

Alex Rathbone  
*break the thread*  
3 June - 4 July 2015

Frutta is proud to present *break the thread*, a solo show by Alex Rathbone.

Da Beisst Die Maus Keinen Faden Ab:

A man of the trees was perched on top of a battered up dustbin. He was taking a rest from a long walk. The walk was so long that he couldn't remember when it began or where it started, but his feet ached from all the walking and so this is why he had to take a sit down, on the dustbin.

He idly stared at his toes and wiggled them lightly, watching as they caught the light from the streetlamp that had just come on. Steam emerged from a nearby manhole and drifted between his moving toes and formed individual worms of steam as it passed through the toes. He observed this for quite some time.

At one point a rogue worm of steam found its way to his nose causing him to sneeze. This in turn gave him a head rush. The backs of his eyes and the inside of his nose fizzed.

Amongst the muck of the alley floor was a cylindrical silver shape that the thing nudged gently with his foot. Testing its weight. He nudged it gently wondering what it was for a bit longer until eventually he nudged it a tiny bit too much and it toppled over. It was a can of beans. Mystery solved.

He had the feeling that he was supposed to remember to do something, but he just couldn't remember what! This started to make him anxious. He got up and paced around for a bit in the dim streetlight.

Just as his mind had his urgent task right on the tip of its tongue he heard a rumble coming from the dustbin. He turned to face it and his face was singed with flames as the bin erupted.

He was obviously a bit startled and stood there for a bit to collect himself. His eyes cleared themselves with tears and once his vision came back he was faced with a large hound with the most beautiful hair he had ever seen. Its long golden locks glowed with flames and made everything around it look beautiful again.

He stared for a bit as the dog pranced about in the city fog, illuminating everything around it, and generally making it look more exotic. What a sight! He thought.

This went on for quite some time and, being way more mesmerising and exciting than anything else he had seen in recent memory, the man on the trees zoned out in pure bliss.

At one point the dog swooped in towards the ground and illuminated the silver cylinder that had turned out to be a tin of beans. Golden mystical light refracted around the alleyway like nobodies business and then the man of the trees suddenly remembered what it was that he had to remember to do.

The thing that he had urgently needed to remember to do was to check what the cylindrical silver object was on the floor. But he had already done that...curious! Anyway, the point is it wasn't important.

Alex Rathbone