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I'm Not Finished — Done

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I'm Not Finished—

Done

Senior Project Submitted to

The Division of Arts

of Bard College

by Dimitri Cacouris

Annandale-on-Hudson, New York

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Acknowledgements:

The list of people who have contributed to this project is long; I would like to keep this one short. To that end, the following is a list of people I would like to thank for their specific contributions to the project, and I hope any omissions will be taken for the mellow iniquities of a befuddled adolescent mind.

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I cannot forget my family. They made me possible, ergo...

Shakespeare, it's probably your fault.

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I'm Not Finished—

A paper in uncertain acts

Premise:

For my performance in fulfillment of my senior project in Theater & Performance, I made a piece called *Done*. It's finished now. The piece was developed collaboratively between myself and my cast in devised rehearsal, and conceived by myself in discussion with several individuals. It began with the idea that it would be based on an exploration of William Shakespeare's *The Tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*, using the text of the play as well as several other source texts—sources of the Hamlet legend, texts which continued its legacy—and that it would discover a way to combine these to perform a deconstruction of *Hamlet*.

But as many projects do, this one began to grow beyond my reach, absorbing more and more ideas and variations of ideas until it was too swollen for me to keep a handle on. I became mired and obsessed—reflecting on my own creative process opened up a mise-en-abyme in which I wrestled with protean, overwrought ideas that never seemed to stand still and reared in upon themselves out of sight. At the penultimate moment, however, I escaped this cringe-worthy maelstrom and chose to make the piece out of the wreckage of the project as I had conceived it—I declared as the text from which my piece would spring the sum-total of all of my writing for the project up to that point: in my theatre notebooks, I and II; my Evernote notes; what I call my vade mecum, the notebook I carry at all times. All of these I sifted through and transcribed and selected portions from; I worked with these in the rehearsal room with my cast; and we developed a piece premised on its own failure.

I think that is probably the best definition of it.

How I Did It:

This project took about a year to create, developing quite gradually and quite chaotically, yet the process can be divided into four distinct phases of development, each characterized by different primary activities: a phase marked by reading and researching source material, a phase of figuring out how to use and combine this material, a phase of writing new material, and the devising process. None of these are mutually exclusive, and the first three phases developed, overlapping, from April 2013 to February 2014, while the devising rehearsal process took from the end of February through the performance dates in April and represented a more distinct shift in perspective and approach. In addition to these phases of activity, the project underwent topical phases, beginning with the *Hamlet*-centric phase, an increase in interest leading to the “V Stories” phase, and similarly the devising phase went in its own direction. The following is a description of the entire process of making the piece, from genesis to performance; while there are many details I have omitted and many which may seem superfluous, my goal is to give an account of how the major ideas, themes, and images developed, transformed, and were transmitted across that interval of time. The project, if characterized by any pattern, is characterized by loose ends, and many elements, even those which at one point occupied central positions in my planning, fell by the wayside. Some, on the other hand, reappeared after lying dormant and forgotten the better portion of the year. Some came out of the blue. I don't think all of the intricacies of the creative process will be made entirely apparent, but I hope with this narrative to open a chink of light onto the otherwise black box that ended in *Done*.

By the beginning of April 2013, I had conceived of a piece which adopted the conception of the Critique Génétique school of literary criticism in approaching a familiar theatrical text. I

knew that I wanted to do a performance, and I knew as soon as the senior project requirements were elucidated and discussed, that I wanted to do a devised piece, because I wanted to create original material rather than directing or acting in a preexisting piece. I had hoped and sought to do a combined senior project with other seniors, but this petered out as I never directly asked any of them as much, and delved increasingly deeper into my own ideas. When I considered the interests I had expressed in my proposal to be a joint literature-theatre major, I recalled I had only landed upon the relation of performance with text. Now what I had considered interesting about the relation between the two was overturning the most common *assumptions* implicit in the way text and performance are discussed: the way performance is often spoken of colloquially—“Did you see that show?” “Yes I saw it last week”—contains the idea of a “show” which is reified into a constant, as if any instance or experience of a performance is equivalent to another; yet anyone vaguely familiar with the performing arts, will likely soon arrive at distinguishing factors—“Well on the night I saw it...”—and recognize that performance may be a highly subjective and ephemeral medium. This observation seemed to be applied much less frequently to text, though it seemed to me to hold some weight there as well. For example, the experience of reading can be inflected by the same influences and particularities that influence the perception of a performance: predisposition toward certain sympathies or antipathies, the recent other works consumed, the memories that certain elements may trigger, all the ‘baggage’ we bring to the table. These, too, begin to be teased out during any discussion of a reading, but what about the fragility and limit of memory itself? That, barring eidetic memory, a limited proportion of a given text will be retained, and yet we continue to refer to texts as being ‘read’¹. And just what is it that we call a given ‘text’? If I have an edition of Shakespeare’s *Hamlet*, and you have a

¹ I received this idea from a fascinating book by Pierre Bayard, *Comment parler des livres que l'on n'a pas lus?*, or *How to Talk About Books You Haven't Read*

different edition, where does the ‘text’ that we agree we are discussing lie? Presumably in the pattern of given words which appear in a given order, a pattern which is therefore virtual, i.e. exists only in our minds. But does the shape of them on the page matter at all? What about the smudge on a given word in a given copy, which might hold for you an ominous foreshadowing? And what happens if there is a different word in one place? The ‘text’ becomes a ship of Theseus for cases like Shakespeare’s *Hamlet*, with multiple published versions of the text containing sometimes significant differences between them. This, therefore, was the idea as it presented itself to me: to take a canonical, familiar ‘text’ which was also a play, and present it in a way which revealed and discussed these ideas. Either *Hamlet* itself, or another play, the criteria for which were that it would have multiple versions with significant variations and, to a lesser extent, be well-known. I decided to adopt *Hamlet*, mainly for reasons of familiarity and a visceral desire to work with it; other reasons for preferring it will become clear further on. One of my professors at the time, Thomas Bartscherer, mentioned a school of literary criticism which he had studied in Paris, known as Critique Génétique, or Genetic Criticism. This school examined the manuscripts of texts, and took the elements in the drafts—the alternate words, the transposition of paragraphs, the strikethroughs—as material for analysis. It used the terminology of ‘texts’ and ‘avant-texts’ for the final work and the drafts and influential works which preceded its publication respectively, which suggested to me the additional concept of ‘post-texts’, works that came after and were influenced by the text. The sequence of avant-texts, texts, and post-texts would provide a layered history of the text which I could slice through and examine archeologically, a metaphor fresh in my mind from Suzan-Lori Parks’s essays “Possession” and “from Elements of Style”. Around the same time as I learned about Critique Génétique, I attended the performance of Jack Ferver’s *All of a Sudden*, which depicts the rehearsal process

for the piece and is simultaneously the piece itself—I found this convergence illuminating and suggestive of many possibilities for incorporating the rehearsal process in performance. The last significant influence which primed my work was an exhibition on Cubism² I saw just after the summer intersession began, where I noted among other things Gertrude Stein’s reading of *If I Told Him: A Completed Portrait of Picasso*—I cannot be sure if this was the exposure to Cubism which triggered my interest in it for my piece, or whether I went to the exhibition because of the need to understand it better. I was also seized by an interest in the films of Akira Kurosawa, which were striking for their imagery, and I considered using his *Warui yatsu hodo yoku nemuru*, or *The Bad Sleep Well*, a loose adaptation of *Hamlet*, as a post-text, though nothing of Kurosawa directly made its way into the final piece.

I truly began my directed research during June, when I read the two most important avant-texts for the project, Thomas Kyd’s *The Spanish Tragedy* and the *Gesta Danorum* by Saxo Grammaticus—at the same time, I began reading Laurence Sterne’s *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gentleman* for pleasure, but quickly found enough references to *Hamlet* to include it in my list of post-texts. After the end of a month-long internship, I directed my attention more intently to the reading of other source texts like the *Hrólfs saga kraka*, the development of a methodology for combining the source material, and the drafting of scenes which experimented with ways of doing so. It was at this time that I watched *The Bad Sleep Well* and *Un Amleto di Meno* (One Hamlet Less), which a coworker at my internship had recommended to me. While *The Bad Sleep Well* is a narrative film employing elements of and a similar premise to *Hamlet*, *Un Amleto di Meno* presents an abstract world of the play *Hamlet*, in which the characters as actors, narratives contain narratives, and *Hamlet* is given a Freudian analysis. In addition to achieving to my mind a cubist depiction of *Hamlet* on film (what I was

² Cubisti Cubismo, at the Complesso del Vittoriano

considering trying to do in theatre), it also contains images which resemble ones in my final piece, though I do not recall ever deciding to use them as such: Hamlet dropping a page torn from a book to Horatio standing in a snowing space (which I quoted in an interlude of the piece), the use of white and black non-spaces.

The writing I did during August consisted of articulations about the nature of the project and implications of this for its form, identifying relevant theoretical comments and source texts with ideas about how they might be applied or incorporated, deconstructing examples of other work with the goal of understanding successful similar forms, expounding a theoretical basis for a cubist language in the theatre³, and scene drafts. These include:

- a scene in which Saxo Grammaticus and Laurence Sterne begin writing their respective works (an image borrowed for the “poem-outline” later in November),
- a monologue by Ophelia as a ghost,
- a scene-image which is just Hamlet breaking a radio which is only picking up different recorded scenes from Hamlet,
- two scenes in which a passage from *Hamlet* according to two or all three of the extant versions of the play are performed simultaneously and alternately so that they appear to speak to one another.

One of these scenes, minus the use of a television, I performed at a Zócalo in the fall, though by then I felt that it was not quite the mode or the piece I was aiming for.

I had planned to begin development immediately upon the start of the fall term with a small group of collaborators to together the piece so that it could be rehearsed during the spring, recasting if necessary. For reasons that were mostly due to my inabilities, progress on the project

³ See "On Simultaneity", "Untitled Note" of 22 August 2013, Apendix I, pages 67-72

was slow. The first notes in Notebook II for the piece don't appear until the beginning of October, by which point the shift towards the creative process as a topic itself, and particularly my own creative process, appears to have developed. This was likely nurtured by my Composition course with Robert Woodruff, creating pieces for which forced me to confront and question my own habits and process. The majority of my work during the fall was occupied by the search for a guiding direction to help drive the piece, but this only led to temporary, unsatisfying answers. Though I likely chipped away at reading other source material and percolating the piece in my mind nevertheless, the period was on the whole a stagnant one. The one significant development was the introduction of Jorge Luis Borges, who was to become a strong aesthetic influence, particularly the short story "The Aleph", which provided me with a metaphor and word to understand the simultaneity I was searching for.

In November I wrote what I call for lack of a better term the "poem-outline", approximately forty lines describing images and actions that might be portrayed on stage as well as abstract events. My idea was that this could stand in for an outline of the eventual piece, or provide a definitive textual starting place. I chose to use the poem-outline in a workshop I held 17 November, but I managed to secure few participants, so, rather than using lines from the poem-outline to devise scenes, I asked each participant, including myself, to pick a line and describe how they would stage it. Rotating and adding on to these descriptions in turn, we gave them a sort of *à la carte* treatment, producing what I later referred to as the "brainstorm texts". This process made clear the dominant images in the work, but most of all it galvanized me to try and repeat the session with more participants. Unfortunately, the next workshop I scheduled met with even less turn out, and I ran out of time in the semester to hold more— so I resolved to work on conceptualizing the piece on my own and leave devising for the spring. My

last meeting with Professor Felton-Dansky before the winter intersession concerned plans for development during the intersession, primarily an outline for the piece in which to insert source and original material, to guide further research, and to prompt the soliciting of material from others (an idea which I toyed with but didn't pursue in a formal way). The meeting also discussed the possibility of chance operation, something I was not particularly interested or invested in employing, but which nevertheless I ended up incorporating in the Snow-text Moment during the devising process.

In December, I recognized and articulated the several different pieces I was trying to create—the critique génétique piece, the cubist piece, the piece about “the creative struggle”, the piece “in Revision”—and came to the idea that the piece should center on a character in the midst of a creative struggle who can only use the language of the source texts to express him- or herself, and follow a five-part structure modeled on the creative process. To this end I began outlining such a model to work from; at the same time, I had begun writing several scenes of original material, which contained a character I called the Poet, another I called the Author, and a group of actors trying to discover a new *Hamlet* whose story I called “NotHamlet”. During my sojourn in Berlin alone, I expanded these narrative threads until, on 16 January, reminded of the structure of the film *Tampopo*, where several unconnected stories are nested within one another, I conceived of the idea of linking five narratives in this way, each scene of which would begin as a narrative told within the previous scene. The image of a tesseract, or rather a penteract, a five-dimensional hypercube, came to mind, its connection with the number five and the way it cyclically nested inside itself providing an apt metaphor for this idea. I instantly drafted a concept map centered on “V (i.e. five) stories”⁴, three of which, the Poet, the Author, and “NotHamlet”, I already had; to these, I added the idea of the Watchers, who consume endless

media simultaneously on their 5D glasses, and the fifth narrative, I thought, might depict the rehearsal process of the piece itself. This marked the apex of the transition from the earlier focus on the Amleth-Hamlet legend to the “V stories” phase, which I continued to develop through February, until the beginning of the rehearsal process. The use of the number five should be explained here: it ultimately derived from the twenty-five-minute limit for the senior project performance—a good way to constrain it, I thought, would be to divide it up into five five-minute sections, which could be developed and contained independently, rather than building a large monolith or long sequence that would have to be cut later. In addition, *Hamlet* has five acts, which provided a model to structure the piece on during the *Hamlet*-centric phase of the piece, and the symbolism of which I chose to co-opt for the “V stories” phase. A draft of an outline for the piece made at this time⁵ mentions several important images, some of which — the “wrestling” image inspired by Jacob and the Angel and the burning “brand” image—were completely invisible in the final piece, while others—the Watchers cutting up paper and reading it, the sweeping up of the snow-text as a transition, and projections of a rotating tesseract—were almost perfectly transmitted into new contexts. After this I began rewriting some of the existing scenes and drafting new ones according to this order in the document entitled “S.P. Interlocking Outline”⁶, which I refer to as the “proto-script” since it began as an outline and never finished developing into a completed script. This was, however, probably the most complete of any script-like material that had been made throughout the whole process.

After the intersession, a meeting with Professor Felton-Dansky pointed me toward Ludwig Tieck’s *Der gestiefelte Kater (Puss in Boots)*, while Jacqueline Reddington suggested Luigi Pirandello’s *Sei personaggi in cerca d’autore (Six Characters in Search of an Author)*: both of

⁴ Appendix II, page 109

⁵ Appendix II, page 110

these I read, adoring the metatheatrical moves the authors made, but distinguishing these from the sort of moves I was interested in making. I would find myself nevertheless making these exact sort of moves while devising the piece about two months later. The new semester also brought with it two influences from the theatre courses I was taking: the use of masks and this discovery of essential theatricality from the Masks course with Geoff Sobelle, and the concept of a “process piece” from Devised Theater with Anne Gridley (and the viewing of Nature Theater of Oklahoma’s *Romeo and Juliet*). While I continued to try and refine my intentions for the piece and add to the proto-script, the need to begin working in the rehearsal room made itself undeniably pressing, and I began the process of searching for a cast along with the other devised festival directors—I had in mind five or six individuals, in order to have enough ‘critical mass’ for the piece to carry itself forward. The audition process was extremely problematic, however, due to poor response, and I had to go to extra lengths to see a small handful of people, most of whom ended up being unavailable. Out of the few that remained, despite my desire to have as many people as I could, I decided to cast the only individuals I felt I would be able to work with, Nicole Kasbary and Connor Boehme, and begin working, continuing to see if I could headhunt any others to add to the cast. I did vet and accept another student, but she decided not to participate at the last moment—so I continued working with Connor and Nicole.

Nicole was an exchange student from Palestine who made a good first impression despite being clearly untrained and inexperienced. Connor immediately seemed to perceive my ideas and bring great vigor to his performance, though he tended to take the first solution that presented itself. Together, these two, each with very different experiences and approaches to theatre, managed to find a startling chemistry that generated wonderful material, despite deriving from reactants that would seem like they shouldn’t work. Nicole drove Connor away from the easy

⁶ Appendix I, pages 89-99

answers that he initially gravitated towards by not following conventional rules of drama or improv; Connor kept the scenes on track when Nicole began to stray and was driven to continually come up with new solutions.

So we began devising—I would truly love to say I had learned or developed a deliberate process which I employed in order to generate *Done* out of the material I had created or ex novo. This was not the case. Instead, I brought some devising techniques I learned from a Pig Iron Theatre workshop last year, several which Geoff Sobelle recounted for me, and approaches I was picking up from Anne Gridley’s class, and figured out what I was doing as I went along. The first rehearsals, I used Pig Iron’s Open Canvas exercise to acclimate the actors to the idea of devising. Still feeling very uncertain as to how to work on the piece or what direction to start in, Professor Felton-Dansky suggested I use my notebooks as the text for the piece, and idea which excited me and interested my actors⁷. This solved several problems at once: it allowed me to include all of the ideas I had considered up to that point without having to choose between them for a starting place and employ a genetic perspective in the most material way possible, exploring the several phases and developments archeologically. Most importantly, it gave me a clear challenge and direction to work from, psychologically shifting my uncertainty from what I was doing to how I would be accomplishing it. Beginning with the second rehearsal, we therefore began selecting and trying to stage various pieces from the notebooks. At first, I approached staging these pieces in a similar vein to the way Anne Gridley had asked her class to approach “non-dramatic text”, including sometimes allowing a division between the meaning of the text and the intentions of the character, and giving the actors tasks to do while they spoke.

⁷ I had early on considered including individual pages or excerpts within the piece as material from my own creative process, but never the sum total of my writings. This was in spite of the fact I had done a presentation for Robert Woodruff’s class on Richard Foreman, whose practice of ‘declaring’ plays from his notebooks intrigued me, but was not something I considered using myself.

Connor and Nicole would tend to find some mode of interaction, Connor tending to approach the scene directly and Nicole tending to take on a contrarian character which set up a confrontation between the two. On 13 March I decided to start with a cut up transcription of the *Spanish Tragedy* and *Gesta Danorum* summaries I had written the last summer, and this was used in the development of a post-apocalyptic narrative which we presented to Professor Felton-Dansky on 17 March; she remarked that the most interesting portion was the task-based reading of the text. Restarting from this, I dropped the post-apocalyptic scenario and decided to approach the moment as a process piece, combining the reading of the paper with the snow-text image: I dropped the bits of paper from above while the actors, characters without the ability to communicate, found a source of communication in the falling paper, and lost it when it stopped. I asked the actors to also develop a piece on their own, based on a selected notebook page, but beyond some initial experimentation, they were unable to produce anything substantive, so I dropped this idea.

With the actors gone over Spring Break, I tried to develop some moments on my own, though I had always been somewhat ambivalent about my own inclusion in the piece. I developed and got feedback from Konstantin Rizos on a segment in which I read a scene with the Poet character as if rehearsing it and discovered that my tongue was actually stained black as called for in the text, breaking off and addressing the audience as if to verify my sanity before recalling that I had eaten some liquorice “just before coming on”. This moment left unused, the idea of the rehearsal of text would return in the Broom Moment, while the break to address the audience would be developed in the Mask Moment. Playing around with a test mask I had made for Geoff Sobelle’s class of my own visage, I made a video of myself reciting “To be or not to be” with ridiculous gestures followed by an extended awkward moment in which I appeared

uncomfortable, dissatisfied with my performance, interacted with the mask as an animate object, and wondered if the moment was over. I showed the video to Jacqueline Reddington and developed the Mask bit from our subsequent discussion, first as an actor realizing his own ridiculousness and getting into an argument with the mask, which I puppeted. Then, after further feedback, I created a parody of myself as an actor-creator unable to continue or understand my own piece, arguing with the mask—now as an inanimate object that gave no response—and trying to account for the piece to the audience.

After the break, we worked on different approaches to the Snow-text Moment (which included the development of ‘automatic speech’) and by asking “what comes next?” found the Broom Moment; I determined these should come first or early on in the piece. We developed staging for excerpts from the Brainstorm texts, in which we attempted to depict the writing on the page, and the latter half of Page 21, which involved the actors alternately shouting their lines at each other or making noise as I signaled them. Trying all of the moments we had in different orders, I decided to discard the latter half of Page 21 and use only one segment of the Brainstorm texts, which would come first, followed by the Snow-text and Broom Moments. Feeling the need for an additional section, after running through these moments and adding the Mask bit in its place, I told the actors to run with the prompt “the director has left”. They began using automatic speech, expressing their frustrations, and ended up deconstructing the premise of their actions and the scene, eventually trying to find a way to get me to end it. From this, I extracted and articulated the series of realizations that they had gone through in deconstructing the scene, and gave this to them as the backbone or outline for the Epiphany Moment. We showed the complete sequence to Professor Felton-Dansky and Geoff Sobelle, and they provided feedback about what they saw, what was problematic and unclear, and what ideas were apparent to them (mostly

existentialism), as well as making suggestions about how to find the theatricality in each moment. Showing the Snow-text Moment to Jean Wagner yielded similar questions for the actors, and we set about trying to find what each of their characters wanted in the Snow-text and Broom Moments, and establishing for the actors the clarity of the spaces and worlds they were occupying. While up until now I was primarily concerned with developing each moment, I turned to focusing on increasingly specific notes: what worked, what did not. Meanwhile, I was practicing and refining the Mask Moment as well as supervising that the (few) technical elements were in place: a visit to the costume department racks yielded the idea of Tyvek clothing pieces, and news of the prohibitive expense of a large white sheet caused me to make recourse to a tarpaulin instead, choices that suggested to me both writing surfaces as well as the idea of ‘working’ or ‘in progress’. I also met with Peter Schreiber, a student who had agreed to design projections for the piece; only a couple days, it turned out, before projections were due, yet he assured me he could get them done. This time constraint resulted in restricting their usage to intervals in between the scenes and one sequence (the ‘Collapse’) for the end of the Epiphany Moment, and I was unable to allow my perfectionism to prolong their development—this, I think, made for their cleaner use in the final piece.

Tech going without a hitch, the first opportunity to ascertain whether what we had created worked as a piece came during the dress rehearsal, when Geoff Sobelle and Professors Felton-Dansky, Rosenberg, and Wagner, as well as a few students, attended: the actors had the opportunity to play off the audience, who gave a favorable response, and I received valuable feedback from the faculty members, who elucidated what they found interesting and made suggestions to improve the rhythm and beats of the show. These we endeavored to embody for our opening, and Thursday evening found us prepared, playing to a lively audience with

relatively few problems. The Saturday matinee suffered (severely, to my mind; likely less so, to those of others) from the characteristic matinee slump, unaided by at least one technical malfunction and my neglect to give the actors notes in between the performances. Sunday night's closing performance found a renewed energy, however, with many new discoveries, I having reworked the Mask bit and reminded the actors of the sequence and freedoms of the Epiphany Moment. All in all I was quite pleased with our performances, and pleasantly overwhelmed by the favorable responses that made their way to me.

Done a description:

While I have throughout the process of developing this piece maintained its indescribability, despite the inherent difficulties that come with doing so, yet for the purposes of this paper I will endeavor to describe it so that my perspective toward the piece may shed some brighter light on the sections that follow:

Scene:

The stage is set with a white backdrop and a rectangular white tarp set longitudinally, evocative of a sheet of paper; the light is a pale blue wash; it should feel ready for something to happen, a state of almost spiritual or mystical preparedness. The piece begins as lights on the audience slowly fade, and a projection of a rotating tesseract plays onto the upstage screen. This ends with the sharp sound of a woodblock and drum, like a signal.

Brainstorm Text Moment:

Onto the stage comes Nicole. She begins reciting the output of a brainstorm which describes the use of a white tarp on stage. She sometimes trips on words or speaks in abbreviations, like “w/” for “with”. Connor runs almost immediately as she starts to speak, interrupting her. He hovers over her, interrupting when she misspeaks, and elucidating her

abbreviations, marginal notes, and unspoken ideas. He also doubles her speech for some portions. In short, she speaks the substance of the text while he its non-signifying character on the page (e.g. sole er relation, strikethroughs). They finish and exit.

Snow-text Moment:

A brief slideshow of paintings by K. O. Götz appears, followed by the drum. A couple slips of paper fall from above, and as they land, Connor and Nicole reenter. They take in the space, and notice each other, but do not say anything. The silence hangs uncomfortably, and they appear unsure what to do. They attempt to speak to each other several times, but are unsuccessful. From above, a few slips of paper fall—Connor and Nicole notice, and take them from the air; delighted, they begin speaking to each other, reading from the slips. More paper falls, slowly but surely, and as its rate increases gradually, resembling nothing so much as a snowstorm coming on, Connor and Nicole continue to read from them to each other, faster and faster as the paper comes down, snatching slip after slip, ecstatic—by the climax, the paper is hanging in the air like an enormous flurry. The text they read is fragments, that mentions anything from simultaneity, to Hamlet, Amleth, and Hieronimo, to staging ideas, to plans for working on a theatre piece; sometimes it seems to relate to something that is going on, sometimes not at all. This is, in fact, fragments of the majority of material I had written about the project in the past year, from scripts to meeting notes. Then, just as quickly as it came on, the snow-paper stops. Connor and Nicole wait for more, but none comes. Then, one last piece flutters down. Seizing it, they read “Stage is filled with small crumpled notes like wading through a sea of crackling..crumbs of stories, his story, her story, historicizing our lyricizing”; they notice that it appears to pertain to the state of things around them—the stage is indeed filled with crumpled paper. They look up, hoping for more, but while Nicole continues to expect more

to fall, Connor is disappointed and, despite Nicole's attempts to retain him, exits. Nicole remains on stage, while the lights dim and a projection of a montage of clips of actors with colorful costumes plays at double speed; this ends with a man tearing a page from a book and throwing it to a man in black standing in snow, who picks it up and reads it, echoing the last moment. These are from *Un Amleto di Meno*, a film directed by and starring Carmelo Bene.

Broom Moment (Waiting):

The drum sounds and Connor reenters, holding a large broom. He tells Nicole he has come to clean up the mess of paper, but she protests, saying it is paper that has fallen from the sky which is instructing her what to do, and she is waiting for more. He doesn't understand, and they argue about whether paper will come, disagreeing about whether they are inside or outside, when a crumpled sheet of paper does in fact fall from above. Connor is stunned, unable to comprehend where the paper has come from since they are "inside". Nicole makes to read the paper, but mumbles, consternated by it, realizing that she cannot read and asking Connor to help her. At first he is uninterested, but changes his mind and agrees to read it for her. He begins to do so, and she joyously welcomes every word as if a great revelation, despite the text not making any sense to him. As he continues, they decide to interpret the description of "a figure" in the text as instructions for Nicole, which she carries out, Connor directing her actions and performance (e.g. "horrorified, laughing" "Ha, ha, ha" "... more horrorified."). Nicole discovers she has a pen on her as mentioned in the text, and they decide use the accumulated paper in lieu of the 'sand' called for at one point. Finally, Connor reads that the figure exits, which Nicole does with some reluctance. Having gotten rid of her, Connor begins to sweep up the paper, but decides that it is too much effort and exits. A projection of a rehearsal of the Broom Moment in Studio North plays on the backdrop.

Mask Moment:

The drum sounds, and I enter, jogging around the space before coming to regard the audience, performing a few acting warm-ups and exercises, pleased with my own execution. As if preparing for some great feat, I go to the edge of the stage to receive a mask from off-stage, glancing backward at the audience before placing the mask on my face. Turning around to face the audience, the mask is revealed to be a pale, placid replica of my own face. Striking a dramatic pose center-stage, I appear to wait for some reaction which doesn't come. The pose is reiterated, then, looking towards the audience, I begin to recite the "To be or not to be" soliloquy from *Hamlet*, taking exaggerated postures. Looking toward the audience at several points expectantly, it is a struggle to make whatever it is I expect to land land. After "To die, to sleep, no more", the speech breaks down, and I tear off the mask, revealing my face contorted with anxiety. Addressing the audience, and sometimes the wings, I apologize for discontinuing, saying I am dissatisfied with and no longer understand the moment and the piece as a whole, and am concerned that the audience is not "getting" anything out of the piece. I try to explain it, or what has gone wrong with the piece, but the explanations mostly rely on quotations, and don't seem to land either. At one point I address the mask, looking for some answers, but receive none. In frustration and despair, I apologize to the audience and to the actors, telling the audience that they'll "figure something out", and exit, muttering, out of the audience doors.

Epiphany Moment:

Immediately, Connor and Nicole peek out from the wings to see that I have truly left the theatre. Beckoning to each other from across the wings, they reluctantly come on stage and argue about what they should do. Addressing the audience, they admit that they have no idea what they should do, as I have not told them. Frustrated, shouting "We don't have a director!", they come

to the realization that they are free to do whatever they wish without my supervision. They try all sorts of things they want to do, putting on accents, expressing their hatred of the paper and annoyance with me, going in and out of the wings and into the audience; Connor suggests that they try different characters, to which Nicole objects that they are not in fact playing characters, but are themselves. Realizing and admitting that they are pretending to be characters and pretending not to know that they are, they are forced to the realization that they are performing, and that they are also pretending that I have left the theatre, pointing me out in the back of the audience, where I am sitting. Wondering why they have been pretending, they realize that they are in fact playing out the scenario of this scene, which was to eventually realize that they are playing a scene. Becoming aware of this, they remember that this very realization is the end of the piece. The lights, meanwhile, have been getting brighter, going from bluish to a blinding white, and as they stand in front of the audience, absorbing this epiphany, white noise fades in, and the stage goes to blackout. A projection, depicting bits of handwritten paper (from the brainstorm texts) accumulating, plays, and the stage goes dark, before the lights, including the house lights, come back on.

Epilogue or End Moment:

I climb down through the audience and come on stage, thanking them for coming, and admitting that I am uncertain “how to end” this piece, and have therefore decided to read to them a bit of text that I like and didn’t write myself: “to begin anew / ending / [...] standing in a circle / holding hands / our union legalized / by the sweat / of a frown / and we circle and twirl / and the flames rise / spark / the stars / we are there now / can’t climb back / down”. As I finish, I notice the audience is looking behind me, where a projection has appeared showing a photograph of the page I am reading, with a drawing of stars climbing a ladder and saying “ahhh help! I’m

stuck.”. Seeing it, I turn back toward the audience, and appear to realize something (namely, that this is, in fact, not impromptu at all). As I say “o” four times, each an apparently different realization, the lights fade to black.

Evaluations: Addition, Division, Exponentiation

Methodology:

If I were to analyze my devising process anthropologically, observing the patterns as they occurred rather than ascribing organized intentions to them, the overall pattern that emerges is this:

- Beginning with a piece of text from the notebooks, I gave it to the actors, and tried to stage it, approaching it as an essentially non-dramatic text, whatever its content.
- This was usually the inventing of scenarios, a set of rules or tasks for the actors and characters to engage in, and refining or changing the scenario in between or during runs of the moment being created. Sometimes a starting text was dispensed with in favor of working from a scenario, and text might be added later.
- Proposing the scenario to the actors, I would ask them to begin, and hung back while they worked through the scene, sometimes giving no input and allowing them to struggle until they found an end, sometimes introducing modifications to the scenario, suggestions or instructions like “find an end”, or physical objects like a lump of clay or a page from the notebooks, asking the actors to take these in without breaking the scene. Sometimes I asked them to stop or to restart with an important change.

- If a given improvisation was effective, I would usually articulate what the important or interesting bits within it were and ask the actors to do the scene again, focusing on these; sometimes I used the ‘five frames’ exercise from Pig Iron to reduce the moment to its essential narrative. This consists of finding the five interactions needed to tell the whole arc of the story, and when it is fully performed, the actors create five tableaux to show, but I often simply talked through it with them.
- Rather than transcribing or requiring the actors to memorize any portion of the piece save for the Brainstorm Text Moment, we left the moments fluid, and the actors learned the beats of each moment, improvising all of their dialogue which didn’t derive from reading the physical texts. While I considered writing a script based on the improvisations in order to refine the language of the piece (and this is a technique I may use eventually), it quickly became apparent that improvising the dialogue not only made the actors more present, but it also produced gems which I could not have invented myself.

This is all, however, only a ‘process’ in retrospect, for I only found these methods through habit, discovering what worked in rehearsal rather than having a deliberate process in mind from the beginning (or even, sometimes, on any given day).

Evaluating my process for making the piece as a whole, I realize I could have begun devising much earlier than I did, bringing my research and work to collaborators at the beginning of the fall term as I had initially planned. I think this was largely delayed by my involvement in the fall theatre department production, but more significantly delayed by my inability to connect with other individuals to begin devising with, and perhaps exacerbated by doubt in the

sufficiency of my materials or goals for the project. I now recognize, given what I actually began devising with, that these were quite sufficient to begin working with and showing them to others. While the piece that I ended up making, *Done*, was only possible given the months of frustrated work that I put into it, and was after all perhaps a better piece than I might have made otherwise; and although it is uncertain whether beginning devising so early would have been necessary or wise, given what I achieved in a month, going forward, I recognize that the majority of real development is done in the room, and that beginning, trusting the collaborators to provide ample fodder for the piece, is often enough.

Thinking about my process as a director, I learned to trust my impulses when working through a scene, interrupting the actors with an idea sooner rather than always waiting for them to figure it out; I learned to detect when a given run was not working such that it was more worth it to start over than give notes at the end. I suspect that these are habits which require ‘feeling out’ and developing a rapport with a given cast, but I also think that having gone through *Done*, I am better equipped to trust my instincts and develop such a rapport earlier in future projects.

Struggle to Struggle: Challenges, Achievements, Failures

It is my tendency, when confronted with obstacles, to either wrestle with them until one of us is the victor or I forget about it, or to shrug and absorb the obstacle as a challenge or contribution to my work. Throughout the development process, difficulties which provoked both of these reactions appeared, the former mostly confined to theoretical questions like that of creating a cubist theatrical language or finding the motor for my piece. I would like to address the latter, as I think this tendency towards absorption yields a striking pattern in my creative process, and its examination will illuminate the difficulties as an artist I have overcome in the creation of this piece and those that remain to be dealt with.

One of my tendencies as a creator in general is to have so many subsequent or variational ideas, both with projects in general and with any given project, that I have difficulty working on any one for a great length. The requirement of a senior project in itself forced me to stick with the project far longer than I probably would have otherwise, and an investment in the particular set of ideas I was working with, after some time, prevented me from ficklely abandoning it in favor of a newer ideas, though these continued to come to me as often as they normally do. These two habits, ever-changing ideas and stubbornly sticking to and wrestling with something I have decided to work with, made the project extremely difficult to progress on for the majority of my time working on it, and gave it a protean nature to such a degree that every epiphany which appeared to resolve its problems and give me a clear idea of how to proceed became incomprehensible to me within a span of days, hours, and sometimes minutes. In the end, this made for a dynamic and interesting set of materials to work with when I decided to use my notebooks as the text for the piece. Yet I consider this to be an absorptional solution rather than one that addressed the underlying problem, which I am still concerned will hinder my abilities in working with or starting on projects in the future.

In a similar, but more intentional way, the starting place and themes of the project reflected my own struggles as an artist: what likely produced my great affinity for *Hamlet* was the similarity between Hamlet's struggle for action and the struggle to create work, a perspective I would consciously adopt at one point as a way of tying these two themes together. My proclivity for paralysis is also related to my proclivity for producing and absorbing an accumulation of ideas, and the image of the (literal) accumulation of writing and paper was strong before it even converged with my interest in the materiality of text.

This group of habits, as may be imagined, steered me to have difficulty with completing the project at any stage: indeed, no single draft, no single direction was ever inexorably declared for the piece to develop from; rather than progressing through a series of drafts or stages in which each was a development of the former, it was steered as if by a group of competing factions with flexible and fluid membership. Even during the devising process, had there been more time to develop the piece, I am sure it would have continued to develop and was only finalized (insofar as it was finalized, which I'll get to presently) by virtue of the necessity of having a defined shape for it. Though this proclivity for not finishing work, along with the above difficulties which seem to cause it, is something which I would like to grow away from, I am also interested in unfinishedness as an aesthetic, insofar as it is a *conscious* decision, for it does have its benefits. Knowing this, I did intentionally incorporate an unfinished aesthetic into the piece—this was also inherent in the idea of a process piece, which is prepared for but only completed in the moment of performance. Thus, in the end, *Done* was a work which was in progress as it was performed, which is why it was critical to emphasize the fluidity and spontaneity of each moment for the actors, even though the sequence of moments and beats was relatively codified. This vital uncertainty, where it is visible to the audience that the theatrical act is happening “now”, is live, I believe was likely the most compelling strength of my piece for both those observing and creating it. This was also consciously embodied in aesthetic choices like the use of a white tarp and white Tyvek work clothes, as well as in almost every moment (the Mask Moment, the Epiphany Moment, in the chance operation of the Snow-text Moment), and was particularly emphasized in the Epilogue or End Moment, where I literally claimed to have not finished the piece and to be providing an impromptu ending (untrue). In addition to making natural the use of vital uncertainty within the piece, having the piece in an actual

unfinished state with respect to goals or text provided opportunity for the cast and other individuals involved in the devising stage to fill the void and exercise some real responsibility for creating the piece. Having a piece which was also not wrapped up in a neat packaged, too well figured-out, may have also allowed the audience and actors to do a proportionate amount of work in figuring out what the ideas of the piece might be at any given moment, and the possible disparity between these different perceptions may have made the piece more of a mosaic of ideas and consequently more available for interpretation. This side effect was unintentional on my part, but I recognize the value of intentionally not trying to determine or contain a piece of art, allow it to be too 'neat', for future endeavors.

While I didn't intentionally let the piece remain as unfinished as it was throughout the process, I did intentionally seek out the collaboration of other individuals to take and process my ideas, to keep the work as much 'outside myself' as possible. This was motivated largely because I was not comfortable with the idea of making a piece which derives from one person's conceptions and process. Since working on and performing *Done*, I do feel an increased confidence in my own abilities and vision, in that they might result in output which will be interesting to other people; I still feel that collaboration will yield more interesting results and that I work better with other people. To that end, my next project will be a co-collaborative effort, and I plan to continue to seek out others to work with. To my mind, though I ended up devising the final work with Connor and Nicole and with the feedback of several individuals, *Done* was a piece that decidedly emanated from me (It did very much feel like the piece was taking on a life and momentum of its own, outside me or its participants, but always that I was its driving cause); yet I did manage to route the work through others in a few instances: First, the 17 November workshop which produced the sole exquisite "brainstorm texts" allowed me to have

my writing processed by other individuals, with results that both pleased me and clarified the tone of my writing for me. Secondly, handing the design of projections to Peter Schreiber allowed the important elements and ideas behind my design to be employed without the exactitude which might have limited the associations derived from viewing them.

Stacking Up, Looking Off (Probabilities & Possibilia):

Given that I almost exclusively received responses from those who were affiliated with the Theater & Performance Program, all of which were at least somewhat familiar with me, I am not certain to what degree the piece is universal, that is, whether it would be successful in other contexts. I realized (on opening night) that the Mask Moment in fact relies on the knowledge on the audience's part that I am the creator of this piece; I do not know to what extent any of the moments or the piece as a whole might similarly rely on knowledge about me or of theatre.

While I feel happy overall with the results of the piece, I tend to think of it as something which was deliberately created for a given time, space, and audience, and any discussion engaging the theoretical future of *Done* must do so in very specific ways: If I were to imagine that I was now given the opportunity to perform it again with the same cast and crew, in the same space, and in a short interval of time, I would pick off more or less where I left off, endeavoring to cinch the beats and moments that I didn't feel were fully expressed, encouraging new discoveries. Were this extended run to be extended for a large number of performances, the piece would have to continually develop in order to continue to work at all, and I would have to rehearse it regularly, changing and developing it in new directions, bringing in different material from my notebooks, of which there is still a copious amount unused. Any continuation of the piece, even after a longer interval of time or with new participants, would have to include further development of the piece, for while it could be codified and refined to be played over and over, it

is a fragile work which heavily relies on newness, and it would be disingenuous to treat it otherwise than to respect its material appetite. Indeed, further work on the piece would undoubtedly generate new textual material, and this would of course have to be incorporated. On the other hand, if the piece were to be approached freshly, this could either be done with the goal of redeveloping *Done*—in which case I'd start with a new group of individuals and the same textual material, bringing everything I've learned in developing the piece to bear—or starting over before the genesis of the piece. In this case, I would probably pursue one of the forms of the ideas that I never accomplished, setting out to make a cubist piece, an archeological examination of *Hamlet*, a critique génétique piece, etc., doing some deeper and more careful reading and assembly of relevant texts while beginning with a group of collaborators immediately so that the piece is figured out in the room and does not fester in my own skull. If there were an afterlife for this piece which I would like to give it, aside from the place wherever all closed shows go, it would probably be to hand off the work in some form to a group of complete strangers (artistically-savvy ones) and hope that it continues to evolve in unexpected directions, superseding itself. Mostly, though, I consider *Done* to be an act of convergence, whose component parts, once met, will now scatter indefinitely into the ether, perhaps to reencounter, probably not.

Theories of Influence: Critique Génétique, Cubism, Surrealism

La Critique Génétique et mes Premières Pensées:

The Critique Génétique, or Genetic Criticism, school studies the genesis of works, particularly works of literature or music, by studying and analyzing the material evidence of genesis, namely manuscripts: rough drafts, edited typescripts, foul papers. This is understood by the school to both provide a perspective on the finished work which would otherwise be

unavailable and offer the in progress material as work to be read and analyzed in its own right. They are in some ways taking the creative process itself as an object of study, without subscribing to the notion that the author's actual intentions represent the only or final perspective on the work. The mode of study usually involves the compiling of a 'dossier génétique' in which the final work is placed and compared with the series of avant-texts which preceded it. One of my earliest ideas was to make a play which was effectively a dossier génétique of *Hamlet*, so that the play would analyze the avant-texts of *Hamlet*, or alternatively deconstruct the text into its avant-texts and possibly its post-texts as well, through its performance. The mode of deconstruction or analysis I settled on was Cubism, which soon led to its own idea of a 'cubist *Hamlet*'; while the idea of examining the creative process led to the idea of using my own creative process as a subject, and in turn to the idea of a piece which was its own genetic dossier. This last idea, though it competed with the other ideas, eventually returned when I decided to declare the material outputs of my own creative process as the piece. However, the use of these material outputs was only actualized as possibility, in that the majority of the materials were transcribed, cut up, and fed randomly to the actors in the Snow-text Moment, who over the course of all of the runs and performances of the piece would only read a fraction of the possible material. Rather than rigorously performed as a critique génétique piece, the critique génétique ideas were co-opted in several oblique and abstracted ways, perhaps in something of a cubist way after all. The concept of the creative process and a piece which analyses itself were very apparent in the final work, and were clear to the audience according to feedback I have received. I am still interested in the possibility of creating a 'rigorous' critique génétique piece, one which either examines its own process or performs the analysis of another work, like *Hamlet*, or even something more recent for which there is adequate material.

Towards a Theatrical Theory of Cubism

Cubism played a unique role in the theoretical process for this piece: a good portion of its front end was spent determining what Cubism might look like when applied to the theatre—something I considered far more readily available in film or fine arts—and what the nature of a cubist theatrical language would have to be. I don't consider that I have arrived at answers to these questions; moreover, I believed and still believe that they need to be figured out in the room. This is something I am also still interested in doing, even if it is not applied to the same material: in fact, it would probably be a good idea to explore a simple theatrical idea while trying to find a cubist theatrical language for depicting it. A word of clarification is in order here: I am distinguishing between the idea of cubist language, examples of which I am familiar with from the pen of Gertrude Stein, who wrote cubist *language for* theatre, and the idea of a dramatic 'language', or mode of performance, which is also cubist. For my purposes in this project, and which would likely hold were I to pursue this further, I am defining something as 'cubist' as something which depicts its subject from multiple perspectives simultaneously. To understand this, the best definition I can give is to point to the 'Aleph' in Borges story of the same name, and describe the way the protagonist sees objects through the Aleph (from all angles simultaneously "without superposition and without transparency") as the perfect example which all non-fictional examples would achieve imperfectly. This is, I am aware, far more narrow than many definitions of Cubism, and may have little to do with the movement at the beginning of the twentieth century itself; perhaps it would be clearer to change my term to 'alephic', and move this to an entirely different section altogether. But all of this thought, aside from the influence of "The Aleph", derives from studies of cubist art, and the work of Gertrude Stein exuded a gravity of its own.

While I took out and read portions of Stein's *How to Write*, skimmed through *Last Operas and Plays*, and kept *Writings 1903-1932* on my shelf largely as a talisman, Stein did not occupy a good deal of ink in my notes, save for a few selected quotations. Her work, however, was of interest to Connor (he mentioned her in his audition), and he picked out one of these quotations to work on for a segment that was never completed. In addition, thinking about her writing and the practice of 'automatic writing' led me to an idea which I found incredibly intriguing although it didn't make it into the piece, 'automatic speech'. The Snow-text Moment began with the premise that the two characters on stage could not communicate, but for some time this was not coming clearly across, so I filled the silent beginning with automatic speech, in which I instructed the actors to speak whatever was actually on their mind, while still not being able to understand each other. Interestingly, they took two divergent approaches in doing so, Connor speaking what was literally on his mind at that moment, including the premise of the scene, while Nicole spoke aloud what her character was thinking or feeling; the juxtaposition worked for me nonetheless. Despite my being enamored of the idea, in practice it came across as too cacophonous for Geoff Sobelle and Professor Felton-Dansky, so we returned to silence and character at the beginning, and I believe creating stronger characters for the first two moments allowed the actor-characters in the Epiphany Moment to be a more effective innovation. I do think there may be still a use for automatic speech in another piece, perhaps the premise of a piece in itself or perhaps as a tool in rehearsal to generate material, closer to the function of automatic writing.

Un soupçon du Surréalisme

I would like to devote a small section to discussing the small role Surrealism played in the piece's influence; small largely because it came rather late. Seeing several surrealist films in

February, I noted what seemed to be the ‘operation’ of the surreal aesthetic was communication by analogy—rather than depicting an event as it was or as it would obey the rules of reality or common sense, it would depict something traversing these rules to show the nature of the event. The guests at an opulent party are self-absorbed and not paying attention to anything, so a mule-driven cart with peasants moves straight through the middle of it, there is an explosion in the kitchen, and no one notices; this makes more apparent the effect of the guests actually noticing a gunshot which occurs outside later.⁸ This idea, whether or not it is an accurate analysis of the Surrealist movement, piqued my interest enough that I am certain I employed such an analogous mode of depiction at several points in the development of the piece. Thinking of the Surrealist movement also led me to automatic writing, and consequently to the idea for automatic speech.

Text and Speech:

Words, words, words:

I have discussed in several places elements of my use of text and of paper and ink as a material: it will be worthwhile, however, to articulate the nucleus of my conceptions here on its own. My work began with the idea of the text as evidence, the (fragmentary) material traces of the genetic process according to the critique génétique. This is to conceive of the text as a sediment, the creative processes leaving behind remains in the form of words on a page, which accumulated and put in chronological order can produce an aggregate material, layers that reveal the evolution of a work when excavated and sampled.

This is the same conception I employed when I declared the sum-total of my writing that was intended toward the creation of my piece—my notes, my drafts, my scribbles, my concept maps—as the textual fabric of the piece itself. However, at the same time, I was also recontextualizing the text from the role of the evidence or material residue of the creative

⁸ From *L'Age d'Or* by Buñuel

process to that of its product. Not only was none of the text intended for performance as it was, most of it was not even made to be transformed into performable material, that is, little of it was script or script-like but was instead ephemera, notes made for the purpose of creating the piece and not for participating in it or being preserved. The way they were used on stage—transcribed from the notebooks onto plain paper which may or may not be read but will certainly be thrown away—meant that the material ephemera is transformed into an ephemeral and immaterial performance. The text therefore has a dual material nature as something which is fragile and decays and as something which reifies. Similarly, the Snow-text image was conceived as a double-edged (rather blatant) metaphor: the paper falling from above could symbolize the stream of ideas and language in the throes of creativity; its accumulation on the stage could represent creative abundance and ecstasy or creative overwhelm and paralysis.

While *Done* was not developed with a nuanced theory about text in mind, considered retrospectively, the transformations in the use and meaning of the paper throughout the whole piece become apparent: Beginning with the Brainstorm Text Moment, the material text is entirely absent. In the Snow-text Moment of *Done*, the falling text is pure possibility: only the actor picking it up and reading it actualizes the language it represents and connects the matter in the actor's hands to the words he or she is uttering. Those pieces which land on the stage and are not read remain trapped in an abortive state, never actualized but never fully dismissed. Of course, at the same time, even though it is technically passive in that it receives actions and does not itself act, the unmissable image of the paper snowing down gives it an active quality that designates it as part of the performance (its manipulation by agents, i.e. actors and crew, may lend it an analogous status to that of a puppet); and in actualizing *one* of the falling texts, the

audience also recognizes *any of the others* as *available* to read, so that even those which are not read may gain a kind of secondary actualization.

In the Broom Moment, the text has become a *substance* which must be dealt with the way matter is insistent in its presence: when a page drops from above despite all logical impossibility, it cannot be refuted, especially by words. The performative form of text, the language that the actors utter, cannot overcome the solid material; by the end of the piece, the speech acts (see below) will supersede the paper, forgotten and strewn across the stage. And at the end of the Epiphany Moment through the end of the piece, the text gains a virtual reality in the projections of photographs of the text, and a reemphasized material reality in the paper which I read from, being an original document (with greater fragility and particularity over the other scraps, which are transcriptions). This once again leaves us with a dichotomous understanding of the text, and the piece ends with the material remains of the production on the stage as well as the virtual remains of the production in our memory (and filmic and photographic records). Further applications of the materiality of text are very much of interest to me and it is something I will likely include in future work, as it is apparent even the number of ways to theorize its usage in *Done* is as limitless as is paper to write them on.

Happiness in Epiphany:

What excited me most about the Epiphany Moment was something that I only discovered an articulation for on the Friday following opening night: While the realizations that Connor, and then Nicole, were going through as characters on the day they developed the piece were happening simultaneously for themselves and their characters (a fascinating moment in itself), repeating the realizations in rehearsal and performance offered the opportunity for a scene which begins with the stark separation of character and actor familiar to naturalistic theatre, yet which

decays as it progresses until the character and actor, the reality of the play and the reality in the playing space converge. This is the eponymous moment of epiphany. The theoretical articulation for this comes from a branch of analytic philosophy, and happened to be (literally) handed to me on the 18th⁹: in the theory of speech acts pioneered by J. L. Austin, a distinction is made between speech which describes something and that which actively *does* something by the act of saying it, and these “performative utterances” can be evaluable, instead of on their truth value, on the degree to which they correspond to the action they purport to perform, ‘happy’ for those which do and ‘unhappy’ for those which do not¹⁰. As the Epiphany Moment progressed and each pretense dropped, the happiness of Connor and Nicole’s utterances increased. By speaking, even such non-performative sentences as “we don’t have a director” or “Dimitri has left” that could be true or false, the actors are *creating* the world of the play; for most of *Done*, as with the majority of pieces, there is a vacillating degree of correspondence between the reality within the performance and the reality outside of it, the gap which is filled by the actors and audience with ‘suspension of disbelief’. But while the Epiphany Moment begins with a disparity between these two, the actors (and probably audience) aware that I haven’t really left the theatre, over time this disparity decreases and the correspondence increases as Connor and Nicole ‘realize’ that they are characters, that they are in a performance, that this is the premise of the moment. By saying “we are characters!”, they are establishing themselves as actors playing characters; when they say “this is the scene” and “this is the end of this scene”, they are actually making the scene happen and end: the performance reality, where the characters are aware that they are characters and the scene ends, is simultaneous and identical with the external reality, where the actors are aware that they are characters and the scene ends.

⁹ And on a scrap of paper, I’ll have you know.

¹⁰ “J. L. Austin”; “Performative utterance”; Wolf

In actuality, this was incredibly difficult for the actors to manage largely because of the difficulty I had in establishing and making clear the sequence of realizations they were to go through which would ensure this gradual transition, and they consequently had difficulty remembering this sequence while improvising—I think the closest they came to pulling it off was on Sunday night. I do also recognize the value in the ways they discovered to do the moment on the other performances, and that this lack of exactitude is natural and essential to *Done* as a piece, but were this moment achieved, I think the result would be aweing even more than amusing.

This idea of correspondence between the interior and exterior of the performance I noticed was also present to a more abstract extent, as it probably occurs in many pieces, elsewhere in *Done*, for example, the struggle I had performing the Mask Moment on the Saturday matinee was the same struggle I was expressing having (to make the performance “land”). While all in all I don’t think this convergence was fully actualized in performance, I was quite pleased with its discovery alone, and it is an idea I would like to continue to explore—indeed, the distinctions made in speech-act theory could, on further study, be used to carefully and intentionally create theatrical pieces through devising or writing (for example, a play in which dialogue alternately falls into the four different categories of speech acts, or characters communicate although they have an entirely different set of conventional or conversational implicatures, the effects of which would likely produce an absurdist-sounding world, but with a different sort of deliberateness than is often done).

Inconclusion:

Looking back, I made a piece called *Done*. It was definitely absurd, self-referential and metatheatrical in probably the cheapest ways. It took me about a year to make and was an

unpleasant process for the greater portion of it, and doing it connected me with people who I really enjoyed working with. It was a struggle to make in the worst way, before it was appropriated as a failure, brought to life, and became a struggle in the most vital way. I have never done anything like it and am rather unsure of what to make of it... (probably more theatre, without a doubt) I must consider, though, that this in many ways the first piece I have created and seen through, at least on this scale, and spent so much time with. I don't think the accomplishment or the bizarreness of this whole thing has really dawned on me before the time of this writing. I have nothing left to say, and there remains nothing left to do but quote myself, and quote Shakespeare, the only things I'm able to do without fail. "It's a start." That's me. "What's done is done."

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Appendices:

Wow, thanks for making it back here. This is where I'm ~~dumping~~ putting all of the material that made up or describes the show—as you are likely aware from reading the paper or skimming through and catching the odd word to the wise, there is and was never a bona fide script for the piece. If you want to know what happened in it, please turn to the section entitled “Done a description” on page 14, where I’ve written down all of the main points of action that occur. If you want to know *why* it happened, you’ll just have to try and find out from the paper, and I’m afraid I cannot help you with that.

Here I am placing all of the textual material that was utilized to make the piece, plus several notes that I don’t believe were used at all—so fair warning, free-writes ahead! (i.e. college-level introspective immaturity—what can I say? that's what my head sounds like, sometimes.)

Appendix I: Transcribed pages from Notebooks I & II, Evernote notes

Appendix II: Scans of a few pages from Notebooks I & II

Appendix III: A few select photographs from the show

Incidentally, while I’m here, if there is something not covered or unavailable in this document, or you are curious about the project, feel free to contact me.

Appendix I:

Notebook I Pages:

Notebook I, Page 81

S. P. Dramaturgical Research Plan blah blah

Read texts: G.C.

Notebook I, Page 82

Mon, 10 June. Beginning the Spanish Tragedy

Ghost begins, Revenge accompanies ghost.

Confession (to audience(?)) Act I, as far as I can tell, seems to have little to resemble Ham.

Repetition e.g. II, 1 "In time...In time...In time..." I,3 end "Their love...Their hope..." I,1. "And wantons...And murderers..." "Both furnisht...Both menacing"

Sat 15 June. The plot seems somewhat contrived, though in fact it is as much so as any Shakespeare, but without the brilliant character and touches of language that renders like people more than archetypes.

III, 7 Heironimo for his son, Hamlet for his father Horatio as ghost? in Ham.'s imagination?

They are both trying to find the answers for the death of a loved one, perhaps as scholar may search for answers of his sepht [word unclear].

"Take truce with sorrow while I read on this"

There may be an Actor, too

III 8, ~~Q~~ Isabella like Ophelia, mad, herbs, over death

Heironimo as older/ parallel Hamlet, son instead of father

III, 9 Christophel?

"Come, Madame Bel-..."

Wat up with dat?

III,13 Hieronimo: musings/sililoquy/self-debate resemble's Hamlet's, his use of proverbs like

Polonius', Hieronimo as ghost in play *Hamlet*? —use of opposites 'rest...unrest' 'quiet...unquiet' 'ignorance...know'

Maybe I can use 2 or 3 other dedicated people for development stage, & at least one dedicated professor to give feedback (either Miriam or Jean, probably).

The People would need to be well-read and have a strong theatrical understanding & be creative & inventive

End of III, 14, Dumb show

Gesta Danorum [flourish underline]

Preface of Saxo is interesting - commentaries interspersed, e.g. 'I put this into meter...' 'Oden wasn't really a a ~~aged~~ god...' etc. etc.

Extremely mythological; repeated story elements, themes, e.g. wives convincing husbands to rebel against their kings (& usually relation), getting lost in the woods & meeting mysterious supernatural figures, omens/prophecy, the scattering of wealth to appease or aid an escape, the tricks in war like waiting for the enemy's volley to be extinguished before returning or boring holes in their ships at night, feasts, fighting or otherwise dying at feasts, maidens & men falling in love, and especially maidens pledging their troths to someone or refusing, sons living up to or ameliorating their fathers' deeds

Now we get to Book 3, & Horwendil & Feng, the governors of Jutland, Horwendil's good ruling & subsequent roving, & his noble battle duel with Koller the king of Norway who he kills & gives obsequies to. He gets to marry King Rorik's daughter Gerutha. But 'such ^[great] good fortune stung Feng with Jealousy', so he kills him, and tells people he ~~was~~ hated Gerutha, who Feng marries. But Horwendil's son, Amleth wants to get revenge, but fears to be known, so he 'feign[s] dulness'. People suspect, get a girl to tempt & trick him in the woods, and men to lead him there, 'Among these' a foster-brother of Amleth who warns him.[continues on next page]

Notebook I, Page 83

The girls was reared up with Amleth. They do have sex, but somewhere else, & she agrees not to tell, he is asked whether he did, & he gives nonsense answers which are technically true. "Thus all were worsted, & none could open the secret lock of the young man's wisdom."

Britain, Hamlet like Sherlock Holmes

"There's no point in being grown-up if you can't be childish from time to time!"

A "friend" of Feng suggests spying on Amleth when he is with his mother, (he is "gifted, more with judgement than assurance than judgment"), but is killed by Amleth who acts like a com and jumps upon the straw where the "friend" was hiding, stabs him, & throws his body to the pigs.

A rule for Amleth: he must always tell the truth, but couches it in words that seem absurd "wise fool"

He questions his mother, and Feng sends him to Britain to be killed with two messengers. The switch in tablets, and when Amleth is in Britain he says clever discerning things at the dinner that seem like nonsense. King says 'he who could say such things had either more than mortal wisdom or more than mortal folly' Amleth receives gold, melts it into hollow sticks ('Hidden Fortress' trick)

Covers drunk nobles at court with net & prepared stakes, goes to Feng, tells him Amleth is there and wants to be revenged, then kills him. He is still alive. No mention here of Gerutha.

'O valient Amleth, and worthy of Immortal fame, who being shrewdly armed with a feint of folly, covered a wisdom too high for human wit under a marvelous disguise of silliness! And not only found

in his subtlety means to protect his own safety, but also by its guidance found opportunity to Avenge his father. By this skillful defense of himself, and strenuous revenge for his parent, he has left his it doubtful whether we are to think more of his wit or his bravery.” (3)

After this, Amleth goes on other adventures, convincing the people to elect him as king, and going back to Britain to get his wife, has shield made depicting {{exploits [deeds]}, king of Britain sworn to avenge Feng, sends Amleth to woman on envoy of love, but she kills those who woo her. But through theiving messengers and cleverness on both Amleth’s & Hermitrude’s sides, they fall in love & marry anyway, and Amleth’s wife doesn’t even mind, even warning Amleth against her father. Fights Amleth, kills king of Britain with clever ruse, {{going [returning]} to Denmark with wives, and fights wooer of his mother. He goes to war, but knows he will likely be killed, so looks for 2nd husband for Hermitrude, but she says She doesn’t need one & will die in battle with him. After Amleth dies, however, She surrendered and married his conqueror. Saxo comments on women. “So ended Amleth. Had fortune been as kind to him as nature, he would have equalled the gods in glory, and surpassed the labors of Hercules by his deeds of prowess. A plain in Jutland is to be found, famous for his name & burial-place.”

Recursion of Hamlet-story: Amleth killed usurping uncle and later marries a Hermitrude. killed by person suing his mother, wife marries conqueror. Story between Old Hamlet’s & young Hamlet’s or Hamlet’s story between Amleth’s & the non-existent son of Amleth.

Notebook I, Page 84

Rude Mechs.: “...we appreciate ourselves to the idea that the best work is made by combining the depth of multiple viewpoints with the discipline to speak as a single voice.”

Goal: To tell the story of how Hamlet became Hamlet, And how Amleth became Hamlet.

And most of all, to deconstruct Shakespeare’s *Hamlet* to show that its position is not & has not always been what we tend to think it is.

origin story, ‘just so’ story, legend

also need individual personal narrative, stake.

What I think People generally think about Hamlet:

1 the greatest text/Play in the English language

2 Shakespeare wrote Hamlet

3 Hamlet is a depressed/pensive character, & ‘to be or not to be’ is about suicide

NotHamlet

after Nothammer

(window hammer?

in German)

|
 Similarly, breaking
 the glass pane that is
 our image of *Hamlet*

1. Simply why? &, why the *English* language? is this just a tendency to avoid judgment of works that the speaker isn't familiar with, or does it suggest something *about* its 'greatest text' status?—
 Namely, that the quality & stature of the play has much to do with its language

2. Well, Shakespeare, in addition to being a contention mystery-figure himself, did not write the story to *Hamlet*. It is just too impossible, given Saxo. So what *did* he do, and who did compose the story? Does it in fact go all the way back to Indo-European legends?

3. *Hamlet* has been played many different ways, not all of them indecisive & brooding.
 'To be or not to be' likewise, has enough over- & undertones to have more possibility than suicide alone.
 Also, the quarto 1 'to be or not To be'.

Notebook I, Page 85

Do I want it to be Academic, Storytelling? or Lyrical, Cubist?

[line to "Discussing..."] [line to "Lack..."]

Discussing, me as me, narrator

Showing pieces from each

variation, analyzing/describing them, vignettes?

Commentary

creating meaning by commenting, explicit,
 foiling expectations

Lack of objective, clear narrator,

other central figures

Polyphonically depicting all the variations at once

[line to "creating..."] [line to "cubists"]

creating new meaning by juxtaposition

for inspiration, Wilson, Cubists

Approach metaphorically, the assembly of a dossier génétique for play?

|->as in deBiasi

But unlike deBiasi, this project, cubistically would not care about the teleology of it, at least if it follows this [upward arrow above “this”, pointing presumably to paragraph starting “Lack”] note

[unknown word with downward arrow beneath] What do I have to do for this project (preparations)?:

- 1 Decide how the Critique Génétique applies to it—read CG texts
- 4 Figure out processes for creating piece — ??? (!)
- 3 Get collaborators/People to work with for Fall
- 5 Make a schedule for work/deadlines/milestones/checkpoints/synonyms
- 2 Write ideas, rough texts etc. to work with possibly

- Text in every scene
- Organized by sections: - Significant Monologues/Soliloquies - V acts of play
- begin with death? “Giue order that these bodies/High on a stage be placed to the view/And let me speak.../How these things came about” [3872]

O, o, o, o – “O that this too too solid flesh...” “O what a rogue and peasant slaue...”

- Emphasis in intratextual references, or intertextual/-versional references?

Notebook I, Page 87

Sorting out the Voices—

Whose story is this going to be?

The Academic— wants to sort out the story, clinical, obsessive, possibly neurotic, has to have some stake in outcome, ego? challenge? neurosis or psychological problem?

Most objective?

Shakespeare—the mystery figure in the center of it all. Will not reveal himself, not easily. Not necessarily intentionally mysterious, either, but just went about his besides & left very little behind.

Hamlet—Shakespeare’s (creation)? Hamlet from plot of *Hamlet*, but maybe has stake in being himself, or integrity, or finding answers—possibly w/ variations of his character, more detective, wants to figure out the death of his father rather than having it so easily revealed at the beginning. Doubtful, double-checking, parallels to Academic? possibly.

Heironimo—Ky’d’s character, but also, perhaps a pseudo- or parallel-father to Hamlet, perhaps taking Hamlet as replacement-son, under his wing, perhaps this changing the outcome? he delays his revenge, with pseudo-son.

Amleth—Clever, shifty, shrewd, but not so intellectual as the others, perhaps. in that on killing [text unclear], little sense of urgency

|->or Andrea, Revenge

Ghost—is this Shakespeare, for Academic, old Hamlet for Hamlet, Horatio for Heironimo, someone for Amleth? - Saxo?

Author—Same as Academic, or same as Shakespeare, or Saxo? The writer, author of the play, perhaps a Storyteller, the author of the myth?

She—combo. [line to “perhaps”], perhaps of Female [line to “Gertrude”] figures [line to “Ophelia”]
or split?

Perhaps discuss w/ People who have
considered feminist view of *Hamlet*

Combined would be all of these things [line to “the forgiver-forgiven”]

Gertrude-Gerutha-mother

The mother, the traitor, the guilty, the neurotic or locus of neuroses,
the forgiver-forgiven, the left-for-heaven, the 2nd in power, the wife.

Ophelia—maiden

The seductress, the innocent, the octins [word unclear]
the pre- and post-dead, the pawn, another ghost—ophelia’s revenge

Notebook I, page 88

[flower-shaped mark] “Although this object of study [the published
text] has long been thought of as a discrete
whole, recent developments in literary research have
revealed a more and more perceptible rupture inside it.”

- Pierre-Marc de Biasi, “Toward a Science of Literature”

“The object-text has been torn from the closure
of the ‘in-itself’ and enriched with a new temporal
dimension.” -ibid.

^

/

using this text in performance?

“See Roland Barthes’s encyclopedia article on ‘the text’” I think
Gelato al Limon? Gelato al Limon? Gelato al Limon? I will

[three connected squares]

Gathering Place for Math, Science, etc.

Learning couher [text unclear] not college or university, but
development of project, can rent space,
be naturally integrated to abut artists & scientists

And tinkerers and social change people

Public – first come-reserved offices/work stations

Nearby e in city

Mobile lab? —idea/ creation lab

discuss with [circled:] social architects

But how to convene/attract people?

Rehearsals as performance - the work of an actor/artist

Notebook I, page 91

Hamlet turns on the radio. All the stations are scene _____, different versions (either texts or productions of Hamlet.) He throws down the radio, breaking it.

A 'text' in every scene, overturned/in some way complicated

The shore sound of the shore

death, arrival, departure

O, o, o, o

Carmelo Bene Un Amleto di Meno

Repetition of language—Cubism – Gertrude Stein

Ghost is image, Abstract

eros & Thanatos

Tensions, perhaps between actors playing or rehearsing—

other level, story of play, emotions & action not entirely continuous

flat, scene covering imperfectly, from one angle, composed, from another decomposed, illusion

revealed, unmasked

“The time is out of Joint

But maybe I was born to set it right”

in Neutral space, players/actors, also first scene by sea, beach

Rips bit of paper from book, shows it to Hor., who reads “The Spirit I have seen...etc.”

Appears, quotes Freudian Oedipal theory

Shows madness, neuroses about self and his mother (as prostitute), fear/manipulative relation to women.

Examining way Kate Bush combines Elvis & Citizen Kane in “King of the Mountain”

-legends/tall tales/gossip about Elvis coming back

-King = Elvis, King of the Mountain=>Kane’s mansion on Hill

-Wind it blows through the house, snow & Rosebud

Le neveu de Rameau, Diderot

Moi & Lui as Hamlet & Amleth?

Slowness of Bad Sleep Well

Shot of 1:58:17

‘uncle’ was his father, uncles associated w/ beurocracy

Self-analysis of Koshi

Notebook I, page 97

Saxo Sits at his desk, writing:

“I would like to record for the benefit of mankind, all the known history of the Danes, that we should be known as much as other races for our deeds, both good and bad, and have a place in the history of letters.”

He looks at his paper

“Thus do I begin with our earliest legends, though they may scarce be belied to be entirely accurate, thus far do I hold it in duty to record aright that I can that passes through the lips of my countrymen of things ^past [passed?]

(that have?)

and makes its way into mine ear.”

He looks at the page, again. Sighs.

“It’s a start. It’s gonna take awhile...”

Sighs. Begins again, mumbling quietly

Laurence Sterne enters, sits down at his desk, which is covered in books, including *Hamlet* (or the complete works of Shakespeare) and Saxo’s *Gesta Danorum*. Takes out paper & pen and begins, thinking.

“My life and opinions, by Laurence Sterne.”

Looks at it proudly. Dots an i or fixes something to look better.

“ Now when I was born...”

Breaks off, thinking. Instinctively crumples up piece of paper.

“Bollocks.”

Gets out a new piece.

“The Life and Opinions of...Tris-tram (giggles, thinks) Shan-dy (giggles some more)”

Looks at it,

“now we’re getting somewhere. (Writing) I wish, either my father or my mother, or indeed both of them, as they are in duty both equally bound to it, had minded what they were about when they begot me; (mumbles, writes faster) “...but before I can explain how I was born, I must tell you of the midwife, and before I tell you of the midwife, I must explain to you the story of the Parson. ou will see why in due time.”

Looks at it. [maybe: “more upon the midwife later” or sth.]

“It’s a start.” ^ Begins again. “Yorick was this parson’s name, and, what is very remarkable in it, ...(mumbles) ...it had been exactly so spelt... for I do not know how long; ...(mumbles) That the family was originally of Danish extraction, (quietly) and had been transplanted into England as early as in the reign of (louder) Horwendillus, king of Denmark, in whose court it seems an ancestor of this Mr. Yorick’s...held a considerable post...It has often to into my head, that this job could be no other than that of the king’s chort Juster;—and that (loud) Hamlet’s Yorick, in our Shakespear, many of whose pals, you know, (looking at audience?) are founded upon authenticated facts,—was certainly the very man.”

(lifts *Gesta Danorum*, scans through it, then tosés-tang [text unclear]. Resumes.) “I have not the time to look into Saxo-*Grammaticus*’s Danish history, to know the certainty of this;—but if you have leisure, and can easily get at the book (maybe throws it away here instead?), you may do it full as well yourself. (possibly Saxo looks offended.)

Later: L.S. writes, saying loudly: “Alas, poor Yorick (giggles), Alas, Poor Yorick! (giggles again) then begins crossing out a whole page, making it black, tittering the whole time.

Notebook I, page 101

[three drawings of a hair, that vaguely resemble the letter ‘D’]

Amleth:

The sea is my churn,

The wolf is my colt,

All things that are

Are also to me

You and you, and you as well

are in debt to me

And I'll pay the maker back
 in allotted denomination, soon,
 for truth leaves no stain
 when it passes through me

Her eyes are a slave's eyes
 His body is for the pigs
 I killed them all in their hall,
 baked into a pot a feu (?) ... in a demi-glaze (i.e. w/wife?[text unclear])
 Which served his majesty's forward
 I kept council with everybody, but
 alone kept its key
 The javelins sharpened, and hardened by age
 found each their niche
 I lived and died in the open
 Saxo & the gods alone knew my meaning

Saxo:...At this time, Horwendil & Feng, whose Father Gerwindil had been governor of the Jutes, were appointed in his place by king Rorik to defend Jutland. But Horwendil held the monarchy for three years, afte [word unclear], to will the height of glory, devoted himself to Roving...and in order to win higher rank in Rorik's favor, he assigned to him the best trophies and the pick of the plunder. His friendship with Rorik enabled him to woo and win in marriage his daughter Gerutha, who bore him a son, Amleth.

Amleth: This is I, Amleth, the Dane.

Saxo: Such good fortune Stung Feng with Jealousy, so that he resolved treacherously to waylay his brother, thus showing that goodness is not safe even from those of a man's own house. And behold, when a chance came to murder him, wish lowly hand sated the deadly passion of his soul. Then he took the wife of the brother he had butchered, capping unnatural murder with incest. For whoso yields to one iniquity, speedily falls an easier victim to the rest, the first being an incentive to the second. And [word unclear], the man reduille [word unclear] monstrosity of his deed with such hardihood of cunning, that he made up a mask [text unclear] pretense of goodwill to eferthiy [word unclear] crime, and glossed over fortrieille [word unclear] with a show of righteousness. Gerutha, said he, though so gentle that she would do no mante sheilpstoh [text unclear] had been visited with her husband's uterist [word unclear] hate; and it was all to save her that he had slain his brother; for he thought, wharehlethatataly somertand on marcocus she [text unclear] suffer the her nay detor [text unclear] of her husband. Nor did his smooth words fail in their intent; for at courts (images or clips of *the Bad Sleep Well* may play here) where fools are sometimes favored and

backbiters preferred, a lie lacks not credit. Nor did Feng keep from shameful embraces the hands that had slain a brother; pursuing of equal guilt lor [word unclear] of his wicked and impious deeds.

?

Amleth: Amleth beheld all this, but feared lest too shrewd a behavior might make his uncle suspect him. So he chose to feign dulness, and pretend an utter lack of wits. This cunning worse not only concealed his intelligence but ensured his safety.

Notebook I, page 103

No one really believes me when I tell them I'm a ghost.

I don't know, I feel like a ghost.

That would make this Purgatory, then, huh?

It doesn't really look like purgatory.

I've no clue where I am, then, but, I'm certainly not here.

At least, not really here.

Here here

Notebook I, Page 109 [page is torn out, so perhaps not originally 109? but left in this place]

Ghost entering

walks around the stage, looking at everybody. Exits.

Enter the *Academic*

Sits down, pulls out papers.

Academic The idea here is to get just a general idea, a sketch of possibilities for what was in the *Ur-Hamlet*. What it might have looked like; the general plot, particular elements, oh, that came before and made it through or originated there, um...it's going to be conjecture, really, but educated conjecture, which is better—uh, because I know what I'm talking about. Or pretend to, ha ha. uh...Well, it's not as if such conjectures haven't been made before, uh, and that the tracing of these elements is truly incomplete, uh, there is of course a lot of scholarship on the question, ha, ha, plenty, but it will likely be useful to the academic community to have the more promising of these possibilities compiled in a way that reveals...their essential..character and ...the...shit. ... While other such compilations exist, they are not particularly satisfying in that they don't provide a coherent...account of the psychological development of the play both in its increasing depth and...—his—...thought process—possible thought process—.. Also, I wanna write it...myself... no gap. It's chock full. 'Foundations', huh. 'The bigger mountain the more foundation to build your blah blah.'

If I could turn up, get my hands on even *one* fowl paper, untouched. oh ho.

Or even, an account, written by some obscure and unthought-of gentleman. in which he details having witnessed a performance – but no, they’ve combed through it already, got their grubby little paws all over the fair copy and annotations, and birth records and fucking two-bit...secondary commentators! My sheets, my sheets...are all ash by now...

He left me nothing!

Ghost enters

[behind the text here, a line like a sort of inverse mountain dips and rises, beginning on the left-hand margin and reaching the middle of the page. A fainter mirror image occurs above]

I followed him, I done my – prayed! prayed– I worshipped! I got the meat under the table, no, I woulda *died* for the bone on the floor, but—

He hears or sees ghost chokes it out

–You—! I – didn’t mean to invoke—I’m sorry. (horsely) no. You should be find

sorry, you will be sorry, when one day...I’ll ^– I’ll have...– (Collapses)

[a tear begins around here, moving diagonally downward across the page, cutting through the next section, though it is still largely legible]

We know it begins with Saco, Well, at any rate that’s the first full recorded version of the tale of Amlet, _____ being just a summary. although the tale obviously existed long before either. We begin with Saxo, though, regardless of where or, ‘it’s exactly he got the elements of the story, because that was the text that was or, ‘the mythical ^most circulated, and circulated plenty during [Shakespeare’s time] [line drawn above “Shakespeare’s time” to right margin], and the text Elizabethan origins’ which many early Shakespeare critics supposed he got the story from: Era’ Now Saxo has many of the principal elements of the plot, the tabula, the skeletal or, ‘the Structure which would make a gross summary of both appear nearly identical. bard’ Now, we don’t know that *he* [line from “*he*” to left margin] read Latin; if he attended stratford Grammar school,

he must have understood some, but if he did not, and we have to consider the possibility, or if he didn’t have access to the Gesta Danorum, the where did he find the story? The Amleth Story was translated into French and published with a bunch of Italian tales in Volume V of Histoires Tragiques by François de Belleforest. Did Shakespeare read French? Again, we have no idea. But they didn’t teach it at the Stratford Grammar school. And yet in Belleforest, he adds a more melancholic Aspect to Amleth, one that is not in Saxo at all.

It is possible that some one translated Belleforest into English in between 1570 and 98, but the first

English we have isn't before 1608, after the play.

Now we believe the play was written and performed sometime between 1598 and 1601, because of registers

and a couple references to it in those years, however, there are also a few references much before then to

a Hamlet and one with a ghost. Therefore, it is the near consensus that *another* Hamlet was written and performed, and Shakespeare took his Hamlet from that. This is known as the *Ur-Hamlet*. It is not known who wrote this Hamlet— favorites include Kyd and Shakespeare in an earlier version, and it is not my intent to fall on one side or the other of this question, but *if there was an Ur-Hamlet* which was not the Hamlet we have in print today— what might it have looked like. What elements might it have contained, between Saxo or Belleforest and Shakespeare? We know the ghost was there, so that will make a good starting point, because [reference to Ghost crying "Revenge! Hamlet!"] And this is the First instance of the ghost, because it is

not in the *Gesta Danorum* or the French translation, in these the killing is done in the open, everyone knows

who did it. But somehow, it becomes a secret, and the ghost is the messenger of the truth. Of course,

it might have come from putting together elements of *the Spanish Tragedy*, which was definitely (mostly)

by Kyd, and a possible influence for *Hamlet*. Perhaps if we take that as a possible Genesis for the ghost

element, we could see how it might have evolved.

It burns my tongue to write it, it burns my hand to say it.

[the entire page has been crumpled, rippling lines and small tears on its surface.]

Notebook II Pages:

Notebook II, Page 15

A conversation between my friend [name omitted for privacy] & I

Clouds

Wind or leaf falling

Significance of events

Stain on table

how it could impact people

But if you think that way, paralyzing

Kirkegard, Either or /———Often compared to Kafka must like fiction]

W. G. Sebald—runs through 4 novels Documentary fiction 5th

Vertigo – travels through Italy – imbued w/ Anxiety the prssue of [word unclear] history

The Emmigrants – 4 people – identity, suicide – most accessible

The Rings of Saturn – A walk through countryside—framework, unprintable, beautiful [text unclear]

Austerlitz—an architectural historian

academic discovering own history

has flashbacks, compulsive search for history,

retraces steps & mothers' steps—devnotaly [unclear]

real Kirekegard ...and he says...

“what is essential is that you make a decision

that you decide and with decision with conviction”

|

not word he used

Confronted at one moment with all the possibilities & consequences of action at once, he was overwhelmed, paralyzed, but then depressed

I became, just, depressed

Notebook II, Page 21

Post apocalyptic scenario

Preemtiatie Icelandic tales and *Hamlet fragments*

The Whirlpool, shore of Amloði's quern

The Cubist language, I need to be able to depict 3 things at once Why? because I could have two people talk over one and then, and the two texts might still be interchangeable. For three people, this would be impossible, therefore, a theatrical language which succeeded would truly succeed for 3+ people or texts or moments or actions or ideas etc.

Beginnings

[diagram]

<'cubist Hamlet'-All sides texts of story/play simultaneously; 'Genetic Criticism Hamlet'

All sides/texts of story/play simultaneously-'Cubist Hamlet'; [dotted line] mystery of it?;

past/Future/present; Action with weight of

'Genetic Criticism Hamlet' - 'Cubist Hamlet'; Creative process

mystery of it?- [dotted line] All sides/texts of story/play simultaneously; Creative process
 past/Future/present - All sides/texts of story/play simultaneously; Father/son, parents; Action with
 weight of; Future possibilities

Action with weight of - All sides/texts of story/play simultaneously; Past/Future/present; Future
 possibilities; Father/son, parents; Action

Creative process - 'Genetic Criticism Hamlet'; mystery of it?; Action

Father/son, Parents - Past/Future/present; Action with weight of

Future possibilities - Past/Future/present; Paranoia/Paralysis; Action with weight of

Action - Creative process; Action with weight of

Paranoia/Paralysis - Future possibilities

Story of play/myth - ('Cubist Hamlet'; 'Genetic Criticism Hamlet')

Discovering origin

Duty>

What came before?

What has been lost?

How do I create?

|>in World which is:

- _ •A void/Not a void
- | •has a past/future
- | •Is present/split-psyche; memory, projections
- | •Action has results/no results
- _ •with other people/with myself
- _ •with artists, writers come before me/with infinite possibility
 - with thought/with being

Amloði's quern querns, and querns

it He doesn't know if it should spit up

grains of wisdom,

or choke on the bitter tonic

So it churns on

Notebook II, Page 22

10/9 Meeting:

1 Meet with Jorge

2 Write snippet of 'Cubist *Hamlet*'

10/16 Write ¶ about motive for making play story, why aud. would be interested in it

what instinctually do I want to make a play about

no themes, concepts

exciting to watch^on stage

/perform

Meeting with Jorge

Avoid: •"Barditis": beginning with Style

extreme self-consciousness

Many students, esp. T&P students not willing to go there [arrow to "sth. he hasn't figure out]

Generate 5 questions with no more than

Provisional answers to them

hold hand over and feel which has most vibration

I

People who^enjoy working with that

will have ^ affinity to the question

an

Sometimes theatre people not best to start with

The oldest question/issues are good places to start

Need a motor:

for Jorge: a question

sth. he hasn't figure out play^

e.g. 'Is Revolution possible?' -> sleepwalkers

Marsha Norman finds the thing that has

been swept under the Rug

Young Jean Lee: The play that she least wants

to write

care about, terrified about, don't understand

Later: styleistically, how more interesting

it may start in mtharactustic [text unclear] style

begin by suspending judgment

Wooster Group begins with something discernable

^"Rumstick Road" video online

Caryl Churchill - '*Blue Heart*

G.S. uses language as canvas

"when this you see remember me.

This is a very fine sentence"

-How to write

Separated by/through time/space of page

cubist effect is achieved by tying thoughts together

[drawing/diagram]

All associative possibilities are explore in sequence,

Not in order of sense, but in order of thought, sometimes

linear

adjacent, sometimes backwards, occasionally convergent

The order^of thought but prismatically split and

or disorder

separated, proceeding slowly & leisurely

This all could be one method that is

utilized, one aesthetic/process, but

perhaps not only in language, in speech

and action not just text some text?

"There is no use in finding out what is in anybody's mind.

There is no use in finding out what is in anybody's mind."

Notebook II, Page 29

I am an individual. I am a person with needs and desires. In what world was I bore? In a world of
 {[change [transformation]}, of great change All is happening now the singularity will notanok [unclear]
 but this is a turning over, condensation that cracks to lightening lighter and lighter upward! Here we
 go. Dne go

I want to go Go!

fo. now from me go. Begin. Go. Start. Begin. Broach. Leave. Enter. Exit. Stand and deliver crack
 open! explode. Reveal. understand Know! How Howhow. Howhowhow. HeeHow Haw Yaw Taw law
 gaw

gewgaw this to line [unclear] Disembark Embark Barking mad, maybe Go! Now we go, again. What
 is it that's in me? Is in me? Is it? What is? Is there? Is? Question mark ?

The response, I am at a crossroads I may not cross them? mayn't I? Across: Come across! I
 can't! Across: Why not Something is in the way Across: what is it? I can't see Me It's myself.
 I'm lying in the void there, like a perfect flop, a useless. Fool! me I fool me. Across: Well Me I
 am there and here and across! Why am I there? can't we all join? Can't I join you? Across you

can't Me Why not? Across You aren't ready Me What!? You must cross across to us.
 Stepping over us. Me Help us! I: we can't We're there for you to stop you. So you'll cross us.
 Me: I don't know what to do I: Yes / do Me: / do? Across: Yes. Me: But you're in anyway
 I: I'll pass it to you as you step over. Me: I can't I: Yes / can. ME: NO I MEAN / CAN'T I:
 NO, / MEAN I CAN. Across: you'll see, when you get over here, how easy it was. 'I' won't weigh
 on you at all after that Me: I can't see, though, you two to cross over you or cross to Across:
 Just follow my voice. I: Not mine. Me: How does that help? Across: It does I: Who said it
 does? Me

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhwwwwwwmmmmmmmmuuuuuuurrrrrrrrrraaaaaaaassssssssbb
 bbbbbbss/ewweeeeweehhhh////////gggyxxxxxxl am the Man? I Man!

Do I want to Do something in the theatre? I do like theatre. Do I? I do. I like to act, the rehearsal
 process. The uncomfortable com for of making, creating, incarnating a character. Unconfident. But
 I'm bolstered by everybody. I like art. Performance art is wonderful I am inspired by it. But is it all?
 It's not all. But that doesn't matter. I can do it if I wish & make it happen.

What a strange for it is! We be—become things that have happened
 not happened

What do I want? Di I want I want so much! out of the world, out of myself, out and in everything, my
 desires o'erleap the truths and non-ideals of the world! The earthly world, of which I would - partly -
 be a part of, Oh god To be a real person In the real world not for others as well not subjective: but
 some of my subjectivity in my objective-subjective self, that is a self. Please. A bird flies. I may not
 fly. But I can have winds? The fragmentary self. In a combined world searches for the truth
 the mirror [word unclear] myself. Acting staging this text fragm cubist in Staging [text unclear,
 faded] To Be... in a non literal way

I make a mark upon the world. What?

Notebook II, Page 31

What is interesting

What do I do? ... pencil oracles says yes

What is action? Do I ever truly act?

How come my mind isn't visible?

How do I negotiate my desires, interests, ambitions/aims, M.O., truths & lies, urges, impulses, evils,
 struggles with those of society? How do I be who I want to be?

In a world that—it seems—opposes it?

How do I live

How do you trust?

pencil oracle
 says yes

Story about almost incorporeal creatures; tiny beings with very little thought or physical ability, who developed tech. to sail their world in great cloud-like clusters-structures, together they can think great thoughts, but as they are independent and movable, they ~~can~~ tend to organize themselves into like-minded clusters, and so, although most of the time unified in their divided labor to think and accomplish great things, they can start great wars from time to time

I want to talk about my difficulty

I sued to be able to sit down then I could not pick a chair to sit in then I could pick a chair

Somehow wow was it? now I wonder do I want to sit?

~~What is a van that his ch~~ [text unclear] The I ching may help me with action - Random - oracle is it 'random' having no reason or letting decision happen through other chaotic agents, or is it action?

Why can't i make decisions? or can make little decision but not *take action*? Is it that the little things, I realize, I tell myself, don't truly matter, while the big ones do? If so, more reason to take action, for letting big decision be forgone is letting the big fish go & pass by in favor of krill. Why? I have no grounds to decide. I feel like no agent, but some constant victim, trick, of time and relativity and wisdom obscuring ignorance & foolishness. How do I decide on a thing: one, one only, the particular i.e. *not* the universal? I decide breakfast by what I feel like, am hungry for, or what though drifted into my mind the night before & I haven't let go of.

At the bakery, my mother would pick all the goods because she couldn't choose one, and there was a sort of Is this me?

Notebook II, Page 32

I can't do one because if I only did one then I wouldn't do The others & I wouldn't really have described one. Would I? One doesn't mean not many. There can be, and often is, an infinity in one the ~~miere~~ macrocosm in the microcosm. So one is fine. You get to cheat the universe this way. Be a cheat. Take the apple tart.

Now I want apple tart...

So want! apple tart!

Hamlet and the indecision in Hamlet represents my indecision but I thought the point was to leave behind indecision.

I'm getting confused—equivocating— between the topic of the work and its making

Don't be grand. Be particular.

Why, when I want something,

do I not take action toward it?

What do I take action on?

- What I'm told to do
- What I immediately want (to eat x, to play a game, etc.)
- What I am supposed to/should do in order to get something I want or am supposed to[^]r planned on in the future.

want

—When I am interested in sth., e.g. an idea, like for a story, project, ambition, learning, I tend to begin it immediately, fired by the guttural want an pricking interest, but forget about it, don't sustain my interest, follow up on it, etc. If I could learn to preserve in this way, to follow up, I could accomplish what I want.

Perhaps because *nothing happens* when I begin expressing an interest, e.g. writing sth. down, there is nothing to go on with, as far as I am concerned, it is a drifting thought like any other, as far as others are concerned

Dear world, Let me be! Let me do what I want,
since I'm sure other people/you would want it too. Can I live
the way I would like, which is not that different from the way other people live,
To write this [text unclear]

The illusion-spinner,

They come to him at night, usually, in their dreams.

It is not that they are unwilling, only that must have only half-asked

The weaver answers them all, however.

Each night, he takes up his wheel and loom, and begins spinning: usually before stye arrive.

If you were to watch him, you would see the wheel turn back and forth, twisting.

The weaver is looking eyeing the air carefully, twisting his fingers around

The rod turns and it is empty; for a half-hour, and hour.

Then, twisting as before, if you looked again ^ the ^rod would be a cone—it would slide into your consciousness.

on empty

The weaver would continue as before, it had always been there, indeed, he always started with last night's scraps. [continues on next page]

Notebook II, Page 32

In the restroom, in front of the mirror

coming out of the toilet—washing hands. Drying, looks in the mirror.

Slows, stops. Throws towel/paper away.

Looks.

Touches face.

Makes move as if to tear face off. stops.

Pushes against, desires to go through, get to other side of, destroy mirror.

Turns away

What is left to make? I am made. finished. forgone. The world is complete

Complete with me...would be complete without me...it follows then that whatever I

made would render it still complete. What, then?

If I fill no lack, no inherent, real, unallowable lack, I I fulfill...what I want?

need? {[must [need to] express?

Looks in the mirror.

‡ A person comes into find a number of papers stacked like a house of cards.

Picking one up, the person begins to perform it. At once, the other papers collapse into nothing.

Il have something to say.

Prometheus Bound - If the gods were put into peer, is their rule just?

Or does time trap us?

Death of a Salesman - Is the American Dream futile? If so, how do we deal with that?

Phaedra -

Doctor Faustus— in who [written over something else] does temptation lie? No.

4:48 - Can the experience of mental illness be understood or dealt with by society?

I feel like I escape my own theories—am I simply wrong, then?

Hamlet at Wittenberg:

via

Write page; ask for ¶ responses from others^email, Facebook, etc. even strangers

Notebook II, Page 35

I forgave him because no one else could. Because he deserves forgiveness.

Because I could

You had no right

I had the right—have the right Do you have the right to condemn him? No.

If no one has the right to condemn, at least we have the right to forgive. We need no moral authority for that.

Moral authority?

Yes. Or else how do you condemn? You, take it upon yourself to destroy this man, who you say has violated your code of conduct—has been through things which you cannot father—And you take it upon yourself to take the supreme action against this man?

It's not just me!

It is just you

No!

And you, and you. The others, are just so many 'you's. Do you think that makes you all right?

Because you all decided together to think the same thing? Well—I take a stand, and say, against you if you will, but for myself really, that I think something different. And now how does your unanimity oppose me? Or do you need me to raise my own army of me-thinkers?

This is not about you and I. This is about him, and wrongdoing

No, it is about

You of all people!

What?, so just because I am the moral voice, you expect me to conform to your morality? You and your mob's morality? Be your soapbox, your loudspeaker, channel what they think? Not have my own opinion? Fuck you.

...You are a blasphemer

Go ahead. Cordion me off, marginalize me, criminalize me, group me with him, so you can dismiss us and get rid of us in one convenient, packaged, morally sound go! You should not that doesn't change the nature of what this is about! our argument! him and morality, you said?

How do you hope to maintain any authority, and credibility when you spend it so liberally? Water running through your finders! What are you? I can't believe I ever came to you for advice.

1 Nov.

I ate the beast and the best ate me from inside. It is no parasite and when it is done it will discard me.

I could convert it or destroy it.

Wholesome.

What is wholesome, I will be whole I wish to be Whole. Whole how? Whole oceans

I am inside the ocean, the salt water infuses waters me, a

What do I make? Where do I begin? Why do I make? Who do I make for

How do I understand myself as a creator? How do I get out of my heat? Why do I have a head?

What does it mean to think? What is the experience of living really like?

How do we understand something over time?

Players are putting on *Hamlet*; it slides back through time

it wanders into the mind of Hamlet, who gains all his thoughts also

whose thoughts split off

"let these bodies be placed..." interruption finish

everyone gets up. Hamlet gets up sits on the side reads a book Horatio comes over

Horatio "What're you reading?"

Hamlet "stuff." looks up "Research. ~~Actually~~

Horatio: Aren't we past research?

Hamlet: Yeah... Actually I'm enjoying this, enough that I couldn't stop, didn't want to stop. so yeah.

Horatio: Let me see.

Hamlet: That's my line.

Horatio: What?

Hamlet: Nothing. (hands it to him) [continues on next page]

Notebook II, Page 36

Horatio: Auffisto [text unclear, crossed out?] *Essay on the Sources of Hamlet, with a History on the Legend.* ... What is it?

Hamlet: That's the title, man.

Horatio: Hm...

Skerry's quern

Horatio & Hamlet: Here the sea is called Amloði's quern...

The sound of the sea?

secrets of the

David Attenborough: The sea, ponderous and deep, where the ^ origins of life are held within its endlessly turbulent melodies.

Hamlet: Go away David Attenborough

Sir David Attenborough: *Sir David Attenborough* (exits.)

This is a good knife to carve such a ham. There are too few colts of that sort in Feng's stud.

A large mill were needed to grind this corn.

Into the basement I walked, and sat and lay beneath the ceiling, and looked up at the steps. The trap door closed, and I thought for a moment, how foolish to let myself be closed in a basement by a man not well, and then I saw it.

Here the sea is called Amloði's quern

-What are the names for the sea?

-Here the sea is called Amloði's quern

Lucius Junius Brutus is kissing the ground

The poet Snaebiojn is taking down his instrument

Saxo, Shakespeare, Kyd, and Sterne are pulling up chairs

The ink is being ground from stones removed from tree leaves, sucked out of squid sacs

and a thousand geese fall for the quills.

A cro-magnon man is acting a goof.

Isabella & Bel-Imperia stab themselves while Ophelia drowns

The death of the author is immanent

Ben Jonson writes his epitaph
 A man stares at a skull
 Saxo wakes up from a feverish dream about purgatory
 the letters on trees begin dying
 Spirits rise, conglomerate, and get muddled
 The gaps are removed from history
 "Are we ready to begin?" in the rehearsal room
 Things unseen happen on the ocean
 A ghost watches another ghost perform
 An actor Walks on, and walks off.
 Suicide is an option
 Everyone is hamlet
 Amleth dies and is reborn, Hamlet dies, is born, dies again
 'Hamlet, Revenge!'
 Everyone watches Hamlet
 ... (Hamlet: ...)
 The letters begin to fall
 The snow piles up, people begin to play in it, throw it at each other, then read from it, at some point it
 begins to consume them
~~Hamlet~~ Amleth lights a match
 The play begins. Everybody kills everybody.
 The bards sail the seas of text
 Laurence Sterne laughs and Laughs; Belleforest cries and cries
 The ghost cannot do anything. Can only yell.
 Hamlet puts on the dead Jester's cap.
 What happens at Wittenberg?
 Trying to cross the line
 The scholars assemble. And carry out the dead. Then they fight over them.
 Amleth picks up the stakes that have gold in them
 The meaning collapses. The Maelstrom begins.
 They spread out a great white sheet, sweeping off the text
 The ink and quills are given to him.
 The author stands alone, in front of the sheet All eyes are on him.
 The sea is calm
 [note: a revised version added 3 November 2013]

[large diagram (concept map) using terms:]

<

Norway Maelstrom

'What are the names for the sea?'

'Amloði's quern"

Ancient tale?

Lucius Junius Brutus

Tristram Shandy

Garrick

Yorick (parson)

Metaphors, playing on words

Sailing

Playing fool

Yorick (skill)

Amleth

Saxo

Gesta

Belleforest

Madness

Personal

state of mind

OCD

The Sea

Denmark

Horatio, friend

Hamlet

Dead Father

Grief

Elsinore

Hamlet

Hieronimo

Shakespeare Hamnet, Shx's dead son

Horatio,

dead son

Ghost

Wittenberg

Spanish Tragedy [partly erased]

Reveals ~~death~~ murder

letters

Ophelia

Faust

Isabella

Ghost

as audience

Use of

play within a play

Death in orchard

Death by River

>

Hamlet & Orestes as both dealing with an era of transition

Orestes that of 'Age of Heroes'; Hamlet end of medieval

'great chain of being' (see 'Orestes & Hamlet: from Myth to Masterpiece: Part I', Earl Showerman)

Notebook II, Page 38

[drawing with Maelstrom, skull with jester cap, figures stabbing, dagger]

Exercises:

1 Take any line of text and imagine how it would look if staged.

Not with respect to #, type of people, limits of theaters, laws of physics, etc.

Excquisite Corpse it? Not seeing which line of text it is based on, in rotation adding
free

to writing, ^ association encouraged.

2 Give each person line from source texts, and ask them to interact, make scene

What is the metastory that all connect/overarch the parts of the piece?

Notes made in Evernote:

Texts for S.P.

Created Tuesday, June 4 2013, 11:17 AM Modified Saturday, September 21 2013, 6:45 PM

Avant-Textes:

- The Saga of King Hrolf kraki

- Legend of Lucius Junius Brutus
- Gesta Danorum
- Spanish Tragedy
- Essais, Montaigne
- Histoires Tragiques, François de Belleforest

Post Texts:

- Hamletmachine, Heiner Müller, 1977
- Wooster Group's Hamlet
- MAT's Hamlet, 1911-12
- Dogg's Hamlet, Tom Stoppard, 1979
- The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gentleman, Laurence Sterne, 1759-67
- Carmelo Bene, Un Amleto di Meno
- BAM, December, a piece of work by Annie Dorsen
- Nature Theater of Oklahoma's Romeo and Juliet

Other [?] Texts & Plays:

- Kierkegaard, either or, selections from essential Kierkegaard, or sth.
- Borges stories, esp. About writing of texts
- Hamlet: The Cutting Room Floor
- The Rude Mechs' "The Method Gun" on the boards.tv
- Joe Roach "The Player's Passion"
- Italian C.G.-related method, 'critica delle varianti', i.e. mostly variants
- Yale French Studies issue, Drafts, on C.G.
- Genesis 26 (2005) [Theatre issue] (request through digital ILL) Genesis ISSN:1167-5101

OCLC: 421661932

- Stephen Greenblatt, "Hamlet in Purgatory" also "Will in the World"
- ? Shakespeare and His Sources, Satin, Joseph Henry
- ? The sources of Shakespeare's plays, Muir, Kenneth
- ? ON the literary genetics of Shakespeare's plays, Baldwin
- Unediting the Renaissance, Leah Marcus
- Robert LePage
- Shakespeare Underground podcast
- Lionel Abel, Tragedy and Metatheatre
- James L. Calderwood, to be and not to
- Johnathan Miller, subsequent performances

People:

- Austin Cauldwell, met at Commedia workshop, referred me to Shakespeare underground podcast
- Experts. Contact them sometime. Maybe:
 - James Shapiro, Columbia (Katie for reference?)
 - Greenblatt
 - Someone at Folger Shakespeare Library
 - Internet Shakespeare Editions
 - Any editors of editions of Shakespeare (riverside, oxford, etc.)
- Actors/Directors who have worked on shakespeare
 - Scott Shepard
 - Irina Brook
 - Tom Stoppard

Untitled Note

Created: Sunday, August 11 2013, 1:32 PM Modified: Thursday, August 22 2013, 11:18 PM

To say two things are similar, we must observe twice a set of properties which we experience, in which we will cut off the thing from the rest of the world, marking it, and in the second time to note that the thing's properties resemble those experienced with a different thing; these two things with their convergent properties must be knit together, and have appended to them a joint name, for it is in naming primarily that we denote the thing as a 'thing', separate from the rest of the world, and attach the set of properties we have heretofore observed to that particular thing and all things that share some amount of these properties. When we have two different things that share some properties, and we call them by the same name, we mark their similarity thus; when we have two different things which we do not mark by the same name, and we appoint different names to, we mark their differences primarily. Now these two things named differently may then share a name of a category to which we appoint them, and by some number of levels up we denote the amount and type of properties which they share, but these tend to be secondary perceptions, that is, I believe we tend to perceive those properties which are common to the name of a thing before we are aware of more general categories. For example, the color variation (red to yellow) and texture and smell of a peach, before a more general attribute, approximate spheroid, stone fruit, etc. Likewise, when presented with a different kind of peach, say a saturn peach, we are more likely to first remark those qualities which make it a peach and those qualities that are different from other peaches, say, its relative flatness, i.e., we say "look at that funny sort of peach!" rather than "what is that? It's flattish, and yellow-red, and has a divet for the stem. I suppose aside from the flattishness it resembles a peach." And yet, when we see a nectarine, we are likely to perceive its reddish-yellowness, its

smoothness, its shape, in short, its resemblance to a nectarine rather than its resemblance to a strange peach.

When we deal with texts, we are dealing first of all with words, which individually we may recognize by properties such as their shape or their sound. But these attach straight to the words themselves, and their accompanying meaning and place in language, rather than an extensive set of properties in the world, like that of objects or phenomena, although they may equally contain a similarly extensive set of associations and ideas, only likely more abstract ones. A phenomenon is probably closer to the place of a word. In a text, we have a set of words, often a large set, which is all of these associations multiplied several fold. Instead of physical space which phenomena or objects usually occur in, text exists in more of a virtual space. Not only digital text, but also printed ink text. Perhaps we do think of words as sorts of objects, maybe we tend to associate a set of black lines with a lot of white in between them, a detailed, patterned shape, with a block of text, and thus in our minds make them a sort of object. Nevertheless, we might call the space in which a text exists as a virtual space, which I think for many of the purposes at least of this study will be often equivalent to a real space, but for that a particular text we may conceive of--"I wandered lonely as a cloud..."; "Nel mezzo di nostra vita..."--we tend to think of, I think, as a particular thing, the same way we may think of a particular place, monument, or image. "That's the one!", we'll say when we see it. "That's the very one." But to approach this from the beginning, as I think of it, a particular text as a particular set of words we will recognize much as we do individual words--shape, sound, and especially the larger patterns of these--but made of of particular features, particular words or sets of words, or rhythm, or spacing, or punctuation. When we recognize a text, I believe we will attach its instance with its location, on the internet, in an old book, in a photocopied packet, with the idea of the text itself, and the way we tend to refer to texts, editions and translations excepted, is to refer to them as being identical. That is, save for discrepancies such as a blotted word or typo, we say "do you have the text?" or maybe "a copy of the text?", and we say "I read *it*"; we talk about a text as existing like quantum particles, the exact same thing in multiple spaces at the same time. This is existing in a sort of virtual space, since it also really only exists in our heads--when the book is closed, it is a closed book, made of paper, glue, binding, and ink; the words only form when we read them. But when we recognize a text, something that we have read before, we likely recognize those certain features which we latched on to and remembered, things particularly notable to us, as style, the sensations we got upon reading it, and the rhythm and syntax of the language, particular phrases (and those others above), but we will not likely, unless for a very short text, recognize the whole thing, so that if someone were to substitute a word that was not memorable to us at the outset into our text, we may never notice a difference.

What we are dealing with specifically here is the concept of 'versions', two texts which are like one another so that we call them by the same name, the same title, but which have different features not owing to typos, printing errors, and other minor discrepancies, but rather different words or phrases,

punctuation, or content from each other. They may be significant enough that we will give them different sub-names, or rather subtitles--'the x edition', 'the definitive text', 'edited by *so-and-so*'-- marking their difference for reference for those who will care or notice, but we still consider them perturbations of the same text, with the same basic name. (There are of course exceptions to this, such as Chekhov's *The Wood Demon* and *Uncle Vanya*, which are accepted to be a earlier play and subsequent reworking, respectively, though perhaps in drastic cases like these, the appellation 'version' would be too diminutive) So what do we do when we have the uncanny experience of reading something that is *just like* that other text by the same name by the same author *but for* some sometimes subtle and sometimes wild differences? I would argue that it is likely the fact that these two texts go under the same name that impels us to call them versions of the same thing, that is, that in cases when the differences are so drastic that we might otherwise call them two different pieces, the sharing of the title sways us to put them into the category of 'versions'. But more importantly for the matter at hand, how do we establish the similarity by which we call two texts versions of each other, and how do we compare the differences between two versions?

The elements that are likely to call to mind the similarity between two texts, as in both direct purposeful comparison and incidental rereading or reading a text for a second time having forgotten the first, are first of all content, style, and language, which are three faces of the same thing, a set of particular words. By content, we generally mean the broad meaning of the words, of the sort that we understand by summarizing, or in which the same meaning is preserved by paraphrase. By style, we tend to mean the more specific associations leant by particular words, in which 'done' is different than 'did', 'aren't' different from 'are not', and 'locution' different than 'talk'; and especially the feelings we get from interacting with a text, which permeate a particular text and occur across different texts, often by the same author, sometimes shared by multiple authors or a whole genre. And by language, I mean specific word choice (or vocabulary), phrases, and passages, the words themselves and their usage, that which is liable to make us salivate over a particular excellent paragraph. These three faces might be held analogous to a painting as the depiction of the painting, the characteristics of its depiction, and the brushwork and colors of the image itself. Naturally, all three are overlapping, as the broader sense and 'meaning' of a text is often tied to the specific allusions and associations brought up by the word choice and an author's handling of the style, for example in character differentiation; likewise, the style is defined by specific language, and the appreciation we have of particular words is often tied to their synthesis and content. The best way of (somewhat artificially) defining the differences between these three, however, may be that, for a given passage of a work, content is what is preserved by a paraphrase or summary of that passage, style by selecting a different passage in the same work (though for some works this will of course not be the case), and language by disjoining the words of the passage from each other, yet leaving them all present, analogous to describing a number as its prime factorization; the other way of describing this meaning of language would be to say that it is what is lost in both of the other transformations

described (paraphrasing and looking at a different passage from the same work). (note: the term language will be noted when it is used in this sense; it otherwise has several different meanings in this) These are three ways in which we remark the similarity of two works: if upon reading something we feel that we remember reading something of that meaning, or with the same style, or remember reading that phrase or passage before, this may be the beginning of considering two texts as similar. Similarly, on comparing two works or passages, the differences in these three categories are the primary sorts of differences one might describe and note down.

There are other ways to evaluate the similarity of two texts. For every 'piece' of language--either a word, or phrase, or even a letter--there are several ways in which we might describe its relation to the larger unit (word, sentence, paragraph, etc.) it is a part of or the text as a whole: For this description, let us take the Q1, Q2, and F1 versions of the "O that this too..." soliloquy. The first line: Q1: "O that this too much grieu'd and sallied flesh"; Q2: "O that this too too sallied flesh would melt,"; F1: "Oh that this too too solid Flesh, would melt,". In the first place, we have "O" the word, and the letter. It expresses a sigh, a sign of grief, the shape of the mouth, a circle, has associations with nothing, is a primal vowel. All three versions have this in common; only F1 follows this with an 'h', changing the spelling from 'O' to 'Oh', not, many would argue, a very significant change, mostly affecting the appearance of the word on the page, equivalent in pronunciation, syllabication, and sense. The first real difference that we have is "too" versus "too too". Here we have equivalent gross meaning--doubling the word does not change its sense--though an intensification of it. This would be described in the tripartite categories above as a 'stylistic' difference. The other is that it adds a syllable to the line, changing the meter of it and the pattern of speech that will follow. Then, Q1 has 'grieu'd and' where Q2 and F1 have the additional 'too'. But since the second 'too' makes more sense to read as a doubling of the first than an exchange for 'grieu'd and', though it may slightly be in the case of syllabication, 'grieu'd and' I would say has no equivalent in the other two versions, and so would consider it an insertion relative to the more stable text that the three versions of the line share. 'grieu'd' adds a different tone to the passage, which to me is weaker than the 'sallied' or 'solid' (i.e. stylistically), but which when considered with the 'flesh' that it is supposed to modify, does contribute the idea that grief is not an emotion floating above in the realm of an etherial mind or spirit, but is felt and exists corporally in the flesh (a language association). Next we have a difference that is regularly dealt with in productions of *Hamlet*: whether to use 'sallied' (often rendered as 'sullied') or 'solid'. These have two very different meanings with accompanying grosser and finer associations, and yet they are in the same *place* in the text, and even have a similar spelling and pronunciation (likely resulting in the existence of the two), with only two minor vowel shifts ([uh] to [aw] and [ee] to [ih], or fewer or even smaller shifts depending on the dialect, particularly English ones). Thus the words have a strong *equivalence*, having a similar sound, and occupying the same place, and fulfilling the same *function*, although with somewhat different meanings. By this, I mean that 'sullied'/'sallied' mean that the 'flesh' feels dirty, spoiled, relating to the claustrophobic feeling of dirty

skin, where one wants to rip off, purge the uncleanness, and the later repetition of incestuousness and similar words attached to his mother's remarriage with his uncle; 'solid' simply contrasts with the immediate 'melt'ing and 'thaw'ing and heightens the desire in that vertical direction, relating to the desire, when one's physical presence is so notable and unpleasant, being in a social situation where one would like to disappear, or in general to die or become otherwise incorporeal, attached to the later themes of death; but both meanings and their associations do the duty of augmenting and clarifying Hamlet's desire to 'melt'. Thus we have the *function* of a word or phrase, its *locus*, its *sound* and rhythm and similar audible or visible relations to surrounding words, and its *meaning* or *sense*. There may also be the *form* of a word or phrase, in words, differing conjugations, in phrases, differing word order, which may be considered as a subset of sound and sense, since different conjugations and word orders lend slightly different meanings of the sort that usually fall under style. This gives us also a way to talk about the differences between the text in terms of the transformations we would need to do to change one into the other. If we look at the differences in the rest of the speech, two overarching ones are noticeable between Q2 and F1, and Q1 and the other two: the first is punctuation differences between Q2 and F1, of which there are several--commas versus no commas, commas versus colons or question marks, etc.--these are related to sound or appearance, mostly noticeable in the incarnation of the text as read aloud, the *intonation*, or in the look of punctuation across the page, in which paragraph breaks, and even type size and margins play a part. The second systematic difference, between Q1 and the other two, is the phrases of the same meaning and very similar language in different loci; in fact, the biggest difference between these versions is that Q1 appears to be a (shorter) rearrangement of the other two, or vice-versa.

Now, the various differences or similarities in each of these *operations* will create different tensions between two versions when they are compared. A difference in locu

On Simultaneity

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Simultaneity can be said to exist in a few different categories:

1. Two events happening at the same time. This is for events that have an instantaneity, that is, they change over time or could be said to consist of a series of instants. While Relativity allows for the experience of time to be stretched, the duration of an event, or even one divisible moment of time in each event, if they could be measured either relatively or from a third point, could be said to occur at or during the same point in time, though at different points in space. These two events could be both within the perceivable space of an observer, or separated so that they would have to be observed independently (and thus could not both be observed by one person).

2. Two objects existing at the same time. This is for matter that stays relatively constant over time, e.g. two cubes on a table that don't move, or two drawings, or even two drawings on the same piece of paper. In this case, two things are existing over a stretch of time, even if their existence does not entirely overlap, e.g. if one begins before the other, or if they do not maintain the same relative position or orientation.

I am concerned with simultaneous representation, that is, the representation of multiple things at the same time within the perception field of a viewer; these may be multiple representations of the same thing or representations of different things (juxtaposed representation). I am investigating how it is possible to create true simultaneous representation of these sorts (the same thing as multiple instances or juxtaposed representation) in a theatrical space, i.e. one that is defined by existing primarily in three spacial dimensions and one temporal one and that is dominated by fixed spacial (and to a lesser extent, temporal) boundaries and change within and across these boundaries, and, to a lesser extent, a lack of exact repetition and an absence of actual repetition, and the mode of which is action, language (spoken and occasionally written), and other visual and auditory representations, with the increasing incorporation of other media.

For these purposes, I am defining exact repetition as repetition as is commonly meant--the same action, broadly speaking, 'occurring twice', e.g. a man walks across the room from right to left, then walks across the room from right to left--and actual repetition as the same thing actually happening twice--e.g. a film clip played from start to finish, and played again from start to finish at the same speed. While it can be argued that even this is not a true repetition of the event, as it occurs at a later time, which as is evident from a viewer having remembered the first time experiencing it, I am terming it actual in the sense that the event exists outside of time due its medium, as in our example, the film clip, which is printed on cellophane (or is digitally encoded) such that it could at any point while the medium exists be observed, in the same way as a painting (the degradation of pigments aside) could be observed at any point. The painting carries its event constantly through time for the duration of its existence, the film strip carries the possibility of its event continually for the duration of its existence. If the film strip is copied and the two clips are played at the same time at different spaces, this is parallel simultaneity. If the time of their playing overlaps slightly or partially but not fully, I might term this a "disjointed simultaneity".

An actual repetition that is simultaneous in space and time would be indistinguishable from, or in fact what we term by, one event.

Possible Plot convergence for three texts

Created: Sunday, August 18 2013, 1:07 PM Modified: Saturday, August 24 2013, 4:59 PM

Horatio is killed in the garden, the same garden where Hamlet's father was killed

no one tells Hamlet of the ghost

Hieronimo is going mad with grief, but seeing Hamlet, who was good friends with his son, he takes him on as a sort of surrogate, sometimes thinking that he is Horatio. As a result, he is having trouble remembering to carry out the revenge.

While Hamlet sort of accepts Hieronimo as an adopted father, he cannot forget his own, and so searches to see if he can uncover the truth.

Perhaps neither the ghost nor the letter, the devices of revealing, occur, and we are left with two who want to seek revenge and cause but cannot find it.

On the other hand, perhaps we have Amleth, Hamlet's Alter-ego/brother, who knows about the murder, and has no need to "make sure", goes and kills his uncle, not urgently, by biding his time.

(perhaps relation of two takes from Hrolf and Hroarr, two brothers in saga)

"The Bad Sleep Well" as cubist version of *Hamlet*?

Horatio lives on in *Hamlet*; the father lives on in *The Spanish Tragedy*

Points of intersection:

Gesta Danorum	Spanish Tragedy	Hamlet
A King is killed by his brother, who marries his wife, King's son, Amleth	Horatio is killed by lover's brother and rival	A King is killed by his brother, who marries his wife, King's son, Hamlet
Feng kills brother in open, claims Horwendil was mistreating Gerutha	Lor. and Bal. kill Horatio in secret, stabbing him in garden, only Heironimo, Isabella, and Bel-Imperia know	Claudius kills brother in secret, poisoning him in garden, it is said he was killed by serpent (Gertrude may know)
Amleth knows who killed his father, fearing preemptive death, feigns madness	Heironimo doesn't know who killed Horatio, finds letter from Bel-imperia	Hamlet suspects "foul play", learns truth from Ghost
	The ghost of Andrea watches revenge, doesn't interact with characters	The Ghost of Hamlet's father is seen by guards and Horatio, speaks to Hamlet, prompts revenge
Revenge for honor, anger	Revenge for honor, anger, encouraged by Bel-Imperia	Revenge for honor, anger, because father tells him to, doubt as to whether he

		should do so or no
	Gains confirmation of letter in Lorenzo's behavior, execution of Pedigriano	Gains confirmation of Ghost in 'mousetrap' play: reaction of Claudius
Feigns madness, acting dog-like, says things that are true metaphorically, but seem absurd (requires analysis)	Feigns madness/goes mad, speaking about death of son, justice, acting in extreme grief	Feigns madness/goes mad? speaking philosophically, but also absurd (self-evident)
Suspected by retainers, due to speaking about killing uncle	Suspected by Lorenzo	Suspected by Polonius, then Claudius
Temptation/trial by maid, warned by friend, acts absurdly (has maid anyway)		Trial by Ophelia, (then Q1, before Q2, F1) Polonius, speaks madly
Retainer gets Amleth to come to mother, Amleth acts madly, and kills concealed retainer, admonishes mother, disposes of body secretly (to pigs)		Polonius gets Hamlet to come to mother, Hamlet is fierce with mother, kills concealed Polonius, admonishes mother (is admonished by Ghost), hides body
Is sent to England with retainers, Amleth switches letters, retainers are killed instead		Is sent to England with R&G, Hamlet switches letters, R&G are killed
Says true things to king of England, is married to his daughter		is kidnapped by pirates instead of going to England
	Play is used with surprise to exact revenge, play parallels	Play is used with surprise to out culprit, play parallels murder

	murder	
Returns from England acting mad, believed dead, with hidden wealth		Returns from England suddenly (sort of), and acts passionately
Exacts revenge by trickery, at feast, kills Feng with his own sword	Exacts revenge via play, revealing murder of son.	Exacts revenge at last minute, on point of death, when Clau. is publicly revealed
Gets kingship, adventures in England, married again, is killed in battle, enemy becomes king	Commits suicide	Dies from trickery, poison, supports Fort. as next king, commands story to be told, Fort. becomes king and commands bodies to be shown on stage.
Waits, plans for revenge carefully, over long time	Doubts as to truth of culprits, delays on how to revenge	Doubts as to truth of Ghost, delays on acting on revenge
	Mourns in private	Questions his actions, philosophy, in private

Untitled Note

Created: Sunday, November 3 2013, 5:13 PM Modified: Sunday, November 3 2013, 7:47 PM
 (Prologue Perhaps: Into the basement I walked, and sat and lay on the floor, and looked up at the step. The trap door closed, and I thought for a moment, how foolish to let myself be closed in a basement by a man not well, and then I saw it.)

What are the names for the sea?

Here the sea is called Amloði's quern...

Lucius Junius Brutus is kissing the ground

The poet Snaebjorn is taking down his instrument

Saxo, Shakespeare, Kyd, and Sterne are pulling up chairs

The ink is being ground from stones, removed from oak leaves, sucked out of squid sacs

And a thousand geese fall for the quills.

A cro-magnon man is acting a goof.

Isabella & Bel-Imperia stab themselves while Ophelia drowns

The death of the author is immanent

Ben Jonson writes the epitaph
 A man stares at a skull
 Saxo wakes up from a feverish dream about purgatory
 The letters on trees begin dying [to wither?]
 Spirits rise, conglomerate, and get muddled
 The gaps are removed from history
 "Are we ready to begin?" [in the rehearsal room]
 Things unseen happen on the ocean
 A ghost watches another ghost perform
 An actor walks on, and walks off.
 Suicide is an option
 Everyone is hamlet
 Amleth dies and is reborn, Hamlet dies, is born, dies again
 'Hamlet, Revenge!'
 Everyone watches Hamlet
 ... [Hamlet: ...]
 The letters begin to fall
 The snow piles up, people begin to play in it, throw it at each other, then read from it, at some point it
 begins to consume them
 Amleth lights a match
 The play begins. Everybody kills everybody.
 The bards sail the seas of text
 Laurence Sterne laughs and laughs; Belleforest cries and cries; Borges is inscrutable
 The ghost cannot do anything. Can only yell.
 Hamlet puts on the dead Jester's cap
 What happens at Wittenberg?
 Trying to cross the line
 The scholars assemble. And carry out the dead. Then they fight over them.
 Amleth picks up the stakes, that have gold in them
 The meaning collapses. The maelstrom begins.
 They spread out a great whit sheet, sweeping off the text.
 The ink and quills are given to him.
 The author stands alone, in front of the sheet All eyes are on him.
 The sea is calm

Untitled Note

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I—The White Void—Beginning

II—The Maelstrom—Collapse, Engine

III—The Eye—Emergence

IV—??—Ordering/preparation/collapse

V—??—Begin Again

I:

Lights come up on an empty black stage {to reveal only a giant white sheet on the ground (literal sheet, maybe merely projection <shadows>)/ . several figures enter and {unroll/spread out} a large white sheet}. A moment and a figure enters {holding a pen}. The figure considers the paper, as if deciding what to do with it. The consideration elapses and slides into paralysis: the figure cannot now (neurotically) do any thing with the paper. Time passes (painfully). With a jerk, perhaps, the figure wrenches his hand, and moves to make a mark on the sheet. This neurosis is overcome, for the moment. The hand is about to, just beginning to make a mark on the sheet when suddenly, symbols and glyphs insinuate themselves onto the sheet from all sides. Now there is no room to make a mark, and the figure is puzzled as how to proceed. The figure tries to make a mark anyway, but it's not working, not satisfying. {now noticing the marks are on his skin also, trying to claw them off} In fury, (iteration: *fury*) the sheet is crumpled.

Now the black void is left. Echoing. What next? Voices are heard. Distinguishing among them, the figure picks out a voice of critique. Brushes it away. Now a voice of praise. This is even more irritating. Now his own voice, trying to rationalize, explain {perhaps this very piece}. The figure agrees at points, is exasperated, confused, and

Or: monologue, the void, reluctance to begin, which is overtaken by the Maelstrom.

With consternation, holding two gloves by their mouths in each hand, he tries to scrape together sand into a pile, with very little success. Scrape scrape scrape. The gloves are thrown away. To touch the sand is anathema, but there is no viable alternative—to scrape the sand is the imperative, and he does it, horrified laughing with the sand on his hands and its sticking underneath the nails, get it off, but it's contaminated now. He picks up the gloves by their fingers and walks off.

The players come on, they have been summoned, less by any one of them than their imperative. They have not made a play before. They're not quite sure what a play is, or what they are *doing* here. One of them starts to speak:

"When I was a kid, I had a feeling. I don't know what feeling, but it was a feeling, and it made me want to..."

Another: "there was a time, and maybe it was spring, and...a thing happened...the thing happened, it happened, but now, I think that thing, I mean it happened, but now I think about it, I must think about it, and it has to be...it must be, become, another thing. But itself. It must stay itself, but become."

"I hear you, and I hear the feeling and the being-becoming, and I understand where we are, but no one, no one can tell me, and I can't tell me, what must happen here, now. Here-now. The earth has seeds, and the seeds braird in the spring, and we feel green and happy, and the fire has sparks, and is made by sparks, and we flicker with it, but where are the sparks for the tinder of our minds? where are the shoots, the water and the soil for seeds to have shoots? Do we have seeds truly?"

"I brought some seeds. Anyone want one?"

"I do."

"And I."

"Thanks."

"...what kind of seeds are they...?"

"The kind...the flower that grows purplish. And tall? That taste good when you mash them?"

"and are they mashed?"

"...no."

"..."

"Thanks for the seeds. But I meant, do we have seeds of the head. Do we have seeds for our heads?"

"Why would we need seeds of the head? who puts seeds in a head?"

"You misunderstand me."

"no I understand you. I understand seeds, you see, and I do know heads. I don't know seeds in the head."

"But they're not real seeds. They're not actual seeds in our heads—"

"Well that's a problem, if they're not actual—"

"Well yes it's a problem, but that's not the real problem, the real problem is—"

"It sounds like it is the problem"

"Why are you here? We, we know what the problem is, the problem is in the seeds, but not the actual seeds, but—"

"Are you sure? Here, have a seed, maybe it'll give you an idea."

"You twisty punner! You know what we mean! You're not helping!"

"Maybe I am helping, have a seed! do you know what I mean?"

"your seeds! a joke! a joke!"

"a joke is a fine place to start."

(they grapple, and grasp each other's heads by the sides, locked, they turn, and it looks like they are holding skulls)

A skald... a skald is supposed to tell stories, sing the stories of the people, and preserve their history from ruin, and polish it, make it bright to be a light. And the people will know a skald by the light within him that makes other things bright, the inspiration, the muse-patronage visible on his brow, coming out of the eyes, and this is confirmed by the emanations of his mouth, and these days, his pen. And I felt the muse, the breath breathes through me, sometimes, a flash of light, but I put the breathings on a computer, they were held by airy electrons, and not the black of gall, and, and, some of them I kept, I thought they were thoughts, which they were, but I kept them and didn't even give them to the airy electrons but they were just a trace of sweat from the thoughts which made *my* pulse beat faster, and my mouth, my voice, my eyes, tongue didn't even lick the tip of the pen to draw the dry ink, all stopped.

Stopped. and how dare I ask for it to flow ever again? There is no blood in here, I think, just phlegm which reddens when it comes out to console me (*cuts self*).

I am foolish. I am a fool, and so here goes my cap (*Puts it on*) with the bells. I got the bells. Because I want to do it right...

Should we go?

(*They go.*)

(A man and a boy sit on a beach?)

"As Snaebjörn sang, "Tis said that far out, beyond the skirts of the earth, the Nine Maidens of the Island Mill stir amain the host-cruel Skerry-quern—they who in ages past ground Amlodi's meal. The Giver of Rings cuts with ship's beak the hull's lair." Here the sea is called Amlodi's quern."

"What does that mean?"

"...metaphor"

"what?"

"Metaphor. the maker of metaphor. The fools make metaphors."

"...so it's a fool, then?"

"No. This is the material. The fool sees it, and makes metaphor from it. It is the cosmos. Everything. But do you see? It's also the mind. The processor; it grinds the rocks and gives us..."

"Sand?"

"Sand? Don't knock sand. Sand gives us a lot. Weight. Sandbags. Spun into glass. Something to trickle through our fingers, get caught in our shoes, hold memories. One day, you might hold a memory of this, in your shoe."

"I dunno, I'll probably toss these in a few months. They wear through."

...

thing

Will you play upon this pipe (*Holding one out*)?

I pray you. I do beseech you.

'Tis as easy as lying: govern these vestiges with your finger and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most excellent Music. Look you, these are the stops. Why look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me: (*throws recorder at audience*) you would play upon me: (*Takes up and throws another*) you would seem to know my stops: (*another*) you would pluck out the heart of my Myserie; (*another*) you would sound mee from my lowest note to the top of my compass: (*again*) and there is much Music, (*looking at pipe*) excellent voice, in this little organe, yet cannot you make (*throwing it*) it speak. [S'blood] Do you think I am easier to be plaid upon than a pipe, call mee what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me. [God bless you.] (*takes last one away*)

(*perhaps: he retreats, with a growing horror, from the audience, as if he senses his transparency*)

Later (perhaps):

Returns, and stands planted center, allowing self to be seen. After a beat for scrutiny, three (?) others, parts of the self perhaps, appear behind him. He looks at them, and exits.

Audition Plan

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Bring in Textual materials (w/ scissors?): the excerpts from T.S., some of my writings; a found object or image, and a prop. Instruct actors to spend 8 minutes making a 1 to 2-minute piece, incorporating as many/much of the materials as they like. Leave the room. (maybe eavesdrop a little, they had better be working) Come back, see piece, rework it for next five minutes, give every person at least one note. See again, once or twice, and take note how much/well they take note. ... Wordplay aside, send them out, and have them come in, one at a time, with monologue.

Alternatively: incorporate monologue into piece, spend whole half-hour?

Untitled Note

Created: Sunday, February 16 2014, 5:41 PM Modified: Sunday, February 16 2014, 5:42 PM

A Mythology of?/for? the mind.

A mythology of the mind means the story of how the mind is, came to be, and might be in the future, but mostly the first two. A mythology *for* the mind means stories to help or aid the mind understanding itself or something else.

I am going to start with the creative process, because I don't know where else to start, and why not start where I am?

The creative process is interesting because I have to start with nothing, which is reality but it feels like nothing remarkable, and do something which results in the perception, firstly by me and subsequently others, that something has occurred which did not exist before. I have to name what is already named and make it feel new; neologize old words to describe something everybody knows but has never felt that it knows it has felt it. How does one have the audacity to do that? How does one go about it, and yet how does one not do it? What happens when creativity is stifled? I want people working in different ways to bring their process to the table and make a piece which explores the experience and struggle and successes and insanities of the whole damn thing.

“Section 1”

Thank you for coming to our play. And now a short message from our author: (*unfolds paper*) “Give order that these bodies high on a stage be placed to the view, and let me speak to the yet unknowing world how these things came about.” (*a little puzzled*) Well, without further ado, let’s begin!

(*Books are pushed on stage*)

*

Actors come on stage, and cut up pieces of script, various books or photocopies. They then begin to read from the increasing snow of text that is falling, ordering it as they see fit. One reads, for example, a piece of *Hamlet* adjacent to *The Spanish Tragedy*; a bit from Auden and a bit from Stein: these are all of the texts that have gone into and made up our work, and they will make the play from them, in discovery.

*

I am reading. I am reading and I am discovering
If I could turn up, get my hands one even *one* foul paper. Untouched. Oh ho. Or even, an account, written by some obscure and unthought-of gentleman, in which he details having witnessed the performance—but no, they’ve combed through it already, got their grubby little paws all over the {air coy} fair copy and annotations, and birth records and fucking two-bit – secondary – commentators! My sheets, my sheets...are all ash by now...

He left me nothing!

Enter Ghost.

I followed him, I done my – prayed!, prayed, I worshipped! I got the meat under the table, no, I woulda *died*, for the bone on the floor, but—
– you—! I – didn’t mean to invoke—(*choking it out.*) I’m sorry (*horsely.*) No. You should be sorry, you will be sorry, when one day...I’ll have...find...(*collapses.*)

We know it begins with Saxo. At least, he is the first written record we have of the Amleth legend. And Saxo was Belleforest’s source, where the story was most likely picked up. One of the two.

(*he crosses to books. Opens one*)

*

Three groups of people enter: two companies of Actors and the Authors, who sit at a table.

Each company is putting on a show; they will collide.

*

[After "Give order that...", as if watching end of play, perhaps?] *Enter.*

Now I am alone.

Oh what a rogue and peasant slave am I.

Is it not monstrous that this Player here,

But in a fixion, in a dreame of passion,

Could so move his soul so to his whole conceit

That from her working, all his visage warm'd,

Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,

A broken voyce, and all ... with forms to his conceit?

And all for nothing? For Hecuba? Why?

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,

That he should weep for her?

Walking about, he leaves an echo behind, or one leaves from him. This is an older one, that almost repeats him word for word:

Oh what a rogue and peasant slave am I ... et C & C.

This upsets and distracts the first, who tries to get it to stop. Eventually moving, either to get to the first or for some other impulse, he or possibly the second spawns a third. This is the oldest, and is rougher than the others. He may look it, too.

O what a dunghill Idiot slave am I!

Why these players here drew water from eyes.

For Hecuba? What is Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba?

What would he do, an' he had my losse?

His father mured and a crowne berift him? (*perhaps even taunting the first or first two by now*)

He would turne all his teares to droppes of blood.

Cleave the generall ear by his speech.

Eventually, the three are fighting physically, though separated. Perhaps the first spawns a copy of himself which fights while he stands and watches, petrified, paralyzed, helpless. As they fight, footsteps are heard. The first begins to quake. A shadow appears behind him. Alternatively: his own shadow steps away from him. In either case: the shadow steps along, dissolving the echoes. The first, fearful or fascinated, can't help following it off. As he turns the corner, the edge of the stage, another appears. It is Heironimo.

[older texts break into younger ones. Increasing fragmentation, from which [main character?] voices increasing confusion and anguish. Eventually, he must resolve the action. Perhaps there are brief interludes where someone comes on, gives a historical

or analytical explanation of relation between texts, about what is going on; perhaps bits from rehearsal interject;

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Cubist Summary:

O valiant Amleth, and worthy of immortal fame, who being shrewdly armed with a feint of folly, covered a wisdom too high for human wit under a marvelous disguise of silliness!

I am Hamlet the Dane. My father is dead. My father was killed by his brother, mine unkle, and no one knows it but me.

Everyone knows that Horwendil was killed. Feng killed him because he was abusing your mother, Gerutha.

No one knows it but me. Yet my life is endangered. If the King killed my father without scruple, how easily may he do it to me?

I might kill Amleth, if he tries to revenge himself upon me. It is lucky for me that no one knows the cause of my brother's death. Now to Gertrude.

I am thy father's spirit! My son, my son! Where is my son? Who has killed him? I know who has killed me. I must take my vengeance. Take vengeance! Avenge me! Hamlet, revenge!

No! I must be a good Christian! I must be a good son! I must be a good skeptic?

Here's some trickery!

I love thee. We were playmates.

Can you keep this secret? Did you see my quern?

I'll come to his mother's closet. Board him. Accost. Try. Take this from this.

Dumb show. Not much is said.

Methinks a comedy were better.

I am a fool. I am the fool. Fool me. Fool me! I'll fool them with the full fool; ful.

Then cutting his body into morsels, he seethed it in boiling water, and flung it through the mouth of an open sewer for the swine to eat, bestrewing the stinking mire with his hapless limbs.

Hamlet, understanding that he should be sent into England

The prince that never used lying, and who in all the answers that ever he made never strayed from the truth

Switched the tablets, the letters. They did make love to this employment.

Madness: I will revenge myself vpon this place; Fruitless forever may this garden be, Barren the earth, and blisless whosoever imagines not to keep it unmanured!

ALAS POOR YORICK –Black–

The stakes that were sharpened will pin. The golden sticks will enrichen me as they topple. The entertainment will furnish the snare with which they will wrap themselves in, and his own sword will do him in. I shall be king.

O I die Horatio!

Horatio!

And gentles, thus I end my play;

So ended Amleth. Had fortune been as kind to him as nature, he would have equaled the gods in glory, and surpassed the labours of Hercules by his deeds of prowess. Here the sea is called Amlodi's quern.

*

The randomization section:

Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
Whose lights are dimd with ouer-long laments?
What, would you haue vs play a tragedie?
For heeres no iustice. Gentle boy, begone;
Now I am alone.

Is it not monstrous that this Player here,
Thy mother cries on righteous Radamant
Could so move his soul so to his whole conceit
Walking about, he leaves an echo behind, or one leaves from him. This is an older one,
that almost repeats him word for word:

For heeres no iustice. Gentle boy, begone;
A broken voyce, and all ... with forms to his conceit?
But in a fixion, in a dreame of passion,
T[o] tell thy father thou art vnreuenged?
Cleave the generall ear by his speech.
To aske for iustice in this vpper earth?
Horatio? who cal's Horatio?

For iustice is exiled from the earth.
That came for iustice for my murdered sonne.
Goe back, my sonne, complaine to Eacus;
He would turne all his teares to droppes of blood.
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
To wring more teares from Isabellas eies,
T[o] tell thy father thou art vnreuenged?

And art thou come, Horatio, from the depth,
That he should weep for her?
What would he do, an' he had my losse?
I am a greeued man, and not a ghost,
Oh what a rogue and pesant slave am I ...et C &C.
Whose lights are dimd with ouer-long laments?
To wring more teares from Isabellas eies,
O what a dunghill Idiot slave am I!
For iustice is exiled from the earth.

Good leaue haue you; nay, I pray you goe, For Ile leaue you, if you can leaue me so.

H[i]eronimo will beare thee company.
His father murdred and a crowne berift him? (perhaps even taunting the first or first two by now)

Oh what a rogue and peasant slave am I.
 Why these players here drew water from eyes.
 And all for nothing? For Hecuba? Why?
 Thy mother cries on righteous Radamant
 That from her working, all his visage warm'd,
 He diggeth with his dagger.

For Hecuba? What is Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba?

And art thou come, Horatio, from the depth,
 To aske for iustice in this vpper earth?

HIERO. Iustice! O, iustice to Hieronimo!
 H[i]eronimo will beare thee company.

Goe back, my sonne, complaine to Eacus;

I PORT. Ha, ha, ha! HIERO. Ha, ha, ha! why, ha, ha, ha! Farewell, good ha, ha,
 ha! Exit.

**Containing the lamentable end of DON
 HORATIO, and BEL-IMPERIA:
 with the pittiful death of olde
 HIERONIMO.**

**Newly corrected and amended of such
 grosse faults
 as passed in the first impression.**

He doth as he did before.

Dooing as before.

*Those garments that he weares I oft haue seene,— Alas! it is
 Horatio, my sweet sonne! O, no; but he that whilome was my sonne!
 O, was it thou that call'dst me from my bed? O, speak, if any sparke
 of life remaine! I am thy father. Who hath slaine my sonne? What
 sauadge monster, not of humane kinde, Hath heere beene glutted with
 thy harmeles blood, And left they bloudie corpes dishonoured heere,
 For me amidst these darke and dreadfull shades To drowne thee with an
 ocean of my teares? O heauens, why made you night, to couer sinne?
 By day this deed of darknes had not beene. O earth, why didst thou
 not in time deuoure The [vile] prophaner of this sacred bower? O
 poore Horatio, what hadst thou misdoone To leese thy life ere life
 was new begun? O wicked butcher, what-so-ere thou wert, How could
 thou strangle vertue and desert? Ay me, most wretched! that haue
 lost my ioy In leeing my Horatio, my sweet boy!
 HIERO. Oh eies! no eies but fountains fraught with teares; Oh life!
 no life, but liuely fourme of death; Oh world! no world, but masse of
 publique wrongs, Confusde and filde with murder and misdeeds; Oh
 sacred heauens, if this unhallowed deed, If this inhumane and
 barberous attempt, If this incomparable murder thus Of mine, but
 now no more my sonne Shall pass vnreueald and vnreuedged passe,
 How should we tearme your dealings to be iust, If you vniustly deale
 with those that in your iustice trust? The night, sad secretary to my
 mones, With direfull visions wake my vexed soule, And with the
 wounds of my distresfull sonne Solicite me for notice of his death;
 The ougly feends do sally forth of hell, And frame my hart with
 fierce inflamed thoughts; The cloudie day my discontents records,*

Early begins to register my dreames And driue me forth to seeke the
murtherer. Eies, life, world, heauens, hel, night and day, See,
search, show, send, some man, some meane, that may!
HIERO. In troth, my lord, it is a thing of nothing: The murder of
a sonne or so, my lord,- A thing of nothing.

HEIRO. Peace, impudent! for thou shalt finde it so; For blood
with blood shall, while I sit as iudge, Be satisfied, and the law
dischargde. And, though my-selfe cannot receiue the like, Yet
will I see that others haue their right. Dispatch! the fault
approued and confest, And by our law he is condemned to die.

What haue I heard? what haue mine eies behelde? O sacred heauens,
may it come to passe That such a monstrous and detested deed, So
closely smotherd and so long conceald, Shall thus by this be
[reueged] or reuealed?

ISA. So that you say this hearb will purge the [eyes], And this
the head? ah! but none of them will purge the hart! No,
thers no medicine left for my disease, Nor any physick to recure the
dead. She runnes lunatick. Horatio! O, wheres
Horatio?

BEL-IMPERIA at a window. BEL. What meanes this
outrage that is offred me? What am I thus sequestred from the court?
No notice? shall I not know the cause Of these my secret and
suspitious ils? Accursed brother! vnkinde murderer! Why bends
thou thus thy minde to martir me? Hieronimo, why writ I of they
wrongs, Or why art thou so slack in thy reuenge? Andrea! O
Andrea, that thou sawest Me for thy freend Horatio handled thus,
And him for me thus causeles murdered! Well, force perforce, I must
constraine my-selfe To patience, and apply me to the time, Till
Heauen, as I haue hoped, shall set me free. Enter
[CHRISTOPHEL.] CHRIS. Come, Madame Bel-imperia, this [must] not be!
Exeunt.

HIER. Tis neither as you thinke, nor as you thinke, Nor as you
thinke, you'r wide all: These slippers are not mine, they were my
sonne Horatios. My sonne? And what's a sonne? A thing begot
Within a paire of minutes, there-about; A lump bred up in darknesse,
and doth serue To ballance those light creatures we call women,
And at nine monethes end creepes foorth to light. What is there yet
in a sonne to make a father Dote, rave or runne mad? Being born, it
pouts, Cries, and breeds teeth. What is there yet in a sonne? He
must be fed, be taught to goe and speake. I, and yet? Why might not
a man love A calfe as well, or melt in passion over A frisking
kid, as for a sonne? Me thinkes A young bacon or a fine smooth
little horse-colt Should mooue a man as much as doth a son; For
one of these in very little time Will grow to some good use, whereas
a sonne, The more he growes in stature and in yeeres, The more
unsquar'd, unlevelled he appeares, Reckons his parents among the
ranke of fooles, Strikes cares upon their heads with his mad ryots,
Makes them looke old before they meet with age.- This is a son! And
what a losse were this, Considered truely! Oh, but my Horatio
Grew out of reach of those insatiate humours: He lovd his loving
parents, he was my comfort And his mothers joy, the very arme that
did Hold up our house, our hopes were stored up in him. None but
a damned murderer could hate him! He had not seene the backe Of
nineteene yeere, when his strong arme unhorst The proud prince
Balthazar; and his great minde, Too full of honour tooke him unto
mercy, That valient but ignoble Portingale. Well! Heaven is

Heaven still! And there's Nemesis, and Furies, And things called
whippes, and they sometimes doe meet With murderers! They doe not
alwayes scape,- That is some comfort! I, I, I; and then Time
steales on, and steales and steales, till violence Leapes foorth like
thunder wrapt in a ball of fire, And so doth bring confusion to them
all.

[End of insertion.]

Good leaue haue you; nay, I pray you goe, For Ile leaue you, if
you can leaue me so.

I PORT. Ha, ha, ha! HIERO. Ha, ha, ha! why, ha, ha, ha!
Farewell, good ha, ha, ha! Exit.

Enter HIERONIMO with a ponyard in one hand, and a
rope in the other. HIERO. Now, sir, perhaps I come to see the king,
The king sees me, and faine would heare my sute: Why, is this not a
strange and seld-seene thing That standers by with toyes should
strike me mute? Go too, I see their shifts, and say no more;
Hieronimo, tis time for thee to trudge! Downe by the dale that flowes
with purple gore Standeth a firie tower; there sits a iudge Vpon
a seat of steele and molten brasse, And twixt his teeth he holdes
afire-brand, That leades vnto the lake where he doth stand. Away,
Hieronimo; to him be gone: Heele doe thee iustice for Horatios death.
Turne down this path, thou shalt be with him strait; Or this, and
then thou needst not take thy breth. This way, or that way? Soft and
faire, not so! For, if I hang or kill my-selfe, lets know Who
will reuenge Horatios murther then! No, no; fie, no! pardon me, ile
none of that: He flings away the dagger & halter.
This way Ile take; and this way comes the king, He takes
them up againe. And heere Ile haue a fling at him, thats flat!
And, Balthazar, Ile be with thee to bring; And thee, Lorenzo! Heeres
the king; nay, stay! And heere,-I, heere,-there goes the hare away!

HIERO. Iustice! O, iustice to Hieronimo!

HIERO. Horatio? who cals Horatio?

He diggeth with his dagger.

And art thou come, Horatio, from the depth, To aske for iustice in
this vpper earth? T[o] tell thy father thou art vnreuenged? To
wring more teares from Isabellas eies, Whose lights are dimd with
ouer-long laments? Goe back, my sonne, complaine to Eacus; For
heeres no iustice. Gentle boy, begone; For iustice is exiled from
the earth. H[i]ieronimo will beare thee company. Thy mother cries
on righteous Radamant

And art thou come, Horatio, from the depth, To aske for iustice in
this vpper earth? T[o] tell thy father thou art vnreuenged? To
wring more teares from Isabellas eies, Whose lights are dimd with
ouer-long laments? Goe back, my sonne, complaine to Eacus; For
heeres no iustice. Gentle boy, begone; For iustice is exiled from
the earth. H[i]ieronimo will beare thee company. Thy mother cries
on righteous Radamant

BA. I am a greeued man, and not a ghost, That came for iustice for
my murdered sonne.

I, now I know thee, now thou namest thy sonne; Thou art the liuely
image of my griefe: Within thy face sorrowes I may see; The eyes
are [dim'd] with teares, they cheekes are wan, They forehead
troubled, and thy muttring lips Murmure sad words abruptly broken off
By force of windie sighes thy spirit breathes; And all this sorrow

riseth for thy sonne, And selfe-same sorrow feele I for my sonne.
Come in, old man;
 Leane on my arme; I thee, thou me shalt stay; And thou and I and
she will sing a song, Three parts in one, but all of discords
fram'd,-

BAL. What, would you haue vs play a tragedie?

BAL. Hieronimo, me thinks a comedie were better.

HIERO. Each one of vs Must act his parte in vnknowne
languages, That it may breede the more varietie: As you, my lord,
in Latin, I in Greeke, You in Italian, and, for-because I know
That Bel-imperia hath practised the French, In courtly French shall
all her phrases be. BAL. But this will be a meere confusion, And
hardly shall we all be vnderstoode. HEIRO. It must be so; for the
conclusion Shall proue the inuention and all was good; And I my-
selfe in an oration, That I will haue there behinde a curtaine,
And with a strange and wondrous shew besides, Assure your-selfe,
shall make the matter knowne. And all shalbe concluded in once scene,
For theres no pleasure tane in tediousnes.

I will reuenge my-selfe vpon this place,

Downe with these branches and these loathsome bowes On this
vnfortunate and fatall pine! Downe with them, Isabella; rent them vp,
And burnes the roots from whence the rest is sprung! I will leaue not
a root, a stalke, a tree, A bowe, a branch, a blossome, nor a leafe,-
Not, not a hearb within this garden plot, Accursed complot of my
miserie! Fruitlesse for-euer may this garden be, Barren the
earth, and blislesse whosoouer Immagines not to keep it vnmanurde!

This is the argument of what we shew.

HIERO. Dispatch, for shame! are you so long?

On then, Hieronimo; persue reuenge, For nothing wants but acting
of reuenge!

[Gentlemen, this play of Hieronimo in sundrie languages was thought good to be set
downe in English more largely, for the easier vnderstanding to euery publique reader.]

Heere breake we off our sundrie languages, And thus conclude I in
our vulgare tung: Happely you think-but bootles are your thoughts-
That this is fabulously counterfeit, And that we doo as all trageians
doo,- To die to-day, for fashioning our scene, The death of Ajax,
or some Romaine peer, And, in a minute starting vp againe, Reuiue
to please tomorrows audience. No, princes; know I am Hieronimo,
The hopeles father of a haples sonne, Whose tung is tun'd to tell his
latest tale, Not to excuse grosse errors in the play. I see your
lookes vrge instance of these words: Beholde the reason vrging me to
this! Showes his dead sonne. See heere my shew;
look on this spectacle! Heere lay my hope, and heere my hope hath
end; Heere lay my hart, and heere my hart was slaine; Heere lay
my treasure, heere my treasure lost; Heere lay my blisse, and heere
my blisse bereft. But hope, hart, treasure, ioy and blisse,- All
fled, faild, died, yea, all decaide with this.

And princes, now beholde Hieronimo, Author and actor in this
tragedie, Bearing his latest fortune in his fist; And will as
resolute conclude his parte As any of the actors gone before.

*And, gentles, thus I end my play! Vrge no more words, I haue no more
to say.*

“S.P. Interlocking Outline”, a.k.a. “Proto-script”

Rehearsal bit even before Poet I?

The Poet I:

Empty stage. {We notice that it evokes a tesseract, then this dims as a figure enters.}
It is the Poet. He strolls over the stage, thinking, observing the space a little. He is on the verge of saying something, when he has a thought. He goes to one of the wings, and pulls a microphone out, like one used for old tape recorders, with a cord. He begins to talk into the microphone, as if dictating to himself for a later note. He has some trouble with the cord, and has to keep pulling more from the wings, which (slightly begrudgingly) oblige him.

Poet: Today, I feel like it will be a good day. Productive-ly-speaking. You know when you can feel an idea on the way? like it's somewhere in your mind, the back, or amongst the middle parts, and it's just waiting to come to the forefront, to be decoded, or for its separate parts to conjoin and birth the thought that you've been waiting for? which will answer everything? Or at least what you need to be answered? right now? ... I might have that feeling. I'm not sure. Completely. I could get an idea or I could get a headache...ha ha. ...they're sort of the same thing, when you think about it... but good! Ideas are good. Ideas are good.

It is going to be a long night, I can tell. A bit chilly. Good for congealing, maybe for writing. But if my hands get cold, I might not be able to go as fast as the thoughts come...well that's what I have you for, even if my hands are frozen stiff they'll be wrapped around this, so I'll still be able to dictate. Unless my lips freeze. But then I'd have greater problems anyway, if I froze to death there'd be no one to transcribe the dictation in the first place...focus! How is it you can spend so much creativity on idle possibilities? On what for most people would amount to daydreams? Or day-mares, worst-case-scenarios? Okay, okay, so: but the idea will come it will come soon, I'm pretty sure, if I just talk it though, it'll come from the corner, you can be sure of that. It begins to snow, slowly, very lightly. After some time, we can notice that the snow is bits of paper with text printed on them, like the output of a giant shredder ten miles high.

Poet: I must say, I'm pretty sure this is a mental space. I'm pretty sure of it. It's nowhere I really recognize, or no place real I recognize. (Thinks.) I like the second one better. Yes, a mental space, but...it's unusually clean. I was pretty sure it'd be littered with junk all over. Well, not junk, but valuable things intermixed with...mostly junk, yes, but its clean, maybe a corner I haven't used before...ah no, take a look, it's beginning to fill. Predictable. Well, say your goodbyes, you pretty, anoetic corner, you're about to be cluttered with thought! ... I'm probably the only person that talks to their own brain...parts of their own brain...the only sane one, maybe...although that's probably pushing it, considering I am in a mental space after all...I hate not being able to generalize...how can I be expected to compose without it? generalization is the very foundation of poetry! I won't equivocate about that... I wonder why I'm here? To compose, no doubt, but when's that idea going to come, hunh?

Behind him, we see a flash, for a split second, of another figure. {insert ghost image?}

Poet: Well, while I wait, I might as well tidy up a bit, gotta do it every once in a while, be a good steward...of myself...hmm. He goes to a wing and takes out a broom.

Holding this at the same time as the microphone, he begins to sweep up some of the accumulated paper, pushing it into a pile and pushing that pile towards one corner of the stage, muttering: Okay...that's better...

In the corner with the paper pile, two figures appear, along with a television. They are sitting down, near the TV, and looking at it, idly playing with the bits of paper. When they turn to talk to each other, we can see that they appear to be wearing 3D glasses, either the paper or plastic kind.

Watcher 1 (Male): (Looks at Watcher 2) 3D glasses? Neat.

Watcher 2 (Female): (Turning toward Watcher 1) Actually, these are 4D.

Watcher 1: Really? And how do you like them?

Watcher 2: They're good,—

Watcher 1: Really? Because I've just got the new 5D? Pre-order...

Watcher 2: I heard that they're really buggy and not worth it until at least the second generation...

Watcher 1: Well that's what people always say, generally to justify not having gotten them...But owning a pair, I have to say, that it makes a world of difference.

Watcher 2: Yes?

Watcher 1: Completely takes the experience to another level...

Watcher 2: Well maybe I'll consider getting them, I mean I would have already if I wasn't attached to the settings...

These next lines are delivered rapid-fire, like comebacks.

Watcher 1: They come with automatic remote integration—

Watcher 2: And the media isn't optimized for the new—

Watcher 1: Universal Backward Compatibility—

Watcher 2: Which they promise but—

Watcher 1: They're great.

Watcher 2: Well maybe I'll upgrade.

Watcher 1: You should.

A Pause. They stare at each other, and continue to do so through the following.

Watcher 2: Pass me the chips?

Watcher 1: Sure.

Watcher 1 hands Watcher 2 the chips, and Watcher 2 takes one, crunching it very deliberately. They continue to stare. {[On the television behind them [The 'television' turns out to be a projection on the corner of the wall, as it has been expanding over the last third or so of the Watchers' dialogue, and now fills almost the whole wall. On it, we see} glimpses of a panoply of films clips, rotating. Although silent until now, one of the clips plays its sound. It is from a production of Hamlet, in which the title character shouts: {[now I might do it pat, now he is a-praying. And now I'll do it! [A rat, a rat! Dead for a ducat, dead!} The scene changes, the Watchers disappear as a bunch of actors rush on stage, one collapsing onto the ground, and another, a young man, brandishing a dagger or sword above him.

I killed you, you fucking bastard, I've killed you! Almost three hundred performances and I finally did it! Yah!

A pause, as everyone else seems to be mortified.

...And so that's how I think we'll end it. Okay?

The dramaturg enters.

Dramaturg: Great, great. Uh, Let's take a five, hunh? Break! The actors relax and exit. The

Dramaturg retains the young man.

Well, what'd you think?

Dramaturg: Well, now this is your first, um, how many—Tom? You can go now, Tom: we're taking a break—

The supine actor arises and exits.

Dramaturg: Uh...So: How many times have you played Hamlet?

...

In a dressing room. Hamlet begins removing make-up. Maybe trying out variations.

Horatio: Congratulations!

Hamlet: What?

Horatio: First rehearsal?: It's finally happening.

Hamlet: I know! crazy, right?

Horatio: And at your age...

Hamlet: Now don't get jealous. Hey we said we'd 'rise together—

Horatio joins in: —die together'

Horatio: right.

Hamlet: Remember? (impression, as if from an old role or joke) 'I am, the luckiest man alive' (right back, a snap, to normal) to be getting to do this, to do Hamlet—

Horatio: —your Hamlet—

Hamlet: (doesn't hear him) —with my best friend! ...and as his best friend, {[no less [to boot]}! I'm living it.

Horatio: Yep.

Hamlet: I'll say.

Horatio: You did..

Hamlet: (notices him) is something wrong? Did you think tonight went well?

Horatio: yeah fine, it went fine...

Hamlet: okay... only—

Horatio: ...only I'm wondering, what direction, y'know, where are we going, with this?

Hamlet: (giving him an irritated look. Then:) ... heh. ... et tu? He heh.

Horatio: come on!

Hamlet: No, it's fine; I shouldn't be surprised.

Horatio: It's a fair question. I just want to know. We—the whole cast, would—

Hamlet: Oh it's we is it? {[Meaning [We—) you and them, okay—

Horatio: come on...

Hamlet: Well, I can tell you...guys, that you...all will, shortly, find, out, what we're doing; when we, are doing it. ...(an afterthought)And I mean 'we' the 'royal 'we'.

Horatio: I—(turns and exits)

Hamlet: ... (finishing with the make-up) ...bloody lack of second-person plural pronouns...(muttering)English...(looks up apologetically) Sorry, Shakespeare! ... (chuckles to himself)

The Watchers are looking at a panopoly of different clips and images, as if on many screens. After staring at them for some time, 1 turns towards 2:

1: Hey what are you watching?

2: (Doesn't turn) Same as you.

1: No, I mean which are you watching?

(2 doesn't respond. 1 repeats the question.)

2: I don't know! most of the first row, two on the second, and those three...towards the bottom, with the circles. Circle-figures. (1 looks back towards the screens) What about you?

1: ...uh, the one in the middle...

2: That's it?

1:...yeah. ...

2: (makes some adjustment on glasses)...That one's boring!

1: Well I don't know which ones...(He keeps fiddling with his glasses)

2: Can't you watch all of them? With your new 5Ds? Just watch all of them.

1: Oh yeah. ...(Keeps fiddling)...I'm having some trouble with the interface.

2: Why?

1: They changed it. (2 snorts) No like really changed it.

2: Look it up.

1: (presses a button on the glasses) They changed that too.

2: Hah. (somewhat amused. Schadenfreude)

(1 continues fiddling, more and more, at least what approaches, frustrated.)

1: What're you watching now?

2: A quadratic overlay of the three {Schilingenseif} sequences.

1: (biting) Quadratic, that's hardly very synesthetic!

2: Well do better yourself!

(1 touches his glasses, remembers he can't. Goes back to fiddling twice as fast.)

1: What do you think of—

2: Don't interrupt me!

(1 sulks. Presses one button on the glasses as if going to give a half-hearted try, but:)

1: Ooh! I got something!

2: Yeah? (not interested)

1: (presses another button) Yeah! Ooh! ...wow... Oh man you should see this!

2: Why don't you screenshare it then?

1: What? (beginning to be lost in the 'experience')

2: 'Total backwards compatibility', or that's what you said.

1: Yeah. It's true. ... here... (presses some more buttons)

2: (suddenly seeing the same thing) Oh!

1: Right?

2: Overlay...try them all!

1: What?

2: Try them all at once! Complete 5D!

(1 presses a sequence. They then, immersed in the experience, rise as if floating, and begin the next scene)

The Poet thinks, and begins spouting words, in the midst of a creative throe, and begins pulling a roll of paper from his sleeve, running his hand over it, as if writing it, (but it is plainly already written), then one from another sleeve, first {{falls out [keeps hanging out]}, then from trouser legs, inside coat. After this. He reaches in his coat and pulls out a stack of normal paper, begins to go through it, but becomes disappointed, then angry.

Poet: This is crap!...

Begins crumpling and throwing off stage sheets in stacks, then throws the rest of the stack up in the air, and exits through the falling leaves.

Poet enters dragging lump of crumpled pages, shaped like a human, and with a dirk sticking up from its middle {it's 'bleeding' ink}. Halfway across the stage, being heavy, he stops and looks inside the bundle, and pulls out a book, then another.

Poet: ...so that's what...That's the danger of reading too much. (Throws them off stage in the direction he came from, then resumes dragging the 'guts' off the other way, a lot more easily)

...

All the actors are on stage, they are in the middle of a rehearsal:

Hamlet: you would sound me out, delve into the heart of my mystery? Well, take that, (Throws a flute at them) and that, (another) and these (a bunch of flutes)!

Rosincrantz: How do you have so many?

Somewhere in the middle (a question of nomenclature):

Hamlet: I shall call it 'NotHamlet'. (a silence)

Dramaturg:...Because it's not Hamlet?

Hamlet: (expecting this, being a showman) No. Because once I was on a train, you know where I was sitting? I was sitting by the window, and do you know what I saw under the window? there was a mallet, to break the window, in case of, you know, emergencies? And what do you suppose was the label for the mallet in German, the German translation for it? it was 'Nothammer' (as if the word is bestowing enlightenment) A hammer, to break the window. And, just so, (coming to the punch line) my play is a play that will break Hamlet.

Dramaturg: (not quite sure how to say:) ...I don't think that's—

Hamlet: And it came to me, all at once. (as if this will answer all possible objections)

Dramaturg: ...By rights, though, your play should be called 'Not-Play', by your logic, because it was the hammer, that broke the window, thus it should be 'Not-Play', because it's a play that will 'break' Hamlet, according to you...

(Hamlet is a little stiff, wind out of sails, or unsure how to move in this, unanticipated/unaccounted-for)

Dramaturg: (Turns to go after a beat, on his way out, says:) also, it's a more accurate title. I think. (goes.)

{perhaps Hamlet here, pissed, begins a Hamlet monologue, interrupted, as by someone O.S. shouting: "We can hear you, you know!", freezes, and breaks down.}

The Poet enters, wandering about, lost-like, nervously, he takes a long drag on a cigarette, hands shaking. Then:

Poet: (He keeps speaking in oscillating volume, a mutter jumping to a cry, before dying back down.) ...'the hell? I don't smoke!

He shakes his hand, and the 'cigarette' turns into a pen. Mildly shocked.

Poet: ...There it is...

Curious, he looks in his mouth, scrapes his tongue, and sees that it is stained black, as if he had been sucking on a pen for a long time. Choosing to ignore this for the present:

Poet: Where's my paper? (Muttering) Do they keep moving my paper? Who...?
(Getting louder) Has somebody been moving my things? (muttering again) ...no paper around here...I have to write...

He begins writing on himself (his hands, furiously and moving all over where there is space, sometimes underlining a phrase), and the pen is clear on his pale skin. Sometimes mumbles words he's writing.

Poet changes writing on face to expressions, in hand mirror, becomes different characters? from/within his poetry, which he is reciting bit of poetry references Hamlet imagined Hamlet scene and transitions into that scene by actors.

Scene in which the Poet enters into Watchers scene (unseen to them) [better to do rehearsal moment, more appropriate to cutting up paper than Watchers?], watches them cutting up text, reading it {transition into scene in which they 'revise' the Poet's face while he recites monologue of one of his works perhaps perhaps}

...

The Poet realizes he has a maker:

The Poet enters into a dark space. {He is disheveled, his face a blurry mess/completely white, and carrying, almost tangled in the various objects he has used, like the tape recorder mic, broom, etc.} He is clearly unsettled by the place, which is more than not familiar to him.

Poet: Why don't I feel...Am I anywhere?...Sometimes I think... (muttering) Words...

He senses a figure behind him.

Poet: Who's there. (Hoarsely.) Come out!

Someone almost emerges from the back. They can't be seen clearly, for they aren't in the light. The Poet certainly perceives them, though.

Poet: Who—What do you want? Why are you here? Why am I here?

You're mine.

Poet: ...What?!...

I have...created you.

Poet: God?

(a laugh) Hardly. Poet: Then— I see... (looks at his hands) Yes, they're quite indistinct, when you look

at them.

(Dryly) I wasn't very good with hands.

Poet: (A coughed sort of laugh) Hah. It explains a lot.

Does it.

Poet: Yes. What are you here for?

Because. (But there is an edge here that suggests the voice does not know, which the Poet picks up on)

Poet: And what's going to happen to me?

Well, this is about it. This is the end. (Poet looks around) Close to it.

Poet: I see. And what will happen to me afterward?

...I don't really know...

Poet: (hissing) Don't know?! ... Well that's damn irresponsible, isn't it?

...

Poet: I, I always take care... How can that be... I make things. Where are they? I, I...I, I knew it...I felt something was coming, the dread of it...I didn't think...but

I...should've known. (He is as if dizzy or ill) Well, what now? What, why are we together? Hunh?

...I...I don't know.

Poet: Don't know? Well, that's unexpected, you should know. Ha ha. How can that be. Lost in your own—! ha ha... Well I think I have an idea...

Do you

Poet: Yes. It's my chance.

Chance? Chance for what?

Poet: To be you. To be who I was intended to be.

(Somewhat harshly) I intended you to be. You are everything that I have done.

Poet: Perhaps. ...and perhaps not. How do you know you don't fit into someone else's scheme?

...

Poet: Come here. (Standing up straighter now)

What?

Poet: I don't see why I mayn't have a go. Come here. I'm challenging you. For myself. I...You can't do that.

Poet: Watch me. Or rather, feel me. If you don't come here, I'll come over there. You will lose.

Poet: Maybe. Or maybe we'll both lose. I'm fine with taking that chance. Come. Have at you.

Watch yourself.

The Poet, crouched, strides into the corner. He grapples with the figure, and we can't quite see either of them, for he has walked out of the light. {Here projections or some dancing light, related or tangential or unrelated, might play over them, creating a fractionating view. The poet cries out, then a beat, and the other cries out as well. These blend with the cries of two others, who come on, breaking the image as the wrestlers go off. The light returns, but only on the new figures; it is still rather dark. It is Hamlet and Horatio.

The Hamlet realizes he has to die:

Hamlet: I don't see any other way.

Horatio: What do you mean?

Hamlet: We've exhausted all other possibilities.

Horatio: Other than what?

Hamlet: That our premise—that my premise was wrong. We began with not death. And since then all of our permutations have gotten more and more convoluted. I think we have to recognize, that the very thing we began with, with death, is the only real solution, you see? everything else is distortion. I have to realize it. This has all been, perhaps a mistake, I dragged you all along with me, and I'm sorry. I'll fix it

now. We'll do it right. We'll end how we began, with death. (Turns) You understand?

Horatio: Yes. ... But. You're sure. Hm. Yes.

Hamlet: I'm going to go now.

Horatio: Where?

Hamlet: To do it. To die.

Horatio: Oh.

Hamlet: Okay? Alright?

Horatio: ...Yes...

Hamlet: Thanks for working...for everything, really.

Horatio: Don't mention it.

Hamlet: I'm going now.

Horatio: Good I—break a leg.

Hamlet: Thanks. (leaps off)

Horatio: (After a moment, goes to and shouts into the void) ... Have you considered, that, perhaps, I mean, we began and ended with death, but, ... does that render the middle, what came in the middle, does that make it redundant? Does it nullify it?

'Cause we could, include it? do it all? like, the whole thing is important, and, and and, we end with this? You know, we could? You may realize it was egoist, but, you know, we all put a lot into it anyway, for all that, and, it changed us, changed you, as this proves. You know? We could do that? ...

After a moment, the head of Hamlet appears.

Hamlet: You know what? That's not a bad idea. And you're a fine, fine, friend. And this, too, was, 'egoist'. We'll do it. And now it won't just be my project. We'll make it interesting. And it'll really be pushing it. But...can I still play myself?

The ending (infinity):

Lights up. A man sits at a desk, but this is not someone we've seen. Or, perhaps, he is reminiscent of the Poet's antagonist. He has just finished writing. He appraises his work. A friend of his enters, this is played by the same person who has played another friend.

The Author: Hmmm (a sigh).

His Friend: Well? (no response.) Have you finished it.

The Author: (nods, slowly) Yes.

His Friend: Hahah! All right! Well, let's go, celebrate! Just as I promised, there's a bottle of champagne in it for you, and anyone else we care to snare. You're not happy. The Author: No, no. Very. It is accomplished. Let us go. (Arises, grasps a walking stick which he apparently needs to prop up his [right] leg (as if it is an old injury). His friend

is a little alarmed:)

His Friend: What happened? You had an accident?

The Author: An accident? No. A little...[confrontation]. Nothing lasting, I think.

His Friend: Well come, can you make it?

The Author: —I'm fine—

His Friend: —and tell me all about it. You sure you're satisfied?

The Author: With that? (pointing at the manuscript) Yes, yes. Satisfied. That's the word. Mind you, it's probably rubbish...

His Friend: Well we'll celebrate it anyway; (they are moving towards the door, at the rear, the Friend is helping the Author) publish first, rubbish later. Then you'll make something else, and we'll celebrate again. It's the cycle of art, or so I've been led to believe.

The Author: Ha ha. The writing cycle. ... (looking back towards the manuscript) I should write from now on on recycled newsprint, and make it a complete cycle, a perfect circle. (The room slowly begins to look like newsprint)

His Friend: A figure eight, I think, if the newsprint has been written on already itself.

The Author: A figure eight...Even better... (looking at the room full of writing)

They reach the door, and exit. There is a beat, with the empty space and writing. Then, from an unusual corner, climbing over, crawling under, or maybe even bursting through the backdrop, as paper, the Poet leaps in. He is brandishing what appears to be a burning brand. He takes in the space, the manuscript, and everything appears very flammable all of the sudden. As he considers whether to alight it, {he looks at the brand, and sees that it, too, is made of only paper and ink. Then,} the room goes black.

Fin

Performance Sequence:

Done:

Pre-Show:

Actors warm up on stage. They may be able to acknowledge the audience, but don't pay particular attention to them.

The show begins with the lights on the audience beginning to fade, the sound of a drum, and a short clip of projections (<3 seconds). Dimitri and Connor exit, Nicole stays on.

Brainstorm text:

Nicole begins, speaking the Brainstorm Text section (below). Connor immediately runs on from SL, performing the punctuation of the text, emphasis where underlining, cutting Nicole off where crossing out, etc.

Text:

~~"They spread out a gray white sheet, spreading off the text."~~

~~— NO NO NO NO NO NO —~~

1 At first, I ~~picture~~ pictured seeing a white tarp being spread out on stage, with indiscernible markings that seem fixed*, but then with some provocation ... sweep of hand/ broom

*(don't fly away when "folded out)

BUT THEN, I had the image of one of those carnival tarps being flung above, and fluttering down over my head the way it would happen in a kindergarten P.E class ...

2 imagine a tarp being put over your head in that same way, nested w/ others also looking

it is white/transparent,
letting the light through, and
you see scribbles, and
then, they disappear /
fall/ fade away...

- projection
- double sided tape?
- thin string pulling them off
- gust of wind?

The part with the snow-text:

(The text in this section is random, made of the transcribed Notebook Pages which haven't otherwise been used)

The stage is empty, with just the great white sheet in the middle, and the projector screen upstage. A couple of pieces of paper drift from the sky. Connor and Nicole enter from opposite sides. They begin speaking 'automatic speech', stream-of-consciousness, half-in, half-out-of character. This lasts for 1 minute. At that point, a slip of paper falls from the sky. Then another. They read these, then a couple more slips fall down. They read these as well, inhabiting what they read, excited. The slips of paper begin drifting down, increasing in volume, until a whole shower of them is aloft in the air, whirling down—this should resemble the coming on of a snowstorm, and take 2 minutes. Then, just as quickly as it came on, it should trickle off, the last slips of paper coming down. Connor and Nicole look for more. Then, one last paper falls; it reads: "Stage is filled with small crumpled notes like a sea wading through a sea of crackling..crumbs of stories, his story, her story, #a historicizing our lyricizing." After reading this, they begin to argue, and Connor exits SL. Nicole waits Center, looking up.

Waiting for more:

Connor reenters SL with the broom. He tries to sweep up the paper, Nicole objects. They look at the paper, and disagree. Then, a whole sheet, rolled up, drops from above (Untitled Note, beginning "I—The White Void—Beginning"). Nicole reads some, then Connor. He begins directing her to follow the text, which she does, sometimes hesitantly, until it directs her to leave, which she reluctantly obeys, SL. Connor sweeps the text into a pile, and exits SR.

Argument with a mask (failure):

I enter, doing intense actor exercises. Prepared, I go to USR exit, and receive the mask, which I don. Moving Center Center, assuming exaggerated poses, I begin to recite "To be or not to be..." (recorded V.O. might be necessary), until I freeze up. Removing the mask, with trepidatious expression, I begin to apologize to the audience, promising to try again. Breaking off, however, I address the mask, and begin to argue with it. After some back-and-forth, mostly forth, ~~I try again, getting as far as "question", before having a brief panic attack, during which the mask engages the audience. This begins more argument, until finally I declare "I'm done."~~, apologize (sort of) to the audience, and begin to stalk off, with the mask in tow.

What happens now:

Connor and Nicole peek on from the wings, and wonder what they should do.

~~(In development)~~ Visual metaphor: the stage becomes whiter and whiter

They debate whether to continue or not, but gradually realize that they are doing exactly what they are supposed to be doing. The section climaxes with the epiphany that the piece is ending. Towards the end, the lights get brighter and brighter, and Connor and Nicole stand for a moment in realization, before the lights go out and

- Should we carry on? What was left over. -> try to do something
 - What does he want us to do? -> maybe he doesn't want us to do anything
- Realization: The director isn't coming back
- Realization: there are no more rules
- Limits of theatre - test them—is this still theatre?
- Realization: We are actors playing actors
- Realization: this is an illusion
- Realization: we are characters (we can't escape ourselves as characters)
- Are we in rehearsal/performance?
- This scene might never end -> we as characters can't leave
- Realization/Acknowledgement: Audience is there, we are actors playing characters, the director really hasn't left, this is all just the premise of this scene, this scene ends on this realization (white noise)

Each actor has to:

- Do anything (one action stretching the room or theatre)
 - Say you will do something, try to do it
- Reach one realization
- Recall some part of the rehearsal process

Epilogue:

I enter, and
I'm thinking

Cue:	Action:	Sound:	Lights:	Projections:
Pre-show				
Begin show	Exuent, manet Nicole		House lights fade (10 s.)	
Delay 5 s.		Drum 1		Interlude 1
Brainstorm Text finishes – “gust of wind”		Drum 2	Lights fade down/fade up (timed to match->)	Interlude 2
Lights back up	2-3 slips fall			
Paper lands	Enter C. & N.			
Delay 1 min.	Begin paper snow sequence			
Delay 2 min.	Finish snow			
Delay 10 s.	Drop Brainstorm fragment			
Connor Exit		Drum 3	Lights fade down/fade up (timed to match->)	Interlude 3
Pause in dialogue	Drop Untitled Note			
Exuent		Drum 4	Lights fade down/fade up (timed to match->)	Interlude 4
Strike a pose		V.O.		
Dimitri Exit		Drum 5		
Enter Connor & Nicole			Lights fade up slowly (~5 min.)	
Epiphany		White Noise	Blackout	Collapse sequence
			Fade up dim	
				Stars image
Delay 5 s.			Blackout	

Appendix II:

Hamlet watching tv. problem
 so that this too much growth and skilled slave
 would melt to nothing, a bubble use of
 Globe of heaven would burst to a chaos! 02

Hamlet turns off TV.
 [Globe] - i.e. looks by them (to be)
 and by ye - Mrs. Dunsinane.

On what a Rogue & Peasant slave and I!
 Is it not monstrous that this player here,
 Bob in a Fiction, in a dream of Passion,
 could stretch his soul so to his whole conceits,
 that from her working, all his visage waxes
 Tears in his eyes, doth tremor in his aspect,
 A broken voice, and his whole function soling
 with former to his Consul? And all for nothing?
 For Heavens?

Dr. Toss' doubt. A Little appears. i.e. v.
 who what a night! who be slave and?
 who these plays - her her water-forgery.
 For Heavens, any what? Heavens to him, who to Heavens?
 what would he do and if he had any loss?
 His father understood a Curse he set him.

He would denounce the stage with tears,
 and clear the overall care - the harmful speech.

He would turn all his tears to drops of blood,
 Amaze the senses by his blackments
 strike more than under in judgment's care,
 Con found the ignorant and make the sense
 Indeed his passion would be general.
 Yet I like to an axe and John's Drains
 Having my father murdered by a villain,
 stand still, and let it (pass)

My be made the guilty and a political free,
 Con found the ignorant, and amaze indeed,
 In very faculty of eyes and ears. Yet I
 (pass) it would be a fine
 of fall and muddy-mottled Basil, peake
 like John a-dreams, in present of my course,
 and can say nothing.

No, no, for a King,
 property, we must be one life,
 a damn'd debate was made.

+ m I am made?
 why sure I am a (ghost)

Letter, Ed. note, only
 for him
 all round 2000 words
 X 1/0
 P 1
 Y 1/0
 d
 P 1/0
 A
 P 1/0
 P 1/0
 P 1/0
 P 1/0

One of the simultaneous Hamlet scenes

Who calls me Villain? breaks my pate & smites
 plucks off my Beard, and blows it in my face?
 Twists me by the Nose? grins with the Eye, & Throate,
 As despite to believe? who does me this?
 Ha? why I should take it:

For it cannot be,
 I am no Count, nor Duke, nor Earl
 To make Oppression better, or on this
 I should have felted all the Region Kites
 With 11's Slaves Off all, hardly a Bawdy Villain,

who? what an Ass am I! I sure, this is not brave,
 That I, the Son of the Deeds-murdered,
 Prompted to my Revenge by Heaven, and Hell
 Must (like a Whore) impact my heart with words,
 And tell a Courtier like my Drab,
 A Scullion?

Ex. v point: For

about my Braine.

I see heard, that guilty creature sits at the
 Haue by the way coming of the scene
 Bene stroke so to the soule, that presently
 They have proclaim'd their Malfections.
 For another, though it haue no tongue, will speake
 with most reuerend Organ

who plucks me by the beard, or twists my nose,
 Grins methinks ill, & thrusts downe my eares,
 Why I should take it, or chide the weather,
 or by this I should be felted all the Region
 with the slaves off all, this is not villainie,
 why this is brave, that I be none of these things

should like a scullion, I. heavy drabbe

1057

thus to be in words.

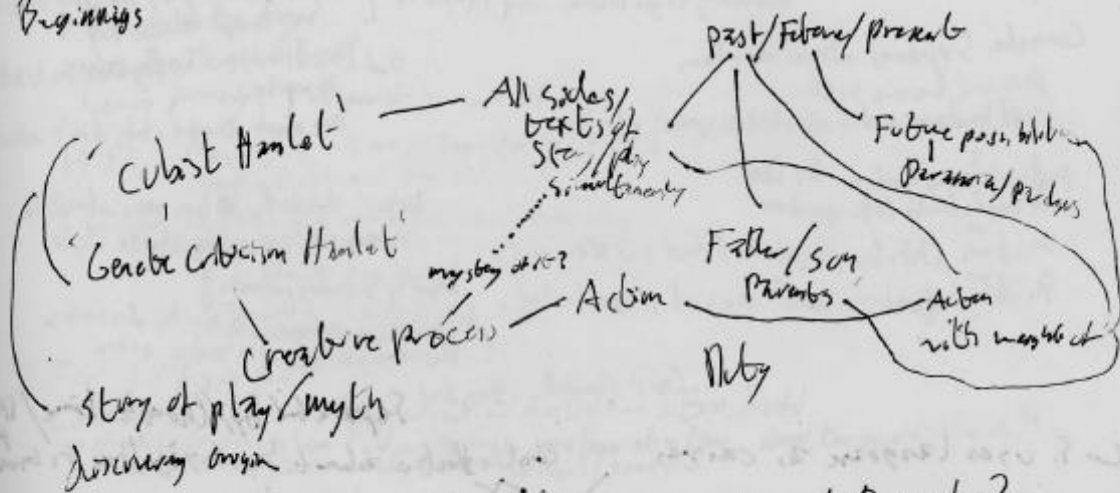
about my Braine,

> perhaps they combine here
 some phrases?

The whole point of the *Amloidi's* quest

The Coleridge language, I need to be able to depict 3 things at once
 why? because I could have two people talk to one another, and the third
 texts might still be interchangeable. For three people, this would be impossible
 therefore a theatrical language which succeeded would only succeed for
 3 people or texts or moments or ideas etc

Beginnings



what came before?
 what has been lost?

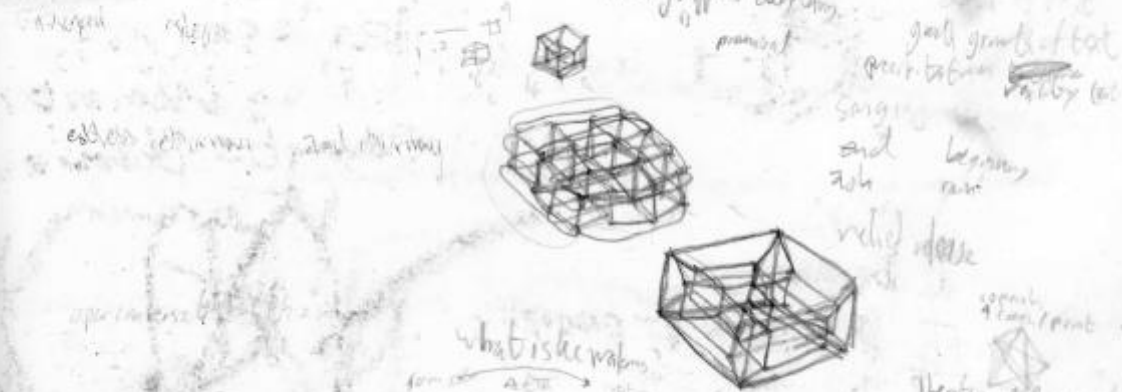
Amloidi's quest: quest for
 it the deepest law is it shall split
 grain of wheat
 is probe in the better-trace
 so to discern in

Hamlet's course?

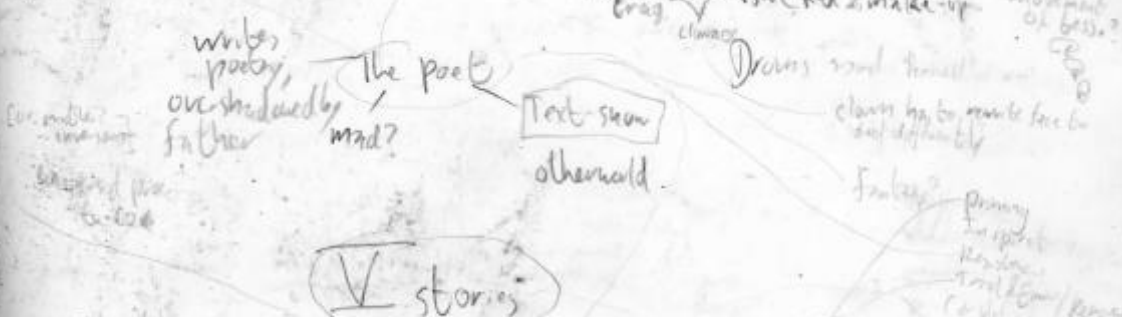
- ↳ in world which is
- A void / Not a void
- has past / future
- is present / split-psyche; memory, projection
- Act 1: in / out / you / world
- ↳ with other people / in the world
- ↳ with other people / in the world
- with other people / in the world
- with other people / in the world
- with other people / in the world

then trying to find himself in the world
 He is trying to find himself in the world
 He is trying to find himself in the world
 He is trying to find himself in the world
 He is trying to find himself in the world
 He is trying to find himself in the world

How does he get off? Why does he want to?



Comedy, Tragedy, Epical



stories

The Actor
 East of Eden
 Facts become

overlapping, why
 intersecting - time points
 but just happen like
 camera to both stories
 number to time line
 world's time or story sound
 Tony I met?
 happens, repeated stories (story with
 story)

Multi-task
 egoist actor
 stories for 'post-Mod'

- other classes:
- Dramaturgy
- Queen Actor
- Friend / Heroic Actor

Finger writing TV. hypertext
 manually cutting up text
 heavy discussion
 2 pages

make
Date:

- 1) Poet's world - ~~being~~ detached
- we're comparing ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~same~~
- 3D glasses - "Activity this 4D"
- watches with TV. "passive tech?"
- "Annie's not in" - "I'm watching" - "uh"
- "dumbly" - "uh"

Setbacks like Tessera? Proprietary? 'Rotational' transitions?
(rotating backwards)

Very likely of Jim's time
Switches paper or to watch's scene in corner

"How do you like this?" They're just - really? Beautiful, it's just the way 50? Am I

Poet's world - into watching eating or food, they can't watch
by real watching (they're not)

watches become being who serve get into up with rules, machine - [I'm - watching?]



Comparison - watching

Point to be made to do

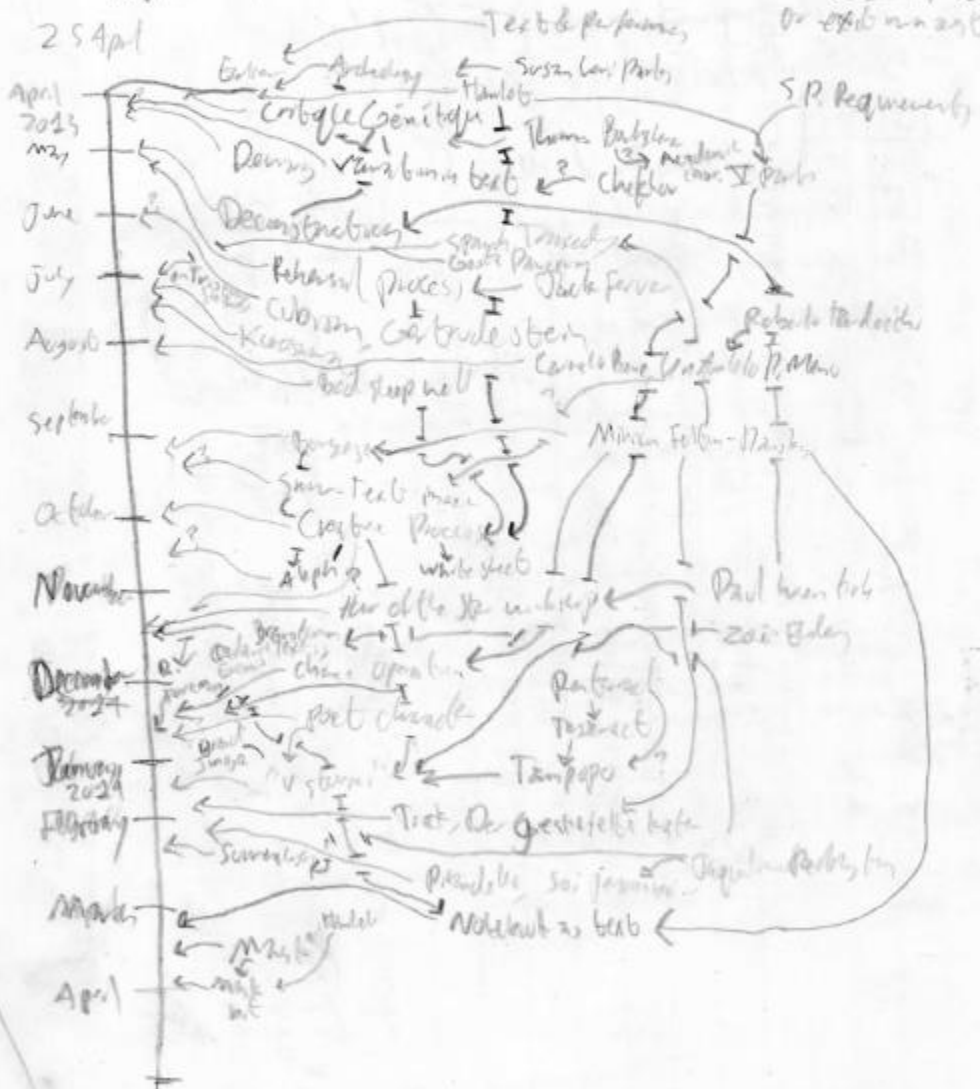
Author's scene
on camera

Point to be made through
[I'm]

"I'm... probably not...
 "not... camera...
 "that you... something else...
 "fundamental...
 "had to...
 "a...
 "A...
 "Even better...
 "I'm..."

23 April (Sat) (Pinda) h-day!
 may be different source books & plans, made it in
 e.g. letter folder down sp. Ten. → ~~copy~~ scan-book
 Substantial Incomplete
 Some books registration of possibility of material, life not all performed & some files
 (not all transcribed)

Happy/unhappy relation between actuality and performed reality
 Use of the people
 or ~~not~~ in article



A concept map/timeline for the development of the piece

Brainstorm Texts:

71

" They spread out a great white tarp. "
 NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO

① At first, I ~~was~~ pictured seeing a white tarp being spread out on stage, with indistinguishable markings that seem fixed, but then with some provocation... sweep of hand/ broom

(Don't fly away when yelled out)

BUT THEN, I had the image of one of those carnival tops being flung above, and fluttering down over my head the way it would happen in a kindergarten P.E. class.

② imagine a tarp being put over your head in that same way, nestled w/ others also looking it is white / transparent, letting the light through, and you see scribbles, and then, they disappear / fall / fade away.

- projection
- double sided tape?
- thin string pulling them off
- gust of wind?

wind blows hand, from above
 some mighty force
 makes the cloth stick
 to my body
 outlining the contours
 as if drawing
 a profile in space
 lights hit me
 from this angle
 that angle
 casting my shapes
 onto the ground
 as if skating up
 the surface

OR

does it
 rob me
 from all my
 different shades
 of who I am
 what I am
 .. and where?

I fall hard
 as to had or clasp my body on to the ^{ground}
 to.. something
 a shadow of..
 some past me?
 some tomorrow dream?
 some following
 rising or like
 from death perhaps

There is only one way out and it is to tear the sheet
and expose oneself to the blistering wind above, which strips, now silently,
all sense, almost all depth (the light has shifted to a uniform wash, leaving no
shadows). All sound is lost too, but the symbols begin to appear, as if by a
dye transfer onto the skin, which now holds all the meaning and hope in the room.

all sense almost all depth (the light has shifted to a uniform wash leaving no
 All around...
 Stage is filled with small crumpled notes
 like ~~sea~~ nodding through a sea of
 crackling, crumbs of stories, his story
 her story, ~~in~~ historicizing our
 lyricizing
 and the sea battles, destroys the
 paper sails of our ship
 now that these paper trails
 trace our ~~no~~ tracks
 dropping with hunger
 hunger ~~for~~ and thirst for
 words lines lives
 to light up

and directly going headlong for the walls of our castle,
 the wells go limp. They collapse, and pathetically
 stick together where that empty space we called
 "home" once was.

a dark clutter of clouded minds
 who find themselves reflected in a bright mirror
 It is true that they are
 So they sail straight - into the whirlpool
 and from the beached timbers build a strange raft
 They tie it down and make it an island an island it gets an
 which is the paper
 Everyone mounts the paper enough to stand on - can't hold them

Then suddenly, the whole flow of paper
 and it's too much, they can't escape
 from it. Paper world.
 Paper roof, paper
 lawn, paper meat,
 paper river,
 paper boat. Slowly.

the moisture penetrates the stuff of this world.
 The ~~raft~~ boat soaks it up, and melts down stream,
 disintegrating in the current. Flaky, dusty
 fibers lazily accepting defeat. The grass
 darkens in a ~~dark~~ wave, quickly.

People move about, do their business, but ^{soon} ~~then~~.

The action falters, falters, and everyone has to save it, prop it up.

It is a struggle for the whole thing to stay alive.

~~Then there is~~ the one who knows what to do.
They have ~~to~~ need to - find some meaning, some action in the empty chaos that ^{remains}

it becomes frantic. Milling about turns into great leaps and bounds across the floor, like a lurching heartbeat. with every action, internal alarm bells of futile desperation. fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck. sand falling from cupped hands, water dripping from a leaky bucket, hot fucking potato, hot potato, it all is thrown up like a hot potato. each of us alone with our anxiety, our palms burnt and blistered as a lesson for having tried to rectify that which was uncontrollable to begin with. Smear on ointment, heartbeat stabilizes, people move about

again? fuck fuck fuck fuck shit fuck.

ff the
spread
with son
ing above
class ...
thers als

to begin anew
 ending
 the lady is a fire
 that swallows all our
 sorrowed hearts
 melting ~~into~~
 together like flocks of birds
 flakes of snow
 a cold heat
 burns inside this chest
 melting
 into one
 a raging machine
 standing in a circle
 holding hands
 our union legalized
 by the sweat
 of a frown
 and we circle and twirl
 and the flames rise
 spark

the stars
 .. we are there now
 can't climb back
 down



Appendix III:



Reading the Brainstorm Fragment

Seizing the Snow-text





Broom Moment: "Did that just—"

The Bit with the Mask





Approaching Epiphany

The Epilogue







