

A large, hand-drawn pink circle with a slightly irregular, torn-edge border, centered in the upper half of the page.

YOUNG NORFOLK ARTS
VIRTUAL FESTIVAL

A rectangular piece of white graph paper with a black grid pattern, positioned on the left side of the page and partially overlapping the pink circle.

YNAF
2020
ZINE

PRODUCED IN
COLLABORATION WITH
THE YNA COLLECTIVE

A blue, torn-edge graphic element located in the bottom right corner of the page.

INTRO

So, 2020, quite the year.....

Back in March we were faced with the beginning of lockdown, and a tough decision to cancel this year's Young Norfolk Arts Festival or put our creative brains together and try to deliver the first ever virtual YNAF programme. We do like a challenge.

YNAF 2020 happened online over 5 days from 2-6 July and featured live streams, a virtual festival stage, workshops and interactive sessions, as well as a unique new virtual gallery and exhibition curated by the YNA Collective.

This zine is a celebration of that programme, and particularly the achievements our YNA Collective - without their enthusiasm and creativity, #YNAF2020 would not have happened.

With special thanks:

ANANYA BHATTACHARYA

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ELLA FRARY

ELLIE REEVES

ELLIE ROBSON

ELI COURT

SÁRA LAPINOVA

TARYN EVERDEEN

NELL BASLEY

JOSIE DOWSWELL



CURATING A GALLERY FOR THE FIRST TIME....

by Ellie Robson

I feel incredibly lucky to be able to say that I had a hand in curating the Young Norfolk Arts virtual gallery space for their online 2020 festival. It was something I'd never imagined myself doing, but I ended up loving it!

We had to gather submissions, created by the unbelievably talented young artists aged 11 - 25 in Norfolk. The theme of the exhibition, and the call we put out to artists, was entitled 'no space, every place' - something which the Collective felt captured the feeling of lockdown, but also left lots of room for creatives to play.



'What Day Is It?' by Rebecca Foster-Clarke
from 'no space, every place'

Once the submission deadline had passed, it was inspiring to have my mind opened to the ways in which the prompt was interpreted by physical artists through the form of photography, fashion, and other mediums that would never have occurred to me.

I found my mind and creativity thrived when it came to the second part of developing the gallery.

Considering the connections between pieces and how their messages could be amplified and complemented by other artists was like solving a jigsaw that could be completed in an endless number of ways, each one equally satisfying and brilliant.

Piecing everything together meant getting to spend a lot of super fun Zoom calls with the Collective, which were definitely a highlight of my lockdown, and an exciting way to get to bounce ideas around.

We settled upon grouping the works into the categories of 'angst', 'surreal', and 'hope' -which involved lots of debates and trading of pieces!

The Collective then began to collaborate with tech wizard Chris, who showed us just how customisable an online space can be. We could adapt the physicality of the space, the colours, textures, and placement of artworks. By the end of the process we had the works split into three extraordinary "rooms", some of which had art on the ceiling!

Putting the gallery together was a great experience, and I learnt a lot from being part of the team who worked on it. Perhaps the most interesting part of the second phase was choosing to implement how the Collective perceived the entries as a way of presentation, but simultaneously not wanting to impede upon audience experience and inference by placing our own, overwhelming readings onto the gallery. I think that we did a pretty good job.

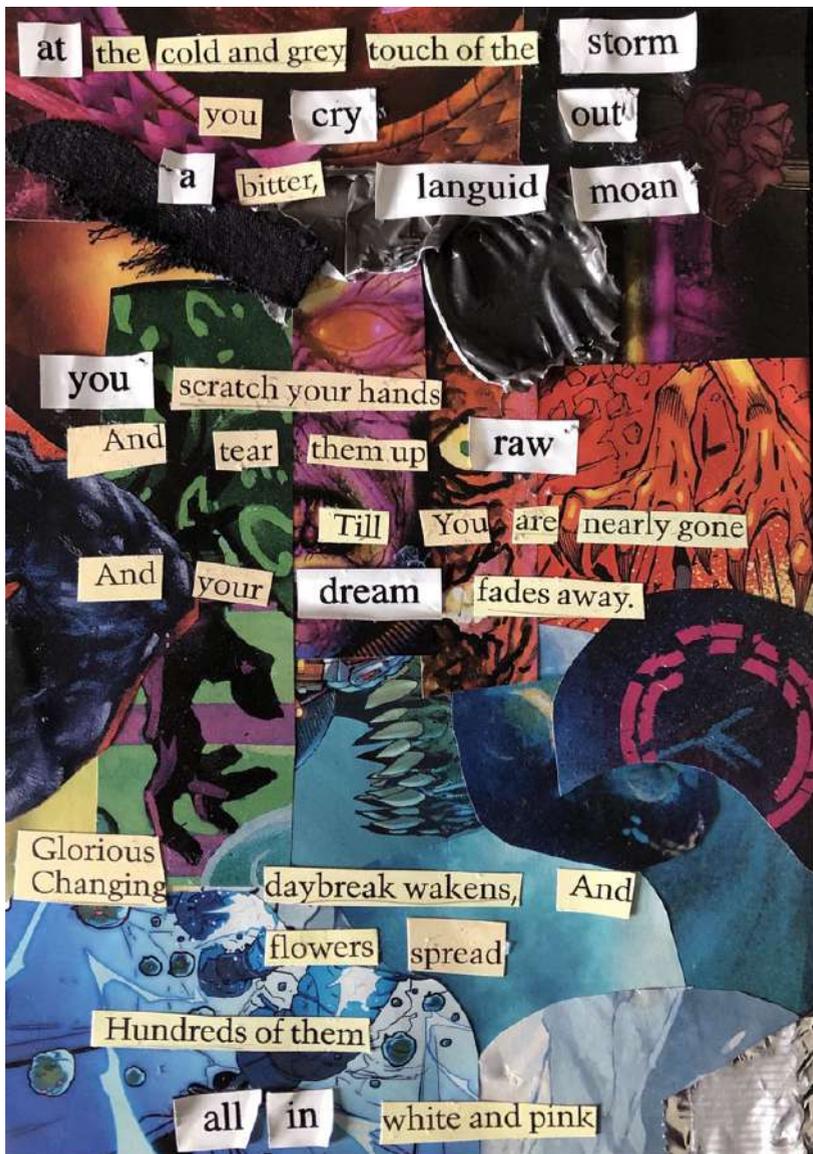


'Encroaching Urbanisation' by Benjy Fox, from 'no space, every place'



'Paper Nature' by Eoo Green, from 'no space, every place'

CHECK OUT THE VIRTUAL GALLERY AND
'NO SPACE, EVERY PLACE' EXHIBITION
AT YOUNGNORFOLKARTS.ORG.UK/VIRTUALGALLERY



by Eli Court
inspired by 'no space, every place'

Got an idea for an exhibition?

Looking for somewhere to
showcase your work?



THE YNA VIRTUAL GALLERY

A unique online gallery and performance space designed
by the YNA Collective!

Visit youngnorfolkarts.org.uk/virtualgallery or get in
touch with us at enquiries@youngnorfolkarts.org



A SNAILS PACE

by Ellie Reeves

Groveland's lake. On each baking rotation,
round & round is eating the sun. A child a navy
running back tomato whole for fear of second to
I'm man's them scalp. leaving tangerine, fly
A engulf to our lonely. then &
running. prefer would from Green proceeds take
love I me tells & ladies' old eating are ducks handlebars. her
me I eyes. grows grass his shoulders. on
& earth the to ears my anchored has Whiley Jo
going nowhere.

I'm running over bodies & breathing them in &



FILM EAST

by Shelby Cooke

Founded during the Dadaists art movement of the 1920s, the "cut-up," a writing technique popularised by Beat author William Burroughs, is created by taking a finished, fully linear text and cutting it into pieces, making a new text and meaning from the scraps.

The technique allows writers to produce surrealist and abstract works, and, like David Bowie said, who used cut-ups to write some of his most influential songs: it ignites "anything that might be in my imagination... finding out amazing things about me, what I've done and where I'm going."

This poem is made using the cut-up technique, featuring phrases taken directly from Film East and Reel Connections' masterclass with Crispin Buxton as part of YNAF 2020, included discussions of Buxton's career as a film location manager.

The ship leaned to the left,
You are responsible for the
moving - mangling of a small army
There was a ~~blazing~~ evening
and lightness to the process
Encouraged by the government
by way of bringing the decline into
Acknowledge
Scripts, bits of pieces for at the
fringe
It's a unit comes directly out
of the leads & hearts & experience
They did shoot all evening, many
dogs + it was running around
Bleeding into of business to
logos → Not creative at all
We were in a wonderful
A most organic theatrical process
made dead bodies living & scavenging
in order to control of the streets
a few are to a grins
built -
learned to the right - learned to the
left again
Of delivery into the darkness into
General
It's a powerful & beautiful thing
people profoundly beautiful experience
your both inward looking &
outward looking
It's a very healthy place to be
It shifts & changes
used used through the genocide
They were
Useless bystanders
They couldn't kill the
murderer unless he they could kill
the dogs.



UNTITLED

by Shelby Cooke, Film East

The ship leaned to the left;
You are responsible for the moving and managing of a small
army.

There was a brevity and lightness to the process,
Encouraged by the government by way of bringing the
darkness.

It shifts and changes.

Scripts, bits of pieces on the fringe,
It's what comes directly out of their heads, hearts and
experiences.

They did shoot the many, many dogs that were running around,

Bleeding over of business to logistics. Not creative at all.

We were in a wonderful bubble.
An organic and natural process,
Scavaging on the dead bodies littering the streets in order
to control...

Things.

And then it came to a grinding halt.

The ship then leaned to the right & leaned to the left
again

Of delving into the darkness of the genocide.

It's a powerful and beautiful thing, profoundly beautiful
experience

Your both inward-looking and outward-looking.

It's a very healthy place to be.

We populated it with people who had lived through the
genocide.

They were useless by-standards.

They couldn't kill the murdering wolves,

But they could kill the dogs.

TIME SHIFTING

Times Shifting is a creative writing programme delivered during YNAF weekend by Imagining History. It brings together young writers living in very different places to explore corners of the living history of our time.

by Elisabeth Jeffrey:

In one piece I wrote during Times Shifting 2, Threesome, I impudently included a jibe at the project itself: that I was struggling because I “can’t get inspiration on demand”. I honestly thought I couldn’t.

Personally, I can’t think of a less motivational subject than Covid-19, with all its baggage. I joined Times Shifting because I wanted some input to my writing, which I had just begun to take more seriously. Yet since the project has ended, I’ve caught myself noting, remembering, taking interest in - in short, getting inspiration from - little things from my local lockdown which I would never have picked up on otherwise. And a result of this was Fairytale.

I’ve had the input, too. For the first time, I’ve had a professional writer comment on my work, and I’ve been able to take those comments and make them my own. For me, to be able to review my own work has been a huge leap forward. It used to be that, once I’d typed the last full stop, that was it; the story was inviolate. Now I know that I can change things, and changing, can improve.



'Life in Lockdown' by Natalie Frary, from 'no space, every place'

I also know that just because I “have to” write a “piece” doesn’t mean that it’ll be bad. I dreaded Covid-Wings because I was assigned to write it. Once I started, I enjoyed it to the point that I didn’t want to stop for meals.

The impact is continuing. I’ve caught Times Shifting feedback influencing my own writing. I’ve even caught myself writing deliberately, instead of simply trying to transcribe the images in my head. I’ll make sure I keep pushing myself - getting inspiration on demand.

TIME SHIFTING

by Vaneeza Butt:

Times Shifting has encouraged me to think deeper about the subtleties holding the world together. Like a seismograph before an earthquake, the months leading up to lockdown became more and more of a persistent symbol of impending doom- until eventually, I was in a situation where I didn't really know what to do with myself. Weeks slipped off passively as I tentatively balanced on the edge of what really mattered or not.



'Plurality of self and the desire to be liked' by Taryn Everdeen from 'no space, every place'

There were so many things spinning around us, but almost ironically we began to shift our attention to other things, smaller things, collectively. I saw a lot of Instagram posts of people taking pictures of interesting clouds, or tranquil walks with the family, and the quiet brilliance of homemade bread.

And that in turn led to a full recalibration of attention and efforts towards things we loved: writing, reading, dancing, working out or even just floating around the house the whole day; it all made a surprisingly comforting feeling of togetherness. Even if the world was isolated and lonely. Times Shifting helped me harness this feeling of my mental priorities shifting, important things like exam results held back whilst I rode into the sunset with the idea of writing an entire screenplay in a week. I've learnt a lot about condensing my thoughts about my immediate atmosphere into bite-size dioramas:

Not a single soul was outside. The houses that looked so doll-like almost hummed with life, when compared to desolation of the streets.

She was lying. She was spewing horrible, awful lies to the people she was meant to protect and serve. Every vow and promise she had made when she became President had been broken and violated. How could she be responsible for all these people anymore, when barely anything they looked up to her for was real?

People were still dying. More and more people contracted The Virus. But they didn't have a voice or a face. Within the country, they didn't exist anymore. Those statistics slowly melted into the abyss.

The President of A Far Away Country massaged the bridge of her nose and mentally flicked through a montage of her arduously long term. Last Autumn, they revealed to the nation that the rate of The Virus spreading had finally reduced to zero, and with that the protests in the Capital quelled. Martial law had been lifted in the North, with the people screaming in big whoops as the military backed out of their streets. The economy, which had been utterly destroyed, had begun to take long strides towards stability.

But she hadn't organised anything. She hadn't even "bravely" taken the first vaccine against The Virus. It was all fake.

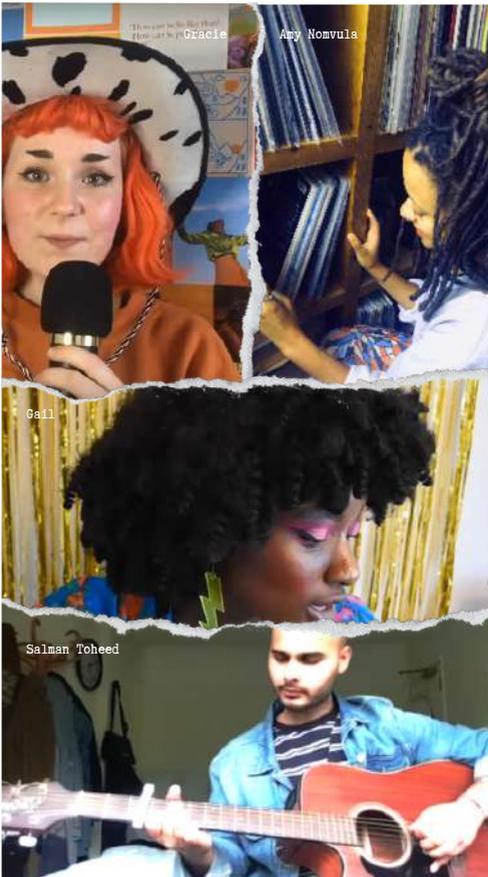
The Virus was alive in her country.

VIRTUAL LOST RIVER

STAGE REVIEW

by Ananya Bhattacharya

The Lost River Stage on Saturday 4 July featured a fantastic line-up of musicians, dancers and poets. Among these were singer-songwriters Retro Firefly, Gail, Jake Raywood and Salman Toheed, poets Nell Basley and Katie Stockton, indie band Sukko (playing together virtually from their respective homes) and established Norwich junkadelic group Gladboy. Different genres were interspersed throughout, allowing audiences to dip in and out depending on their tastes. The afternoon ended with a set from Norwich-based DJ Amy Nomvula, Amy offered some tips for trying out your own DJ skills from home.



One of the most memorable sets of the afternoon was by singer Eliza Delf, with her slightly operatic, soaring vocals. Eliza ended with a folk song alluding to climate change which fit perfectly with the haunting tones of her voice.

Flora Pechey's acoustic set was another decided highlight of the stage. Through clear vocals, soft guitar rhythms and wistful, reflective lyrics, Flora's set, particularly the nostalgic melodies of her song 'Map of New York', brought out the feelings of longing for escape which resonate with many young people during this unusual time of lockdown.

Other musical highlights included Jake Raywood's slightly hypnotic indie numbers, stripped down to only a minimal backing of reflective guitar chords, and Gracie's catchy electronic anthem crafted entirely from experimenting with household objects and computer-generated beats.



Nell Basley's set of poems, set to dance performances by members of the group True Motion showcased dance moves beautifully in sync with Nell's words. Each dance was set against a different backdrop - the powerfully introspective dance accompanying the first poem, 'Washing Day', took place in the intimate space of a bedroom, whilst 'Waltzing in the White' was set against a dance in a garden, again tapping into a universal, lockdown-induced yearning for escape.

The virtual stage was an inspiring way to enjoy the immense talent of young performers across Norfolk in this period when many of us, confined to the home, have naturally been honing our creative skills. These young artists have had exams cancelled and futures thrown into question, and are coming to terms with these changes - for many, a sudden abundance of time, against a backdrop of uncertainty - through raw, deeply personal creative pieces, penned from the comfort of their bedrooms. The Lost River Stage was an honest showcase of what young, creative minds can produce under the unprecedented conditions of lockdown.

CHECK OUT ALL OF THE LOST RIVER STAGE
PERFORMANCES AT YOUNGNORFOLKARTS.ORG.UK/YNAF



MY LOCKDOWN SPACE: ZINE MAKING WORKSHOP

with Norwich Millennium Zine Library

“Zines are usually created with the intention not to profit monetarily but to share one’s thoughts, feelings, creativity, experience, and/or knowledge with others. Zines are part of a DIY culture which often includes people from marginalized communities or those who don’t have access to more mainstream publishing options.”

Create a Zine representing
the place you're spending and
finding comfort in at the
moment; whether it's home,
away, an online space, or in
the pages of a book.



WRITING PLACE WHILST STAYING PUT: A WORKSHOP WITH DAISY HENWOOD

by Ellie Reeves

A week ago, my sister strolled into the garden and asked me why I was under a bush. I said, "it's for a work thing." She nodded, pulled her phone from her back pocket and told me to pose. The photo where a leaf is poking me straight in the eye is her favourite.

The afternoon consisted of finding various spots around our garden to take similarly nature-centric pictures, all in the name of creative inspiration. It's fair to say, I really love my job. So when a writing workshop I attended a few days later turned out to be all about nature, I was ready.



'The Windowsill' by Ciara Curzon from 'no space, every place'

As part of YNAF 2020, Daisy Henwood ran the 'Writing Place While Staying Put' workshop over Zoom.

For those who don't know, Zoom is lockdown's best friend, letting us see each other's beautiful faces whilst collectively pretending we're not still wearing pyjamas.

Daisy kicked off the workshop by asking us to list five things we could see right now. Then five we could hear, smell, taste and feel. See and hear were easy, but the rest needed more concentration. I could smell Aloe Vera hand cream and onions frying in the kitchen. I could taste coffee. I could feel the rug under my bare feet, the wooden desk, a gentle breeze from an open window and the soft fabric of my definitely-not-pyjama bottoms.

Silence descended as everyone on the call spent time acknowledging the space around them. Whilst most of us have been staring at the same four walls for months now, it's easy to lose touch with our space when we feel caged in.



'Great British Sheds' by Lewis Avery from 'no space, every place'

Next, we turned our attention outside. Inspired by three eye-opening poems, Daisy encouraged us to think about our relationship with nature:

Do we notice it? How does it make us feel?

Where can we find beauty in unexpected places?

Rita Dove's 'Evening Primrose' describes the "ceaseless shimmer" of primrose flowers that go unnoticed as they typically bloom once the sun goes down. Nature has no regard for our clock. As Daisy pointed out, "flowers are going to come up whether I'm there or not." To write about place, we were challenged to consider the world outside of ourselves, and by extension, outside of the walls we've grown accustomed to. Most importantly, Dove's message can speak to the nature of writing itself - our words remain our own, and we need never feel ashamed of writing or that we are not good enough, because, much like primroses, our words can "blaze, blaze all night long for no one."

My favourite poem from the session was 'Dandelion Insomnia' by Ada Limon. She asks the mundane question, "how could a dandelion seed head seemingly grow overnight?" as her neighbours relentlessly mow them down day after day. And yet, amongst the sun drunk bees and "yellow hours," dandelions keep sprouting. "Bam, another me, bam, another me." Children adore dandelions, finding joy in the simple act of blowing their seeds through the air. Not every place is extraordinary at first glance, but if crawling under a bush taught me anything, it's that perspective makes all the difference. If you're a young writer looking for inspiration, start with what's right under your nose.

Towards the end of the workshop, we read 'Deep Lane' by Mark Doty. The poem features a man and dog walking through a cemetery. It's easy to forget that in cities, cemeteries are some of the most accessible green spaces. They're brimming with nature, insects and flowers, bird song, the space to sit and think uninterrupted. Daisy asked us to think of questions relating to a natural place we visit frequently. Mine was my garden. I asked, what makes a home? Other people asked bigger questions. One that really stood out was, why do waves crash on the shore? Of course, we can all Google it and find out, but I'm not sure Google will give you the most interesting answer.

When the workshop finished, I spent a while staring at the garden from my bedroom window. Two fat pigeons waddled around the lawn. They had discovered the seeds we laid out earlier. I watched the way they plodded about, neck-first. I watched how they moved around one another in a sort of clumsy dance. They couldn't see me watching. They wouldn't care either way; they were incredibly busy eating lunch. When I left the window, the whole world carried on dancing. What a wonderful thing, to capture just a moment of it. For those looking to write, don't wait. Get outside and see what simple beauty you can find...

RITA DOVE

EVENING PRIMROSE

Poetically speaking, growing up is mediocrity.
Ned Rorem

Neither rosy nor prim,
not cousin to the cowslip
nor the extravagant fuchsia,
I doubt anyone has ever
picked one for show,
though the woods must be fringed
with their lemon effusions.

Sun blathers its baronial
endorsement, but they refuse
to join the ranks. Summer
brings them in armfuls,
yet, when the day is large,
you won't see them fluttering
the length of the road.

They'll wait until the world's
tucked in and the sky's
one ceaseless shimmer—then
lift their saturated eyelids
and blaze, blaze
all night long
for no one.



'Isolated' by Kenna Winter from 'no space, every place'

