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The Chairs
Ionesco Interview
Will Eno - Thom Pain
Cannibals - Rory Mullarkey

This is about loss. The loss of a memory. And as memory makes up you, as memory is all that you can remember, when you forget, does a part of you go with it? And as the memory fades, as does those all important visceral attachments to it. They become more sedated, more numb. Less important.

Clear basis in 'everything's a remix' Constant postmodern references to show the work in progress metaphor of the painting and the script itself.

Serious consideration taken into scenographic elements and a high concentration on semiotics to display the correct message to the audience.

Allegri - Miserere Mei, Deus

Berkley, perception of food taste, cigarettes, colour are all mental perceptions as no one colour, taste can be nailed down. Perceptions change and therefore cannot be a constant from the object, rather a mental phenomenon presented by the individual. **(Do a section on the paint colour, taste of a cigarette etc.) John Locke. A 'sensible object'**

Sound??

pushed You remember I pushed You remember I pushed You remember I pushed You remember I pushed I remember I pushed You remember I pushed my remember I

You remember I was told it supposed to cry

You remember I was told it supposed to move

It's supposed to breathe at least

You remember that

It isn't a child if it isn't alive

It isn't a son or daughter

J So what is it then a Blob, a rock a rock a rock a rock a rock a rock a rock

M I looked out of the window

Can you put that in? Can you put that in the painting?

[M and J light up cigarettes. M starts to paint, away from the view of the audience]

I struggle constantly. Not constantly but it comes in waves. You know, like a cold sweat in the middle of a balmy night. Like a heart drop when you remember.. And it's not so much a struggle as a worry. A wavering worry. A fear that something is... That everyone can... That I am not as good as I think I am. Some might see that as humbling or a necessary dampening of ego but it's disheartening and I get these urges to scream. A scream so deep, so loud and so freeing that my throat burns, burns for days. Hurts to swallow. I want to scream. I want to scream, tear my shirt off, smash through the window and run until my legs burn, the sweat stinging my eyes, run till my legs are numb and the steam emanates off my face, because if I lose *this*, well, I loose it all, then I'll run further and my legs collapse and the sweat evaporates. Then I'll.. *[Finding a place on the ground, trying to find the panting]* Well I never got this far so I don't know what would come next. Maybe I'd vomit, maybe I'd quietly cry to myself or to a passing stranger. Or I'd shun comfort and put on a brave face, or just lie in the middle of the road, sweating, panting, letting the worry steam off me. *[Sitting up]* Or I'd imply a slight discomfort overtly in the presence of others with a quiet sigh and keep my struggle, and keep my running, and keep my screaming and keep my tears to myself. St. Catherine wouldn't smoke... I'll edit it out later. This isn't finished either. I'll cut and move bits around to make it gel better later..

J: Go to sleep.

[Moves over to the bed and gets comfortable]

M: It's getting there though. I really think we're on to something, J.
[falls asleep, s still in position for the painting, still, calm.]

Silence

J: He talks too much. It's ok. We can change it though. Change him. Change it.

[She stands and walks over to the painting.]

J: I don't think he's really a painter at all. There's no easel here for a start, no canvas. Just a paintbrush and the warm air of the stage. But I can see it. I can see what he was painting. I can see it in my mind. I remember that, it's mine and he made that for me. For us.

[She moves over to the bed and lays on top of the covers, spooning, motherly, happy.]

[Lights fade out.]

You can go now. Thank you again

M: Am I that?

J: Are we what?

M: What you said earlier. Are we that?

J: The whole thing? A special relation to language? No, that was Eno, not us.

M: But it feels true.

J: Of course, but it still isn't me

M: Us

Pause

J: It still isn't us.

M: She looks sad for a moment but then relaxes slightly. Good. Tell me something.

J: What?

M: Tell me something about you.

J: Erm...

M: Tell me about your life. If I understand your life, it will help me understand you, and I can try and put it in the painting.

Pause

Anything. Just start with the smallest things.

300 J: The ridgeline stretched across my vision. forcing my horizon up up up then down to the cross. In the ground. The calluses are gone but the pain remains. They're only shadows now. Reaching as the sun spreads. The colours playing tricks with my mind. There are less trees than there used to be, patchy across the hills. They seem less imposing, less overwhelming less, well... The leaves are still there. That hasn't changed. They've seen the world, yawning to the sun every day. The path has shrunk as well. Flattened by stamps and carts, footfall, feeling the rock, the...

Sorry. That's not really the smallest thing.

M: It's fine.

J: No, I should have started smaller. It's too easy just to jump in on your first impulse.

M: Impulse is good though. You were saying about a rock?

5 J: Ok I was born on a farmstead about 4 days walk from here.

I don't know how long ago, for some reason no one told me it was important to keep count.

I don't remember them too much about my parents except my mother was tall that my father was

J: I'm thanking you anyway.

M: Well I'll thank you too, then, in that case.

J: This will be over quickly.

Do you want a drink?

Ignore them *[audience]*. They are nothing. Invisible. Just empty.

Silence

M: I don't want to confuse you

J: No

M: That wouldn't help, not at all.

J: Like: he only lies

M: And: she only tells the truth.

J: Simple, but does the trick.

Pause.

J: So who am I to be, then?

M: I think St Catherine. She was martyred in the early fourth century.

M goes to the computer and brings up googled examples of St Catherine. These can be wrong or incoherent choices. These are all live decisions.

It'll be a hagigino... Hangong... *[He turns and googles the word, allows google to speak it out loud then repeats]* hagiographic icon, so there'll be scenes from Catherine's life around the outside: when she was tortured on the breaking wheel, for instance, or when she baptised the wife of the emperor Maxentius. There'll be a main portrait in the centre through, a portrait of her, of you, so that's what I need you to sit for. The scenes will show us some of the things she did, but the portrait will tell us who she really was.

Pause

M: I can stop whenever.

Silence

At one time or another I used to have euphoric dreams; dreams in colour; this one which I had many years ago: I am walking through a brown forest, through long green grass, yellow light shining through the branches of the trees and at the end of the forest a luminous clearing where the colour met. Nothing else, save an ineffable joy. If at that time I had been preoccupied with my dreams, if I had tried to probe this dream, or rather to relive it, I might perhaps not have experienced it so fully; but that

M: Just try and clear your mind.

J: Yes. Just. Okay.

M: She looks sad for a moment but then relaxes slightly. Good. Tell me something.

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ש'תתק"ל
ל'תתק"ל

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Über merionethre
Aristotelian

QLab
הזמן הזה
בן המאה

3 תוס' / 2 תוס' / 1 תוס' / 0 תוס'
 2 תוס' / 1 תוס' / 0 תוס' / 0 תוס'

LONG WALK ON

$\frac{d}{dt} \left(\frac{\partial L}{\partial \dot{x}} \right) = \frac{\partial L}{\partial x}$

NC 17C

107k

Ulagir PPN

pushed You remember I pushed You remember I pushed You remember I pushed You remember I
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Can you put that in? Can you put that in the painting?

~~I sure can!~~

Ending

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