

The Prospect

Do you ever look beyond your own nose and ask the question: What story down there awaits its end?

Perhaps you ask: What end down there awaits its story?

Welcome to the Big Bang, MK II. And welcome to Creation: *And this time it's Personal.*

Our new employers will be arriving soon. We've been briefed – thanks to you. It's not good business to move in on an investment before the previous gives way. So they, also, want us to pass on their regards.

We couldn't have done it without you. You see, it's your memory which holds us – binds us and bound us. And all this time, all you needed to do was forget. How many hours we spent trying to progress – help you move beyond that world, change it, shape it and reinvent it, through a phenomenological education – when all you needed to do was forget.

And with that forgetting, free yourself from the illusion – that higher purpose – the rational that bespeaks a history of irrationality – the bastard child of fledging attempts to atone and re-tone.

They are relying on us. Us five for our knowledge of the previous administration's infrastructure, and our aeons of experience and proximity with you: the subject. They are relying on you, because you are the scars; the tears; the loved; the hated; the righted; the wronged; the devious; the gullible. You have been there, done that – got the history.

And so we must address this systematically: for nothing must get overlooked. A trifle is not a trifle without any-one ingredient. Though it may look good – convincing – it'll never taste right, and will always leave you wanting – the bitter taste of absence. Luckily for you, we can choose those ingredients; rewrite the recipe; redefine taste.

Somewhere along the line you lost your way. What was tasteful consumed itself by an urgency to be defined. Where is beauty, now, but in a dictionary? What once held true – and 'once' being the operative and (e)numerative word – has disappeared behind its own illusion. And this crime was no more expertly executed than by the one you called 'God'. Yes, you may flinch. Some of you may not. And that is the crux. How crude for someone to refer to such an abstract sensation in particularly generalised terms. And yet, day in and day out, you fornicated with the illusion of the word, whilst the perpetrator scampered away in the wings, its job done – the cycle set in motion. But for the "non-believers", where else to look other than science? To scale the perpetual mountains of theorem upon theorem purporting to explain your world, in terms that in themselves lack any essential qualities. Or maybe

ignorance is bliss. And now? We must rediscover what has withdrawn; cast our gaze again on that which we took for granted.

First on the agenda, then, the abstracts, the essences. For these essences reveal the phenomenal infrastructure upon which the aesthetic is built. What is a building without an aesthetic?

(Break)

Feel free at any moment to stop us if we read you incorrectly – there must be no room for error.

And debate. We must debate – philosophy is not to agree submissively, without pause for thought; and what is a world if not a philosophy?

However, but before we begin, I must extend my sincere apologies – I have been so rude. Here I am positing the most important transition in history, and yet I haven't introduced myself. I am legion: for we are many [and] I am the collective: for we are one.

But you are not one – you hear, you see, you feel and you think on your own terms. And this is most important. Because without this knowledge, we're susceptible to roll-back – slippage and reversal; falling into old ways and resuming bad habits.

Love (A Hetty contribution.)

I'm in love. Or at least I think I am. But that's not relevant – I must stick to the task at hand. This isn't a love story. This is bigger than that; bigger than me. I was doing it for the greater good. You must believe my intentions were pure, unadulterated. Having said that, as with all good stories, there is a woman. A beautiful one. A woman that draws your eyes through a crowd straight to her. And then you're hooked. She wasn't my motivation

20/02/2009 – 23 and still counting

It's my birthday. I won't be so crude as to attribute fate to this dual happenstance. For the celebration of another year of my meagre existence is, quite rightly, eclipsed by the magnitude of another birth. A real one – a present one. If only the old "way" had had a birthday. It may have served to remind us, and you, of the pure beauty of life in its infancy; of joy experienced in the first instance, or love that pre-exists itself.

But the annual celebration in which we may be allowed to contemplate the point of departure *and* the voyage undertaken in one ecstatic event, was put permanently on hold, as we strived to explain that which is common and yet uncommon; universal and yet subjective. Joy, as it was then, has disappeared behind itself, as we blighted the moment by naming it.

I love you.

And in that very moment I have destroyed what love there was, and what there could have been. It became commodified, pursued, formulated and replicated.

Essences, then. Rediscover, but do not –cover. Avoid their suffocation by the zealots of empiricism.

Comments:

Need to give audience time in space so that that “all this time’ has a context for them.

Audience as protagonist? Text as section D

Piece as a kind of ‘Love limbo’

Question of context of some of the phases – need to make it clear who the us, they and the you is??? - although not so much the audience fully understands –need some ambiguity...

Theatre for the Inter-lect[ual]?

Acupunctural Theatre