Title TBC

Working tile

*The city that does not sleep*

This story’s concept is based on the city of Hull being entirely bewitched as the Land of Green ginger descends and takes over the city for one night. The central character is a wise old man, a mystic who has appeared from the sky and risen from the sea to call forth his world, the land of green ginger creating a final night of revelry as the audience is tickled, teased, taunted, and thrilled.

It is active imagination, both a dream and a vision populated with the magnificent and the macabre as the land of Green ginger winds it’s way back home. It is a world that caused such wondrous happenings, strange tales, and memory songs, shadow and light over the last year that Hull brimming with imagination, is the city that does not sleep. Poems are whispered on the wind as the moon serenades us with a song of love and loss

“I never dreamed the sea so deep,

The earth so dark, so long my sleep,

I have become another child.

I wake to see the world go wild.”

Young lovers share secrets- “And what is a kiss, specifically? A pledge properly sealed, a promise seasoned to taste, a vow stamped with the immediacy of a lip, a rosy circle drawn around the verb 'to love.' A kiss is a message too intimate for the ear, infinity captured in the bee's brief visit to a flower, secular communication with an aftertaste of heaven, the pulse rising from the heart to utter its name on a lover's lip: 'Forever.”

The laments are there too, the end of the journey and the reluctance to travel home.

The anchor dragged along so deep

it hooked itself into the altar rails

and then,as the big hull rocked to a stand still

….the freed ship sailed , and the man climbed back

Out of the marvelous as he had known it

As the procession weaves its way through the streets the old mystic awakens three acts of wanton wonder, where Hull is sent one final kiss and is transfixed by magic mayhem and the marvelous. Three final crates are bewitched by the glint in his eye as fiery light and a constellation of possibilities appear and disappear like a dream. (AND NOW)

The city that does not sleep is the land of green ginger - an alchemical universe peppered with shadow and light, magic mysticism and wonder. Populated by the dark, delirious and delicious.

A flying horse whinnies through the streets. Horsemen of the apocalypse appear out of the fog. A shadow wagon of dreams, a procession of wise beasts, mystics, ghost boats, and rock pools of imaginations follow.

The mystic an old man lit by moonlight navigates his way through the city that never sleeps. He is accompanied by his feral creatures, wolves, mischief makers, young lovers, shamans, mad men, wild women and shape shifters who populate the streets of Hull bringing the land of Green ginger to life.

Crom the human amongst us is every man, the beggar king who has been called to the land of Green ginger. He follows the call of the wise old man who sits in his boat with his dog pulled by a flock of magical birds. The old man moves through the streets and awakens the marvelous calling forth acts of wanton wonder. The Mystic is beckoning the joy, and waltzing with the darkness, whispering tales of love and loss calling the land of green ginger back home. We travel through forest, sky, mountain, and sea before LOGG is released back into the Marvelous from whence it came.