

Through line:

A NIGHT TIME PROMENADE PERFORMANCE:

The co-pilot stands holding the model plane (with flashing lights and music) as they exit the bus, air steward holds a tray of white face towels, two stage hands activate runway with flags. An air hostess/host is there to greet them. He/She/they has a small ticket booth/desk and boarding gate stands at entrance of path. Audience presents tickets/boarding passes to air host and other steward does bio security checks. Additional performer(s) act as holiday makers with too much luggage. They push through in front of audience and up the path before 'boarding'.



Air hostess

Welcome, I will be your attendant for this night flight. I also have the pleasure of being your guide for the eco holiday -so very very excited for the trip. We are actually going to nature ! We have ten minutes until boarding so lets get you all checked then we can begin our Safety message.

Checking happens. Metal detector, anti-bac. Wipes, runway lights

Air hostess

Stand in the two isles please. Your exits are here, here and here
Life jackets..pull down on this cord to inflate..breath in, breath out.
Oxygen falls above you
and remember help yourself first Before others. That's my moto.
There will be some turbulence due
To the disruption in our weather system...etc. Seatbelts fastened.
Good.

Follow me.
Please don't exit the plane, wander off the path.
In an emergency only please clap your hands.
If Your happy and You know it clap your hands (cont.)

The plane (model plane with lights, puppetered by co-pilot) takes off and goes through gate followed by Air hostess with audience following.

*She calls the pilot on a radio. Audio recording of Pilot 'Antoinette's' voice.
She reads the forward to Antoine de Saint-Ex. 'Wind sand and stars'. Hostess passes out hot towels/or drinks as voice plays.*

Pilot-*prerecorded* -

Good evening passengers. I am Antoinette, your pilot, for this night flight.
We have some good head winds...Should be approximately 3 hours..
Enjoy the inflight service and let me share some thoughts with you
"The earth teaches us more about ourselves than all the books in the world,
Because it is resistant to us. Self-discovery comes when man measures himself
Against an obstacle. To attain it, he needs an implement. He needs a carpenter's
Plane, or a plough. Little by little, as he walks behind the plough, the farmer forces
Out a few of nature's secrets, and the truth which he uncovers is universal. In the same
way the aeroplane, the implement of the airline companies, brings man face to face
With all the old problems.
In my mind's eye I still have the image of my first night flight in Argentina. It was
A dark night, with only occasional scattered lights glittering like stars on the plain,
Each one, in that ocean of shadows, was a sign of the miracle of consciousness.
In one home people were reading, or thinking, or sharing confidences. In another,
Perhaps, they were searching through space, wearying themselves with the
Mathematics of the Andromeda Nebula. In another they were making love.
These small flames shone far apart in the landscape, demanding their fuel. Even
The most unassuming of the them, the flame of the poet, the teacher or the
Carpenter. But among these living stars, how many closed windows, how many extinct
Stars, how many sleeping men...
We must surely seek unity. We must surely seek to communicate with some of those
Fires burning far apart in the landscape."



The group follows the air host up the path. Pilot/travel agent stays in rear. Attendant calls advanced performers ahead of entering scenes. On the right of the path are scenes the airline company doesn't want us to see..Nature being exploited, developers (surveyors) marking stakes, property signs, signs of pollution.



Air hostess

As you see out the windows we have left our world now
 The world we know.
 and have entered one which sits right next to our own.
 Almost another dimension. Don't worry you are quite safe.
 Keep your eyes left please.

It is a natural reserve, one of the beautiful resources we have left
 On this small island. All things worth fighting for are here
 on Spectacular display.

Not only is it a reserve to take respite in it
 Is also a scientific reserve. There is ground breaking stuff going
 On there folks, we nearly have an answer...
 From the plane you will see the research team now.
 Fully sponsored by our Cooperation, Co-operative, conglomerate, co-alliance
 Yes Look to your left.

See their furrowed brows, they are looking with such
 Microscopic wonder and detail. They are time travelling
 They are seeing how much carbon this reserve stores.

It is literally sucking it in, hoofing it down. They need to look
Into the past to see the future. when they have the answer, so soon now,
We can sell on what is not necessary to sequester..
They are working out our entire systems. How they interconnect
We are headed folks to the interconnection. I can feel it. the energy.
Can we disrupt it further no no- which is why this plane runs
On bio fuel. This is a truly green holiday. Pull out your cheque
Books please.

Your trip has actually funded their research. But we can always give more
Can't we. Only 20% of your donation will be taken by the airline
Cooperation, co-operative, Conglomerate, co-alliance.
With their scientific evidence we may be able to keep this reserve
until eternity. Impossible ?

Perhaps this web of bio diverse life,
These regenerative forests may spread further. Perhaps we are,
We are..

This primal communion is restoring me.
Imagine that. Oh it feels good to be here in the wild.
Isn't this wild here. The air has a crisp density. Are we even in the
Aeroplane anymore? Gosh such Virtual reality sensory stimuli.

She takes off her hat, hangs it on a branch and unbuttons a bit of her blouse. She is loosening. In the trees scientists are seen collecting data. They are taking great care of the trees plants/ cotton wooling them. They hold specimens jars up to each other (to the audience). Filled with strange bioluminescent wonders .They hold out charts and point with laser pens.how fragile we are on this wandering planet . The air hostess moves the group on. We pass next the holiday makers. They are trying to pull their overloaded bags up a steep track, map reading and lost in the dark. One holiday maker is seen asleep, as if on a beach or a sun-tanning bed, apathetic.



The group moves on and as they begin to reach the clearing the plane begins stalling.

Air hostess

There seems to be some technical difficulty. I am
Just checking with the captain.

*Pilot is heard again on audio. He is muffled. He cant keep the plane up any longer
Air hostess-broken.*

Air hostess

Please read your safety cards with your feet
pull the oxygen from under your seat
Tray tables out and seat backs no
Head in your hands and here we go
Count the rows and follow the light
An unexpected turn to our flight, tonight, good night.

The co-pilot (with plane) and airhostess runs ahead up the track. Emergency alarm sounding and flashing lights. Oxygen masks drop down over the audience as they move up the track. Uv insects light up in the trees. Small models of passengers in aeroplane chairs (either asleep or in brace position) sit in trees. Plane crash lands/ crashes at the top clearing (meadow). A warning light flashing/rotating red. Airhostess spins and crashes the plane to the floor. She falls on the ground over dramatically. Smoke/flames comes out.



Air-hostess picks herself up from the ground. Disheveled and leaves the plane smouldering.

Air hostess

Welcome- crash.. no. Just part of the experience
It was on the brochure here on page 18. We had you
Fooled Lol. But nothing like feeling alive..
This is the in between place. So yes we are not
quite there yet but we are also there. Welcome.
A place of dreams. Here we will find rocks
(Star debris) and shells (midden) from past. Wise
Settlements. The future and the past is here.
Let it all go. You are on holiday and you are not.
You are alive and dead at once..how glorious. But stay here
Please customs and immigration will be with you
Shortly.

The audience has come to the top of the hill, the clearing. The plane crashes/lands. A Musician plays a melancholy tune (A cello) from a chair under a lamp. A child is sitting at a school desk, with a desk light, solving the problems of the world with crayons. (The child's parent sits near the desk on the ground looking blankly into the distance holding a fallen kite). The parent comes to collect audience who take them to the child at the desk. The Air host has left the group (to collect some rocks from the meadow in a bucket). When she comes back she is further disheveled.

Child

We have changed the world. I will change the world.
Here. *Holds up crayon drawing*
It was so very hard and simple. There is unity now. We live
In a collage of materials but we no longer produce
Excess. Some sense now. We all had a part to play.
And now we can celebrate this new world.
Life is slowly so beautiful
We live simply and I have time to fly my
Kite with you. every day we can fly a kite.
I understand now that the invisible and visible are together in this universe.
When I look at the moon, because you told me in a pretty story,
I know that it will rain. Or when this star is up it is Summer.
These Mackrell scale clouds mean wind is coming.
I will never forget these things, unlike maths,
They are etched somewhere deep. *Graffiti carves the desk with a knife*
We grow our food by the knowledge and the seasons now and it works.
They weren't sacrifices we made.

To their parent and audience

Here fly the kite. Play with the birds because you
Are the birds, this earth, this twisted tree. Go off now to
Climb the tree and see the world, and your own self, at another wondrous
Angle.

The parent leaves with the kite which lights up and flies up into the air, they go to climb the tree. The child stays at the desk drawing/solving problems. The cello player continues but the air-hostess moves the audience on towards the hut. She is bit more chaotic.

Air hostess

I am your tour guide. Not minute to spare. Come with me.
Let me show you the rocks from the stars
There is no returning now. Your inflight show begins..

She howls at the moon and makes some bird calls as she lays out some mats on the ground. She puts a pile of stones from a bucket on the mats and gathers audience around. Paradox of heaps.

Air hostess

This wandering planet. And here up on this plain
This heath, this reserve, this green space this eco touristic..
The stars have dropped their stones. here see our past.
Our ancestors shining eyes.
A paradox of heaps. There are more stars in the sky then grains
Of sand on the beach. But what is a paradox of heaps
when does a heap become a pile.
If me a small little human laughs or stamps their feet
Does it matter no.
But then another one and another one. It adds up and we
All laugh in a grand cosmic orchestra.
Our ancestors shining eyes.
I invite you now to lie down and look up to the sky. Yes
Lie down take a good look. Can you see the stars
Can you feel the moving earth beneath your back.
There is no going back now. we have landed. The eagle has ...

She makes more animal breathless sounds of wonder.

NOT INCLUDED IN MARCH 2023 showing ((Pilot heard on audio-fainter (more muffled/further away then before) and reads St Exupery Text.

Pilot-Prerecorded

Flight attendant to the cockpit...
Where are you? Pilot calling flight attendant ?
I have seen something.. that we have been on the wrong path
Down there. The wrong flight path. Deluded.
“Deluded by curves as if by so many indulgent lies, moving on our travels past so
Many well watered lands, so many orchards and meadows, through all those
Years we embellished the image of our prison. We thought that we lived on a moist
And tender planet.
But our perspective has sharpened, and we have taken a cruel step forward. Flight
Has brought us knowledge of the straight line. The moment we are airborne we leave
Behind those roads that slope gently down to water-troughs and cowsheds, or meander
From town to town. Set free now from beloved servitudes, released from our
Dependence on natural springs, we head for our distant goals. It is only then, from
High on our rectilinear course, that we discover the essential bedrock, the stratum
Of stone and sands and salt where life, like a patch of moss deep in hollow ruins,
Flowers here and there where it dares.
Thus are we changed into physicists and biologists, scrutinising civilisations that adorn
Valley floors and sometimes open out miraculously like great gardens where the climate
Is favourable. Thus do we now assess man on a cosmic scale, observing him through
Our cabin windows as if through scientific instruments. Thus are we reading our history
Anew.”))

A light comes on and there are noises in the hut. The audience are alerted and sit up. A person is organising in the hut, cooking, throwing out water, attending to a small crop.

Hut dweller/explorer

Bloody scientists. Messing up my...

Oh (*hi/ hmmm*).

Company... Right.

I'm a story-teller. But I tell my story for a price. Inclusive of ticket you say?

Those Bastards better not been clipping the ticket too ...

Those star rocks are... (*they're not—*) ha ha ha ...

I live here. Have done for 3 years. No bills to pay.

Before that I was on a lengthy expedition.

Let me tell you about it.

Well, I am an ancient mariner, so I have to.

Ah where is it?

She/He/they goes back into his hut and drags out a suitcase which he opens. Inside the suitcase are objects (curiosities) which he uses to tell his tale. A model boat lights up and passes over a sea (the landscape behind audience) in visual narration of the Hut dwellers story.



Hut dweller/explorer

It was my great honour to lead an expedition to a strange land across the sea.

Moss tangled forests so dense and prehistoric.

Where's that you say?

Off in the south west corner of this world. You can get there in the belly of a metal insect but... that would be cheating. We went by sea.

In this land, Giants exist, I tell you.

Their fingers are trees and waterfalls pool down them, into deep basins

A misty watery place where we see our own shadows pass briefly,
blink of an eye.

The purpose of the expedition was to check the acidity of the sea and the carbon stores

Those poor small creatures can't build their shells because of the acidity levels.

The world is wandering and not so stable, you know.

We haven't been here long, yet we've built civilisations

On misconstrued ideas of a non-shifting planet.

It shifts and racks.

Unbalanced systems shaking things up. A wandering planet.

I travelled back in time and saw the ice move, saw the mountains up end.

Carbon, part of the building blocks to life, part of us, joining oxygen

Becoming the dioxide we know too well.

Breathe it out. Burn.

Plants and ocean, breathe in.

This was my survival suit. We had to prepare every last detail,

how much water you have, how much food, shelter and even ... freeze dried ice cream

If I ran out of water, I would have died. If I ran out of ice cream...

To survive out there... just like here. If one system fails, they all fail.

This is the vertebrae of a baby Minki whale, Harold—pet of the giants,

yeah pass it amongst you.

This is a branch of the Puriri tree, where moths only appear after 7 years...

This is the black sludge of carbon that is buried in the deep glacial carved Fiords..We need to
leave it be, leave it alone, leave it in the ground.

I tried to tell everybody, I had the evidence in my hands,

but they didn't believe in the facts. Wouldn't take it from the horse's mouth.

So I moved up here where I could feel my body in the earth. Felt more settled,

But there is sadness.

I should have spoken louder. I could have fought harder.

Now it's the Developers on the hill, and the council,

never mind the ruling parties in their corporate head locks.

Our system is falsely free and only makes us want things.

I tried to fight, but then I lost faith in others, so went off grid.

Is that so wrong?

I miss the ocean swell. I just want to head out to sea again.

Celebrate the richness of life again.

I have to sleep.

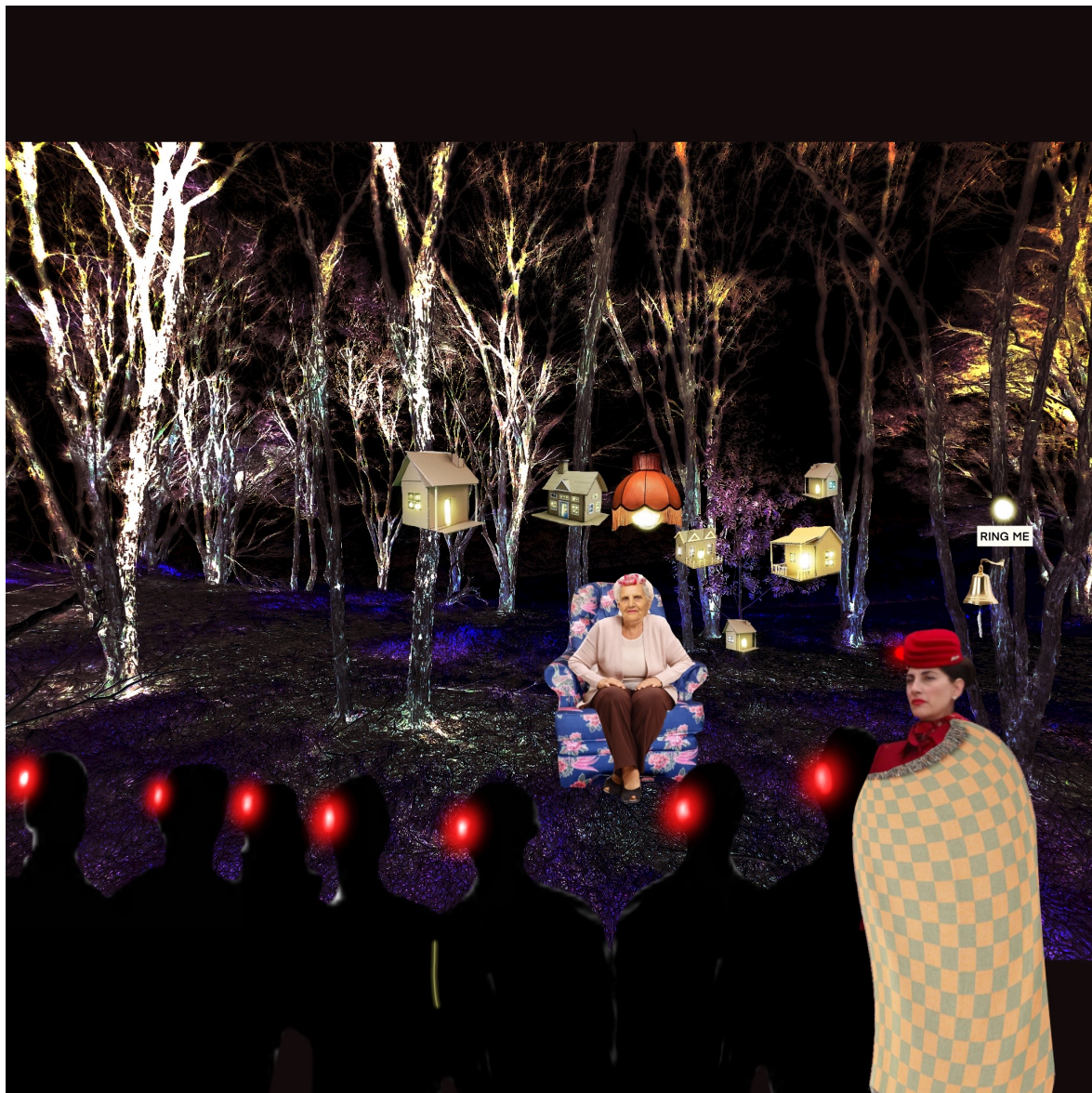
You'd better get going too.
Tomorrow is almost here.

Wearily he goes back to his hut, goes to bed and turns out the light. The audience peer in to see him sleeping and observe the interior of the hut. The air hostess, with haunted eyes moves the audience on.

Air Hostess

The trip is not ended yet folks. The trip L. O .L
Next we will visit the quaint..lets take a boat

The sailing boat which has traversed the field behind them now follows ahead- then disappears. One small light is shining on a tree. by a sign which says-please ring the bell. The airhostess looks at it and asks one of the audience to ring the bell. Small model houses light up in the trees. A village resident and cat (puppet) is sitting on a chair. She tells a mundane story of the every day. She perhaps pours and passes out the audience some tea as she speaks



Village Resident

This is the village of the present
Fact is stranger then fiction and being a strange story.
We do have to adapt.
Imagine I will be moving up a hill soon.
Would you like some tea?
Nothing is good or bad here. Well we get both.
Life is both I believe
Welll got up this morning like usual had my breakfast
Did wordle on the phone. Then scrolled for a bit
Of vogels toast and peanut butter and an orange
Scrolled for a bit
Then fed the cat and did my supermarket shopping
The kids are staying at my sisters
hang washing out and had chat with John in no. 3 over the fence
John, John what did you do this morning-
Then I said well John
Cleaned the windows
Put the cat out
Hoovered the house
Put the cat on the window
Barry dropped off my new post box
Watched some tv on Netflix
Went to bed
Watched some Netflix in bed
Bed fast
Thought I should be doing something more
Or manifesting, or mindfulness if, or better composting
Or organising some society for the prevention of cruelty too
Or just some weeding at least
I am content however, very comfortable
Thought I should be doing something more
Just for a second
But I didnt know exactly what to do
Or could be doing something more
Then I did it all over again.

*The village resident goes to sleep. After a beat she wakes up again and starts to repeat her monologue. The air-hostess moves the audience on. One small light is shining on a tree by a sign which says-Please press this horn (Emergency)
The village lights up in the trees. A village resident climbs out of a cardboard box clutching at a hair dryer like a gun and is in a bad way. The model village is burnt out, flood ruined and in decay.*

Village Resident

This is the village of the wrong turn
wildfires came, no food source...
We dreamt the bad ending too many times
They paid me well to dream it
My hairdryer does not work
My hairdryer does not work
We adapted- that was all that was left
I adapted and moved up the hill, with the conglomerate development
great sea views
Even trees, all of the same kind- in order-conifers. But the fire..
We have gone vegetarian purely out of necessity
meat is too pricy and now mainly dog



And lunch today was weeds and rusty water
 Emergency emergency
 Where did my neighbours go
 I cant remember their names or the sounds of their voices
 They found another island
 Everyone on their own island now.
 I miss them but I will stubbornly go where no man..

He falls asleep and after a beat wakes up again and repeats his monologue. The air-hostess interrupts again and moves the group on.

Scientists walk by with a glowing human heart on a stretcher. The boat prop sails across the sky following. Soldiers lurk in grass as if in combat pose then walk with night vision goggles, they approach audience with aggression but put down their guns and hand out flowers. Small model houses light up on the plain/meadow. A widower on a seat sings a song to a Dead Sea bird, surrounded by a choir of birds from the bush. At the end of the song the heart on the stretcher starts to beat. The bird comes back to life and starts to fly. The isolated characters from previous scenes come together. The revolution is beginning, the carnival of change. The child leads the group, with the drawing held high, in a parade. At first it starts as a melancholy procession and then breaks into a carnival parade rendition of Talking Heads 'Nothing but Flowers'. The parade leads audience to the final village.

The final village is an eclectic mix of model houses lit up. Festoon lights hang over a picnic/ banquet table. All the characters congregate and eat and dance. They are celebrating a coming together and the child's 'sololutions' to the problems of the world.

There is no dialogue (some adlib) in the last village just eating and drinking and some music. The music turns dark and the characters at the table panic. The greedy developers start to creep into the scene. All the 'villagers' run off in fright except for the child who hides under the table.

3 property developers enter, ruin the banquet and tear of the table cloth exposing a model of a development on Te Toki reserve. They are deciding what to do with the land. They show the land in many ways, many uses, what profit they could make.



Property developer 1

Gad but a landfill I tell you- to save costs on
Distribution off island

Property developer 2

Housing is where it is. If we just chop off this part.
Keep it in grids.

Property d 3

But native trees

Property d 2

No we will leave this band and no one could know
Or want for more. A grid system. Blindsided they will be.

Property d 1

It was a parking lot

Property d 3

Now its all covered with flowers

Property d1,. D2. D3

You got it, you got it

Property D3

I Miss the shopping malls. Yes a shopping mall
It's what the island needs. A high end one at that.

Property D1

No quite right. And we can always squeeze in a motorway
Bypass the seven eleven

Property d 2

An additional causeway to cross this creek. We need people to get here faster !

Property D3

And run off ?

Property D1

Run off?..into the sea, a great natural rubbish bin

Property D2

Out of site, out of mind

Property D1,D2,D3

I agree, I agree, I concur, yes yes yes

D2

you will see what a pleasure palace this will be

D1

Casinos and parking lots

D2

A waterpark

D3

A boost to the economy in every way

D1,D2, D3

AND OUR FAT POCKETS

D1

Now we have the land, the auction can begin.
Have our punters arrived yet ?

D3

Oh yes they are here

D2

Apartments of Lot 3- A floor below the penthouse

D3

Central gem must be sold, Elevation and Sea views

D1

Can i have a starting bid of 173 please 173
Capturing the sun to the west

D3

The lady in the bright hat
Immaculately presented offers sublime views

D1

No you sir yes 2million, right off the block
Ambience of character and light

D2

Modernist charm
2.2 we have a 2.2
Have you ever imagined being on holiday every day...

D1,D2,D3 *singing*

Sea views is the seller
Sea views is what you need
Sea sick with pleasure
Polluted seas
Our run off will ruin it

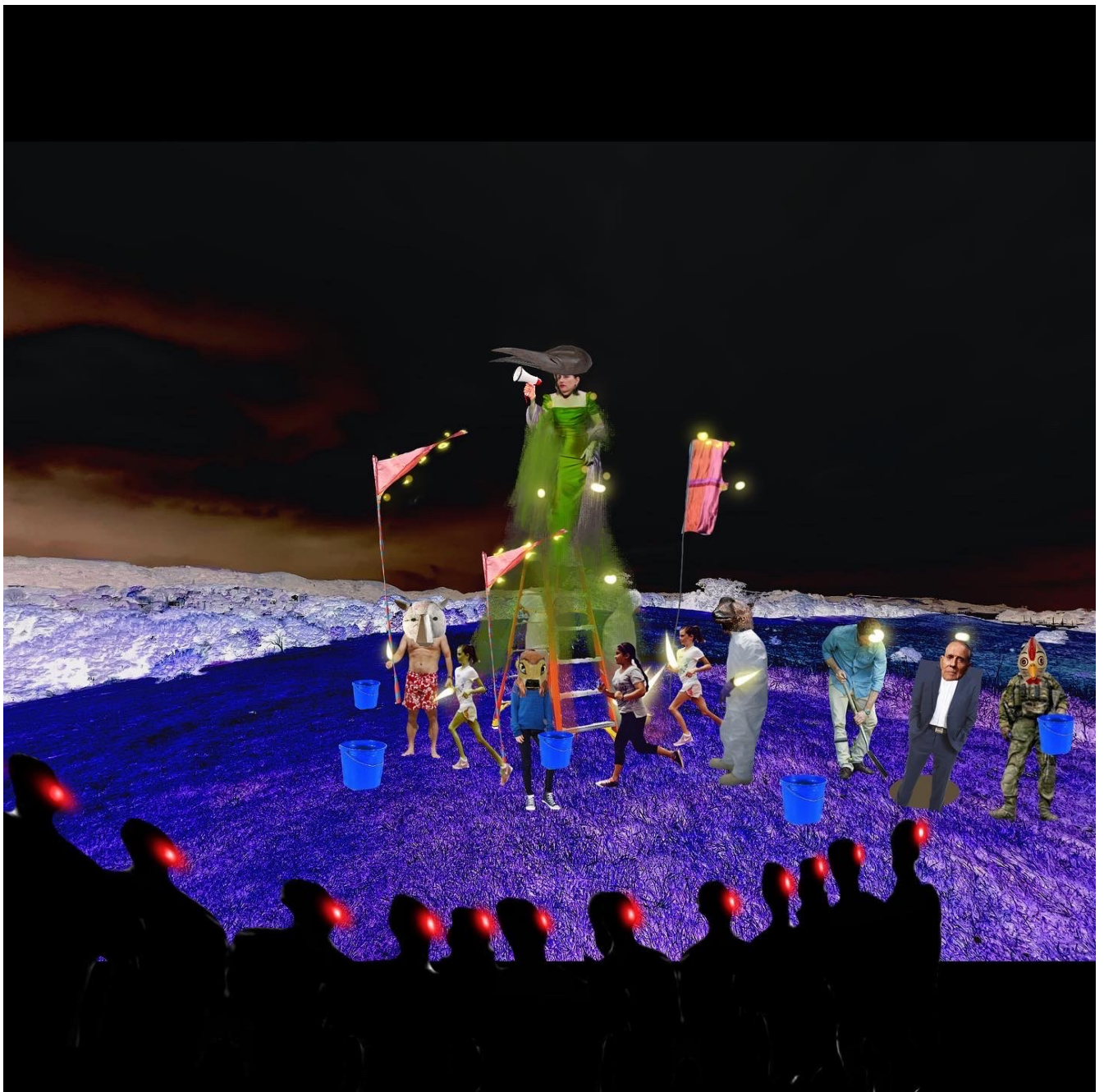
But from afar it will be blue
Sea sick with pleasure
Bright spanking new

They laugh ecstatically, pumping each other on the back. The child breaks the architectural model in half and pushes her hand holding the glowing heart up through it under the faces of the developers. The property developers are dumbfounded but in awe at the heart. They slowly drop their masks becoming child like with wonder. A drum beats a heart beat.

Child

Come with me the re-wilding is starting. Join hands, come with me the re-wilding is about to start.

The child takes their hands and leads them through the audience who follow. The child takes them to the finals scene. The child places the glowing heart in the Air-hostess' fishing net. The air-hostess stands on a ladder fishing stars from the sky. All the performers move around her in a large circle and take the star seeds/heart beats from the fishing net and begin to plant them in the ground. The choir of birds sing. This a ritual and a celebration. The audience may wander in and out of the circle, join in, or watch. Audience and performers blend.



Air Hostess

We are here. You can depart now.
You can arrive. Please mind the gap.
Exit this way

You have built your humble ramparts against the winds, tides and stars
Now we crack the clay. Now.

There is oxygen overhead.
You can breath easily and help with the (load of) water.
The adventure is over and just beginning.
Mind the step.

The air-hostess thanks audience and bows taken. As Audience are led out of the top track of reserve to the bus, the carnival continues..

NIGHT FLIGHT- CAST

Cast

- Air-hostess
- Air steward
- Tourists/soldiers (x3)
- Scientist/animal puppeteer
- Scientist/Musician
- Scientist/Developer 1
- Travel agent/pilot (voice)
- Co-pilot/parent
- Child
- Cello player (clarinet in April 2023)
- Hut dweller/Property developer 3
- Village resident 1
- Village resident 2/Property developer 2
- Bird Mourner
- Choir of Birds (x11)
- Carnival leader and Musicians- Piano Accordion, Clarinets x2, Violin x1, Drums x2

Night Flight-notes on the performance:

Research quotes/inspiration in brief:

The title of the work 'Night Flight' speaks of the performance journey itself but is also the title of a novel by Antoine Saint-Exupery who's writings have inspired this piece. This books master theme is of sacrificing personal considerations to a cause in which one believes.

"If a green revolution is to happen, we have to switch from Apocolyptic imagery to Utopian prophecy to create a cultural 'wilding' that opens horizontal spaces into which people can enter and join the carnival." Nicholas Powers-"Greening our desires" pg 18 TJ Demos

"Revolutionary moments are carnivals in which the individual life celebrates it's unification with a regenerated society" Rahul Vaneigem

"We much surely seek unity. We must surely seek to communicate with some of those fires burning far apart in the landscape..."-pg intro "you built your humble rampart against the winds and tides and stars" -pg12 - "we are living on a wandering planet"pg 33-Antoine de Saint-Exupery, Wind, Sand and Stars

"We are beginning to trust the tactic of not waking ourselves up from the nightmare, but allowing ourselves to fall further into it, beyond horror. Underneath ridicule space is a melancholy region where things become less horrifying and more uncertain, all kinds of fantasy beings float around like mermaids around the seaweeds and submarines. A realm of unspeakable, nonhuman beauty not confined to normative anthropocentric parameters begins to open up" Timothy Morton

"Hope becomes an electrifying force in the present that allows us to participate in inventing and reshaping our vision for a new world" Rebecca Solvit

"Pausing enough (by the stream) for this primal communion to restore me"- "We are all creators of our new world"- "Must have faith in humanity because we need a collective response"- "When we remember that each of us has a part to play, then we believe that our contribution really does matter, our souls come alive. We find meaning in a meaningless world" Dr Joelle Gergis

-The paradox of heaps-Timothy Morton

-Cartesian dualism

-All life forms a vast kin network on a cosmic scale-Western and Maori

-Blake Trust: spirit of adventure, restart appreciation for the environment, part environmental, part adventure, part educational but fun- Good Water, Good Life

-Compression of time, time travelling, unstable earth, humans as passing shadows/caretakers

-Rewilding

The production is inspired by the format of outdoor/site specific theatre productions I grew up with in the UK.

www.kneehightheatre.com

www.wildworks.com

www.punchdrunk.com

The Site:

Te Toki Reserve is located between Ostend and Surfdale on Waiheke island and is around 8 hectares and is open parkland fringed by mature forest and wetland. It is a unique coastal environment where six distinctive eco tone sequences are clearly visible from broadleaf podocarp forest, through to freshwater wetland, saltwater wetland and finally mangroves

The reserve is a place I walk a lot near my home on Waiheke. Te Toki reserve was once farm land (pakeha) and there have been Māori midden sites observed there. It is now a reserve and has scientific reserve status.

From the top of the reserve you can look out to sea, to the Tamaki Estuary. There are accessible walking tracks, loop tracks throughout the reserve and popular with dog walkers. It is mainly used by locals ie. is not deemed a tourist attraction. The grassy meadow reminds me of an English heath. A heath is sometimes a barren bit of land which does not support life so well but surrounding the grass lands is rich new native bush which falls down to wetlands and out to sea. It is an in-between space, a space where human activity (sort of mundane dog walking) and nature merge-it is not that wild, yet it is not that human dominated. This land has been used to split suburbs of the island as a green belt. The in-between nature of this space makes it a place where I imagine things. Dreams can come alive-where ghosts are caught between worlds- where we could be in the past or the future.