

Radical Classical:
The Boulder Fringe: 2008
Rebecca Holderness

The Question of Form and Content:

How are is language similar and comprehensible as a form similar to a movement score? How is text a performance score.
How does elevated text operate (as apposed to more naturalistic text)
How does the form of text reveal character and action.

Warm Up: The Phrase for warm up:
Ten count phrases-(four of them)
Feature repetition, spatial relationship, shifts in direction, stillness, suspension, sudden change of dynamic energy. And fall and recovery

Aristotle and the Tragedy:

Tragedy as play-

Definition of the Tragedy

1. Unity of time
2. Moral worth of content
3. First person
4. Pathos
5. Language has rhythm, melody, and music
6. Addresses general truths about humanity

Elements of the Tragedy

1. Plot
2. Character
3. Thought/ Idea
4. Dialogue
5. Music
6. Sets, costumes, lighting, etc.

Aspects of a Tragedy

1. Reversal: sudden change of events to their opposite
2. Recognition: sudden revelation or discovery of the truth
 - a. Signs emerging from the plot
 - b. Rediscovered memory
 - c. Inference
3. Suffering/transformation through experience

Shakespeare: and content:

But thus: if powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not then but innocence shall make
False accusation blush and tyranny
Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best know,
Who least will seem to do so, my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devised
And play'd to take spectators.

Delirium Palace: Gordon Dahlquist:

THACKARAY: I spent the first half of the crossing well below, on the move – storerooms, steerage, engines – until I received my signal. That sounds dramatic – like some secret society – all I'm saying is that there are omens of many kinds, and I pay attention to them. I slipped into the laundry – you'd be amazed what people leave in their pockets. It was night, and I climbed – now in a white dinner jacket – staircases, corridors, how many oval doors, the casino, displays of food, displays in general – a final deck of staterooms, to one of which I had a key.

Slight pause.

When I reach the stateroom door, it's ajar. When I enter, I see blood on the carpet – footprints – bare footprints, small, a woman's foot. The carpet's still wet, but the room is silent. To my right is a first aid kit, on the wall. I break it open – nothing beats a good medical kit for instruments of mayhem – but the only thing inside is a small cassette player. I push "play". This chanting rises up – female, foreign tongues ... like an army behind my advance.

Slight pause.

Around the corner is the bar – champagne bottles, toppled ice bucket, broken glass – across is the bed, unmade, filthy, as if someone had been tied there for days, and beyond that the bathroom, where the light is on and the water's running. In the sink are the soaked contents of the medical kit. I pick up a syringe – it's full of something red – and raise it like a weapon as I pull aside the shower curtain.

Slight pause.

Details are like pitons on a cliff face. If our day is a cliff face. Our life. If you could just get these facts between your jaws you could somehow snap their necks – rabbits to a greyhound – it's dog thought, instead of ... instead – face it, simply, on a ship, on a greater force pushing through the darkness.

Slight pause.

We are not this force. We're ignorant passengers.

Slight pause.

Have you heard, she mentioned a daughter?

Slight pause.

No work worth doing is ever done. No amount of water washes that truth.

Slight pause.

He should have given her to me.

IRENE: It was the ... the ... the weirdest thing.

Slight pause.

I was in a hurry – of course – I was running away, from so much, but also, specifically, from very immediate, you know – an unexpected part of town – my shoes ridiculously wrong for the sidewalk – ancient, broken – cobblestones for fuck's sake – not that I could have known at the start of the day what I knew then, even as I was trying my damndest to ignore its full significance, not that I could have prepared – can you ever prepare? And so when I found myself sitting in the street, trying to determine if my ankle was broken or just giving me sass, mad as hell, sobbing, in a state – and, all right, given everything, big picture, I can see now that it was a small state really – Andorra, Liechtenstein – I like a bit of drama: darkened street, shooting pain, approaching footsteps, shouts in a foreign language, shots ... shots? Or just my head hitting the road? And *anyway* ... *that* was when I saw the door. Which was red. Which was open. So I went in. And closed it behind me.

Slight pause.

So perhaps I wasn't ... really ... paying attention.

Slight pause.

What I'd like is a drink. Or a steak. Or to get fucked by someone who knows what he's doing. That's the kind of place I'm in. I'm an American. Perhaps you've read about our kind. Itchy.

Slight pause.

My name is Irene.

Slight pause.

I'm pretty sure about that. I'm a doctor.

Slight pause.

You're not smoking. Let me guess, you've just finished some celery juice.

Slight pause.

A red door – that's a bit much. I thought so at the time, up the stairs, hobbling – on guard – you have to be willing to – whatever – run, kill, react – live in the world. Live in the motherfucking world – I said that to myself, up the stairs, the hall, the cement floor, all of it red. Please.

Slight pause.

Dog Act by Liz Duffy Adams:

Say, Dog, glad you asked. Who-all has not heard of that wonder-ous city, and yet who-all has seen it with they own eyes and can so say? Far and so-so-far-'n-fablisimo: Chi-na: even the name a very chime of phantas-no-goria. Across a vasty-wide plain-old plain, a many-days slog of dry empty nada-mucho, no food, no drink, no rest from weary nor longing nor gathering gut-gloominess of burdened spirit and foot-drag. Only just when hope be not just lost but found again then tramped down spat on beat all to fug-hat and back, only then: a glimmer is seen on the edge of far-off. Is it? Oh my sacred and profane golly yes. A glimmer comes a gleam, a gleam a glitter as nearer we come. Then you in China, and it like nothing you ever thought you might of maybe one time dreamed. Every step bring a eye-gogging wonder. There a pointy tower so high when you climb up there you can see tomorrow. There a stone woman higher even nor that, hollow inside with stairs, and from the top you look out her eyes and see day after tomorrow. All around, buildings tall, old and old, gold stone higher than you can see, shimmer-shammyin' in the tender old sun. But the most important thing about China of all and all? The people. And the most important thing about the people: they wise. They so wise. They know the past, they imagine the future. And this because in the very center of China, there a very particular building. Stone. Old stone. Big around as would take half a day to walk. Door guarded by two vasty-big beasts, monster-osities of the old times, last of their kind. You want to enter, got to get past them, and if you want to get past them, you got to answer their question. No one know what that question be; it can't be remembered what-all. Get it right, you in with a fin. And then you really someplace. That building be filled with everything ever forgotten, everything ever known, everything can be known. Filled with fine, fine, moo-ie fine info-mation, yeah. It be the reservoir. It be bliss. But. You can't answer the question? Beasts devour you on the spot. Critter on the left take off your head in one clean bite. Critter on the right swallow your body. Snap, crunch, gulp, gone. And that be what-all I know about China.

