

Urban Astronaut – Transcripts of Audio Tracks

Synopsis

Urban Astronaut provides a glimpse of a future that might be...where problems surrounding air pollution have grown to a crisis point, is there any way back?

Combining stunning design and a unique travelling flying machine with simple storytelling and a moving dance performance, Urban Astronaut searches for a solution to the environmental disaster that is present in our near future.

The answer is found in a simple encounter with a young girl who provides the one thing the astronaut has lost...hope.

Information about the Performance

The performance takes place in three parts as follows:

Astronaut promenade: A 10-15 minute section of performance on the mobile aerial rig. The astronaut takes off and travels up to 100 metres through audience towards the designated flat floor performance area. **TRANSCRIPT 1**

Hope: This section of performance happens simultaneously to the astronaut promenade. A single female performer uses a climbing structure set to the edge of the designated flat floor area to tend to plants. This section includes water spray from the climbing structure and the female performer laying a circle of soil approx. 10m x 8m around which audiences stand. **TRANSCRIPT 2 & 3**

Duet: A 15 minute section of performance involving both the astronaut and the female dancer performing together in the designated flat floor area. 5 minutes on the mobile aerial rig and 5 minutes dancing on the flat floor.



Transcripts

All spoken word is embedded into the audio tracks. No live speech.

1. Urban Astronaut Diary – Promenade

3033 It started before we realised what we were doing, our progress masked our reality. You see the further we travelled around the planet the more we seem to confine ourselves to a living hell.

The year 3001, 2950. In 2015 6,000,000 people died because of air pollution their stories were left untold, because they were the poor, the displaced, those without access to medicine, without access to clean air. Nothing in the world is free. Not even the air in which we breathe. I lay awake listening to my breath.

Day 156, 3012, 2825. 5,000,000,000 trees cut down every year, for what? Memos, paper Aeroplanes, budgets that will be deleted and rewritten and deleted and rewritten. Magazines to make us feel inadequate. Papers to fill us with hate. Never mind, it's recycled they say.

2792 Day 2 on my mission, the guilt seems to have set in, to describe what I have left behind won't do it justice. Curfews and mouth shields, masks, people clutching their throats gasping, inhalers sold like sweets in every shop.

2706 Day 38 I don't know how far I have travelled, maybe it's a good thing, maybe, maybe not.

Day 56 - This is a pointless mission. Has anyone ever done this before? Travelled like this before? I know why it has to be done but really, will anyone listen, will anyone react, will anyone act? Can anyone person make a difference, or should it be a collective? should society stand up and face up to its responsibilities?

2523 Day 88 It strikes me that only when the last tree has died, the last river is poisoned and the last breath has been taken, only then will we humans realise that we cannot live on money.

Day 126 Time is slowly falling away, the years are fading, the night's darkness follows the day's light like a flicker of an eyelid.

Day 156, 2496, 2453, 2220. I lay awake listening to my breath, watching the rise and the fall of my chest. My diaphragm flattens and moves downwards, as the intercostal muscles move the ribcage upwards and out, air rushes in, cold air drinks the warmth of my throat like an old friend, but still it flows, a river of gas to my lungs.



Exhale, the diaphragm and intercostal muscles relax and return to the resting position, reducing the size of thoracic cavity thereby increasing the pressure and forcing air out of the lungs. Why do we take it for granted? Clean air, breath by breath we lived our days ignorant of when our last will be taken, our last chance, the last breath. Air no longer safe for human life, no more breath.

Day 237 I don't know how much more of this I can take, alone up here, watching the world spinning on its axis, a tiny blue marble suspended in space. From here it looks, like a paradise until you see the cloud. The poisonous, toxiness cloud that envelopes the land, creeps around the planet like a disease, spreading and sharing its death.

Day 305 How can we as humans sit by and watch people die? How come, we as humans, allow 6,000,000 people to die each year through air pollution? People struggle for breath but it's okay because we're sitting on lovely wooden furniture. Children puffing on inhalers but we're printing an extra couple of copies just in case. The rainforests have been destroyed but it's okay because we are getting warmer summers. 6,000,000 people a year die from air pollution but it's okay, it's not us.



2. News Reports - Static Rig Performance Area

As air pollution levels in the British capital reach a high, Londoners are encouraged to leave their cars at home and shift from four wheels to two...

In China today, the air is so thick with pollution it looks like night at the height of noon. Even state-run TV there is acknowledging the threat which they rarely do...

David, major parts of China are engulfed in a toxic fog tonight, the air pollution index skyrocketed this weekend, literally going off the charts...

We're talking about something that affects practically everyone on this planet, air pollution, both indoors and outdoors and it kills, prematurely kills, more than 6 million people a year. That is huge. Dark blue soupy air, the people have literally had to wear face masks to try to protect themselves...

That London's air is so dirty it's been breaching legal limits set out by the EU for years. 30,000 deaths are attributed to pollution annually....

People look at the air today and assume it's clean, but unfortunately, it's still very dangerous...

Well, there's an acrid burnt smell in the air, eyes are easily irritated and it's difficult to see through all this soot and grit...

We are currently reaching limits in 40 out of 43 zones in the UK...

That London will remain dangerously polluted until at least the year 2025...

China has spent another day blanketed by dangerous air. Pollution levels have reached record highs in last few days and the state-run Xinhua news agency says that a rare orange warning has been issued because of low visibility...

At some point in the past ten years, we are more polluted here say in London, let alone other major cities in Britain, than Beijing...

There, in, there was a recent huge smog in Britain, and in Belgium and France. During that smog in London and Paris and Brussels, indeed were all worse than Beijing...

Our reports of respiratory problems, and sales of face masks have skyrocketed, people have been told to stay indoors...

There's no mixing of the air, those polluted particles can't escape anywhere, and everything is just kind of stagnant and sitting over the same place. There's no mixing in the atmosphere and so you end up with this soup of nastiness, just kind of...



There's heart attacks, strokes, there's a direct correlation between the amount of air pollution you're exposed to and heart failure...

And the World Health Organisation have announced this weekend, and we're talking about hundreds of thousands of dead people in Britain because of this. Unnecessarily.



Highly Sprung Performance Company, Daimler Powerhouse, Sandy Lane Business Park Coventry CV1 4DQ
Highly Sprung Performance Company is a registered charity number 1178239
M: 07810263355. E: team@highlysprungperformance.co.uk www.highlysprungperformance.co.uk

3. Hope's Diary – Static Rig Performance Area

When things become hard, became hard, it's not those that are hardened that go, it wasn't them, they stay where they are, it's the rich, the wealthy, those who have options, those who are not confined, imprisoned by poverty,

For years we lived thinking that our spinning blue marble would last forever, that our actions wouldn't matter, it didn't matter because nothing would happen in our lifetime.

We relied on our children, our children's' children to sort out our mess. Carbon monoxide, sulphur dioxide, lead, nitrogen dioxide, the invisible silent killers, depositing their poison on us all. Over time, our precious blue marble turned into a mass of grey and purple smoke, the black and crimson cloud swallowing all that it could. Its tendrils creeping around buildings over rooftops, under doors, indiscriminately killing without discrimination or prejudice.

Man, woman, child, thousands of bodies all without air.

Only those with masks could survive. Anyone who could afford to leave left in plumes of smoke, rockets, shuttles, capsules, but we, we were left alone, with nothing, nothing but our want to survive, that and our hope. Only in the darkness can you see the stars. No one can save us but ourselves but we ourselves must walk the path; life will always find a way.

