

# DISMEMBERED.REMEMBERED

The performance begins with a musical prelude: *Samson and Delilah*, a blues standard—any version will do—followed by *Vorspiel* from *Die Walkire* by Richard Wagner. These pieces are played over all stereophonic speakers. Immediately following:

[tape: a woman's voice—a long, powerfully gut-wrenching shriek]  
followed by a score of camera flashes.

—Blackout—

(from within the hairpile jack speaks) i am laying here/ with my thumbs/ in a slight depression/ in my hair/ it is like a glade// what am i doing/ here with my thumbs/ in a slight depression/ in my hair// i am lying/ i am not in a depression/ i am alone with my thumbs/ thinking// what is my hair feeling/ now that my thumbs/ are in its depression/ lying right here/ alone// it is like a glade/ in my hair/ where my thumbs go/ when i am alone// my hair stands on end/ feeling rootless/ in my hair/ lying right here//

—roving spot up on hairpile. ambient muzak up—

alone with my thumbs/ in a slight depression/ lying right here/ in my hair/ it is like a glade// but what am i doing/ lying right here/ in my hair/ alone// what am i doing/ hair/ do you know/ what i am doing// “here here/ do you know/ what you are doing/ lying right there// you are in a depression/ with your thumbs/ alone/ in your hair”// i am lying/ “here here”/ there isn't a hare in the glade/ all is empty//

nothing in any direction/ where am i relative/ to a world that surrounds me/ or do i only feel surrounded/ and all is empty// barely me i see/ air is rushing by/ i came from somewhere/ i remember a world// there isn't a hare in the glade/ “here here/ you are in the act of becoming”/ i don't see myself// “you are not your thumbs/ you are not this hair”/ have i arrived/ i don't see myself/ all is empty// there isn't a hare in the glade/ “here here/ you are lying”/ i am not alone// in my hair/ with my thumbs/ in a slight depression/ there.is.a..woman//

all is not empty/ how do i feel/ hair/ now that there is a woman/ in my depression// my thumbs wiggle and scratch each other/ “here here/ splitting hairs/ in your depression”// lying right here/ a woman in my depression/ alone/ with my thumbs// who is this woman/ lying right here/ in my hair/ with my thumbs/ and what is she doing// my ribs tickle/ my hair stands on end/ a woman with my thumbs/ in my depression// maybe i need a haircut/ now that there's a woman/ lying in my hair/ with my thumbs//

i press my thumbs/ further/ into my depression/ in my hair/ what does she want// “here here/ who is lying/ you or your thumbs/ with the woman in your hair”// hair/ do you know/ what she wants/ in my depression// can i stand it/ i ought to stand up/ that'll change something/ and everything changes a lot// (licks finger holds to air) feels like air/ moving eversosoftly/ i can stand it/ i will stand up// (off spot. jack crawls from hairpile)



jack is dressed in white, silky, loose, prison garb/pajamas. black or blue vertical stripes on shirt, black or blue horizontal stripes on pants. he is bald. a rope dangles from his posterior. live jack moves ape-like around the Totem. consider the biological evolution of the performer. the rope as what? umbilical cord? the rope as tail? the rope as sub-cortical?

video monitor on. video jack sits on a stool opening fortune cookies. he reads each fortune to himself and returns it to the bowl. he is dressed in stereotypical 20's directorial garb—jadpars, riding boots, loose, silky shirt, ascot, and beret.

(video) something in there? (implies pile)

(live jack) NO (hands to head)

something is in there. (implies head)

no, nothing. (looks at pile, shakes head)

why don't you go back. (motions with head)

(shakes head no, side to side) i just got here.

you ought to go back.

i don't wanna go back.

you need to go back.

i'm not going back.

you must go back.

i was told one should never go home again...do you like that phrase...

you've no choice but to go back.

i don't like it... i don't think it fits.

well we're leaving\_it. were you in some trouble back there?

my doctor told me not to do any heavy lifting...i'm having trouble seeing.

come, let us go back, you and i, way back...

alright already. okay, okay. i won't back down. i'll back it up,

this one time, just for you.

put it back together now...

broken images...(mutters to self. grasps back, bends forward)

back back back...a ring [tape. a ringing sound]