I am Lisette. I am voice over. Welcome to my back garden, yard, yarden? My friend Kev Howard taught me that word. Yarden. My friend Kev has taught me a lot. He’s an incredible artist, musician and photographer, who also makes tremendous soup. Crip friends rock. He calls me Cripette. I call him Kevinski.

Sorry, I got distracted. My brain does that a lot. Ideas whoosh and I hurtle along with them. Welcome to a hurtle in my Yarden.

There are plants in pots, pink and purple full bloom fuschias and geraniums against a white washed wall. An olive tree. Autumn is just starting to say hello. I’m sitting in the garden but you can’t see me. Not yet. Not until I tell you about mouth pucker, and then my mouth will pucker. There is also my little black and white rescue dog, Harper Lee, she makes a star appearance and eats my artistic Hula Hoops from a plate. You do see my hand moving hula hoops and raspberries. Placing them on a white plate and a white flat bowl. Placing them in an alternating hoop and raspberry row along a miniature wooden ladder while a faded gnome in Victorian striped swimwear looks on. I’d say it’ll all make sense in a bit, but I very much doubt it, and I don’t like to lie. My brain doesn’t always make lots of sense. Welcome to a hurtle in my brain in my Yarden.

There are 10 raspberries in a bowl.

There are 10 hula hoops on a plate (salt and vinegar).

They are a choice. Sweet. Savoury. One at a time? Squish all in at once. Do-si-do from one to t'other. Summer explosion of grass sweet purple stained meadow kisses. Playground bribes with scrunched mouth pucker.

Which will you choose?

Will you marry?

Will you crunch?

Will you pick?

Splat?

Combine?

Choice.
It begins with choice.
Does it?

Do we ever have a choice?

Lisette Auton presents....

Writing/Righting the Missing: A Choose your own Erasure Story

An R&D – Research and Development

A Staging Our Futures Commission from Little Cog supported by Arts Council England

And introducing Harper Lee Dog

I’m Lisette. I’m voice over. I’m 40, white with freckles and long brown hair, which you can’t see because it’s hidden under the hood of my grey spotty dressing gown. I’m having a nap now, curled up on my bed with black and white little Harper Lee rescue dog curled into my tummy. Shhhhh. Let her sleep.

This is a beginning.

A beginning clumsily made on a phone, solo, no idea how to edit this together, sure I'll probably work it out. I'm good at that. I have to be. Cos sure as hell no one's given me a manual on how to navigate my body and brain through a society not designed for it and, well, I'm doing alright, no thanks to you yellow mop at the top.

And I have absolutely no clue what happens next, but would you like to play anyway?

It will involve: radical kindness, audience participation for the anxious, joyful flailing, and disabled female body, mind, creative access, because, well, why wouldn't it? And hula hoops (salt and vinegar) and raspberries. Maybe? The other stuff yes, but not sure about those last two, not sure what that was all about, thanks brain, but I’m sure I’ll make it all add up somehow. It will definitely need to have me. And you.

Welcome.

Take my hand. If you would like. Or stand a little apart. No eye contact required. Would you like some music? Would you like a nap too? I'd like to join sleeping me and have a nap soon.

Nee worries.

We'll work it out together.