
Senior Projects Spring 2015

Bard Undergraduate Senior Projects

Spring 2015

in the Dream House

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Bard College

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in the Dream House

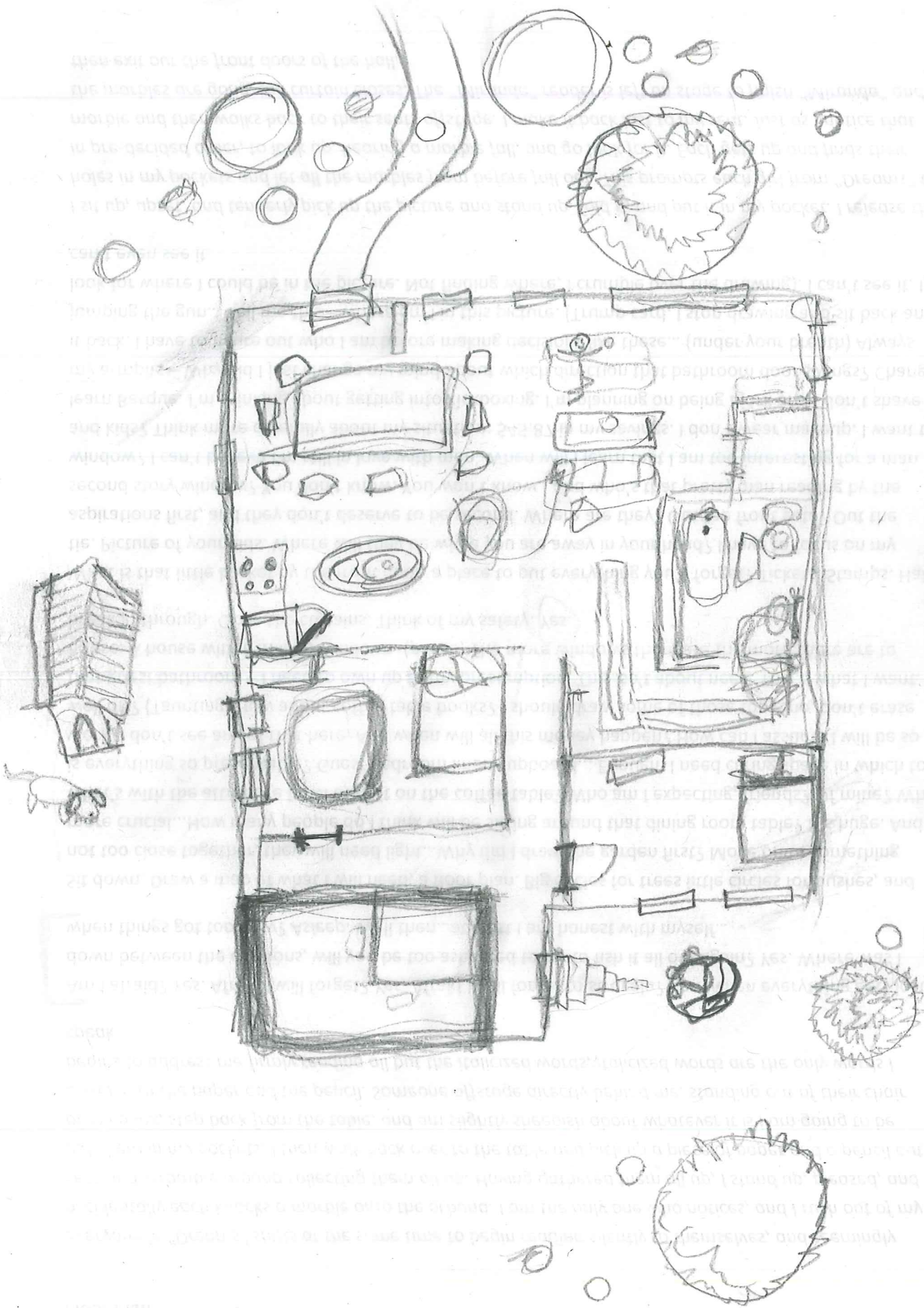
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a Poetry Theater

Tamzin Elliott

Senior Project Submitted to
The Division of Languages and Literature
of Bard College

Annandale-on-Hudson, New York
May 2015



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INTRODUCTION

Early on in the process of creating this work I had to ask myself what I was so apprehensive about. I was always nervous, always threatened. In hashing out different pieces I was constantly fascinated by something that I could sense was there but that I couldn't quite make out. Just out of arm's reach. These phantom elements were, if not the topic of the writing, consistently part of the writing's reason for being, consistently causing the slight fearful shiver that sent loose papers cascading onto the floor, that sent me to the page. It is clear to me only now that each of these phantoms was composed of two things, things I had always believed to be mutually exclusive, standing side by side, casting a single shadow; rending previous understanding with true inclusiveness, denying ancient dualities. Of course, these perceived dualities afflict us all with their shorthand – right wrong, correct incorrect, conscious unconscious, night day, past future, living dying, male female, safe unsafe, successful unsuccessful, peace vigilance, happy unhappy. The pieces of the Dream House were largely my own attempts at apprehending the way that these dualities are not dualities, where their walls are high, and where I might wear them down.

I may not be able to protect myself against an intruder, but that does not mean I am defenseless. I am a girl who wants a future with a guy and a future with kids. It does not mean that I am backwards. When I find peace it is not necessarily because I have left some complexity unattended, and though I frequently hate myself, I don't hate myself. I love being alive in this world, even if I often drown in the question of how to be here as myself. All these things I knew but am only now beginning to say. I know that dreams are not true and they are not fake: they are made of everything I have come to have – every experience, every sight and sensation – up until that point at which sleep takes me. I am so helped by these simple articulations.

The world does not disappear when there is no light to transport it to my eyes. I gather the courage to feel the walls in my dark house. I go to the window and open the curtains to see if there is someone outside, but am still afraid of ghosts. I like to be terrified of how my understanding of the world would have to change if I saw one. What a strange shape the universe would have to be to contain both vaccines and ghosts. I reserve the right to always imagine there could be more, even if it results in an embarrassing dash from my car in the dark driveway to the front door, or hours of being frozen to my sweaty sheets, torn between listening like a pheasant in the brush and trying my best not to see.

So much of this work ended up being my way to combat feeling false, without center, because of the multitude of ways that I move in the world. This came through in form – staging, medium, mode of text presentation and orchestration – this attempt to map the exact relations and levels of independences of the various ways that I exist. Is she, this me, behind me, is she sitting on my shoulder, is she embedded in my sentence structure. Through this active “splitting of the self” I found out that I am both the girl lying in my bed horrified of the person outside, and that person outside. Stalemate, in that case. As I come to comprehend the substance of these facets of myself, I find that there is more space for these existences to be in me, and I find less in the common hierarchy that is in play usually when people talk about “parts” of themselves. This part is really me, this one is less me, this one is just because I’m a girl, this one is because I grew up by the sea, and this one, THIS one is the true me. It is a strange way to speak, as if we are ever some static product or machine. I am finding more in me, more angles in a growing thicket, and less in this kind of hierarchy, this moralization of the multiplicity. I can sense myself transitioning between defining the word “changeable” as a form of self-betrayal into understanding change as an additive, revelatory process.

Sunset. Are we too late to see the beauty, or just in time? I have been fixated recently on the particular appreciation that is stirred in me by the beauty of the sunset hour – the terror and love that arises in the elongated last moments of the visible world. The thunder is brought on both by what I can see and by the threat

that I will not be able to see it anymore very soon. Another simultaneity drawing me to its particular center, it is strange that it takes so many words to say. Thankfully this work is not about resting. It is about attempting accuracy, feeling all the vibrations of the web, taking note and taking note and taking note. All I wish is to be reminded that the trees of the forest still stand where they did, in the same arrangement and with that same static grasp on the sky, though the sun has left them.



Singing is different from speaking or writing in the kind of commitment that it is, or at least is understood to be. Speaking and writing are, on a basic level, assumed to be the most efficient ways of conveying information from your brain place into the world and into to the brain places of others. I think because of this it is also assumed that the most challenging subject matter ought to be taken on in the form of speaking or writing, and again, because of this further assumption, the spoken or written word is more frequently forgiven failure, of clarity, of sense.

A lyric, to be a great lyric, is expected to be more true than even speech, somehow. This has to do with risk. It takes time on the clock to consume any text, but song, unlike written or spoken language, makes a commitment to time. From a technical view, musical language requires that time is articulated, and the textual language must resonate with that articulation. A lyric is irrevocably bound to time in this way. Stronger than this tie, though, is the unspoken promise that a lyric, every element of the song, must be true in the moment it creates in performance. It is committed to a truth only possible, only true then and there. The risk in song is that failure is abhorred, and amounts to a form of lying.

CAST

All women. The total number can vary as there can be people who are in more than one piece (recommended). Max number: 18.

List of Specialized Parts:

the DREAMER – the main speaker, the main body having the dream

note: in original performance, the DREAMER was also the concertina player in “Song #1” and one of the singers in “Flamenco Songs” – this does not necessarily need to be the case.

SINGER of “Song #1”

CONCERTINA PLAYER of “Song #1”

“FLAMENCO” SINGERS (1 and 2) of “Flamenco Songs”

CELLIST for “Growth”

List of cast needed for each piece in order of performance:

PART 1: Where did they go

Miranda (1) – one reader

Song #1 – SINGER and CONCERTINA PLAYER

The Courtyard (1) – the DREAMER

Dreams – five readers and the DREAMER

Floor Plan – one memorized performer and the DREAMER

Miranda (2) – one reader (same as before)

PART 2: Is there someone out there

The Courtyard (2) – pre-recorded audio of the DREAMER

Flamenco Songs – “FLAMENCO” SINGERS 1 and 2

Dream Sequence – three memorized performers, two readers, and the DREAMER

Regard – the DREAMER

PART 3: Not a King at all

Courtyard (3) – pre-recorded audio of the DREAMER, and the DREAMER

Growth – the SINGER and the CELLIST

Tech people needed:

Lights person

Audio person

Projector/Subtitle person

Props:

Books for readers to read their scripts out of

Six marbles

Hand mirror

Blank piece of paper

Pencil

Puzzle

Blue Mug

Set Pieces:

Three large frames for curtains that separate the stage space and off-stage space.

The curtains should be easy to tie back and release.

A table around which the six performers of “Dreams” may sit

Enough chairs in the off-stage space for all the cast members, and six chairs around the table. The chairs off-stage should be set up such that they all face toward the stage in rows.

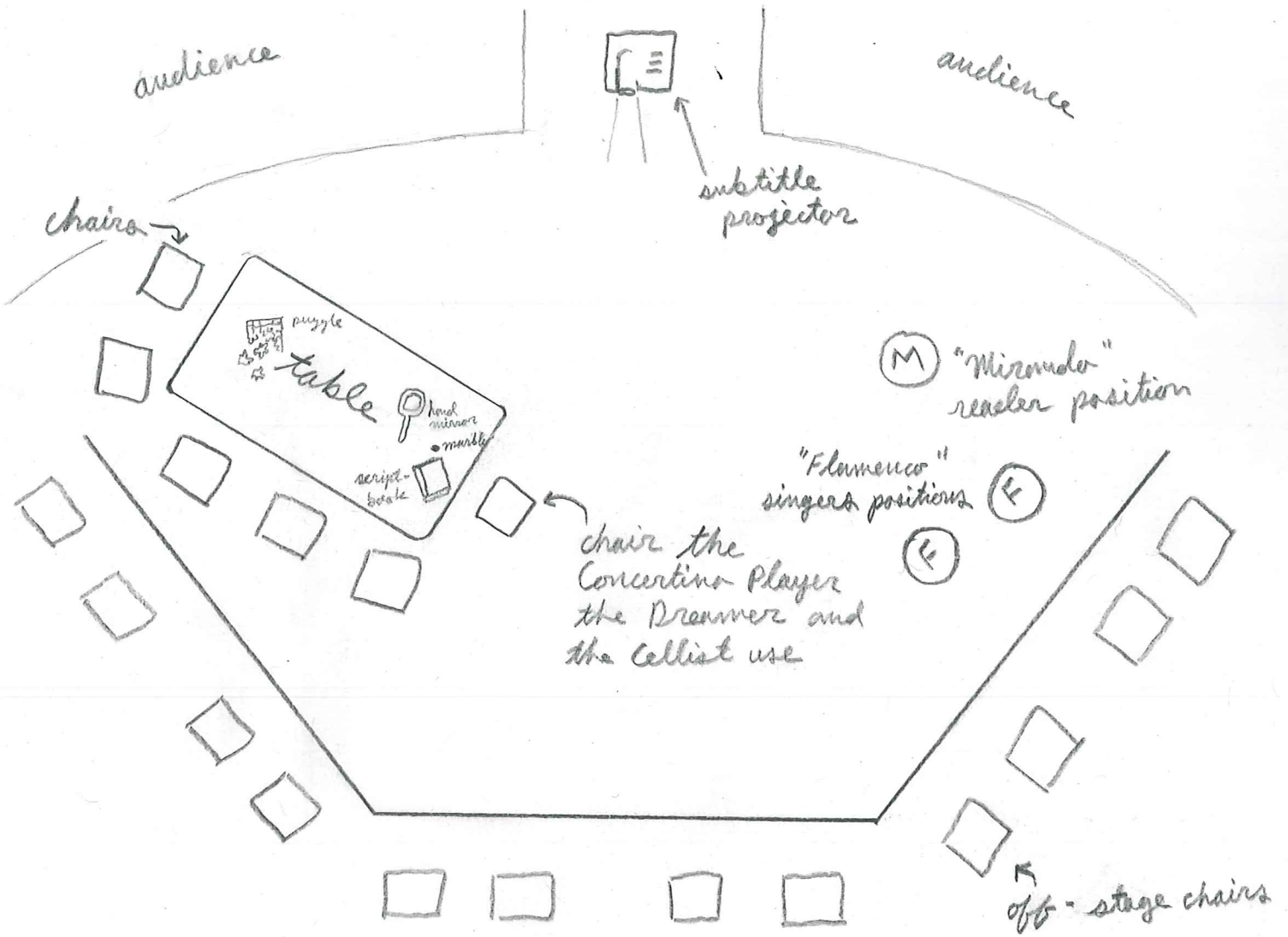


The original set, with curtains closed

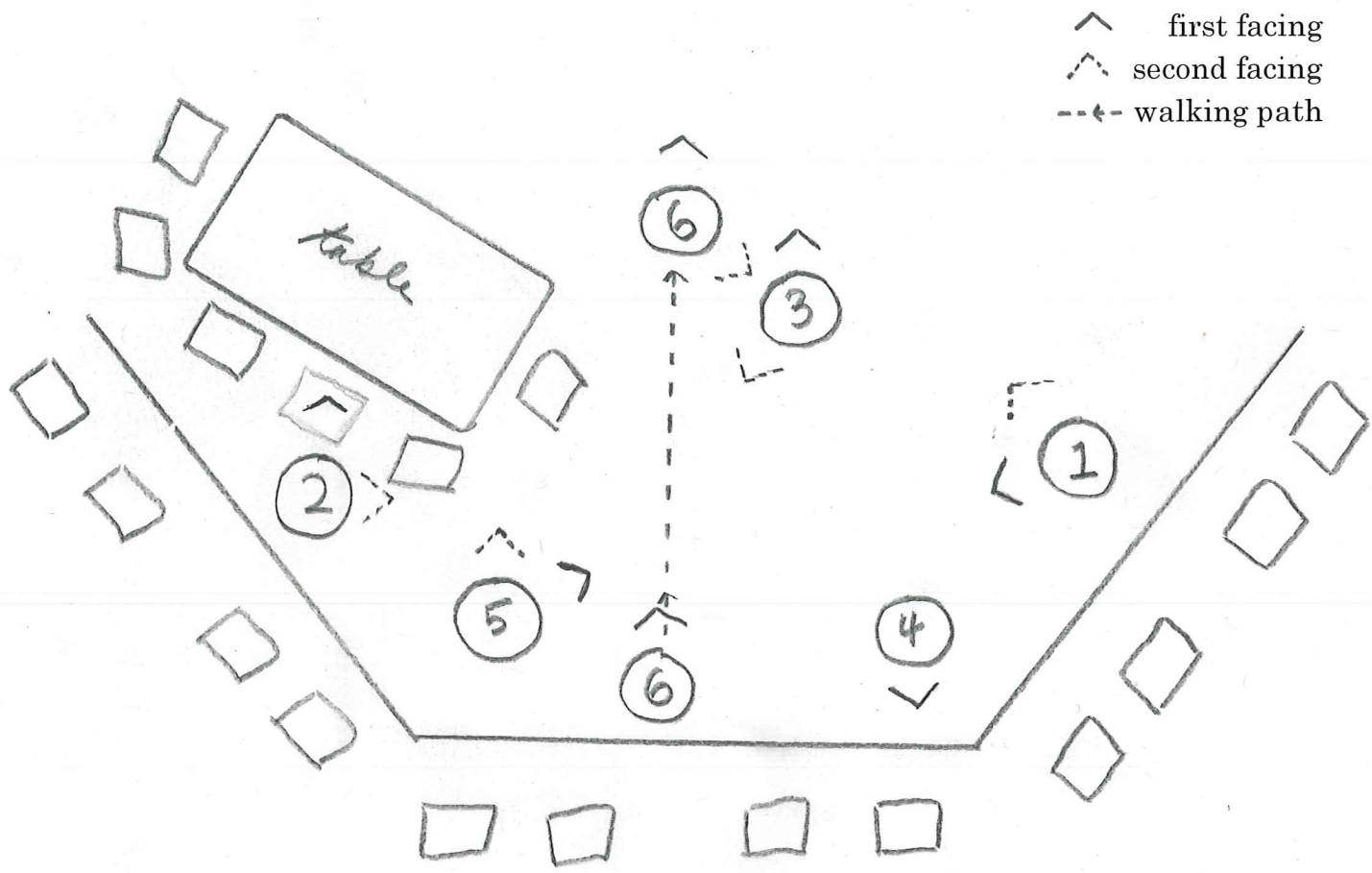


End of show! April 10th 2014, approx 9:00 pm

SET DIAGRAM



SET DIAGRAM for "Dream Sequence"



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SCRIPT

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In Preparation: “*JUST VISITING*”

This is a piece for the audience to read while they wait for the doors to open to the hall (doors will remain closed until about seven minutes after the official start time). Make approximately enough copies for the whole audience and cut them down to a smaller size. Put them out on a music stand and place the music stand in front of the closed doors. In the original performance I included a little “TAKE ME” sign (a Lewis Carrol nod).

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### ***JUST VISITING***

Certain quietly decided days of the year I visit my house. Drop in unannounced, don't even turn on the lights. The house is preoccupied with watching the sunset, and I am gentle behind its back – padding from room to room, doing the same as if nothing had changed.

Everything is changed: I am not there when the lights aren't on. The chair is dark, no one sits in it. Dishes in the sink like coral, the air lives in them. The door swings like a sleeping arm slipping off a mattress, and I drink my water like a secret. I am this way when I am visiting my house: a spirit in the bedroom to whom even the cat does not flick an ear, whose cold pool of air is patient, and does not mix into their sleeping breath afloat around the pillows.

These clothes, thick in the closet, are not mine. Birds roosting, they do not know what to do when I stroke them, so their eyes look, and look at me.

No consequences: I am not there when I am not speaking. I walk to the kitchen, lean on the counter, and through the window I watch the sunset, too. The view of the sky from the kitchen is bordered by bushes, and I feel as if I am looking up from very low to the ground. Like a well hidden rabbit with eyes only for the magnificent dragon overhead, I have eyes only for the massive and slow underbelly of the dying light of the sun. Never does my stilled heart know that the lowly rabbit is not prey to this robust wing of the universe.



*Part 1: Where did they go*

Miranda (1)

Song #1

The Courtyard (1)

Dreams

Floor Plan

Miranda (2)

*The audience is let into the hall seven or eight minutes late, hopefully they have finished reading “Just Visiting.” The lighting in the hall is dim and uniform across the audience and the stage. All the performers are seated in their places in the off-stage area, muttering to each other and to themselves the phrase “everything like a painting.” Once the audience has settled (which may take a second on account of the ambient muttering and the lighting), the performers continue to mutter, just long enough for the audience to notice that they are making noise. The DREAMER covertly cues all to stop muttering. Then the reader of “Miranda”, the SINGER and the CONCERTINA PLAYER get on stage, the reader off to the side and downstage the furthest, the concertina player sits down at the end of the table, and the SINGER stands close by the concertina player.*

*The stage is set with all the curtains tied back. On the table is the hand mirror, the puzzle half-completed, the book out of which the DREAMER will read the script for “Dreams”, and a marble next to the book. (The remaining five marbles are in the possession of the other five performers of “Dreams”)*

## **Miranda (1)**

*Read directly to the audience as if reading a bedtime story. Have the script hidden inside a book (example script in back fold).*

Miranda was walking through her parent's garden last summer, making her rounds, finding good lemon blossoms to smell, when she began to dream a new dream. She has a collection of dreams, these visions that surface when the tunnels of her deepest thoughts meet suddenly, and simply must notify everyone above ground of the change in the map. She keeps these dreams close to her like stray puzzle pieces, and rarely thinks to go to the game cupboard to return them to the correct box. She just hopes that things will happen more naturally, that in a year we will all be huddled around the 5000 piece Mirror Lake and suddenly the correct piece of cloud is in her pocket.

Miranda let the sprig of lemon tree spring back into shape and stood up straight. The dream was growing more firm and cool to the touch by the second. What she saw was this:



*The “Miranda” reader closes her book and turns to look at the SINGER. The CONCERTINA PLAYER and SINGER begin their song.*

*They must learn the song from the recording provided. The concertina is a 48 key English Concertina. The first word of the song is a non-language word – look to the pronunciation guide for “Flamenco Songs.”*

## **Song #1**

*Ah, Breidzalaya...*

In the shadow of the mountain  
Could it be me resting?  
Imagine me across the leaves –  
Heavy head, arms floating...

All to the sight of sun on the ridge,  
Over and far as birds on a wire –  
How soft it dies.

Wind in the sun is the breathing of wings,  
But wind in the night is only wind,  
And in this moment of alchemy  
I cannot see what is life and what is leaf,  
The winning card rests easy.

*The song ends and the CONCERTINA PLAYER gets up and accepts applause from the audience, while the SINGER and the “Miranda” reader pass each other slowly to get to their seats on opposite sides of the stage. The CONCERTINA PLAYER returns to her seat off stage. (In the original performance the DREAMER was also the concertina player. In that case she accepted the applause, put the concertina away off-stage, and then came back to center stage and started “The Courtyard (1)”*

*The DREAMER comes on stage along with the tail end of the applause, riding on the energy. She begins this first part of “The Courtyard” as if it is an introduction to the show.*

## **The Courtyard (1)**

*This piece is in three sections, the first of which the DREAMER speaks from memory out to the audience. The second and third sections are pre-recorded by the DREAMER and played over the PA in the hall at structural points later. In this piece the DREAMER is explaining the spatial relationships between things in a house. She is both the figure at the table fixing a broken mug as well as the roving eye throughout the house. Four things happen: more pieces from different broken mugs appear on the table while she is attempting to glue the one mug together, a person in white appears (mysteriously or not) in the courtyard behind her, a cat walks in a room upstairs, and two people make a up a bed in the guest bedroom.*

To begin, you are sitting at a table, a lamp is standing in the corner, on, and a broken mug is collected there in front of you. Glue is on you. There is piece of the broken mug in your left hand as well as a small window in the wall behind you. The window looks out on a courtyard. // To the right of the window is the door to a hallway which walks on behind you and wraps neatly around the courtyard in a gentle unfinished U, or more accurately, an upside-down and backwards J. At the far end of this hall you like stop to listen to the thunk of the rain water in the rain gutter. The metal is cold outside and you are inside and the door to the hall behind you is ajar who did that? // There is sudden air from the hall at the back of your neck. // As well as glue on you. Back at the table you are frustrated, because there is supposed to be one mug to fix but here is a handle from a blue mug, it is extra where did it come from are there more mugs to fix? You fish a hair out of your mouth, then put some glue on a large piece of mug. Maybe the blue handle can just go there for now. You look at this mess emotionally. You are as unsatisfied as that poor castle of alphabet blocks in the next room. Edges unmet. Colors, uncoordinated. At least the castle is the king of that room, alone and centered, lit poignantly by the light from the courtyard. There is a simple tree there. Not in the castle but in the courtyard. It is looking over its shoulder to the moist cobbles. Is it alone? There are feet on the cobbles someone in white is standing there.

*The DREAMER freezes with this last realization, and the readers for “Dreams” get up with their marbles and books in hand and sit down at the table. One person brings the blue mug up with them. The DREAMER joins them at the table while they are settling into their chairs.*

## DREAMS

*To be performed with six unison voices, all female, sitting around a table, reading the text out of a book (example script in back fold). They speak it as if they had read this passage many times to themselves and felt that, in order to absorb it better, they should read it aloud to no one in particular. They act as if no one else is there, and be loosely synchronized in certain movements – how they sit down at the table, how they open the book. At the end after pausing to let the last line rest for a second, all shift to continue reading silently to themselves, and in that motion each knock a marble (brought in with them from off-stage and held on the table for the entirety of the piece) off the table.*

She walks past my house every day, and I watch her from the sunroom. Her passing is independent of time, though the seconds tick everywhere else in the house. I question whether this event happens at all, whether what I see every day is only a memory of that one time. But this is not the case. If it were, how could it be I am surprised every time by the novelty of some feature? She has gloves, she is squinting, she is wearing her hair down, there are clouds, there are leaves on the road. I will not debate reality – I hear her shoes in the gravel now.

Every day my eyes settle on some feature of the scene, and immediately that glove is a train moving slow through a meadow. That way she is squinting, my childhood home with five extra rooms and the old outside staircase. Hair tucked behind her ear, my right hand neighbor in second grade, grown old. A missing earring, the goal. Sometimes the interlock is too much or too terrifying and I close my eyes. To be safe, I must wait to hear her begin to come around the hedge again to continue watching.

I may feel shame occasionally while I watch *{one person}* (because I may feel many things depending on what I see), but in thinking about the experience *{all}* I never feel shame. The sunroom is a private theater box. No one can ever know exactly what it is that I am seeing, what is happening and where I am and what it is that I am doing. Even when I do want to share, I could do no more than what I do now – some slant illustration, *{very quiet}* she walks past my house every day. *{less quiet}* Say that things “mean”, mention some continuous house behind my head, ask you to connect the dots.

*{Original volume}* How enigmatic yet whole each moment of her walk is. Full, even bulging. Through sleight of hand a dresser stands in my way of packing for the trip. I can't find everything in time and the sun does not come very far through the cloud cover. Down and down, *{whispered}* why does she not look at the sky? *{two people}* Wind tips up her collar. *{All, ominous}* The air can be tight in the sunroom, and at times I want to rest, *{normal}* otherwise I hold the hand of someone I know.

Everything else – *{one person}* before the hedge and after the fence – *{all}* is rehearsal. Damn the skeptics. All that is within the interval of her passing is beautiful in its particular completeness. We all get a second chance when she passes by, a second chance to have and feel and react.

*{point at page and whisper}* Where do I get warm when I get warm though? *{three speak very quietly, the rest lip sync}* When I close my eyes I can still hear the dogs for a little while, I shake and nose my hands.

*{all}* I bury her passage under all of this. Truthfully it is all simple and does not want to be thought about. In the sunroom I cannot forget, everything I have come to have – a card, a beach, a friend – is on the table. I may handle everything for the first time. *{briskly, with lilt}* For the first time since the last time she passed this way.

*All pause for a moment, then shift to continue reading, each letting their marble fall off the table. The DREAMER is the only one of the group who notices the sound of all the marbles fall and, confused, gets up to collect them. The DREAMER should try to find all the marbles, but if it begins to take too long, she can be happy with finding four. Once found, she is satisfied and puts the marbles in her pockets.*

*After putting the marbles in her pockets, the DREAMER returns to the table to pick up a pencil and a blank sheet of paper, then steps back a few paces from the table. The speaker of "Floor Plan" approaches from behind and begins.*



## FLOOR PLAN

*The “super ego” character says every question in this text as if it were an accusation. She is simple, mean, and laughable in her firm indignation and shakily-founded disapproval. Nonetheless she has a visible paralyzing effect on the DREAMER. She has traces of real concern for the DREAMER’s future, but is incapable of executing anything constructive.*

Super Ego: Am I afraid?

Dreamer: Nods “yes”

Super Ego: Afraid I will forget?

Dreamer: Nods “yes”

Super Ego: Afraid I will forget to struggle?

Dreamer: Nods “yes”

Super Ego: Well then...I will lose all this, let it all just get lost down between the car seats and be too ashamed to try to fish it all out again.

Dreamer: Nods “yes”

Super Ego: Where was I when things got too easy?

Dreamer: Asleep.

Super Ego: Well then...at least I am honest with myself...

Sit down. (*DREAMER sits down on the floor with the paper and pencil and begins to draw*) Draw a map of what I will need, a floor plan. Big circles for trees little circles for bushes, and not too close together, they will need light...Why did I draw the garden first? Move on to something more crucial...How many people do I think will be sitting around that dining room table? It’s huge. And what’s with the attractive bowl of fruit on the coffee table? Who am I expecting, friends, of mine? Why is everything so presentable? Guest bedroom, linen cupboard... Enough. I need caring space in which to work, and I don’t see any of that here. And when will all this money happen? How can I assume I will be so well off? (*Taunting*) How about coffee table books? I should draw some of those too (*the DREAMER starts to*

*hurriedly erase something, then stops with the next line)* – no, don't erase that guest bathroom. I need to own up to my presumption. This isn't about need. This is what I want. A house. A house with a million windows. *(pause)* The more windows there are the more there are to break in through. Close the curtains. Think of my safety.

What's that little basket by the front door, a place to put everything you'll forget? Tickets. Stamps. Hair tie. Picture of your kids. Where will they be while you are away in your head? I have to focus on my aspirations first, and they don't deserve to be second. Where are they? Out the front gate? Out the second story window? You don't know. You won't know. And who's that pretty man reading by the window? I can't believe I'm still in love with men. When will I learn that I am too interesting for a man and kids? Think more carefully about my situation: \$45.87 in my savings. I don't wear makeup. I want to learn Basque. I'm thinking about getting into kickboxing. I'm planning on being Björk and I don't shave my armpits – *(distracted from the litany suddenly)* Why did I just change my mind about which direction that bathroom door swings? Change it back. I have to figure out who I am before making decisions like these... *(under her breath)* Always jumping the gun... Tell me this – where am I in this picture. *(Trump card, the DREAMER stops drawing and sits back and look for where she could be in the picture. Not finding where, she crumples forward over the drawing).* I can't see it. I can't even see it.

*Having proven her point, the “super ego” returns to her seat off-stage.*

*The DREAMER sits up, upset, and picks up the picture and pencil. She stands, folding the picture, and puts it and the pencil back on the table, frustrated. She turns her back to the audience and pulls the marbles out of her pockets, looks at them, then slowly begins to drop them as she walks reluctantly to her chair in the center off-stage area. The sound of the falling marbles prompts each girl from “Dreams”, in pre-decided order, to look up having heard a marble fall, and get up with the intent to go find the runaway marble. If they find a marble easily they should pick it up, but if not, they should just make their way back to their seats with that searching intensity. The girl who brought the blue mug up with her forgets it on the table when she goes to look for the marble. As this is happening, the “Miranda” reader gets up and returns to her previous reading position.*

## Miranda (2)

*Read as before, like a bedtime story.*

Miranda let the sprig of lemon tree spring back into shape and stood up straight. The dream was growing more firm and cool to the touch by the second. What she saw was this:

A wood floor whose planks were arranged in a huge pattern of larger squares around smaller squares, squares within squares within squares all leading to a square depression in the center of the room. The floor sloped gently down to the square hole such that, if you had a marble on hand, you could place it anywhere in the room and it would roll, all on its own, to the square hole and fall in.

The light was white all over the strange room, and the only remarkable feature was the depression. Curiosity ran her mind in circles around the hole, but it was the depression's singular prisoner that arrested her heart:

In the depression was curled a young woman who had fallen asleep only moments before. Her neck was painful to look at, and her arm from underneath her torso rose ill-fitting and extra. Dark hair slashed across her face, stuck to the dried spit on her lips and fluttered like sea grass in the light current of her breathing.

Despite the acute and crushing angles of the sleeping girl's joints, Miranda could see the girl was completely comfortable. She was suspended in a bliss Miranda had only achieved in falling asleep for the last fifteen minutes of a movie, that millisecond of joy that is giving in to unplanned and unwanted sleep. Miranda could see the fullness of gravity in the girl's peaceful forehead: she would have to go nowhere, she had found the sleep she had always been looking for, all she had to do and all she had done was get comfortable.

It was a dangerous image, it was a dangerous room, but Miranda could not tear her eyes away. In the sun and the moving shadows of the garden she trembled with waves of empathy and fear, and a most desperate want to feel as that sleeping girl did at least once, and not again and again and not forever.

*She closes the book once finished reading, and to this cue all the lights go out. The hall should be dark approximately 10 seconds while the performers seated nearest the curtains untie them and close them. The lights then come up in a concert setting – bright lights on stage and none in the audience.*

***Part 2: Is there anyone out there***

The Courtyard (2)

Flamenco Songs

Dream Sequence

Regard

*Stage lights come up after “Miranda Part 2” on the empty stage. All the curtains are down. Recording of this part of “The Courtyard” is played over the PA.*

## **The Courtyard (2)**

There is a whole second story to this structure. A cat is walking briskly in the room above the castle room towards the library, which is above you. Many books are up there, standing still around the soft reading chairs. In one of the chairs there is a jacket, frozen leaning into itself. Left there in a moment of animation: it is a faithful piece of evidence of some unknown hurry. In its pocket rests a conch of tickets and tissues and maybe something you will ask for later. But for now you have to ask yourself if those feet you heard were too massive for a cat's, if that sound was an indication of a soul in the house you had not accounted for. In any case, the books watch the drama of the jacket, and the windows watch the road outside. The feet walk in from the adjacent room, and the library as a whole leans on its elbow. Sleepy in this rigid mystery, with little breath circulating by the ceiling, it is a corner room above the one you are in, with your back to the courtyard and your face to the mismatching pieces of mug. How did this happen? You think to begin to turn around in your chair to look at the door ajar behind you. You think to begin to turn around in your chair to crack your back. You think to begin to turn around in your chair to see who it is in white standing in the courtyard, // and then you think you need to make this mug hold water again. It is beginning to look a bit like a bowl and a bit like a bruised apple, with too many different colors and there are three handles now. It is segmented and sharp in your glue-dried hands. You make note not to lose focus – it is sharp enough to bite you.



*The person in charge of the projector and the subtitles for “Flamenco Songs” should turn on the projector at around “bruised apple” to give it enough time to warm up.*

*Once the projector is fully on and the first subtitle is projected on the back curtain, the “FLAMENCO” SINGERS enter from opposite sides through the closed curtains, slowly. They stand together on stage to the right of the projection.*

## FLAMENCO SONGS

*These are four songs in non-language. The non-language was written based on the English poems, which were written in response to traditional Flamenco Songs. The singers will sing the non-language with the intent to communicate the English meaning. The style is full and declamatory, a high risk speech-act.*

*These songs took on this non-language form because, after writing the poems in English, I realized that I could never sing the kind of meaning I was going for in English. It is hard to say why it seemed easier to separate the legitimate language from the expression of that language.*

*The pronunciation of this non-language is based on a few languages, mostly Finnish and Georgian. All vowels are long, except the hard ä. Pronounce every vowel, there are no diphthongs. D's are soft. J's are soft. "Kh" is an unvoiced uvular fricative (think Hebrew). Consonants with and apostrophe after them are unvoiced – so you make the sound of the consonant with the air in your mouth and then start the sound of the vowel. There are recordings of the poems spoken on the CD provided.*

*The singers should learn the songs from the recordings provided – each song has a basic melodic movement to it which is then ornamented over. The best approach to learning would be to try to identify the melody for each line of each song (specifically what movements happen on what syllables), and then experiment with ornamentation. Study actual Flamenco singers, I highly suggest listening to the singers in Carlos Saura's documentary "Flamenco" and the amazing Estrella Morente (if you just want an opportunity to be floored).*

*The singers alternate singing. The first will sing song 1 and 3, and the second will sing 2 and 4. (Note: the beginning note and ending note of every song is the same, so the singers can take their starting pitch from the end of the previous song.) While the one is singing, the other should listen intently.*

*The easiest way to execute the subtitles is to make a power point presentation where each slide contains one line of the English. The person working the projector should have a copy of the songs, the non-language and the English, to follow along and click through the lines as the singers sing them. At the last line, the last slide of the presentation, the person working the projector should not continue to the "end of slideshow" screen, for obvious reasons. They should turn off the projector as the singers leave stage.*

1.

Dzau, kizau nem parlek shaw-tiu-di meukha,  
Tui di, zemenji ma-----nut shium ha.  
Sedep muk sez men, miui dzauch'i liune.  
Ch'amch'or ak'amk' do lau men, ziuiui shar se al.

*Love, you know this is a dangerous sunset,  
You know my face when I am afraid.  
He shields his eyes, and I love him.  
There is night on his eyes now, it is time for us to shelter there.*

2.

P'ip'au, bu zangan seiktik nag sa vmoda gai:  
Sak'aram duk'aran sum boch'a eu sotoargrafieu  
Salaifein ki jojo mbu bulek'iar en sauk'  
Sauk' em bu jesh bu thu k'ampo se al, gor li karldash s'us'u p'ip'aumeu.

*Flower, prescribe me a toxin to blunt my happiness:  
my heart carries in its pocket a photograph  
of a landscape I once married in a dream,  
a dream of you and me come close to me, let me chew on your stem.*

3.

Molo sidit ammar elau al, ki sa-----muida takanedua.  
Molo sidit ammar elau al, ki sa-----muida takanedua.  
Miui dzauch'i hem, zu kha----- dem soloehaja –

*The young man stands alone, and the world sees his shoulders.*  
*The young man stands alone, and the world sees his shoulders.*  
*I love you son, do not kill anyone –*

4.

Thadaf suut'i men dusic, gei jati arak'ish solja nuli.  
Ajulki, a tomdais – eu shi nik seuli.  
Hadaufem khuda, ma – laulechar sem urit'it'i  
Shugulsh a sat ämäk'dä al, kiu solodishe usu, usudemjari?

*A daughter dries her eyes, looks far into the braking hills.*  
*Salvation at the precipice – when it comes to it.*  
*Did she see me next to her, drawing in the sand*  
*a map to bring me back here, to the land above the suicides?*

*Once the second singer is finished, the two singers exit stage together through the center back curtains. The projector is turned off as they exit.*

*Once the projector has fully turned off, simultaneously “Dream Sequence” speakers 1 and 2 enter from opposite sides of the stage (1 from right, 2 from left), moving slow to their positions.*

## DREAM SEQUENCE

*A nightmare is being described from six different vantage points. Though described in vastly varying terms, the plot points of the dream are thus: the main character is packing for a trip with the intent of escaping some danger. She runs away and comes to a mysterious building. As she approaches she sees someone is in the building and freezes. Here we come to a stalemate: She is paralyzed by fear, and is simultaneously the person outside looking in, afraid of the supposedly sinister person inside, and the person inside afraid of the person she is sure she heard out in the trees.*

*Part 6 is performed by the DREAMER. Off stage she draws a black "X" on her forehead to mark her apart, sinister. She should use either a black face crayon or even mascara.*

*A brief description of each of the characters:*

*1 - The "I" perspective: it is modern and fairly straight forward in its description of the dream.*

*2 - The "we" perspective: this is a paranoid character, convinced of the political implications of the dream.*

*3 - Fairy tale perspective #1: a twisted modern third person perspective, for whom everything happens significantly in sets of three.*

*4 - The voice of the dreamer: the voice of the few words of panic that escape "the dreamer" during the dream's events.*

*5 - Fairy tale perspective #2: an archaic third person perspective, replete with hunting parties and witches in the woods. This should be delivered intensely and theatrically, as if for children but almost too threatening.*

*6 - The witch/Hester: the voice of the villain witch in the cabin in the woods as well as the girl alone in the cabin in the woods.*

*Parts 1, 2, 4, and 6 are memorized. Parts 3 and 5 will have books from which they can read their parts (examples of reduced parts in back fold). There will be a marked place for each person to stand, and each person will have two different directions to face through the course of the piece (see diagram). First enters speakers 1 and 2 from opposite sides of the stage (1 from right, 2 from left).*

*Unless marked, lines are delivered immediately after one another. It is written in where people should over-lap in their lines. When lines of multiple characters are indented, they should begin simultaneously.*

1. Out on the patio with all of my luggage open around my feet, I am trying to pack for the trip. Holding things in my hands and in my mind, I realize the two are not as interchangeable as I had hoped, because the sweet little shirt I meant to bring for Maike is not in the front pocket of the brown suitcase. As I'm finding out I'm running back into the dark house, to get, something. It.

2. It's all political. We're on the move, or just about to be. But I am still getting my things together. I planned to have more time to do this, I am shoving everything in my bags, I won't need those shorts, not where I'm going, but there they go, into the bag. It's all political. *(3 enter from center back stage)* We're on the move, or just about to be. The climate is cooling and threatening me. It is getting hard to see what I'm doing with it.

3. There was once a young woman who had three things to do: the first was to tell her mother, the second was to get ready to leave home in time, and the third was to not forget. She had three sisters: the youngest was clever but foolish, the middle was married but faithful, and the oldest was not named Maike. They all lived with their mother where they had always lived, but now everything was different. It was different in three ways: the rest had gone out dancing, the light was on in the tool shed down the hill, and there was a tool shed down the hill. *(4 and 5 enter from the sides)*

At sunset there came three visitors to the house, but the mother sent them away. As the visitors' car pulled away down the drive, our young woman had three things to choose from: this shirt, getting there in time, and getting found out. She put down the shirt and looked up. Everything she focused on in the dark was made less clear by her focus, but she soon found a hiding space tucked underneath the old outside staircase. She folded herself there just as a cat rushed out of an open door, slowed, and sat. Everything was more dangerous now.

1. Is that a cat, that got out?

4. No. *(concerned, not denying)*

**\*SHORT PAUSE\***

3. Leaning up off her feet, she snaked her hand down into her pocket and found three things: a black marble, an allen wrench, and a hole through which *(5 start)* only her pinky fit.

*5. There once was a kind and wealthy man who died and left his wife with four unstable sons and four unmarried daughters. After the sons departed through the castle gates with their hunting party, the third daughter padded with bare feet down the back stone steps and across the gardens with nothing but the warmth of her nervous breast and a crude sack of belongings over her shoulder. Stopping for breath beyond the border of the wood, she wondered what she had forgotten. She*

*lamented her wet ankles, but sensed that there had been something else left behind, left undone or, unsaid. However, no sooner had she let her brain pause, than in clean rolling action she could see through the trees and the twilight deepening the faint white bell of the woman, lamp in hand, charging down the back steps, just as silent in distance as the pine needles in nearness. The daughter tore away into the crackling darkness.*

2. It's all political. We're on the move, or just about to be.

1. When the weight of decision makes it hard to blink, it really may be time to give up, she thought into the floral shirt versus the blue shirt. If my feet weren't so hard to get around these suitcases, maybe I'd be able to use them for something novel, she thought into the floral sweater versus the blue sweater. Like walking, or running, she thought into the floral jacket versus the blue jacket. Or even, running away

2. It's all political. We're on the move, or just about to be.

5. *40 feet full to the brim with night, the forest fills the volume thus*

*(1 start) about her white:*

1. Two minutes to get to the train (2 start) and I'm still here between floral and blue,

2. I planned to have more time to do this, *(begin this passage after "blue")* I won't need those shorts, not where I'm going, but there they go, *(1 start)* into the bag.

1. if I could only pick, if I could only pick up my feet, *(5 start)* if only this flower pattern didn't dive so deep...

5. *By all senses it reads as solid but is in fact the widest ether that swans sail through like (2 start) spears*

2. not where I'm going

3. Only three things could have fallen through that hole:

**\*SHORT PAUSE, TENSE\***

1. So tell me, the black beaded gown or the black beaded gown (2 and 4 start) or the black beaded gown or the black beaded gown (repeat "or the black beaded gown", end with 3's last words "or the ticket")



2. not where I'm going (*repeat, spaced out and darkly joking, end with 3's last words "or the ticket"*)

4. (*start after four "the black beaded gown"*) **not again** (*repeated, breathing heavily as if running, end with 3's last words "or the ticket"*)

3. (*authoritatively, slow and even. Start after eight repetitions of "or the black beaded gown"*) the ticket, the ticket, or the ticket.

(*6 enters very slowly through the curtains with the beginning of 3's line "the ticket, the ticket, or the ticket" and is in place by the end of this line.*)

**\*SILENCE\***

6. (*sinister*) Tell me dear child have you lost your way

1. I'm finding myself unable to remember when that tool shed was built. It is strangely cheerful with the light on in the blueing dark, but who would need a rake now, a rake now at nightfall?

5. *After running for three days and three nights the daughter was drawn to the lights of a small cottage deep in the woods (6. Tell me dear child have you lost your way). Stopping just short of the clearing, she spied in the halo of a lamp over the front door, beautifully tended flower beds of the most elegant tulips and lilacs and irises. What most caught her eye however were three golden daffodils planted exactly a pace away from the front doorstep, looking straight out with their bonnet shaded faces into the dense trees.*

1. (*very quietly*) I'm finding myself unable to remember (*3 start*) when that tool shed was built.

3. (*whispered loudly*) Our young woman is halfway down the hill, hitting each heel hard on the wet grass, walking as if to prevent a secret, a rumor, or a catastrophe.

6. Do come in, (*5 start*) warm yourself by the fire.

5. *Curiosity burned as bright as hunger in her.*

3. (*whispered loudly*) No mind for stealth, no ear for silence,

5. *But the moment her foot touched the soft ground of the clearing,*

1. (*panicked*) Someone's in there

5. *the three golden daffodils turned their golden heads to her.*

**\*BREATH\***

Everyone simultaneously, 5 and 6 on A speaking in unison, 4 and 1 on B interspersed between each other, 2 and 3 on C not speaking in unison. People on A will end last.

A. Do come inside and warm yourself by the fire, I am the wife of the wind who is away until midnight, you must leave before he returns or he will take you, but rest a while now, do come inside and warm yourself by the fire, I am the wife of the rain who is away until midnight, you must leave before he returns or he will drown you, but rest a while now, do come inside and warm yourself by the fire, I am the wife of the snow who is away until midnight, you must leave before he returns or he will freeze together your bones and your hair and here you will remain until the burning of the world, but rest here a while now, come in and warm yourself by the fire, I will brush your hair, we can be quiet and I will brush your hair, I will brush your hair, I will brush your hair.

B. (panicked, repeated sparsely through the section) There is someone in there.

C. There is someone out there. I saw him, just beyond the line of the trees. Someone is there, I know it but I must see her again, I know I saw it but I need to see it again, I know it but I don't for sure, someone is out there I know it but I don't see it, I need to see it again, I need to know for sure. I heard him I know I heard him but I need to hear her again, someone is out there waiting, I know it I heard her but I need to be sure I need to hear it again, I need to know I need to know I know it I smelt it there is someone out there in the skirts of the trees I smelt him, I can smell him but I need to smell her again in the skirts of the trees, in the skirts of the trees, she is seeing me that's all I know he is seeing me.

**\*PAUSE\***

*6 moves forward, with her first step everyone else changes to second facing.*

**6. Hester (elongate the "Heh" sound in the beginning of "Hester", all other parts should join in on this sound and cut off abruptly when 6 finishes saying the name), is away in the woods, at the cabin for the weekend, to spend some time alone. Away at the cabin, Hester (same effect) is standing the doorway, looking out. 40 feet above her head the sun lives only briefly now in the tops of the pines, the raking light defines a pool of coming night about the cabin. Standing in the doorway, her left foot is just inside the doorstep and her right is just without and she is looking out into the shallow deep of the darkening trees. There is a gun in the house (Everyone tenses, one or two say "gun" quickly and separately).**

She can see but not clearly, and the gun is in the nightstand. She can think, but not clearly, and the gun is in the nightstand. She knows it but not yet if she heard someone waiting low in the skirts of that pine – that pine! – shivering away into the darkness under the intensity of her focus, slowly excusing

itself into the dream, things *are* what they seem: there is someone there, watching me. (*two say "gun" quickly and separately*)

(*terrified*) Is there ("*gun*" *twice again*) someone out there?

6 *changes facing*

(*spoken on the inhale*) Tell me dear child, have you lost your way?

*Frozen pause, then start again. 5, 4 and 3 are still terrified in the beginning, but become less intense by the end. 2, 1, and 6 are still menacing in the beginning, but become less so by the end. Start each line simultaneously with the last words of the previous line, over-lapping.*

5. *Is there someone out there?*

2. Tell me dear child, have you lost your way?

4. *Is there someone out there?*

1. Tell me dear child, have you lost your way?

3. *Is there someone out there?*

6. **Tell me dear child, have you lost your way?**

5. *Is there someone out there?*

2. Tell me dear child, have you lost your way?

4. *Is there someone out there?*

1. Tell me dear child, have you lost your way?

3. *Is there someone out there?*

**\*PAUSE\***

6. **Is there someone out there? (*questioning*) Is there someone out there? Is there someone out there?**

*The DREAMER (6) releases some tension, feels her face, and finds the black X on her forehead. She rubs at it and looks at her blackened fingers a few times, then quickly turns and looks speaker 5 in the face as if seeing these people for the first time. Immediately all other speakers on stage turn and each hurriedly tie back one of the curtains (leaving the one closest to the audience on the left down) and then return to their seats. The DREAMER continues to investigate the black X on her forehead. She finds a hand mirror on the table, picks it up and looks at her face. She briefly continues to try to get the black mark off, but something in the sight of her face distracts her. Faced almost entirely away from the audience, she begins “Regard”.*

*The DREAMER addresses her reflection for the first stanza, then replaces the hand mirror on the table. She addresses an invisible audience for the rest, a soliloquy.*

## REGARD

Regard the touch of peach,  
never deep,  
up inside her unrolled sleeve.  
Do you mind  
the coolness prick all over  
When you think how sad you've been?  
When you regard the touch of peach,  
never lasting  
up inside her unrolling sleeve?

Tell me,  
Sunset,  
What am I to do with all this beauty?  
Where does it go when it leaves the wall and windowsill?  
Not into my eyes and not into my memory,  
Not accurately.

So tell me,  
Whose angel is this  
minting the currency  
I am so rich in?  
Economy  
of iridescent wings,  
Where a twilit gaze can thumb the scales,  
and the touch of air is heavier than a gun.

Who am I to thank  
for these fairy tale laws,  
When these precious light things  
May work their weight from afar  
To level the granite slope to solemn hill  
and on and on to meadow –  
I hold the bead that stopped the storm  
from decimating the shallows.

And I am so rich,  
How am I ever going to pay it all back?  
With rebellion? A handsome gift  
From deep in the tracks of my family,  
Embroidered brightly with flowers,  
Beds of flowers so deep you could call it beauty,  
Maybe I will marshal an army,  
An army of girls  
Rising up between the petals  
So naked, that words will bow and idols  
Break when faced with our  
Humanity Evident.

What I would give to be an example of how good it can be.

Perhaps I will always carry this dagger,  
Just by my hip and not in my heart.  
I wish the world to know I cry for her,  
Scream and destroy for her,  
But also that I love my lover for her,  
I shake at the meeting of his brow and cheekbone,  
And at the grace that gives way  
When he lays me down. I bend for her –  
For her I breathe freedom  
For her my art  
For her my learning  
For her my every morning.  
For her these thoughts I think in the shade  
And for her the bark of a dog a mile away,  
I crush under the kindness of a bouquet  
Fading onto the tablecloth.

Regard this harmony,  
Regard the touch of peach,  
my embarrassment.  
My embarrassment  
to have so much mine –  
quick love and the fading light,  
crush ripple billow  
in the conflicting winds of the world.

*Part 3: Not a King at all*

The Courtyard (3)  
Growth



*The DREAMER is left alone onstage after “Regard”. She sits down at the table and the lights return to their original dim and uniform setting. She begins to work on a puzzle that is half-done on the table. The recording of the third part of “The Courtyard” is played over the PA.*

### **The Courtyard (3)**

Do they not think that you can hear them, snapping the clean strait sheet over the guest bed upstairs? They have the windows open, I can hear them, I can hear them cooling the light on the simple tree's simple leaves golden and stiffly waving outside the open window of the guest bedroom in that opposite corner of the house, snapping the clean strait sheet over the guest bed upstairs. // I feel sick. // Is there a couch by my mother working that I can hide on for a bit? Where I can be quiet across decorative pillows? Where I can be sick through narrow eyes and sick through overstuffed cotton? // No. // Back at the table you find more unlikely shards of ceramic under your hot hands, and you pick them up with only the light pressure from the tips of your hot fingers. The pieces have gotten so small, and this mug is getting so big. The light from the corner lamp graces in turn each segment with its golden enamel as you manipulate the form left and right between your hands. Ask yourself again, how did this happen? You set it down on the soft wood of the table and the room for the most part is behind you. And the house, for the most part, is behind you and above you. And you think to begin to think this mug is getting big, just as you think to begin to think that the simple tree is growing as its top most leaves catch the light out of the rim of the courtyard, just as you think to begin to think that the alphabet block castle is in fact forgotten and not a King at all.

*The DREAMER pauses work on the puzzle, stopped as if thinking or listening. The CELLIST and the SINGER come on stage to begin "Growth." The CELLIST uses one of the table chairs to sit in.*

*The CELLIST will play two versus of the Jackson C. Frank song "Kimbie" and then play an ostinato (notation of all of this on the next next page) over which the SINGER performs from memory the following poem. When the SINGER finishes the poem, the CELLIST repeats the ostinato two or three more times, lets the last note of the ostinato dissipate for a moment, and then finishes with a partial verse of "Kimbie".*

## **GROWTH**

Growth and I play the blues,

Sit here well-side – touching knees, thinking goodbyes.

And I wander my eyes down the simple water, down the wall,

Wandering straight

Like skimming a front page,

    And all that chatter,

    Stones and seams,

Draw up deaf in the air of the song we sing –

We, play the blues

And the summer will green.

# "Growth" Cello Music

## from "Kimbie" by Jackson C. Frank

This is an approximate notation of two whole verses and one partial verse of Jackson C. Frank's blues "Kimbie." This is the key I would like it to be played in, though it is not the original. The part should really be learned from listening to the recording provided and Frank's original recording on his album "Blues Run the Game" in order to emulate the tone and the free sense of time. I have written in the lyrics to help with learning phrasing and articulation and as a memorization device. They are also just great, beautiful lyrics. The ostinato is very quiet, under the SINGER reciting the poem.

*♩ = c. 72*  
*parlando, warm*      *mf*

Violoncello

Repeat this passage underneath the recitation of the poem. The SINGER starts the poem after two or three repetition of the pattern, and you repeat the pattern two or three times after the SINGER finishes the poem. The end tapers off, the last note effervescent.

**Tempo 1**  
heated,  
suddenly

**Slower, reserved**

♩ = c. 54

*sul tasto*

Violoncello  
Ostinato

25

wish I were a mole\_\_\_\_\_ a mole\_ in the ground\_\_\_\_\_ I wish I were a

28

mole in the ground,\_ and I'd tear this moun - tain down, I

30

wish I were a mole\_\_\_\_\_ in the ground.

*Once done, the hold the audience for as long as they want, this is the END.*

▲▼▲

# CODA

▼▲▼





On your way out: *“Everything like a painting”*

*This is a little piece for the audience to pick up on their way out of the hall. Like the first piece, cut the copies of this piece into a smaller paper size. Have an usher place them on a stand that is just outside the doors facing into the hall. Again, the “TAKE ME” sign is a cute thing to do.*



And she said, “Remember me  
when dusk looks like dawning,  
and everything like a painting”.

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*so sad that we won't all be on the same stage  
doing the same crazy thing again.*

*And to my advisor,*

Ann Lauterbach

*for the all the help and guidance,  
and for the weird spicy chocolate that one time.*