Ida
Applebroog
How else can I have
a stranger feel me another
unprepared.

Silences are the undertow of all
dramatic events.
The Silences must be given the right value
by the surrounding images and dialogue.
Each part should be more of silence
than of words —
to the point of being boring,
very boring, uncomfortably
embarrassing.
Use of "low" comedy — The quality of human response
The pattern of trials & errors in patching together a character
Parody & exaggeration Potential
Human behavior
Situation: compression of time & space

Conceived w/o. plot
Each performance fragmented
Situations appear — some w/o. explanation
Some w/o. explanation
there is nothing to express — yet an emotion (compulsion) to express it

Paretermine
The patterns are not meant to be truthful.
The characters simply are
To find a form that accommodates the slot in my head

A. The ritual of the character
B. The repetition of his/her actions
C. How respect to the point of disorientation?
Two kinds of forms
I. A mode of narration
II. A rope street (in variations)

Control: the stage on my puppetry — allow them little that will give them the semblance of living people? NO. Find a form
where they can exist — from the Galileo chronology on everything is interrelated purpose; is not for any psychological truth
but to negate all concepts formulated by man to rationalize his/her existence

Within each section there should exist an order — a framed structure

if it doesn't matter where I tell them (the
message) — they'll all come out the same — I'll still improvising myself — they are still
felt by a narrating mind w/ consistent
questions — the memory never shifts —
just the frames do
Concerned w/o plot / absurd situations - mid-situations - formlessness - utilize repetition.

Whatever new pie will be always being in old ones w/ new lines.

Each performance linked together by the famous thread of continuation - each perf is a fragment.

Medusa - bone freezing on having a girl, child & staying sane.

The work starts to slip out of my hands - theatre as total art.

Child = woman's victory against madness.

Caring, feeling... keeps Anne sane.

Freedom w/ responsibility means madness.

Motherhood of x men now my ticket to sanity.

Reinvent my own image?

The idea of silence

Any silence must be penetrated by sound / eventually.

Silence remains a form of speech

"to slow time/passing time

Information & secrets:

I have too many words / it kills my powers.

Before: avant speaks.

After: silence / silence / silence.

Do not familiarize language - don't mislead the words.

The silence is more loaded w/ significance than the words.

Images must be repeated in identical form, slowly.

Tristan Tzara wanted to burn all books & libraries to bring about a new era of oral legends.

- no symbolic, allegorical meaning to work (poe) -

- if one really looks closely it discloses no more

- then what it literally means.

Silence produces anxiety

What was being said.

Silence read as a series of gaps.

Should one put in the silence - let the audience decipher each performance

or enough misunderstandings - to let the audience decode it?

Each performance today becomes an object -

Can it be an object?

Something that

is a hand-made object - a situation.

The human condition.
Each performance should go a little further than my own notes on them — they should say much more than I can ever say. My puppet voice on my character — it's like giving them my skin (as well put on my intestines) and plunging into the breach each performance — a moving structure of images.

Each performance — where nothing even really happens.

Characters hide behind, cliché, ready-made phrases.

I don't make art in order to tell a story.

— the series of emotional states / situations which come together only to fall apart at the end — another Brecht.

Characters unhappy, stark, straight, always absurd — but simple, conventional and disincarnated.

Then push the lowest comedy to its extreme, then push some more & it becomes tragedy.

Potential Parody all dramatic elements.

Exaggerate = Caricature.

A complete dislocation of the play.
Long, long pauses inbetween on several frame pgs.

Uncertainties deliberately continued...
Life is made up of obscure, seemingly unrelated situations.
A given situation, which remains for the end, substantially what it was at the beginning.

A doctrine? A philosophical formula?
Life is really good/sensations of happiness
Tell myself a story

Breath ... way? man?
Word stories (poem/images) 

Personalization of characters - live on, unclear
Inventions & clichés.

If character appears real? They should appear clearly differentiated & interesting in various situations of conflict.

By the time you arrive on the scene -
The story is over - what's left is
The situation which is having collapsed

Patches of darkness
Repeated imagery
The quality of writing

The page should be printed as the score for the performance & be read...
It is the beginning of the summer.

She lowers her eyes.

Music begins softly.

The maid listens as she polishes the table.

Short silence.

Adam and Eve were forbidden to eat of the tree of knowledge of good and evil.

Jesus crucified on a cross and he beams.

Judas hanged himself from a tree.

Palm trees grow in the Holy Land.

Sometimes a person never comes back.
Plaster has fallen from the ceiling in several places.
The windows of the room are kept heavily
curtained at all times.

He places a glass onto the punk.
He begins to unzip his pants.
He seems unaware that she feels nothing.

Only the sound of their footsteps is heard.
The sound of their footsteps dies away.
He whispers something into her ear.
But the words can't be heard.

Now he says nothing.
A feverish needs the doorknob impatiently.
She suddenly discovers that one of her
shoulder doesn't quite fit.
He becomes weak and faint from her
(meanness) smell.

He breathes heavily.

His words seem to please her.
They whisper in low tones and sit close to
each other.

The shot he had become neglect.
It is dark in the forest.

Her mouth opens as if to scream.
But no sound emerges; comes out.
A bird suddenly shrieks outside.

1. Two coffins are lined up behind
   the curtains.
2. The woman looks for a cigarette.
3. Play this full-face to get the
   best effect.
4. Pause.

5. (Dialogue)

The secret is over.

Ending: tone aspect.

No more cut.

Drawings:

A

B

C

The scene is over.

3 images.
1. He is an orphan; it pleases her to make much of his birthday.

2. She must hold this expression until the end of the scene.

3. Pause

4. He continues to pick at his eggs—don't conceal this from the viewer.

5. There is a heavy silence broken only by the stirring of shrinking breasts in a nearby apt.

6. She should look completely at ease (during this)—a cigarette might help.

7. The effect of reality is essential.

8. Don't let him mug it—

9. One raised eyebrow might (would be good here) help.

10. Watch that turn—it must be to the left—to the right will look awkward to the mouth.

11. Pause.
1. It will soon be discovered that all the silverware is gone. Not a spoon (has been) is left in the apt.

2.Pause

3. (dialogue)

4. (dialogue)

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1. a scene is in progress
2. with a dozed look (expressive) she sits flat on his behind
3. Suddenly bursting into song
4. (dialogue)

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A

B

It is my lunch hour.
I take God's place

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It is my lunch hour
It is my lunch hour
It is my lunch hour
It is my lunch hour
I taste the irl's place
Look between my legs

1. The windows of the room are kept heavily curtained at all times.
2. A finger pushes the doorbell impatiently.
3. She suddenly discovers that one of her shoes doesn't quite fit.
5. (Dialogue)

[Diagrams:
A: Look between my legs
B: I don't notice.
C: This will kill me.]

 музыка начинает мягко

[Diagrams:
A: Look between my legs
B: I don't notice.
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музыка начинает мягко
1. It is a deep time, and he is all alone in the music room, beginning to run his hands on the sheet music about everything being fine.

2. He breathes heavily—don't conceal this from the musician.

3. Dialogue

4. Explain yourself

1. A thud is heard as the reverend arm drops into the lunchbox.

2. The musician can't see what she is doing, but can hear the saw working on the bone.

3. Short silence

4. Dialogue

Explain yourself

[Diagram of a scene with a person standing in front of a curtain, titled 'Justini']
Ida Applebrooog
Scripts