



ACCESS INFORMATION

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Access Information

*More information on access to Dancehouse including transport can be found here
<https://www.dancehouse.com.au/about/>*

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Visual Rating: 50% – this production has music and sound in the background, and spoken text with an available transcript.



Aural Rating: 50% – this production has both sound and visual components.

Content Notes

The show contains haze, some surprising noises, and also various food items listed below. There are bright lights, and some loud sounds, however there are no flashing lights or sudden loud sounds.

This guide does contain spoilers of the show content.

Seating

The space is arranged in the round, with seats on all sides of the space. There are options for floor mats and seats with backs. You are welcome to walk across the stage.

The show is 50 minutes.

There is no lockout period.

The show takes place in the Upstairs Studio, which is only accessible by a staircase. There are all gender bathrooms on the ground floor.

Transcript

The performers move around the audience but do not interact. At the start of the show there is a large section of text. A transcript is attached below if you'd like to read along.

Audience Interaction

There is no audience interaction, although the performers do move around the edges of the space and behind the audience.

Towards the start and end of the show the windows are closed and opened, a performer will walk behind the seats closest to the windows.

Around the middle of the show, a performer emerges from behind the seating back closest to the door entered through. A musician is playing on these stairs, so the sound may be louder in this area.

Sound

Around the middle of the show there is the sound of a leaf blower that appears from behind the raised seating bank. A triangle is also used, which can be high pitched. A performer will use this to blow some confetti into the space.

Visual

Towards the middle the show, there is a long section where the movement can be fast, erratic, and shaky.

After the leaf blower sound, the silver confetti tossed can be shiny/flicker in the light as it falls.

Food

There are barley sugar lollies on some seats. You do not have to eat these. You can eat these whenever you want, there will also be a moment towards the end of the show where the performers eat them, which you might like to join.

After the leafblower sound, a bottle of oat chocolate milk and water is spilled from a hanging point. It will splash on the ground and a performer. This happens on the stage closest to the door at the back of the space. A performer will eat some jelly which contains pieces of trash, they do not ingest them.

The ingredients are listed below

Barley Sugar Lollies: Sugar, Glucose Syrup, Flavours, Colours (110,122).May contain nut traces.

Jelly: Gelatin powder, Sugar, Citric acid

Chocolate Milk: Milled oats (9%), cane sugar, vegetable oils (canola, sunflower), cocoa powder (1%), minerals (calcium, phosphorus), natural flavours, emulsifier (sunflower lecithin), salt, vegetable gum (gellan), antioxidant (ascorbic acid), sweetener (steviol glycosides), vitamins (B12, A, B2, D2, B1).

transcript

WE ARE FLYING

ON THE BELLY OF AN UPTURNED BIRD.

WE ARE CRAWLING

*ON THE BELLY OF A BIRD LOOKED UP AT
MID-FLIGHT FROM THE GROUND.*

*ITS CLOUDY, AND THE BIRD DROPS IN AND OUT
OF HAZE,*

*WHEN THE LIGHT IS MOST REFLECTIVE THE
BELLY GLOWS.*

*A VIBRATING HALO SHIMMERS AT
THE EDGES,*

IF YOU COULD EVEN CALL THEM THAT.

Birds have white bellies and darker topcoats because of a phenomenon known as countershading. Light hits the top of the coat, brightening it, and a shadow darkens its underside. The resulting effect is the 'greying out' of any contrasting tones that might draw attention to the bird's difference to its environment.

We are crawling on the belly of an upturned bird mid-flight.

The bird's name is John.

On the underside of the floor, this white belly, between some intestines and partly digested oven pizza is the topcoat of the bird. The roof of the room below us, is its dark coating. Dimming the lights might result in dissolving the room into a grey fog. If we fall through the ground with enough velocity, there is the possibility of falling through the bird and out the other side, collecting stomach debris, and exiting out with a spattering of digestive acid, garlic and mozzarella.

Just as birds use countershading as a technique of mimesis, camouflage is a negotiation with one's environment. As it dissolves the edges of a form, it is not a disguise but a medium of relationality through representation. Theodor talks of a sensuous mimesis, as 'infectious gestures of direct contacts, for instance touch, soothing, snuggling up, coaxing.' For a while he cozies up in the hollow space under the birds ribcage, eating marshmallows from plastic sticks and watching the blu-rays of the sky.

Theodor, yourselves, and I are falling through the belly of an upturned bird,

Partway through the descent, we are connected in a channel of intestinal mass for a brief moment. Theres a rumble and the belly reveals a door into this network willingly, releasing some gaseous pressure. The bird only flies upside down, it soothes the gut. Flying fast, and in irregular patterns to avoid enclosure. Or slowly to catch a breath, play dead and make a tea. Every so often it lets out a sputter, conjuring up a small pile of glitter. Many years ago the reflection of a worm was looked at and swallowed, its silver image split and melted by stomach acid. The sputter is brown, what the bird coughs up. Each sputter sending a plume of liquid across its white belly. John resembles a piece of hurling space junk more than the clouds it tumbles through. The liquid rains down and a few drops land in a plastic container with a yellow lid. Scientists were able to draw similarities of the secretion to soft fruits, tar, pumpkin seeds, fertilised soil, and cheese. The liquid is more commonly referred to as leachate.

A conceptually vacuous fluid, there are large quantities of this liquid, lakes, depositories, derived from landfill, much of which is contributed to by military waste. It is a liquid, that like many liquids, resists visibility. We have no way of knowing what it contains, at least with what limited vision sight grants us.

The bird, after coughing up a set of sequins starks shaking and falls its way into a puddle of leachate. This is the liquid that didn't make its way into the container. Opening in all directions, over time, the bird's edges start to bubble and fizz. The shaking motion releases a gas that the nearby trees start to inhale under the impression that it is oxygen. The trees start to slurry their words, as parts of limbs float upwards

into
the

sky.

A nearby onlooker riding a horse made of chocolate cake, let's say Theodor, exclaims theres something moving in the trees. As their viewing grows paranoid, they too start to open wide. The gas from the lake hasn't travelled this far yet but the onlooker can still sense a shift in the atmosphere. In confusion they stop writing and take their hat off. It drifts into the sky, and they start crying, each tear travels upwards also. Most of their body has started hovering now alongside the twigs,

feathers, gas, leachate,

layers of clothing, John, the horse,

strands of hair

that have

left the head.

Crawling through mud and soil and runoff petrol, like burdock the onlooker starts to collect pieces of plant matter, phosphates, phthalate jewels, and an especially shiny pendant that spells out the words 'no future.' They're not ^{sure} what it means, the ^{words are} starting to fall apart in a l
l o c a t i o n s .

The world is in the middle of something. It is rare we ever see someone changing their outfit, especially birds. These states of dress arrive in totality, but always under duress. The onlooker, now tarred and feathered with the debris of the whole situation is tied up in a stinging white light that appears to be radiating from John. The light, or more particularly its fuzzy edges dizzy the space, the place where colour cuts its way through translucence. The brightest white hums at the edges, rubbing away away away the form, and in buzzing desires the inevitability of contamination.

We are swimming in the belly of John,
or maybe a lake,
or maybe a slug of milk.

*Maybe the sky,
maybe the inside of a lawn mower,
a field of electricity,*

or maybe the endless

intersection of

an asterisk.

LGI/

MELBOURNE
FRINGE
FESTIVAL

DANCEHOUSE D

GLASS BRICKS

Dancehouse stands on what always was and always will be Aboriginal land. We pay our respects to the traditional owners of this land, the Wurundjeri peoples of the Kulin Nation, to their elders past, present and emerging, and acknowledge that sovereignty was never ceded.

This project is supported by LGI through a studio residency and made possible by WXYZ Studios.

