

3 2's; or AFAR

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14th Draft

That we know a thing means simply that the self coincides with the thing. In seeing a flower, the self becomes that flower. To study a flower and illumine its nature means letting go of subjective conjecture to coincide with the nature of that flower.

— Nishida

3 2's; or AFAR;

FOR:

two PEOPLE: (ONE man and ONE woman;
two masks [FACES], (Both greenish and goldy):
 these are the SOMETHING/NOTHING;
and TWO others: ONE boot and ONE shoe
 (these are moved about with sticks
 by untrained PEOPLE under the illusion
 they know what they are doing).

~

3 2's ; or AFAR

takes place in the Dixon Place Theater on Chrystie Street, or someplace else
very much like it....

~

3 2's; or AFAR is, in part, a Meditation on Martin Heidegger's "Dialogue on
Language *between a Japanese and an Inquirer*". Lyrics by Mac Wellman and
Cesar Alvarez.

A MAN enters and pauses and addresses us directly as in a *Noh* play.

“Wood” is an old name for forest.

We hear something smash and break.

We see a FACE; the face registers concern for the accident.

It is unclear, however, whether the face considers itself responsible for the accident (if accident it was), or is merely using a mask of concern to cover a palpable guilt.

~

I am called ____ ; skip it, a puppet philosopher by trade.
I awoke from a fitful dream to discover, clenched in my fist, a wee devil thing, bright red in hue, like a hot coal (like a boot, or a shoe, but neither of these).... She told me a

story, a story like the story
of the broken inkwell,
but not the story of the broken
inkwell)....

Every morning I
come to the same Greek
diner at the corner of 4th
Street and 7th Avenue
in Park Slope, where
I reside. Often a
pretty young woman
would come in order
A take-out coffee and
Then depart.

After several months
of this, I gathered from her
idle chit-chat with the proprietor,
that she was the operator of a
small puppet theater for children
down the street a block or two.

—

She appears behind him. She makes a small, low noise.

~

So one day I said,
Pardon me....
Oh, she said, you
must be Count Cookie ...

Darkness ~ We hear two PEOPLE running about the theater. Dark and
spooky.

Pause. Silence. She covers, then uncovers, his hand with hers. A third
one's hand (a SOMETHING/NOTHING'S) comes along with a device that
magnifies this strangely:

: Tease ...

: Who are you calling Tease, Tease ...

Light, silvery laughter.

: Well, what would you call it then?

: What?

: What you've been doing all this time ...

:What?

:What what? Tease –

She does something to something else.

:You uncover one thing, only to cover another. You're the one.

—

:That is not where it should be.

: Even worse— that is not even there.

: No, no, you're not listening. It is exactly, my dear, where It ought. Ought to be.

: Well now ...

: Well now what?

: Isn't that exactly what I was saying?

: Now you are really quite the tease.

: So how do you count cookies?

: You mean you or do you mean me? Who?

: Very clear what I said; very clear also what you did.

: Famously fathomless, you ...

: So I'll try again— how do you count cookies?

—

: Hmm.

: How do you, is what I'm asking.

: One at a time or ...

: And/or ...

: And/or all at once.

: You're a dunce.

: Dunce is good.

: Numinous.

: Numerous.

: What— why don't you listen more carefully?

: Because you are unable to, I guess.

: ...

Whistles a little.

: Is Count Cookie a character in your little puppet drama?

: Is that hat the one I gave you?

: Is it fair to count cookies in the first place?

: Why would I want to? Why would I? Why?

: Shssh

: ?

: See that?

: What?

Scary: A form rising from the darkness like the shadow of a. [Shoe's shadow]

—
: Big one.

: A shoe.

: A shoe?

: What's it called. A—

: Shoe!

—
: This yours? [We can't see it

: I wouldn't be caught dead in that.

: Would I or would you? Why wouldn't I?

: What?

: Whose "I" are you talking about?

: You?

: What?

: ... are you talking about?

Gasps:

: You're not suggesting that? Are you?

—

: That?

: Why not?

Pause.

: Why not?

: Why not what?

: Are you?

: Would I do that?

: Mind wandering?

: Was I? (was you?)

Odd sound.

: Hear that?

: Is that Count Cookie?

: Do you suppose?

: Do I?

: Do you what?

: Hush and let the ... what ... what is it?

: Here the play stops, I suppose — not quite knowing how to proceed.

: Tease.

: Tease!?

—

Silence. Pause. Silence.

: Nisha?

: Nisha? You mean *Nishida* ...

: Ni— shi— da?

: —

Pause. Silence. Pause.

: I've pretty much forgotten the whole story, but then I walked in here, and then I thought you might just know.

: What story do you mean?

: You know: The one about the cat and the cookie, and the way to count both forward and backward at the same time.

—

: Dunno ...

Odd and swiftly moving noise. As of a.

: A harrowing.

Holds out something.

: What is this?

: What?

: What. Is. This?

Again the sound.

: Who? This? Who?

—

Don't you mean *dat*? Who is *dat*?

She blabba-dabbas for 16 seconds in an unknown language of an unspeakable kind.

: —

She blabba-dabbas for 11 seconds in an unknown and unknowable language of unspeakable proportions.

: —

She makes as if to do the blabba-dabba, but does not and catches him totally off guard.

: Aren't we the clever* one?

She blabba-dabbas quite loudly for all of seven seconds.

He quietens her by [pulling her cap down over her face.

Pause. Silence. Pause.

: We sense something. Something odd, amiss.

: We. What? What's that?

: Something rattles softly.

: We feel and hear [and see] the sudden shadow of a very large wing.

: Something is growing, very softly, but with a persistence, and barely apparent, but tightly coiled, ferocity that is. Terrifying.

This is the shadow of a boot.

—

: Let's go upstairs.

: What are you?

As before: She (or he) covers, then uncovers, his (or her) hand with hers (or his). A third one's hand (a SOMETHING/NOTHING'S) comes along with a device that magnifies this strangely:

: I think it'll be safer upstairs.

: Are you asking or stating that?

: Are you alive or merely a dead thing?

: Ever been up here before?

: Not this way. Not with the theater empty. And never this late at night.

: What?

: What what?

: Why are you making that face?

: I AM ON TO YOU.

: I yam too. Furthermore: I YAM THAT I* YAM.

: I AM ON TO YOU.

Silence. Silence. Silence.

Whispers: : Why are you trembling?

: What is that thing called?

: What is what called?

: This ... this thing?

: Bannister.* Bannister, I think.

: Yes, I think so.

She turns to him, horrible in aspect.

: I AM ON TO YOU.

Both suddenly formal:

:You and I having been made to argue over alternatives, if it is *you* not I who wins, it is really you who are on to it, I who am not?

Or:

If it is *I* not you that wins, is it I who am on to it, you who are not?

Both: : Is one of us on to it and the other of us not?

Silence. Pause. Silence. Looking at the audience.

: Why are they so ... so dead looking?

: Shall we do something? Something
Just for the hell of it?

: Why?

: Why don't we kill that boot?

The boot look scared.

: Why?

: Tease. (Is hit) Ouch! That hurt.

: What, what, I did not touch you.

The BOOT we notice is very cautiously moving sideways as if either to become small and smoke, or to become inconspicuous. The SHOE takes this opportunity to also try to engineer some kind of escape -- or to initiate a practically indiscernible preparation for escape.

Pause. Pause. Pause.

: I don't like it up here. Much.

: Much

: Feel like I'm being watched by something.

: Something?

: Something with an agenda that is. Is not. Not quite.
Human.

—

: I don't know. I don't see anything. Anything dangerous
anyway.

: Hold my hand.

: —

: Please be a good person AND JUST DO WHAT I SAY.

: —

: My pulse is racing. I'm going to crack up. I, I, I, I....

Calm suddenly:

You know what they found in the basement of this place when they were making it into a theater?

Silence. Silence. Pause in which we see both SHOE and BOOT listening attentively but also still trying to be inconspicuous.

: No, no I don't.

: Well I can't bring myself to describe it, but it was horrible.

—

A Something/Nothing person (a FACE) bestows a tiny vase with a single purple flower in it to one of the two, but because of the difficulty of deciding which of the two, this may take some time. (An *Iki* scene)

Perhaps no flower and vase are bestowed at all, perhaps one only sees it there for the first time as a sort of replacement for the one that was broken.

After a moment an acknowledgment must be, is, made, even and especially if no vase has been bestowed, but only unconcealed someplace off in the distance, afar, where we would not expect to find it.

One of the two attempts to speak, but is unable.

The other makes her own effort, but again nothing.

The S/N figure spies an inconspicuous object, shoe or boot, or wee devil thing, a that which that is distinctly unpromising, and speaks for her.

: It is time to speak and to speak
Clearly of that which is about to be
Uttered, a that which which is not
Much at most— it is not much
But only a slight motion in the air
Meant to suggest much much more.
Much much more — almost as if
It were not possible to render
Something by nothing, which is clearly
The case; but clearly we want to
Do more than that especially as
We find ourselves in a ceremonial
framework.

[So to speak, someone else says. Is that not always the case, someone else says?]

[How many of us are there, someone says from afar.]

: That question is perhaps not the proper
one in this ceremony, as it is a ceremony,
obviously, and anything which

Breaks

the ceremonial proceeding, the strict
rules of the ceremony and the strict
practice of each of these in his and
her proper order

is not, is not

is nothing more than

a dead end and blind alley, and a
well just the sort of no place one
is trying to forget in the first
place.

A little dance of Clarity and Attunement to all that we are attempting to

make clear.

In the distance, snatches of dialogue we do not hear.

A few more lines, just as before, but even more afar.

Some of them scrambled, uncouth, out of place.



A S/N FACE appears– uncomfortably close:

:What if we cannot put a name
to what endangers? What if it
is too close? What if there is
something about the ceremony
that makes it impossible for us
to sense our peril? And what if
it is this something else that is
itself the danger and that, so to speak ...

[So to speak, someone says, near or far off.]

: ... we do not even know the
difference between what it is
we know and what it is
we do not ? Not know....
As if all of it were so
washed and faded by repeated
use that the hue of one has
become the hue of the other;
and what are we all to do,
forcefully, and with our fists
clenched and our thigh-
muscles rigid and our faces
become as the ancient mask
of an augury and foretelling,
the augury itself escaped
from us, and eluding us,

like a, like a, well, like

a word a

word [*iki*, Someone says] in a language
[*kotoba* Someone says] we do not know.

~

what

~

What if all of this

~

What if all of this is true and what if
our ceaseless attempts to raise the
question only confirms that in so
doing we do not know who we
are while we are lost in the so
doing of of of the done deal
of our own undoing?

I think that this is what I would like
to say about the whole kit and kaboodle
because there are links and there are
slinks by which one thing is connected
to another.

What do you think, iron-headed rabbit?

We notice for the first time there is an iron-headed rabbit somewhere
in the vicinity.

—

MAN and WOMAN again.

:What are you talking* about?

: I'm bored

: What?

: Just plain bored.

They go upstairs and out, slamming a door. The S/N face looks a bit agitated.

We are introduced to BOOT and SHOE by another S/N face we had not noticed before. They are new to talk.



: Well.

: Just because.

(S/N: What do you think iron-headed wabbit?)

: Not the shoe is sorely vexed.

: Vexed.

: Vexed by all the nots of not appearance.

: Close down the show then.

: Whose?

: Thine ...

: Speakest thou in a box of oldy, Not.

: Not's a shoe's show — not quite, Yet.

: Too much so.

: Too much shoe.

: To heck with shoes.

: Whose? Shoe?

: To heck with what with Yet's shoe....

[Chorus of S/N FACES. Do we see this? Do we only hear it?]

A danger is what walks in the woods, making no sound.

A danger is what sounds like what the danger is not.

A danger is what is not afraid of anything, except the endangered.

A danger is not the apple of anyone's eye, except the endangered.

An apple endangers no one but some one who is known to be applied.

The danger discovered the world before anyone else.

The danger does not know what to do with the world because the world is shaped oddly.

What endangers me does not necessarily endanger you.

What endangers the danger is in and of itself not a danger.

Dangers abound and are no laughing matter.

We do not like the danger's feet because they are not comely.

Dangers do not like pickles because, just because —

Dangers do not like grapes because they are round, but imperfectly so.

—

Dangers admire what is round but not what is imperfectly so, nor what is cubical but imperfectly so, nor what is picklish ...

Dangers have a way of speaking without using words.

Dangers are wordless, but live in the woods.

Dangers like to bound and yowl (Howl, someone says off— afar).

—

Dangers are certifiable only when they lose their punch.

[Now just one FACE.

:Dangers figure in the old tales
as do the mad ones drunkened
on hay, on mist, on crows' feathers.
Dangers do not go on forever
because they get so tired of it all.
Dangers fear what causes things
to go the way of hay, of mist, of crows'
feather and blackest feet and it all.
Dangers do not occupy the center.
They spread out their stuff, both by day
And by night— and on the edges
round the perimeters of what
lies hid deep in the woods far away.

—

BOOT and SHOE again. They do the *alternatum*.

: Do you know how to run away from
them? Bet you don't....

—

Certain of them are highly specialized.

Certain of them are joyous and full of whooping and rants.

Certain of them are dubious and of no real substance.
Several of them have doubts about their own true natures.

Certain of them are severally not sure.

Certain of them have a terrible itch.

Several of them have no clue.

Several of them are *zwart*.

Several are golden.

Several are white (or is it the color of *Amanita*— the Death Angel?) ...

—

Several are certainly GOLD.

Several are gold for sure.

Several are like sheets of gold that be beaten into a foil so thin so powerfully thin they give off light.

Several give off light where is none to be seen, where there is none and only a complete eclipse and absence of the visible and all her splendid works.

None knowable at least.

None seeable at least most bestest.

Several are certain about all this

Several are not.

As they waddle off happily a SOFA appears far off. Two S/N FACES appear.

A Something/Nothing person (a FACE) bestows a tiny vase with a single purple flower in it to one of the two, but because of the difficulty of deciding which of the two, this may take some time. (Another *Iki* scene)

Perhaps no flower and vase are bestowed at all, perhaps one only sees it there for the first time as a sort of replacement for the one that was broken.

The SOFA is nearer, or does it only appear to be?

After a moment an acknowledgment must be, is, made, even and especially if no vase has been bestowed, but only unconcealed someplace off in the distance, afar, where we would not expect to find it.

The SOFA attempts to come nearer still, but stops—fearful of detection.

One of the two attempts to speak, but is unable.

We hear a light, silvery laughter. We are made uneasy by this.

Now we see a GIRL;

tries to sing, but nothing comes out.

She turns around, talks to herself.

:I had a bad dream I was in this play, a play a bit like this one,
er....

[Turns

:O did I ever know thee, er, soap, er ...

:O did I, screw.

:O when the katydid did the doo wop bebop bup, er, oh darn ...

[Turns back is surprised by something within.

:... bad spell last night – hope goes so easily.

[Grins.

: and the ENVY ...

She sings:

: Oh, electric wires overhead, tell me —

Oh, electric wires in my head, make

Me say and tell me true

What you say within the rule of law.

Oh electric wires I hear security;

I feel security.

I walk on security

I sense security

All the hours of my day ...

[But is most violently interrupted from Something/Nothing Voices elsewhere:

Every is the where I choose to go

Up on the tippy top toppa the tree

When I'm so soundish slip you see

Devil's butt hole of him alone

Round ze corner round he goes

That old devil's butt hole it lat

In my hopes and in my hops

Old devil ze devil you know what

In the store and on that shelf

Old old devil's butt hole oh ah!

On the tittivision tweet tweeta
Oldy wham of devil butt bam
On stage screen and silky filum
Old devil's butt hole all thee Way!
all the way to all the way!
in the newspaper Fit to Print
Big void ugly devil his WHOLE butt
Every is the where I choose to go
Divell's old butt hole all alone!
Up on the tippy top toppa the tree
When I'm so soundish slip you see
Devil's butt hole of him alone
Round ze corner round he goes

[She tries again:

: Oh, electric wires overhead, tell me —
Oh, electric wires in my head, make
Me say and tell me true
What you say within the rule of law.
Oh electric wires I hear security;
I feel security.
I walk on security
I sense security
All the hours of my day ...

[*Whispers:* (Even in the devil's butt hole)

GIRL alone



—

She appears to have gone away (the SOFA has eaten her).

Silence. Pause. Silence.

Another S/N Face appears. Narrates the follows, imperiously.

The sofa swells.

The [first] S/N mutters.

The sofa awakens to a new dream.

The S/N mumbles seductively.

The Sofa is excited, trembles ever so
Slightly.

The S/N suggests an unthinkable promise — just an iota of
something unattainable.

The sofa is a new man and looks on all aroundy with contempt.

Pause. Silence. Something.

Noises off in the.

Sofa disgorges [while we are distracted by the noises off] the swallowed girl
who is only a bit relieved thereby, but is far too embarrassed to show it.

(Disgorged) Girl: Else where ...

Elsewhere (with some optical help of the kind previously described) we see
the spider.

The spider sees us.

We glare.

The spider is afraid.

We enjoy our might. In spidery terms, our omniptotense.

(Someone whispers, Omnipotense.)

Omnipotense, someone else insists.



We notice the SOFA has departed, presumably in search of a Better Place.



Again 2 GIRLS or FACES (or both [as if they are chasing each other about in order to prevail]).

Will you trade me something for my spider?

Not, no, I don't think so.

But you don't have one! Don't you want one?

I have my own, delightful.

Let me see.

No.

Why not?

My own spider is the special one. Yours is not.



Are you *cretinizing*, er criticizing, er, my spider?

I am merely speaking of a truth, 'S'blood.

[*Whispers*: Devil's butt hole ...

You, you are not a good person.

Devil's butt hole doubled and trebled.

Oh, lord, hear my prayers and smite
the unbeliever. Smite her till all her
brains run like sewage along the
street of shoes; till all the spiders
have had time to tell her a thing or
two; till her name and the names
of those she loves and has loved
and would have loved have come
to be as a nothing that has lost
the will to believe and the will to—
to move and the will to remain still;
till all that pertains to her has
been totally erased ... and and so forth ...

... and so on ...

... I could ...

... I could really ...

[We see that her spider is gone.]

Where. Oh my. Oh my god.

[In the nature of an order or a command] A Something/Nothing FACE is moving very very slowly, moving where we would least expect....

From somewhere else to someplace else,

so that we feel surrounded and a.

And a bit baffled. Stunned. Surprised, like an animal that is about to be.

Pause. Pause. Silence.

Stunned. Stunned and then

slaughtered.

But slaughtered for no reason. As if.

Yes. As if.

Like the appearance of a something holy.

Something AWFUL and holy.

All shout: *Tremendum!*

—

BOOT and SHOE again — moved by B & S people with stupid sticks. [Man & WOMAN do the speechifying]

NOT.

But only if we already have in view what our saying would want to reach.

YET.

The lasting element in thinking is the way. And ways of thinking hold within them that mysterious quality that we can walk them forward and backward, and that indeed only the way back will lead us forward.

N.

Obviously you do not mean "forward" in the sense of an advance, but. I have difficulty in finding the right word.

Y.

"Fore" — into that nearness which we constantly rush ahead of, and which strikes us as strange each time anew when we catch sight of it.

N.

And which we therefore quickly dismiss again from view, to stay instead with what is familiar and profitable.

Y.

While the narrowness which constantly overtakes would rather bring us back.

N.

Back — yes, but back where?

Y.

Into what is beginning.

N.

I find this difficult to understand, if I am to think in terms of what you have said about it in your writing up to now.

Y.

Even so, you have already pointed to it, when you spoke of the presence that springs from the mutual call of origin and future.

N.

As you have surmised, I see more clearly as soon as I think in terms of our Japanese experience. But I am not certain whether you have your eye on the same.

Y.

That could prove itself in our dialogue.

N.

We Japanese do not think it strange if a dialogue leaves undefined what is really intended, or even restores it back to the keeping of the indefinable.

Y.

That is part, I believe, of every dialogue that has turned out well between thinking beings. As of its own accord, it can take care that that indefinable something not only does not slip away, but displays its gathering force even more luminously in the course of the dialogue.

N.

Our dialogues with Count Kuki probably failed 'to turn out well'. We younger men challenged him much too directly in order to satisfy our thirst for handy knowledge.

Y.

Thirst for knowledge and greed for explanations never lead to THINKING INQUIRY. Curiosity is always the concealed arrogance of a self-consciousness that banks on a self-invented *ratio* and its rationality. The will to know does not will to abide in hope before what is worthy of thought.

N.

Thus we wanted to know in fact how European aesthetics might be suitable to give a higher clarity to what endows our art and poetry with their nature.

Y.

And that would be?

N.

We have for it the name I mentioned earlier: *iki*.

Y.

How often did I hear that word on Kuki's lips, yet without experiencing what is said in it,

N.

What made you aware of that?

Y.

The manner in which Kuki explained the basic world of *iki*. He spoke of a sensuous radiance through whose lively delight there breaks the radiance of something supersensuous.

N.

That's bullshit [*Whispered*

Y.

Your suggestions, which I can follow only from afar increase my uneasiness. Even greater than the fear I mentioned is the expectation within me that our conversation, which has grown out of our memory of Count Kuki, could turn out well.

N.

You mean it brings us closer to what is unsaid.

Y.

That ak-ne would give us an abundance to think on—

N.

Why do you say "would"?

Y.

Because I now see still more clearly the danger that the language of our dialogue might constantly destroy the possibility of saying that of which we are speaking.

N.

Hardly. [*Whispers: You ass*] But as I indicated, the temptation is great to rely on European ways of representation and their concepts. At the end of the 18th century, in the French Revolution, was not reason proclaimed a goddess?

[Pause in which something awkward happens.]

Y.
But are there not also subdued gestures?

N.
Subdued gestures?

Y.
I can recall a hand resting on another person's in which there is concentrated a contact that remains infinitely remote from any touch, something that may not be called gesture any longer in the sense in which I understand. For this hand is suffused and borne by a call from afar. [We see this as before.] And calling still further onward, because stillness has brought it.

N.
At this point do you not heed the danger?

Pause. Silence. Silence.

:Howl.

:What do you mean, Howl?

:Let us go into the woods and see what madness lies there....

[Something/Nothings:

Song:

(REFRAIN)

Mad and in the woods like a tree stump
What is dumped there is bad bad bad

As the wooden match lit and the stump sat to sit
Stumped out as a bump on a bump pump bucket (that is)

Bad as they wump and slumped as they can be

Hidden in the dump of the old burnt slump

Where all the broken things are all clumped up
Even if they are lit by no light

REFRAIN

My heart is a special kind of sump pump
And is crackles and bedazzled all the dirt lot chumps
With all a compass and a basket of doritos
I'm gonna fumble in the street for a sensitive libidos

REFRAIN 2X

~

: You're dressing it all ump, thump.

: I am not, crump. It is still all hidden like, like ...
Howl.

: Like nicknumps in the notch of a tree, stumbump. Quite a madness I would
suggest ...

: Howl ...

—

: I don't understand why you do that howl thing.

: I have a feeling as though there is something out there I cannot put my
finger on.

And ...

BOOT & SHOE once more:

: I am getting back at, to the mystery of getting dressed— why it is done, and so ...

: Don't look at it directly.

: I am a shoe.

: You are making an assumption.

We are
aware of
a S/N face
again
where
least ex-
pected —
prick-
ling the
nape
of our neck.

: Howl.



Someplace else.



[Someplace Else, wholly other. A NAKED and NAKED woman in shadows. Shadow of a bed, and of a couple of wooden chairs.

[Both BOOT & SHOE shudder at this:

[Slowly, the two NAKED persons enact the mystery of Getting Dressed. As this happens SHOE and BOOT continue to talk quietly.

: What are they doing?

: I'm not sure. But something they ought not be doing. That's for sure.

: It's like a.

: What? What are you?

: Shs. Shs.

: ... must be part of the pornographic hallucination that surrounds us...

: Howl.

SOMETHING/NOTHINGS do a CHORAL song:

REFRAIN

(C major)

A and B: Quite a what? What's a shoe?

Shoe or Show? Show me which -No!

(G Major)

A: Which is not for a
Saving Show, and she
Must be a shoe! Oh!

B: Snow on it all.

REFRAIN

B: It starts with a spinach

A: You mean to say cynic

B: You call the shoe black

A: I am a dream bough

B: a dream branch?

A: Yes The dream bough

REFRAIN

A + B: in a land without shoes
There's a way to go to and fro to go
B: Then it must be a show
A: surely a show
B: A spinachy shoe show
A: I don't know

REFRAIN 2x

—
Elsewhere: A S/N FACE murmurs, “ Everywhere I go, Devil’s butt-hole ...”



Lights up — The Man and Woman from the first scene enter, look around.
Pause. Pause. Silence.

: So this is it. Yep. Pretty basic isn't it?

: Looks like a forest in here.

: ... only an olden time woods, from
the current show, an old East
Asian thing — two wooden
Headed wayfarers, er ...

: Show me your puppets.

They go to a trunk. Open it. Look in....

: Wow.

: Some of them are scary.

: They look old.

: Some of them are.

She looks around. Sees BOOT and SHOE.

: What the.

Goes over to one and picks it up.

: What the hell is this?

: What?

: Someone must've been in here.

[Both look about, become suddenly and carefully formal, as though enacting a drama of an unknown kind. Perhaps a version of the East Asian show mentioned.

:You know Count Shuzo Kuki. He studied with you for a number of years.

:Count Kuki has a lasting place in my memory.

: He died too early. His teacher Nishida wrote his epitaph — for over a year he worked on this supreme tribute to his pupil.

:I am happy to have photographs of Kuki's grave and of the grove in which it lies.

:Yes, I know the temple garden in Kyoto. Many of my friends often join me to visit his tomb there. The garden was established towards the end of the 12th century by the priest Honen, on the eastern hill of what was then the imperial city of Kyoto, as a place for Refection and deep meditation.

And so, that temple wood remains the fitting place for him who died early. All his reflection was devoted.



“Wood” is an old name for forest.

An elaborate machine unfolds, in the many complex actions of its working, and the little vase with the purple flower is smashed.

We see a FACE, and the face registers concern for the accident.

[Does it really? We don't think so?]

It is unclear, however, whether the face considers itself responsible for the accident (if accident it was) or

Is merely using a mask of concern to hide a palpable guilt.

End of Play