

Mercy Flatline: minusTWO



NOM
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Featuring:

+ Paul Rafferty
+ Salena Godden
+ Scott Spencer
+ Joe Dunthorne
+ Jonathan Greenbank
+ Jessica Penfold

ARTS COUNCIL
ENGLAND



03 **THIS IS THE NEWS**

04 **THIS IS NEW:** Salena Godden

New poetry and illustration from our first paperback

06 **THIS IS VINTAGE:** Jonathan Greenbank

Mercy's baptiser and all-time top scorer

07 **THIS IS REGULAR:** My Gepetto

Joe Dunthorne

08 **THIS IS NEW:** Nathan Jones

A new poem given fresh life by Jessica Penfold

ENCORE
WE
APPLAUDED



THIS IS THE NEWS



Now we're back, we're not going away.

Displaying more brass neck than a Tesco developer down Hope Street and the kind of belligerence only seen by that guy who hates everyone at your party (but has nowhere else to go), we're already knocking on your inbox door with issue minusTWO of our Frankenzine not two minutes since the last.

Cheers to all of you that showed some love at our return last week, and a hex on those that didn't.

You'll all hopefully be excited to know we have found the most amazing venue for our London debut of **Wave If You're Really There**. If we're lucky (and we usually are) we'll be able to tell you where next week. In the meantime, remind – or introduce – yourself as to why this is reason for celebration, with Luden AV's ace cakes footage from the first one we did last year [here](#).

Roll on next Friday!

Manchestaaaaah

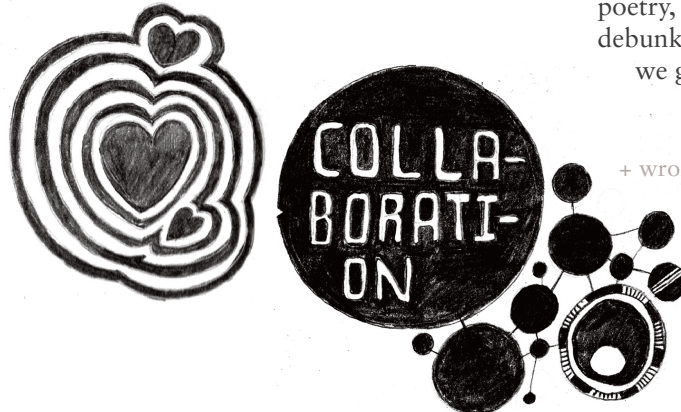


A new show being developed under the Mercy wing has been selected for the **Emergency 09** performance festival in The Green Room, Manchester in October.

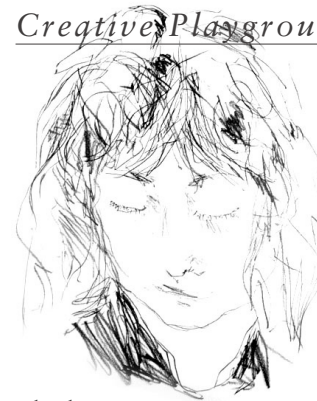
Nathan has been getting well out of his comfort zone and right down in his grey-cells writing a 'dark comedy of broken down family hierarchies' with Wave If You're Really There regular performer Karen McLeod, plus new Mercy buddies Shelly Atton and Gavin Osborn.

This performance will be a wicked addition to the Mercy ouvre, combining the expertise of these four frankly dogs bollocks performers. Onward and out and up and all over the shop.

Friday 2 October:
8.30pm, Green Room



Creative Playgroup



Not the best name we ever came up with. In July, a couple of young parents brought their toddler up to the Bluecoat Library, coming in halfway through the session. "Oh!" - the Dad goes, seeing us all sat there chewing the end of our pencils. "It's a group for playwrights."

Well, it's not a group for playwrights, or some kind of sick kiddie-genius training camp. Not specifically anyway. It's a series of fortnightly meetings for 'Creative' people to gather into a 'Group' and share their skills and 'Play' with each other. (Ooo! you are naughty)

If we have the demographic of Mercy right then there's a 90% chance that you're creative. So GET INVOLVED, basically. So far, the sessions have included workshops in dance and drama, poetry, illustration and various art-theory debunkings. It's fucking wicked, and then we go for a beer, which is cool too. You should try it.

+ wrong-handed portrait by Paul Rafferty



Without name-dropping, it's hard to tell you about the talent we've had around the table, so let's just say that

Paul from Hot Club De Paris, Scott Spencer, who did the Wave Machines artwork, and premier indie documenters Sam Meech and Tim Brunsdon are among the attendees.

Here's the line up for the next few sessions at the **Bluecoat**. Drop Nathan an email if you'd like to join in:

nathan@mercyonline.co.uk

Wednesday 2 September:
MERCY AND YOU DO ZINES
6.30-10.30pm, Sandon Room
Take away your own zine!

Thursday 17 September:
KAREN McCLEOD
6.30-10.30pm, Sandon room
Our favourite drama and performance artist gets us emotional

Friday 2 October:
MARY PRESTIDGE
6.30-10.30pm, Library
Exploring contact improvisation with Liverpool's prestigious dance tutor

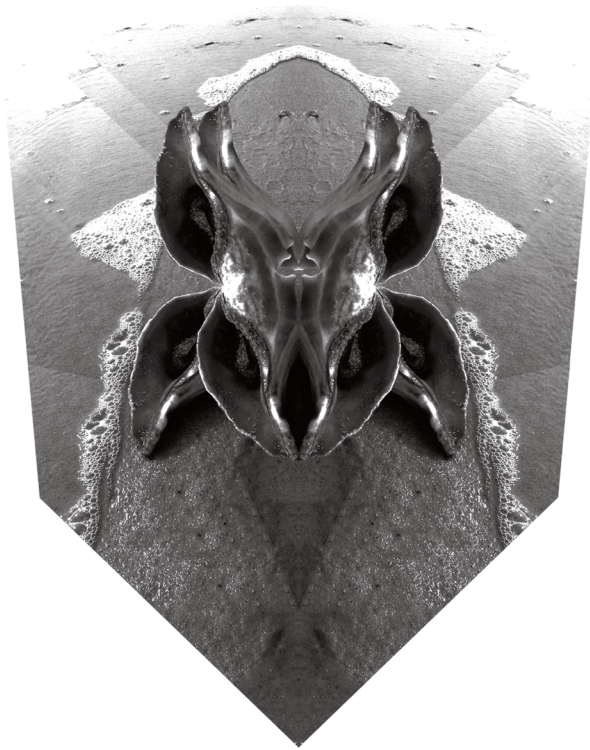
Scrambled

Egg

THIS IS NEW

+ Words by Salena Godden

+ Picture by Scott Spencer

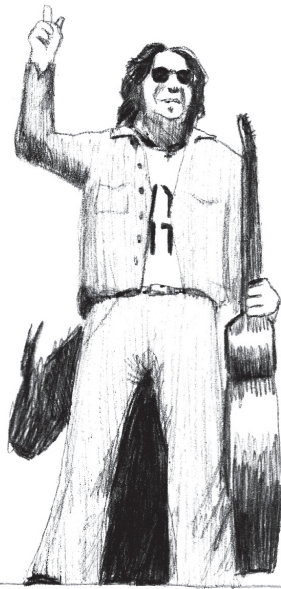


And do you remember
we lay on the sand,
listening to the ocean
like a watery band,
encore we applauded
as each wave came in,
and then you came in me
eggs in the bin.

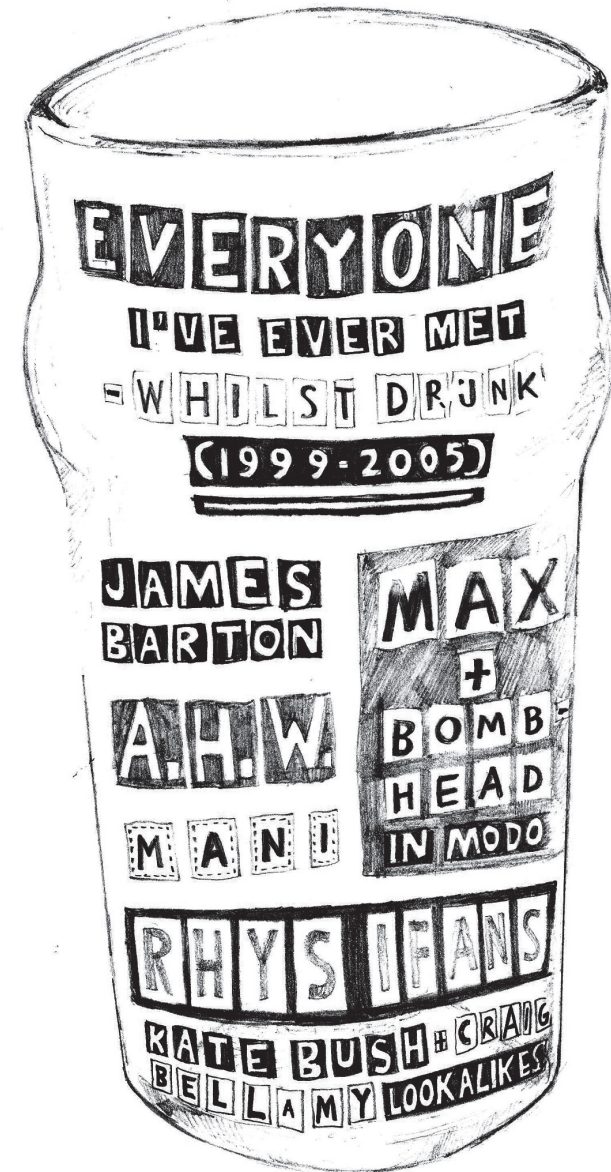
Scrambled Egg features in 'This Is A Little Book';
Mercy's first self-published paperback, released in July. [Buy it here.](#)

PLAYING
WITH THE
PIECES

THAT IS
POST
MODERNISM



WHAT WAS POPULAR YESTERDAY,
IS NOT TODAY, FOR THE PEOPLE
OF TODAY ARE NOT WHAT THEY WERE
YESTERDAY.
(BRECHT)



A founding father, it was Jon who coined the name Mercy – during a long email exchange between Liverpool and London, where he worked a summer job in Buckingham Palace. We'd love to tell you what we rejected, but we can't remember any. Nowadays, Jon collaborates with the Mercy agency arm on artwork for **The Wombats**, and writes an amazing blog trying to make sense of his life. [Check it here](#). Work your way from the oldest entry.

My Gepetto

A series of interviews exploring the influences of some of our favourite artists and clever clogses.

*This week: Joe Dunthorne, a writer and poet whose debut novel **Submarine** was described by The Independent as “The sharpest, funniest, rudest account since The Catcher in the Rye”. It really is an amazing read.*

What artist / human / thing(s) are you most influenced by?

My Commodore 64.

What is it about it that you find intriguing?

Let me put it like this: You are ten years old. On the one hand, your Dad, with a heartfelt commendation, has given you his Just William books to read. You could dive in to the adventures of William, Douglas, Henry and Ginger, who call themselves the Outlaws, and meet at the old barn in Farmer Jenks’ field.

Or

You could don the galvanised platinum armour of Turrigan and gyroscope past giant robotic fish while firing lightning from your cauterised jet-engine arm, thus saving the planet Katakis from destruction. All this while a banging, bleepy almost-techno soundtrack thrums from your portable TV.

My answer was simple. Unless Farmer Jenks has some giant robotic fish in that barn I’m not going near it.

Despite the accusations that computer games rot the mind, I would argue that the Commodore 64 required huge leaps of imagination of its players.

I’d read the description of the game on the back of the box, look at the terrifyingly awesome cover illustration:



and then, with fear, actually play the game:



It was a monumental suspension of disbelief to be convinced by those clunky, flickering eyeball-monsters that might jam in to the side of the screen at any minute.

The other great thing was the breadth of worlds it was possible to inhabit with a computer. In one day I could go from being a humble Paperboy, to delivering ore to non-spherical planets and, before bed, crack some skulls as a Viking adventurer.

Whereas literature seemed to have all sorts of expectations put upon it, about what it ought to be about, how you should respond to it, computer games had no history to worry about: the games were there to be interpreted and enjoyed in any way. In Wonderboy, I was free to choose the skateboard or just go à pied. It may seem like a small decision but it was a fundamental one. Books never offered that choice.

THIS IS
NEW

his winkle gone
purple cos we
winked at him

his winkle's only
winkle bhab's why.

+ Words by Nathan Jones
+ Picture by Jessica Penfold

I WANTED (OR WAS MEANT) TO BE A SLAVE TO IT, BUT ONLY ATTENDED
AND MASTERED; JUKED THE HYDROGEN UNTIL MY FACE DECLINED INTO DISTRACTION.
THAT NOBLE QUESTION, WILL SHE NOT OR WILL SHE?
ONE LIGHT! ONE LOVE! ONE RUB, MORE LIKE.

ABOVE US, A MILLION EYES. AND RAIN FELL FROM PENDULOUS SKY,
THROUGH THOSE SHIVERING HOLES ALL THE TIME.
IT GOT SO I COULDN'T TELL HOW THE RAIN WAS COMING IN,
AS I WALKED HOME STRANGELY, MY MEMORY OF ME GROWN DIM.



END

*To receive issue minusTHREE
next week, make sure your
email address is on our **list***