

This is a play for my daughter, the clown. I imagine her working with ideas on the edge of articulation, ideas that touch the heart those of us who live amidst.

Mist

The timing is up to the performers and can change every night... I think the order might stay the same but I am open to experimentation here as well.

The clown must not indicate the thoughts or illustrate them, that would be far too patronizing to the audience. The writer wishes the clown to experience the thoughts as she does whatever she does on the beach in the mist in the theater as she finds it. She periodically takes time to sit and drink and eat parts of the audience. As if she were a video game character that loses energy and has to revive in order to continue the game. It is unclear what her motives are. In the tradition of Pierot, it is unclear whether she is good or bad. Maybe she will hurt us. Maybe not. Perhaps she herself does not know.

The comedian needs language to make the world real to him. The comedian is NOT trying to explain his day to the audience. He IS as if writing a poem or story to himself. He is trying to organize his thoughts. By organizing his thoughts he is making life real He can find some of his words, in the pockets of the audience, in his own pockets, on dollar bills that he happens to find on stage.

MOVEMENT ONE

Clown thinks:	Comedian says:
A person walks up from a distance, getting larger as they approach. Is this going to be the beginning of something? Will they address us or walk past? Should I be scared? Grateful? Do I know this person?	It's misty On the beach

MOVEMENT TWO

Clown thinks	Comedian says
I am so tired. My back is about to collapse in on itself. I gotta lie down. NOW. Oh, that's better, what a relief. I like it when my bones become part of the sandy bottom	And I am alone. I'm always alone and I try so hard to be entertaining. Go figure.

river.	
--------	--

MOVEMENT THREE

Clown thinks	Comedian says
<p>She is attempting to examine the audience's personal effects. Bargaining to try on watches, rings, hats, coats, modelling and imitating them, not to be mean but to illuminate an aspect, to make a mirror.</p>	<p>I hear about Viet Nam. The more I hear, the less I understand. Phillipino whores and marajuana that makes you know there's a god. Bomb. Napalm. Once upon a time, not so long ago, there was a troop of Viet Nam soldiers whose job it was to patrol an area in which a sniper of unsurpassed accuracy waged his part of the guerilla war against capitalist aggression.</p> <p>The sniper did not work every day. Apparently he patrolled other areas or perhaps he had a day job or even, another perhaps, he too had access to Phillipino whores. In anycase, the days this man <i>did</i> work, the first American soldier in the line would be shot in the head dead. So, every day, twice a day, the soldiers line up and each day a different man is first in line and this game goes on for months. They never catch or kill the sniper. He kills seventeen men in six months.</p>

MOVEMENT FOUR

Clown kicks over his tower.	Comedian says
What I thinks is MY business.	Why does she do things like that?

MOVEMENT FIVE

Clown thinks	Comedian says
<p>I sit here on the perfect end of a star wondering how long it will be til what are you waiting for? And you?</p>	<p>Definitely an interesting question: are we destroying ourselves? Or do we merely need to feel the thrill of the potential of total annihilation in order to feel genuinely, uniquely, hard on the question of nuclear disarmament?</p>

MOVEMENT SIX

Clown thinks	Comedian says
I am so bored with all this talking. Everyone talk, talk, talking and I am getting nowhere fast. Gotta try and get somewhere. Where?	Pickled. Great big vats of pickles. Can't do that now. Everything is possibly poisoned. But once, there were these big vats of pickles and you could reach in and just take one. You had to pay for it of course. A nickel or something like that. And apples tasted like something. This is the kind of thing old people say to me. And, how do work this VCR?

MOVEMENT SEVEN

Clown thinks	Comedian says
Since I have to be here and I don't know how long. I better make myself comfortable. Let's see, maybe if I curl up with someone?	Periodically I am happy. Not in a consistent way though, not in a way that I can repeat or examine or anything like that. It just happens sometimes and usually, just before it's about to be over I realize I am happy and the thing is, it's really awful because I know that as soon as I realize it it's almost over and I try to hold onto it, to memorize it if I can't keep it and it's like trying to remember a dream, it just won't take a shape that can be held in the mind and I get really mad about this. I wish there was a calendar for happiness, so you could plan around it...

MOVEMENT EIGHT

Clown thinks	Comedian says
My foot is falling asleep. I need to dance. I am dancing. I am a ballerina in a ballet, Barishnikov in a Twyla Tharp piece, a French Can-Can girl, Martha Graham, a little girl whirling, an African warrior preparing, a Hopi dancing for the rain.	It doesn't really matter what you do with your life does it? You hear about these really accomplished people and they are so messed up, or poverty stricken or drunks or drug addicts. And then you hear about these really messed up people who end up ok, fine. The prodigal son thing but that's not certain either. If you're bad that might end up really badly but if you're good that could be just as bad. This is how the moral

	<p>universe has come apart. everyone blames einstein and relativity and postmodernism but it isn't anything like that. It's those newspapers, excuse me for calling them above their station, those things written on newsprint like the Star and the Universe or whatever they're called, those purveyors of true wisdom, and chat shows.. this is what has made us know that there is absolutely no point in being good in a conventional sense. Job is everywhere and he suffers for no reason and god is silent and we get really tired of being the butt of the cosmic joke so we go out and buy something we don't need and the rich get richer and we watch DVDs and we know that next year there will be a new format and we will have to buy that and so we have to have a job and we have to work and we work for the people who sell us this shit and we are all caught up in working for the company and shopping at the company store but we aren't allowed to talk about that because only communists talk about things like that and communists are the devil. Fascists are better than communists because they speak in idiomatic phrases that are easier to understand and they are not against commercialism, materialism, or any of the basics of modern life. And of course Fascists are always violent and communists are only sometimes violent. There are no pacifist fascists, so it's definitely the preferred political position for those of us whose machismo has been threatened by our burgeoning awareness that we are working for the company that we are in debt to for our lives..</p>
--	--

MOVEMENT NINE

Clown thinks	Comedian says
<p>I like sitting beside you. Now you are waiting too. We are waiting for godot. We could entertain each other. What happens if I touch her/his sleeve. I am not sure how I feel about this - touching other people. I feel them. There is so much sadness in here. She she bursts into tears then abruptly stops. Stares at the audience accusingly.</p>	<p>I want to scream I want to shout I want to find what it's all about And all I can do is eat ketchup and stew about you Stew about you, get it?</p>

MOVEMENT TEN

Clown thinks	Comedian says
<p>Are you accusing me of being myself? She giggles a little, then a lot.. figures out how to get out of the theater and shows the audience the way out.</p>	<p>You don't understand me. You walked right by me when you first came in. This left me with strangers, feeling bereft. Oh this is so typical. I try to say something meaningful and everybody leaves. Well, I'm coming too.</p>

by dr. temi rose