

# DEATH OF BOOKS

THE LEFTOVERS COLLECTIVE AND THE CITY OF SYDNEY

It's Tuesday night - Sydney has been through some crazy weather and I'm contemplating this Funeral service. I look up from my computer in which I write this and glance over to our sideboard. Behind its leaves are books at least 3 deep. All softbacks. The Hardbacks are kept in another sideboard in the dining room - 2 deep and the large volumes of the dictionary and countless Art books are on the bottom shelf of 'Dad's shelves' as the kids call it.

In my room, my undie drawer houses yet more books and the broken IKEA drawer - yes - books. Next to my bed, past the computer charger and phone adapter are 3 'must read books' laying unread.

The props for this show lay to my side, with another book I must return to a friend here tonight - unread - I'll have to lie and Google the synopsis. There I'm outed. I'm a reader that doesn't read.

When did this happen? Growing up books were a huge part of my life. The Encyclopedia Britannica with its crisp pages got me through school. Roald Dahl through primary school and high school, there were numerous authors and poets that I adored from Katherine Susannah Prichard, Robert C. O'Brien, Douglas Adams, VC Andrews, John Donne, and the list goes on and on and on. The Library was a treasure chest of jewels.

My 21st was a big deal in my family culturally. My prized birthday gifts were books. Acting texts that I chose and ordered from overseas. Priceless manuals from Benedetti, Spolin and other great diagnosticians. Each book lovingly inscribed in pen from my now deceased mother.

When I met my Lauren we would stay up late reading - avidly chatting about the stories unfolding under our fingertips. Now we stay up watching Netflix and I go to the Library for free Wifi.

My children love to read and when the kids were younger we spent all our extra cash on books for them. In fact, when my accountant asks me where the money has gone I show her my daughter's immense bookshelves. I don't dare show her my youngest son's.

It seems there has been a shift. As though the book is being torn apart, from what we know and love towards something new. My kids are now interested in the screen, and the information and stories on those pages. A natural evolution? Perhaps. We have gone from stone to clay tablets, to papyrus, to paper to now to instantaneously digital.

Death of books takes place in a time where we are on the cusp of evolving past books, where we acknowledge its spirit and say goodbye to its physical form. We all are reluctant to say goodbye to books, but could it be a natural evolution? And if not - what are we going to do as a society to keep the book alive for time.?

Curly Fries  
Artistic Body Direction  
The Leftovers Collective



Tell us what you think  
www.theleftoverscollective.com/talk

# DEATH OF BOOKS

THE LEFTOVERS COLLECTIVE AND THE CITY OF SYDNEY

It's Tuesday night - Sydney has been through some crazy weather and I'm contemplating this Funeral service. I look up from my computer in which I write this and glance over to our sideboard. Behind its leaves are books at least 3 deep. All softbacks. The Hardbacks are kept in another sideboard in the dining room - 2 deep and the large volumes of the dictionary and countless Art books are on the bottom shelf of 'Dad's shelves' as the kids call it.

In my room, my undie drawer houses yet more books and the broken IKEA drawer - yes - books. Next to my bed, past the computer charger and phone adapter are 3 'must read books' laying unread.

The props for this show lay to my side, with another book I must return to a friend here tonight - unread - I'll have to lie and Google the synopsis. There I'm outed. I'm a reader that doesn't read.

When did this happen? Growing up books were a huge part of my life. The Encyclopedia Britannica with its crisp pages got me through school. Roald Dahl through primary school and high school, there were numerous authors and poets that I adored from Katherine Susannah Prichard, Robert C. O'Brien, Douglas Adams, VC Andrews, John Donne, and the list goes on and on and on. The Library was a treasure chest of jewels.

My 21st was a big deal in my family culturally. My prized birthday gifts were books. Acting texts that I chose and ordered from overseas. Priceless manuals from Benedetti, Spolin and other great diagnosticians. Each book lovingly inscribed in pen from my now deceased mother.

When I met my Lauren we would stay up late reading - avidly chatting about the stories unfolding under our fingertips. Now we stay up watching Netflix and I go to the Library for free Wifi.

My children love to read and when the kids were younger we spent all our extra cash on books for them. In fact, when my accountant asks me where the money has gone I show her my daughter's immense bookshelves. I don't dare show her my youngest son's.

It seems there has been a shift. As though the book is being torn apart, from what we know and love towards something new. My kids are now interested in the screen, and the information and stories on those pages. A natural evolution? Perhaps. We have gone from stone to clay tablets, to papyrus, to paper to now to instantaneously digital.

Death of books takes place in a time where we are on the cusp of evolving past books, where we acknowledge its spirit and say goodbye to its physical form. We all are reluctant to say goodbye to books, but could it be a natural evolution? And if not - what are we going to do as a society to keep the book alive for time.?

Curly Fries  
Artistic Body Direction  
The Leftovers Collective



Tell us what you think  
www.theleftoverscollective.com/talk

# DEATH OF BOOKS

THE LEFTOVERS COLLECTIVE AND THE CITY OF SYDNEY

It's Tuesday night - Sydney has been through some crazy weather and I'm contemplating this Funeral service. I look up from my computer in which I write this and glance over to our sideboard. Behind its leaves are books at least 3 deep. All softbacks. The Hardbacks are kept in another sideboard in the dining room - 2 deep and the large volumes of the dictionary and countless Art books are on the bottom shelf of 'Dad's shelves' as the kids call it.

In my room, my undie drawer houses yet more books and the broken IKEA drawer - yes - books. Next to my bed, past the computer charger and phone adapter are 3 'must read books' laying unread.

The props for this show lay to my side, with another book I must return to a friend here tonight - unread - I'll have to lie and Google the synopsis. There I'm outed. I'm a reader that doesn't read.

When did this happen? Growing up books were a huge part of my life. The Encyclopedia Britannica with its crisp pages got me through school. Roald Dahl through primary school and high school, there were numerous authors and poets that I adored from Katherine Susannah Prichard, Robert C. O'Brien, Douglas Adams, VC Andrews, John Donne, and the list goes on and on and on. The Library was a treasure chest of jewels.

My 21st was a big deal in my family culturally. My prized birthday gifts were books. Acting texts that I chose and ordered from overseas. Priceless manuals from Benedetti, Spolin and other great diagnosticians. Each book lovingly inscribed in pen from my now deceased mother.

When I met my Lauren we would stay up late reading - avidly chatting about the stories unfolding under our fingertips. Now we stay up watching Netflix and I go to the Library for free Wifi.

My children love to read and when the kids were younger we spent all our extra cash on books for them. In fact, when my accountant asks me where the money has gone I show her my daughter's immense bookshelves. I don't dare show her my youngest son's.

It seems there has been a shift. As though the book is being torn apart, from what we know and love towards something new. My kids are now interested in the screen, and the information and stories on those pages. A natural evolution? Perhaps. We have gone from stone to clay tablets, to papyrus, to paper to now to instantaneously digital.

Death of books takes place in a time where we are on the cusp of evolving past books, where we acknowledge its spirit and say goodbye to its physical form. We all are reluctant to say goodbye to books, but could it be a natural evolution? And if not - what are we going to do as a society to keep the book alive for time.?

Curly Fries  
The Leftovers Collective



Tell us what you think  
www.theleftoverscollective.com/talk

In loving memory of

# ~ Books ~

1240 BC - DEC 06, 2018

Amazing Grace, How sweet the sound  
 That saved a wretch like me  
 I once was lost, but now am found  
 T'was blind but now I see  
 T'was Grace that taught my heart to fear  
 And Grace, my fears relieved  
 How precious did that grace appear  
 The hour I first believed  
 Through many dangers, toils, and snares  
 We have already come.  
 T'was grace that brought us safe thus far  
 And grace will lead us home,  
 And grace will lead us home

## Order of Service

Words Of Welcome  
 Eulogies by Books Champion, Books Long Time Friend & Books Colleague  
 Amazing Grace  
 Poem by William Butter Yeats  
 Reflection by the Daughter of Books Kindle ™  
 Homily  
 Closing Words  
 Final Hymn

Please join us post service for a light refreshments where you can share your memories of books.

Lou Pollard, Dan OKeefe, Tom Caley, Helen Caley,  
 Linda Jaivin, Imogen Yang, Claire Giuffre, Lucky Fernandez, Sarah Hubolt, Adrian Lee  
 and Cara Severino.  
 Original Concept and Direction by Curly Fries

In loving memory of

# ~ Books ~

1240 BC - DEC 06, 2018

Amazing Grace, How sweet the sound  
 That saved a wretch like me  
 I once was lost, but now am found  
 T'was blind but now I see  
 T'was Grace that taught my heart to fear  
 And Grace, my fears relieved  
 How precious did that grace appear  
 The hour I first believed  
 Through many dangers, toils, and snares  
 We have already come.  
 T'was grace that brought us safe thus far  
 And grace will lead us home,  
 And grace will lead us home

## Order of Service

Words Of Welcome  
 Eulogies by Books Champion, Books Long Time Friend & Books Colleague  
 Amazing Grace  
 Poem by William Butter Yeats  
 Reflection by the Daughter of Books Kindle ™  
 Homily  
 Closing Words  
 Final Hymn

Please join us post service for a light refreshments where you can share your memories of books.

Lou Pollard, Dan OKeefe, Tom Caley, Helen Caley,  
 Linda Jaivin, Imogen Yang, Claire Giuffre, Lucky Fernandez, Sarah Hubolt, Adrian Lee  
 and Cara Severino.  
 Original Concept and Direction by Curly Fries

In loving memory of

# ~ Books ~

1240 BC - DEC 06, 2018

Amazing Grace, How sweet the sound  
 That saved a wretch like me  
 I once was lost, but now am found  
 T'was blind but now I see  
 T'was Grace that taught my heart to fear  
 And Grace, my fears relieved  
 How precious did that grace appear  
 The hour I first believed  
 Through many dangers, toils, and snares  
 We have already come.  
 T'was grace that brought us safe thus far  
 And grace will lead us home,  
 And grace will lead us home

## Order of Service

Words Of Welcome  
 Eulogies by Books Champion, Books Long Time Friend & Books Colleague  
 Amazing Grace  
 Poem by William Butter Yeats  
 Reflection by the Daughter of Books Kindle ™  
 Homily  
 Closing Words  
 Final Hymn

Please join us post service for a light refreshments where you can share your memories of books.

Lou Pollard, Dan OKeefe, Tom Caley, Helen Caley,  
 Linda Jaivin, Imogen Yang, Claire Giuffre, Lucky Fernandez, Sarah Hubolt, Adrian Lee  
 and Cara Severino.  
 Original Concept and Direction by Curly Fries