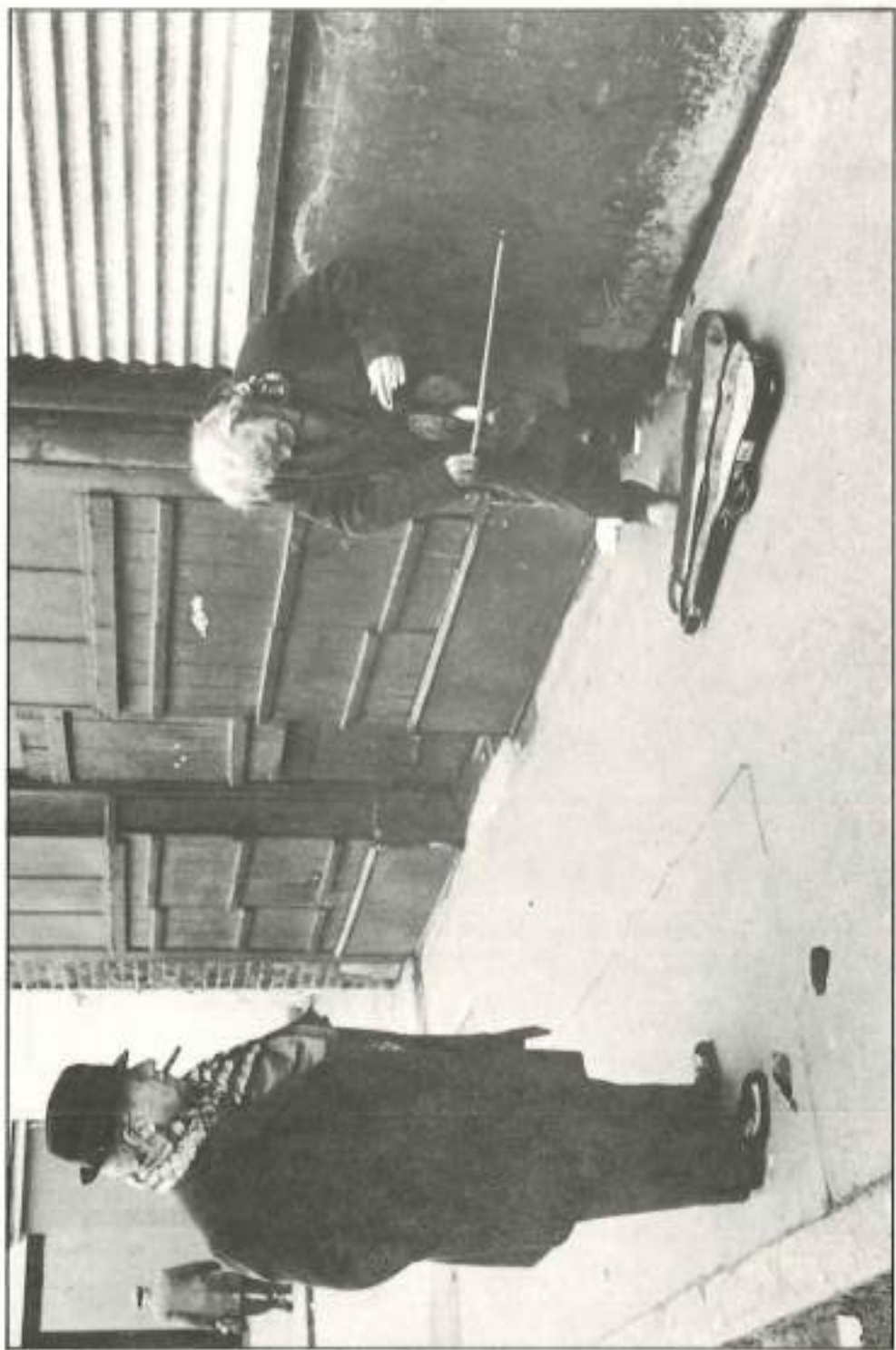
FEW PEOPLE DARE TO CREATE THEIR OWN TOTALLY INDIVIDUAL STYLE AND RISK STANDING OUT IN A CROWD.....the majority prefer to play safe and conform to sets of ideas and rules laid down and accepted by the majority of society. Has fashion always in fact merely offered a choice between several variations of a 'basic uniform' to which it is permissible to add a few personal touches?

An enormous growth in population and the dwindling of space between towns and cities means that people are constantly surrounded by others. Overcrowded cities, houses squashed against and backing on to others, tower blocks of flats and fewer open spaces, bring with them many social and individual problems - amongst these, a feeling for most people of a loss or lack of personal identity and individuality. New houses and flats are beginning to look much the same, new shopping precincts; the mass production of goods and clothes allows little change in character, consequently the pressure on the individual to assert themselves in some way is increasing. A basic element of human nature comes into play - rebellion against uniformity.

In past centuries, convention was most important. Individuals strove to abide by the standards and modes approved by society, or risk the consequences and become a social outcast. Convention had strength in numbers, and fashion was created by a mature age group, whereas now, high fashion is aimed at the younger generation, from about twelve years to thirty. It has become a potentially very profitable business and the pressure to sell goods to this age group very high. Fashion houses and advertising companies go hand in hand, and the social pressure upon the young person to keep up to date with what is in the magazines is enormous. As many are working from the age of sixteen onwards, they can and do spend most of their money on the cheaper 'high' fashion products in the down market stores and boutiques. The pressure is greatest on this age group to conform to the image that glossy magazines wish to promote, and as a result it is from this generation that rebellion sprang, reaction to pressure. The 'Fifties' gave birth to 'Teddy' boys and girls; the 'Sixties' to 'Mods and Rockers'; the 'Seventies' to 'Punks and Mods'. Each began as anti-conformist groups, veering away from the clean, smart high living images that advertising was trying to tempt them with, exemplified by Mary Quant, one of the doyens of 'Sixties' fashion once said; "anti-fashion becomes high fashion". Punk, for example, began as a rebellion against the uniformity of more conventional fashion, deliberately isolating its followers by making them appear vicious, sadistic, aggressive and thoroughly distasteful - it would appear they wanted to be ostracised by society. This bizarre sensationalism was capitalised upon by fashion designers desperate for a new gimmick, and 'punk' fashions appeared in every magazine and clothes shop in diluted mass production form - trendy but respectable enough for the mass consumer.

This seeming need for individuality - most noticeably in dress and fashion - as a statement of one's own importance, is thwarted marginally by fashion designers catching on to a new and possibly sensational idea, but mainly from the inherent herd instincts of the majority, who, however much they feel they need to be individualistic, suffer from Man's basic insecurity and need to be accepted within their chosen group.

Therefore, does one find isolation within fashion is restricted to generation vying with generation; cultures vying with cultures; rather than individual versus individual?



ODD MAN OUT

He never fitted in well,
He never realised
The way that he dressed
Was not to their delight.

His clothes were hand-tailored
His hair short back and sides
His shirt always clean
He even wore a tie.

He never fitted in well,
He never realised
The way that he thought
Was not to their delight.

His mind was his own,
He was honest and true,
It did not worry him to say,
What he thought of you.

He never fitted in well,
He never realised.
The way that he worked
Was not to their delight.

With promotion in his path,
Promotion in his stride,
He worked hard all day,
From dawn until night.

He never fitted in well
He never realised
The way that he spoke,
Was not to their delight.

He never said slang phrases,
He never cursed or swore,
The perfect way he spoke
Made them hate him more.

He never fitted in well,
He never realised
The way that he lived
Was not to their delight.

A flat in St. John's Wood,
A big four-poster bed,
The way that he breathed,
Made them wish him dead.

DRAMA

Exercises simulating blindness

1. Divide class into pairs. A, blindfolded has to find B by feel. Important that silence is maintained. Repeat, this time allowing the partners to work out a "homing sound" that A has to locate.
2. Get the class to sit in a line. A blindfolded volunteer is then lead down the line, feeling each person's hair and guessing from the touch which person they are feeling.
3. Tell a gruesome murder story to a blindfolded class. Have them sitting in a circle and pass round the mutilated body parts as you tell it. (e.g. a cauliflower for the head, a plastic bag with mud for a hand etc!)
4. Prepare covered jars with smelly things inside. Is it possible to guess the contents? Experiment in the same way with taste.
5. Ask the class to line up at one end of the room. Blindfold each in turn and ask them to run as hard as possible towards you at the other end of the room. Assure them first that you will shout "stop" before they reach you. When everyone has had a go discuss how much a blind person has to trust themselves and others.

Alienation through language.

Do simple improvisations (e.g. the cafe, the bank robbery etc.) but instead of normal speech, use jibberish. Discuss how easy or difficult it is to understand the scene. Repeat, this time using no words at all.

Body Language

Use masks to discover how we talk through our bodies. Give everyone a paper bag mask, all looking exactly the same. Ask them to walk across the floor and sit down, look at themselves in the mirror. Each person will be different though the mask is the same. Neutral masks are better to work with.

Age

Use improvisation to explore the feelings of an old person going to a home. Does the grandparent wish to go? Is the child right to insist? Improvise the leaving of a young person from the home situation, to college, to get married, to share with friends, to move with the job.

The Worlds Exercise

Split into four or five groups. Instruct the group to create its own social environment and rules. (e.g. Is it a dictatorship, how do they move, speak, are they rude or polite people etc..) When each world has been set up, an ambassador is chosen or commanded to go to another group. How does the group react to the individual? Does he/she accept and adapt quickly? Allow another inter-change. This can continue until all or most have swapped groups. What happens to the culture of each group? Do some change completely, do others stay the same?

Other suggestions... Cat and Mouse....Jailer....Rule of the game.... Holy Dido....Telephone impros.....sign language....mime..metamorphosis...

Compiled
by

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