



**Nomadic
horoscope
village
By
Tadlashance
No 3**

If you are from those origins below this is your future :

Viking: after the rain sun is coming, do not despair a world full of delight will come soon or late
 Celtic : today is your day; success, fame will be at the rendez-vous, be careful to not become too snob
 Hindu : the stars are all for you, today will be a decisive day, your future is bright
 North Amerindian : behave yourself, even if it's a party

Saxon: today let yourself go, and make use of your sense of humour
 Ostrogoth : today be full open in order to harvest opulence
 Malay : have fun, life is short, fleeting and marvellous
 Gallic : don't talk too much, your nice presence it's enough
 Thracian : be fresh and cool, everybody loves you
 Norman : today share your pleasure, it will increase more
 Dutch : play, laugh and seduce, nothing will resist you
 Goth : don't be so rough, we know that deep inside you are very sophisticate; show it
 Scott : celebrate, sing and dance you'll be the life of the party



Hot news



Ducks gets crazy when Alan Smith is riding his motorbike.

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INFO

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Our board made by Krista



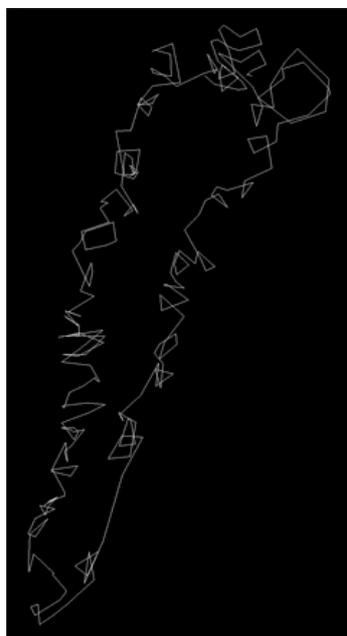
Dear all, even when this project was a hard one it also was a very warm one considering peoples happiness and love. Much cooler and wet was the nights making the printer steamy and sometimes also to breakdown, but of course this is things you have to have in mind planning a outdoor newspaper. Thanks all and we hope to see you soon again and thank you Krista for the nice sign outside our tent.
Penka & Peter



The International Man of Leisure

text by Boris

The International Man of Leisure has made its name. With his new mobile leisure unit he made Nomadic Village an example of how the world is played in his eyes. In the year 2012 where the major changes to most people pass by, but for this man the world is unfolding and that's quite something. There is no place for him to hurry and stress. Listening to the flowing water and the sounds of nature he may linger for weeks if not months. Everyday life doesn't fit him anymore and he let it simply pass by. But maybe, just maybe, still being in the grey inbetween area, there are still thoughts in his head that say, is it all true?



A map of Nomadic Village made by Stuart

ARTICLE

by Andrew

With socks on in the bed I contemplate the first feed of the day and acknowledge my frustration with Clostrophobic and cotton caged feet. Is this settlement an idea of Utopia. The question splashed across Sharon's camper some days ago still lingers on my mind. The introduction of egg in these last days has been the cherry on an already remarkable kitchen. I had never seen the green so green and the sun so bright on these shores until the other night at the bowling green. Yet the plentiful wine on offer was a waste on my guts, rumbling like a tumble drier full of shit. Is this settlement an idea of Utopia. Our token Scot, Stuart, frustrated with our communal politeness has taken to unashamed swearing at any opportunity, he is from Glasgow and the stereotype fits. Unabashed he verbalises his vocabulary of 'choice words' at any opportunity and soon others join him, screaming banging and shouting. A Glaswegian halleluiah. Is this settlement an idea of Utopia. I heard it described as a 'glorified piss up' just two days ago by a guy named Gareth. A statement delivered as opinion rather than fact. Is this settlement an idea of Utopia. Gifts are shared, computers are loaned, criticism is welcomed. Time is idled contemplating away cutting tiny shapes out of hazard and sticking them to an old weathered brown suitcase. Conversations are interrupted with periods of raucous laughter. Is this settlement an idea of Utopia. We have a mix of all variety of men, squatters from London Town, a dancer from Perth a new-born feeding on a bouncing boob, poets, writers, builders, musicians and movie makers. We have holy well cleaners and a welcoming rock star who puts sugar in her tea pot among her tea, an act that would normally offend me. In this scenario I am charmed by it. Is this settlement an idea of utopia. The open tent allows the sunlight in and my attention is drawn to the lack of moisture on my tongue absorbed by abundance of alcohol. I clear my throat, scratch my balls and pick up and consider the first feed of the day.

With socks on in the bed
Andrew Wilson



Page 3 Photo

With the news that London is now France's sixth biggest city, Francoise and Madeleine of tadlachance retired to the upper well at Wolsingham with the comment, "Look well into thyself: there is a source of strength which will always spring up if thou wilt always look." (Or was that Marcus Aurelius?)



Photo by Richard Glynn

Announcements:

By Margaret

LOST

Human, eyes like mine, small hands, wears hat. If found, hand her a carrot and return urgently to me, BABOU, at:
Red car,
By grazing terrace,
Past the industrial zone,
Nomadic Village.

WANTED: CAVY BABE

Male guinea boar, GSOH, varied interests, the right side of 5, seeks sweet-tempered guinea sow, preferably 1-3, for good times and possible pup raising. Sorry, no hamsters.



Sharon is preparing herself for the presentation and she enjoys having a new washed hair



A photo of an image remaining on the wall of the theatre of a prison near Wolsingham, called HARPERLEY WIRKING CAMP FOR POW'S. We must say that the Nomadic village and the CAMP have something in common and it is the newspaper. In the forties the prisoners were publishing their own newspaper and were running a theatre, where also people from the village were going to attend.



The questions
I did not ask,
I will ask by
email! ;-)
Penka



One of the wall paintings made of the prisoners.



A Daily Temporary reporter hunting for images

TO MOVE WITHIN

A plum as a
pinball,
Nicked and
ricocheting
From milky tea
tones
To stone fruit
stains
Healable
but damageable

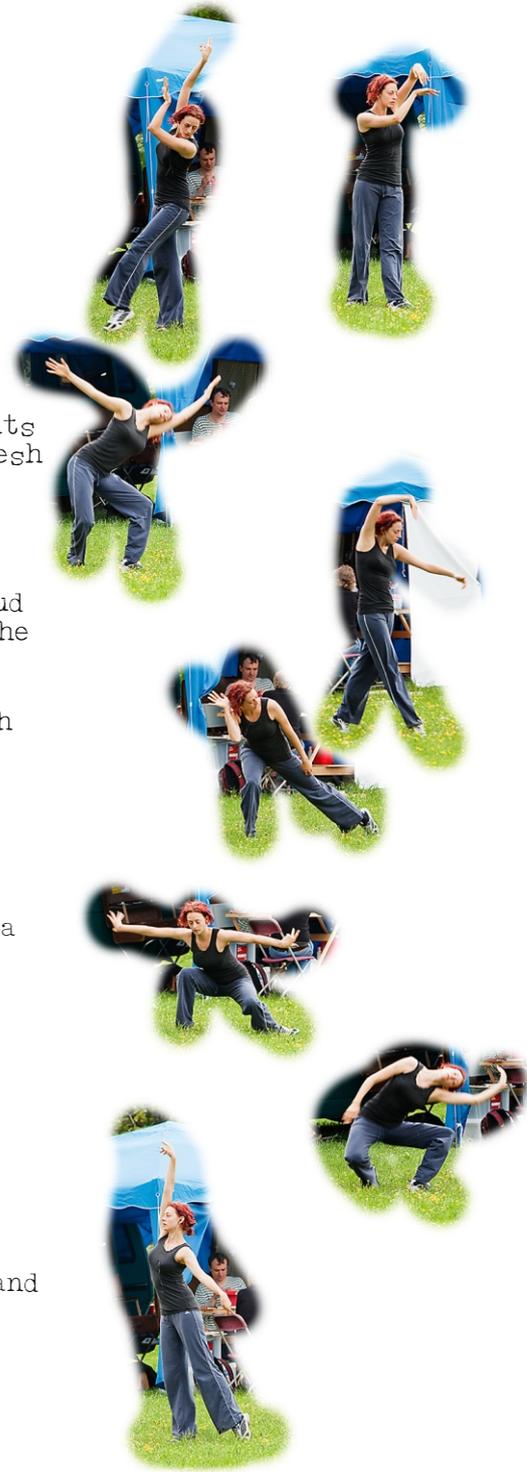
Trialing the
skins restraints
A package of flesh
The barrier
unbroken
It wells and
swells
A darkened cloud
That flushes the
flesh

Like a city with
its center
The suburbs
sprawl out
dissipating
The edges into
nothing
City stains on a
skin scape
My thigh as a
country
Overpopulated
New cities
emerging
Then as if the
industries
weaken
These centers
diminish
Their spirits and
intensity fade
Ghost towns
Wisps into
nothing
Creamy cover
corrected

IN FLUID

I can fill this like I am water
Touching all parts at once
Mind mapping with sonar
The ultimate 3D playground
With its window's
a fish in a tank

The architecture accommodates
antigravity exploration
I am through under and around
Inverted, reverted,
Alerted, to what else
captive? Or creating?



Colour in the Ducks!

drawing by Seeta Muller



POETRY

by Fabienne Khial

Bird evil in the
realm of
wolshingham
Poem by
paperflaneur
(Fabienne and Seeta)

Crow
Nature
Nature
Goose
Soil
Corbeau
Oie
Terre
Green

Vert
Tit
Mesange
Duck
Moist
River
Canard
Humide

Riviere
Rapeseed
Buttercups
Nettle

Rain
Rain
Rain

Riviere
Colza
Bouton d'or

Ortie
Pluie
Pluie

PLUIE

Announcement:
dinner
time



Text by Quindell Orton:

PLACE

What for this place?
Egg flora on a monster
background,
Floating ethereal
elements of time
One puff, two, they're
gone,
For a breeze lapping at
our figures and
structures
Flowing through our
habitat,
Creating a gentle
rustle,

From frozen teaspoons,
To escaping ladles from
hot soup pots,
As if a rising hum,
This warmth grows as
the day eases in,
Persuasive in it's
presence
We are inclined, coaxed,
convinced
It fills our skin

The Space somewhere else

By the Nomadic Captain
Klaus Maehring

As soon as I am moving,
I leave behind things,
and when I finally
decide to stop
somewhere, this places
becomes a surrounding
I chose to live in,
chose to live with; and
on the inside, in the
bus, there are only
things I really want,
no burdens or
restrictions. I always
experience it like
this: Now I see,
Especially in
photography the
unobstructed view is
of utter importance.
I can always choose my
perfect spot to work.
The concerns about the
world, which haunt me
in media-crowded
cities, have to vanish,
and they do, otherwise
I will just rant like
too many others. Much
more then discussing
existing issues, art
for me has an
expedition-like
quality (to venture
where nobody has been
before, . . .) moving far
enough to forget, and
further to explore,
discovering
alternatives that
later on might become
the pillars of the
concerned outlook.
Far away enough to
forget, and further to
find, put up the 18 m2
of "own" and sit and
watch. Traveling
itself can mean
freedom.



I also wanted to be in the
newspaper :-)





FOREIGN BODIES:

Evidence of Nomadism in Wolsingham

Exhibit #N12 collected in Wolsingham Market Square on 27th May 2012 by LC/Wideyed

The Travelling Man is Mitch Webb.

When the weather's fine enough he cycles from home in Frosterley to Wolsingham and back on his customised tricycle: solar panels help to power the bike, speakers for a radio. Wolsingham is the furthest he can get from home - he's disabled so can't pedal without assistance, and the batteries he's fitted have a limited range. His dream is to fit more powerful batteries, so he can travel further.

"It's my dream to escape from this valley," he said.



Marek, showing the source for his sound installation

