



# Hot news



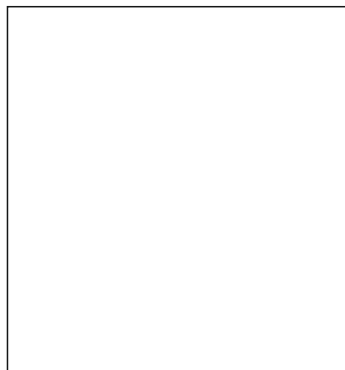
Ducks gets crazy when **Alan Smith** is riding his motorbike.







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



# 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.

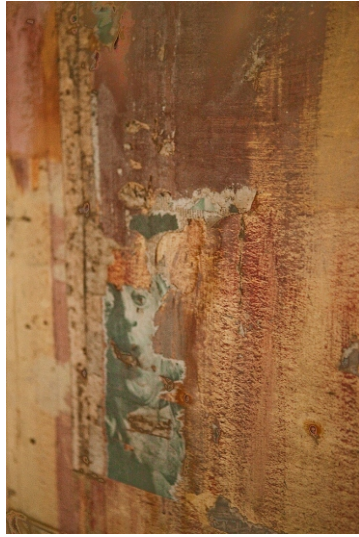


Sharon is preparing herself for the presentation and she enjoys having a new washed hair





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

## 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:

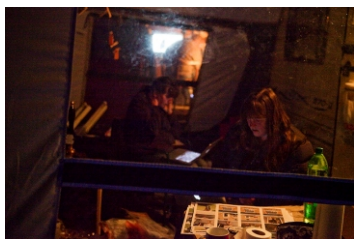
Evidence of Nomadism in Wolsingham

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**





# 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

## TO MOVE WITHIN

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

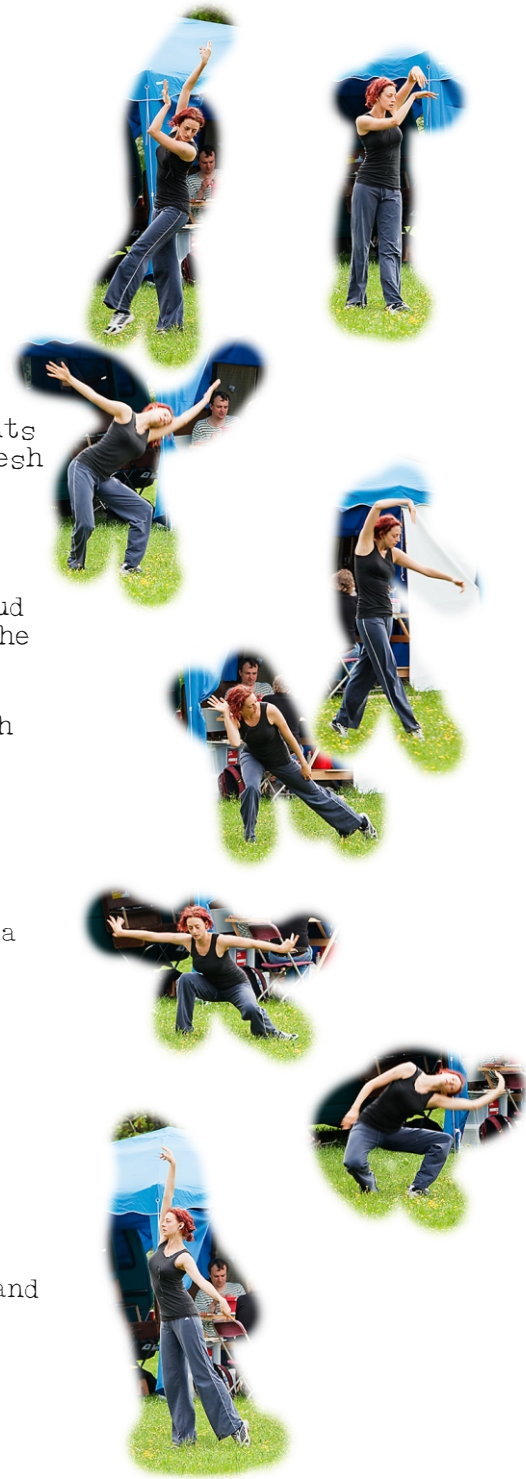
Trialing the  
skins restraints  
A package of flesh  
The barrier  
unbroken  
It wells and  
swells  
A darkened cloud  
That flushes the  
flesh

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?





# 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



## The International Man of Leisure

text by Boris

The International Man of Leisure has made its name. With his new mobile leigssure 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



## 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

**DAILY  
TEMPORARY**

Issue No 4

## INFO

"Daily Temporary" a newspaper at Nomadic Village UK  
2012 is a project ran by:

Penka Mincheva (Bulgaria)

[penkamincheva@gmail.com](mailto:penkamincheva@gmail.com)

[www.wix.com/penkamincheva/art](http://www.wix.com/penkamincheva/art)

and

Peter Westman (Sweden)

[info@peterwestman.com](mailto:info@peterwestman.com)

[www.peterwestman.com](http://www.peterwestman.com)

## CONTACTS

[dailytemporary@yahoo.com](mailto:dailytemporary@yahoo.com)

[www.wix.com/dailytemporary/newspaper](http://www.wix.com/dailytemporary/newspaper)