



steve danziger
MOONS OF JUPITER

[a play]

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Moons of Jupiter / Tales from the Schminke Tub

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To learn more about TerraNOVA Collective. where these pieces were born, please visit: www.terranovacollective.org

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MOONS OF JUPITER

*is dedicated
to Mr. Lee Willet
of Lincoln, Nebraska*



*This play was originally developed and produced by
terraNOVA Collective, New York City
performed by Haskell King and
directed by Steve Danziger
at Center Stage, NY
June 2 & 5, 2004*



CHARACTERS:

A MAN

TIME:

The present

PLACE:

Here





[Lights up. A bare stage. A MAN already standing in place, looking out at the audience]

[MAN]:

I seen me a alien once.

nods

I got me a place out in the woods, nothin' fancy y'understand, jes' me, muh porch, muh stove, muh bed, an' maybe some wood fer the stove. Maybe. It depends. Now tonight, there weren't no wood. The place is made'a wood, but that ain't what I'm talkin' 'bout. I'm talkin' 'bout wood fer the stove. Now, there ain't no wood fer the stove inside, so what'm I gonna do? Gotta go outside an' git some wood fer the stove. Cain't stay inside an' git wood fer the stove. How'm I gonna do that? I cain't! Ain't no wood to git 'less I cut off the wall or somethin'.

laughs

Cain't do that!

So either I go outside an' git some wood or I stay inside an' wish fer some wood! An' you know what they say. You can wish in one hand an' shit in the other, see which fill up first.

I tried that once.

So out I go.

Oh, it were cold that night! It's extra cold in the woods, on account'a that photosynthesis. I shiver jes' thinkin' 'bout it.

shivers

See? I don't like bein' cold fer a number of reasons, none of which I care to git into right now. So out I go. It were a cold night, the moon full an' the stars nowhere to be found! The damndest thing! The sky was black 'cept fer that big ol' moon shinin' bright, like someone cut a hole in the sky an', an'...an' stuck a moon in it!

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So I'm outside, an' I thank, *damn, I fergot to put muh pants on.* So I ain't got no pants on, jes' some undershorts that I'd been meanin' to git rid of anyway 'cause they weren't white anymore an' a red shirt that I'd bought one time an' some socks. An' damn, it were cold! What was I thankin'! I'll tell ya what I were thankin': earlier that day, I killed me a rabbit with muh bare hands. I strangled the life outta 'im!

Now, killin' is wrong, I figger. Killin' is wrong lest you eat what you done killed. But damn, I were awful tired an' it were awful cold, so I were layin' in bed, starin' at that dead bunny hangin' up on that nail an' I thought *heck with it* an' closed muh eyes.

Then a voice in muh head said, "Oh, no you don't."

An' I said, "Huh?"

An' that voice in muh head said, "You killed it, you eat it!"

An' I said, "I'm cold, man, I don't wanna git up!" An' that voice said, "You killed it, you eat it!"

An' I said, "Give me a break, I'm toasty warm finally, you know how it is!"

An' that voice said, "You killed it, you eat it!"

An' I said, "Aw, hell!"

An' that voice said, "You killed it, you eat it!"

An' I thought to muhself, *if that voice were here, I'd kill it!*

An' that voice said, "Oh yeah?"

An' I said, "You heard that?"

An' that voice said, "Hell yes I heard that!"

An' I thought to muhself, *I hate that damn voice!*

An' then I said to th' voice, "Did you hear that?"

An' that voice said, "Hear what?"

An' I said, "Oh, nothin'."

An' that voice said, "What'd you say? Tell me!" An' I said, "Naw, that's awright."

An' that voice said, "Tell me, tell me!"

An' I said, "Naw, that's awright."

An' that voice started cryin', so I said, "Aw, hell, I didn't mean to hurt yer feelin's now."

An' that voice said, "That's it, I ain't talkin' to you anymore."

An' it were gone.

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So I thought...*good!* An' I were jes' gonna lie back an' go to sleep, but then I thought, *aw, hell, now I'm hungry!* So I got up an' went outside to git some wood fer the stove.

Now here's the thang:

I git outside...

...an' there ain't no wood.

stands up straight and nods

Oh, there're trees!

laughs

There're plenty of trees!

An' there's this...*he knocks on his head* The ol' noggin!

Daddy used to say that's made outta wood!

But I ain't gonna put that in the stove, no sir!

laughs, pauses to think, laughs again

No sir! But, like I say, there ain't no wood.
I look on the porch, an' there...ain't...no...wood!

he stops and waits, then realizes

Oh, I didn't tell you. I chopped a whole mess'a wood that afternoon an' stacked it on the porch. So now I'm lookin' an' you could imagine me out there thankin' there's gonna be this big ol' pile'a wood an' ain't nothin' there!

An' I thought, *I bet that voice done this to me on purpose. Tol' me to go out, freezin' muh bits off, an' that voice done, done, uh... Well, it done took the wood! An' me feelin' bad 'bout makin' it cry, hell with this! I'm goin' back inside!*

An' then I hear it. This...crunchin' sound.
Crunch, crunch.

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An' I'm like, *what the hell?* So I'm lookin' around thinkin' I'm gonna find some termites or beavers or somethin', an' then I see it. It's standin' in the corner of the porch, one hand leanin' on the rail, one hand holdin' a piece'a wood. He's got a big ol' green head an' big ol' black eyes an' a teeny mouth. He's 'bout four feet tall an' he's lookin' out over the forest an' munchin' away on that wood. I gulped real loud an' he turn to look at me.

It were an alien.

An' I jes' look at him an' said, "Holy damn."

An' he jes' look at me an' said, "Nanu-nanu."

nods

I think that's what he said, his mouth were full.

So I jes' stood there an' I couldn't believe it, jes' stood there with muh mouth wide open, all nervous an' scared an' confused an' he jes' stood there, munchin' away, cool as a big ol' cucumber! Maybe that's where the expression come from, 'cause he were green an' he were cool awright, an' now I'm thankin', maybe aliens are made'a cucumber!

No?

Well anyway, that were one composed extra-terrestrial, I'll tell you that, 'cause boy, if I were wearin' pants I'd say I were shakin' in muh pants. But all I were wearin' were a pair'a shorts, watchin' me a alien chew all muh stove wood.

Then that voice in muh head said, "Boy, yer shakin' in yer shorts."

An' I said, "Well, what would you be doin', a jig?"

An' that voice said, "You know what they say, boy, the snake is as afraid as you are."

An' I said, "Yeah, that's what I hear...what that got to do with anythang?"

An' that voice said, "That's why the snake bite ya in the first place."

An' I said, "What in the heck you talkin' 'bout?"

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An' that voice said, "Everybody afraid'a the snake."

An' I said, "Right."

An' that voice said, "Well, the snake jes' as afraid'a you."

An' I said, "Right."

An' that voice said, "Now, the only reason the snake bite ya is 'cause yer so afraid, you make that snake all afraid an' he bite ya!"

An' I said, "Right. What's the point?"

An' that voice said, "You think a snake'll bite ya, what ya thank a alien gonna do?"

An' I said, "I don't know. Bite me?"

An' that voice said, "Shoot ya! Shoot ya with one'a them Pluto Specials, shrink ya down to the size'a a pea! Melt yer flesh right off yer bones! They shoot ya with that crazy gun, yer like 'Wait! Whoa! Hold it there, partner!' an' next thang you know you ain't nothin' but a pea or a skeleton an' that aliens laughin' his butt off at yuh!"

An' I said, "Laughin' his butt off?"

An' that voice said, "Or whatever they got!"

An' I said, "Whatta I do?"

An' that voice said, "Act cool!"

An' I said, "Aw, hell."

So I jes' kind'a leaned on the post an' said to that there alien, "So, how goes it, partner?" an' he keep munchin' away.

Now, I'm thankin', this is good, as long as he's munchin' that wood, I'm safe. So I'm actin' cool, but man, I'm scared. It were awful cold that night, but I were sweatin' buckets, boy, an' if I weren't cold before, you best believe I were cold now. That water runnin' down muh head, that one drop runnin' down the middle'a muh spine...

shivers

I shiver jes' thankin' 'bout it.

An' I know, that alien sees me shiverin', he's gonna pull out that ol' raygun that voice were talkin' 'bout a minute ago an' shrink me! Melt me!

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Aw, hell! So, I make muhself stop shiverin’

You ever try to make yerself stop shiverin’? Good luck! But I was tryin’, jes’ standin’ there like this *folds arms, stands rigidly* an’ smilin’ all friendly an’ trying not to move a muscle. Now, it hurt like hell standin’ like that, tryin’ not to sweat, an’ pretty soon, I start feelin’ funny. It’s like muh eyes got hazy. The world look kinda weird. An’ I started to thank ’bout when ol’ Suzanne Haynes were gonna have muh baby.

I meet Suzanne at the county fair when I were thirteen years old. She were playin’ mud football with a bunch’a the local fellers, an’ I were eatin’ some kinda meat on a stick, an’ our eyes meet an’ next thang I know we’re gittin’ mud, mystery meat, an’ etcetera all over the back seat of her daddy’s chauffer-driven town car.

Suzanne Haynes were muh first girlfriend, an’ while I cain’t say I were in love with her, after doin’ horrible things to muh pillow fer a couple years, it were easy to grow fond’a her.

Well, Suzanne got pregnant, so I were like, “Aw, hell.”
 An’ Suzanne were like, “What kinda reaction is that?”
 An’ I were like, “You wanna have it?”
 An’ she were like, “Hell, yes. An’ it ain’t a ‘it’ either, it’s a he or a she. An’ it’s yer heir.”
 An’ I were like, “A heir? Hell, let’s have that baby!”

So I take care’a her fer the whole thang, I don’t let her move or nothin’, ’cause Suzanne were nuts, she used to climb trees an’ kill deer with a knife, an’ I didn’t want none’a that, her pregnant an’ all, so I said, “Look, you sit an’ I’ll take care’a everthang.”

So I put her in the corner an’ fer nine months, I treated her like a veal: fed her, bathed her, wouldn’t let her move. Combed her hair, read her fairy tales, an’ rubbed oils into her feet.

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Her daddy never like me before, but he saw how I was livin' up to muh responsibility an' all that, so he put his arm aroun' me one day an' jes' nod his head an' said,

“I got big plans fer you, boy.”

An' I said, “Big plans?”

An' he said, “Big plans.”

An' I said, “Big plans, huh?”

An' he said, “Big.”

An' I were like, great, 'cause truth be told, I didn't like Suzanne all that much, she were spoiled an' never stopped talkin' 'bout how beautiful she were an' all the money she make her daddy spend buyin' her collectable Barbie dolls, but I were only thirteen at the time, an' boy, when yer thirteen you'll put up with a whole bunch'a nonsense to git to that pink stuff. But I liked the idea'a being a daddy, havin' a heir an' all, an' when Suzanne's daddy tol' me 'bout them big plans, the future suddenly look kinda bright.

Not long before all this, I asked muh folks what I should do with muh life, an' muh daddy told me don't bother, I'd always be nothin', an' muh mama said to be a airline pilot. An' daddy said she were nuts, she were only saying be a pilot 'cause she always want to go to Spain fer some reason, an' mama said, well, maybe so, since that's obviously the only way I'm ever gonna git there, you bein' a couch tater an' all, but ain't it better then tellin' yer son don't be nothin'?

An' daddy said, he got a better chance'a being nothin' than bein' an airline pilot, an' maybe mama agreed, 'cause she didn't say nothin' else. An' then she said that daddy were only tellin' me to be nothin' 'cause he were nothin', an' he said it were hard findin' work an' watching TV dreamin' of somethin' better fer yerself weren't nothin', anyway. Then they didn't say nothin' else. Ever, far as I recall.

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So Suzanne an' her daddy were smellin' like petunias by comparison.

So when the time come, I were in the hospital, an' it's jes' like everbody say, the miracle of childbirth kinda git to you. An' I jes' waited outside that room with the windows, standin' all rigid, afraid to even move, an' I kept starin' an' I were so scared an' so excited, an' a nurse come out, an' right there were this beautiful baby, screamin' its tiny lungs out. *smiles, then stops*

But then I take a gander at that baby an' to put it mildly, it don't look nothin' like me. An' this is the first time I hear that voice in muh head.

An' that voice said, "Hmm, don't look much like you."
 An' I said, "Yeah, I were thankin' the same thang." An' that voice said, "As a matter of fact, baby look kinda Asian."
 An' I said, "I were thankin' the same thang."
 An' that voice said, "Or maybe kinda Korean."
 An' I said, "Korean you thank? I'm thankin' maybe Chinese."
 An' that voice said, "I don't know. I ain't prejudice or nothin' but I cain't tell the difference between Japanese, Korean, an' sometimes Philippine."
 An' I said, "That don't make you prejudice, it's jes' kinda tough sometimes. By the way, who are you?"

But before that voice could answer, I feel someone grab muh shoulder an' it's Suzanne's daddy. He's lookin' through that window, chewin' on his toothpick like he always were, an' he turn to the guy next to me an' mumble somethin' like, "Ancient Chinese secret muh ass."

Now, what happened was, Suzanne's daddy were real rich, an' they had themselves a Chinese manservant that they call Billy. Billy had hissself a nephew name'a Julius. Julius used to come over 'cause Suzanne's daddy used to need extra men to come help him plow his fields, but, as it turn out, the only thang that Julius were plowing were Suzanne Haynes.

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Well, Suzanne's daddy look at me, I look at him, I kinda shrug, he turn an' start beatin' up Billy, but then Billy give up Julius, an' Suzanne's daddy pull a straight razor outta his pocket an' run outta the hospital.

So Suzanne come out an' see that baby, an' she said, "Oops."
 An' I said, "Oops? Suzanne, why you have to do that?"
 An' she said, "Cause I like the food."
 An' I said, "What food?"
 An' she said, "Chinese food."
 An' I said, "Hell, we coulda jes' gone to a restaurant, you know?"
 An' she said, "But me an' Julius jes' done it once."
 An' I said, "Well, they got a billion people over there, they know what they're doin'!"
 An' she said, "I didn't think'a that."

An' then she start to cry an' I said, "Aw, hell," an' got outta there, an' that were the end'a the big plans.

Now, this got me to thankin' 'bout somethin': Julius have a brother name'a Tony. Word was that Tony one time were abducted by aliens. Tony said they were four feet tall. Tony said they had big green heads an' teeny mouths an' black eyes. Tony said they loved to eat wood. An' Tony said he had hisself a whole bunch'a sex on that there flying saucer. Now, when yer thirteen years old, that don't sound so bad. When yer thirteen years old, sex with anythang don't sound so bad. But thangs change, I reckon, an' at this point in muh life, the idea jes' don't sit right with me no way no how an' it suddenly hit me, that if this here alien come all this way jes' to make me some kinda sex slave, well...

shakes head, then stops

Well, it's kinda flatterin', but them days are over.

So the first thang I thank is, *I should tell 'im where Tony live.* Then the second thang I thank is, *I don't know where Tony live.* Then the third thang I thank is, *why didn't I git Tony's address when I had the chance?* Then, the fourth thang I

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thank is, *aw, hell, don't it figure?* I couldn't even git a date to the prom, but I'm some kind'a centerfold on Pluto! The fifth thang I thank is, *what in hell are you laughing at*, 'cause that voice was in muh head again, an' it were laughin' up a storm.

An' I said, "Well, I'm glad yer enjoyin' yerself."

An' that voice said, "You come out here to be by yerself, ain't this irawnic?"

An' I said, "If *irawnic* means gittin' visited by horny aliens, then hell yes this is irawnic!"

An' then that voice sighed.

An' I said, "Don't you sigh at me!"

An' that voice said, "It's jes' hard bein' yer friend sometimes."

An' I said, "Then git lost then."

An' that voice said, "Naw, I wanna stick around an' see you git it on with the alien."

An' I said, "That's sick."

An' that voice said, "Come on, it gits boring out here in the woods."

An' I said, "Tell me about it."

An' that voice said, "So, go ahead!"

An' I said, "Are you ever gonna give me a break?"

An' that voice said, "Do it! Do it!"

An' I didn't know what to do, that damn voice can be so immature sometimes, but I gotta admit, it's one'a muh shortcomings that I've always been susceptible to unsavory inducement. I were shy when I were a kid, an' once, a friend of mine who shall remain nameless tol' me over an' over if I ate all the crayons everybody would like me an' I could be the president'a kindergarten.

An' I thought *what the hell, they look like candy*, so I started eatin' crayons. But no one thought I were cool, they thought there were somethin' wrong with me, so I didn't have no friends in school after that, an' 'cept fer the fact that muh butt-wipes look like a rainbow fer a month, it didn't do me no good at all.





But this is how that voice do it to me, it keep repeatin' an' repeatin' the same damn thang over'n over an' drive me nuts until I finally say,
 "Aw, hell, fine, anything to make you shut up."

That's how come I start shootin' the white stuff, an' do all them things I had to do to git the white stuff.

I don't wanta git into that, but I guess yer curious.
 Well, all I'll say 'bout that is...

pause

You know why people are afraid'a the dark?
 'Cause they should be.

nods solemnly

So like I say, bad ideas sometime git the best of me, so I listen to that voice in muh head an' turn to that little green guy an' give 'im muh sexy face, but then I take a good look at 'im an' I said to muhself, I don't think it's gonna happen.

An' that voice said, "Yer gonna hurt his feelings!"
 An' I said, "Aw, hell, he didn't come all this way t'have innercourse with me!"
 An' that voice said, "How do you know?
 Yer pretty attractive when you make yerself up!"
 An' I said, "You find me attractive?"
 An' that voice said, "Well, maybe, sometimes."
 An' I kinda blushed.
 Then that voice said, "I changed muh mind, you don't wanna fornicate with that alien."
 An' I said, "Maybe I do."
 An' that voice said, "No you don't!"
 An' I said, "I thank I do, I'm gittin' a chubby jes' thankin' 'bout it!"
 An' that voice said, "No, you ain't!"
 An' I said, "I thank yer jealous!"

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An' then, the damndest thang. That there alien turn his big head over to me, an' he start talkin' like Cary Grant.

He said, "I say there, can I trouble you for some more wood?"

An' I said, "Son, you sound jes' like Cary Grant."

An' that there alien said, "Well, where do you think he came from?"

An' I said, "Uh, I heard England."

An' that there alien said, "Well, where do you think *that* came from?"

An' I said, "You mean everything weird come from outer space?"

An' he jes' smiled an' shrugged an' I said, "Aw, hell," 'cause I were jes' thankin' the night before how much Daddy used to love them Cary Grant movies.

But Cary Grant always seem human enough to me, so then I start thankin' 'bout Fred Astaire, 'cause him I always had me some suspicions about, an' I turn to see if that there alien were gonna start tap dancin', but all he said were, "So, my good man, how about that wood?"

An' I said, "Man, that's weird, you talkin' like Cary Grant."

An' that there alien said, "I'm talking this way, my good man, so that you'll feel comfortable, at ease. If I spoke in my real voice, the voice of my people, it would make your head cave like a pumpkin."

An' I said, "Boy, that's considerate."

An' that voice in muh head said, "You ain't buyin' that, are yuh?"

An' I said, "Buyin' what?"

An' that voice said, "Nobody talks like that but fer one reason."

An' I said, "You know what, yer right!"

But I fergot what the reason was, an' that voice said, "How can you fergit the damn reason!"

An' I got mad 'cause I fergot that voice could hear what I were thankin'.

An' that voice said, "Gittin' mad ain't gonna help."

An' then I got mad 'cause I fergot that that voice could tell when I was gittin' mad.

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An' that voice said, "Well, don't git mad again!"
 An' I said, "So whatta we do then?"
 An' that voice said, "Do about what?"
 An' I said, "What were we talkin' 'bout?"
 An' that voice said, "I don't remember either."
 An' I said, "Aw, hell."
 An' that voice said, "Oh, I know, Cary Grant!"
 An' I said, "That's right!"

"So?"

An' that voice said, "That there alien's talkin' to you like that 'cause he wantcha comfertable so he can abduct you!"

An' I said, "Naw..."

An' that voice said, "They been doin' it fer years!

Whaddya think he come here fer, the wood?

What, was I born yesterday?"

An' I said, "When were yuh born?"

An' that voice said, "None'a yer business."

An' I said, "Then how do I know yuh weren't born yesterday?"

An' that voice said, "Well, I weren't."

An' I said, "Hell, I don't know that."

An' that voice said,

"Well, it ain't like I got a birth certificate."

An' I said, "Well, ain't that convenient!"

An' I start to laugh an' I turn to that there alien an' he were lookin' at me like I were nuts.

An' I said to 'im, "What's on yer mind, partner?"

An' that there alien said, "Abduction."

An' that voice in muh head said, "I told you so."

An' I said, "Aw, hell."

An' then I said to that there alien, "Abduction?"

An' that there alien said, "That's right."

An' I said, "Well, thanks fer at least bein' honest with me."

An' that there alien said, "On, Kak, we never lie."

An' I said, "Kak?"

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An' that there alien said, "Yes, Kak. Where do you think the expression came from?"

An' I said, "What expression?"

An' that there alien said,

"Once you go Kak, you never go back."

An' I said, "I thought the expression were a little different."

An' that there alien said, "You've all been saying it wrong for years! We've been laughing ourselves silly over it!"

An' I said, "Well, all right, little fella, but let's git down to brass tacks."

An' that there alien said, "What?"

An' I said, "Brass tacks."

An' that there alien said, "Brass tacks?"

An' I said to that voice in muh head, "That's what it's called, right?"

An' that voice in muh head said, "I don't know, but finish up, 'cause I got a idea."

An' I said, "What kind'a idea?"

An' that voice said, "Jes' finish up."

So I said to that there alien, "Yeah, brass tacks."

Then I said to that voice, "What you got a idea about?"

An' that voice said, "You go to Kak!"

An' I said, "What kinda big idea is that?"

An' that voice said, "Yeah, yeah, I know yer a prude an' all, but lead him on! Let 'im thank he's gonna git some, but don't give him none."

An' I said, "Yeah, that's a great plan, 'cept fer one thang:

I don't wanna go to no Kak!"

An' that voice said, "Why not?"

An' I said, "What the hell am I gonna do on Kak, fer cryin' out loud?"

An' that voice said, "It ain't like yer doin' all that much here."

An' I said, "Yeah, but Kak?"

An' that voice said, "Let's be reasonable fer a second."

An' I said, "Fine."

An' that voice said, "Good."

An' I said, "Well?"

An' that voice said, "Well what?"

An' I said, "Go on, be reasonable!"





An' that voice said, "Right, right, sorry. O.k. Go to Kak."
 An' I said, "But what'm I gonna do on Kak?"
 An' that voice said, "I don't know what's happenin' on Kak."
 An' I said, "Exactly!
 There probably ain't no television or nothin' out there!"
 An' that voice said, "You ain't got no television here, either."
 An' I said, "Yeah, but I could always git one if I want to.
 What if I want to git one on Kak?"
 An' that voice said, "Then you'll git one!"
 An' I said, "That's muh point, there may not be none!"
 An' that voice said, "Oh, now I see what yer sayin."

An' then it were quiet, so I said to that voice,
 "Why you so quiet?"
 An' that voice said, "I were rollin' muh eyes."
 An' I said, "Aw, hell."
 An' that voice said, "Thank about it, how much fun it'd be
 to go to that Kak, an' see all the sights'a the solar system."
 An' I said, "Yeah I always wanna go to the moon."
 An' that voice said, "Moon?
 Boy, we'd see Mars! I hear that planet's red! An' we'll
 see that big ol' spot on Jupiter, an' them rings'a Saturn."
 An' I said, "Boy, that sounds crazy!"
 An' that voice said, "Yeah,
 an' they jes' found rings on that other planet too."
 An' I said, "Where, Neptune?"
 An' that voice said, "Naw, I think it were Uranus."
 An' I said, "Are you sure?"
 An' that voice said, "I don't know, you tell me:
 Are there rings on yer anus?"

Then he start laughin' like a damn hyena,
 an' I said, "What's so funny?"
 An' that voice laugh even harder, an' it's nice to have 'im in
 a good mood fer a change, but I didn't git it. Then I start to
 thankin', there he goes agin', he's jes' pullin' muh leg agin', an'
 that voice tried to say somethin', but he were still laughin'
 an' I couldn't make it out, so I had to decide on muh own

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jes' what I were gonna do here. An' I don't know what come over me, I think I were so tired'a everbody talkin' at me all'a time, but I turn to that there alien an' said,

“Uh, look here li'l fella, 'fraid *I'm* gonna have to abduct *you*.”
An' that voice stop laughin' all'a sudden.

An' I said, “Did I say that?”

An' that voice said, “Damn, I wish I'd'a thought'a that!”

An' I look over at that alien, an' I thank that one took him by surprise, 'cause I don't hear no Cary Grant nonsense comin' outta 'im then, I tell ya!

An' that voice said, “I knew if I stuck around long enough you'd rise to the occasion!”

An' I said, “Thanks, but don't you thank it's a ridiculous idea?”

An' that voice said, “It might be the single greatest idea in the history'a man! Don't you git it? This is the first time in history that man abduct a alien instead'a the other way around!”

An' I said, “Hell, I ain't never been the first to do anythang in muh whole life.”

An' that voice said, “All that's changed forever, partner!”

An' I jes' said to muhself, I wish muh daddy were alive to see this. I wish muh mama were alive to see this. Hell, I wish anybody were here to see this. An' then it hit me that everbody I love is gone. How one day I saw 'em, then one day they were gone.

Actually, that ain't true. I developed me a bad habit, an' I kind'a stole everything they owned, more or less, then one day I come back home from this shootin' gallery I were in fer...I don't know how long, it felt like years...an' they had up an' left.

All they left were a note that said, God bless.

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An' that might'a been fer the mailman, 'cause his name were Dean an' he went to their church.

An' I got kinda sad thinkin' 'bout that.

So I jes' said, "Aw, what's the point,
an' I were gonna let the little fella go 'cause...
well, what's the point?"

An' that voice in muh head said, "Come on, boy,
don't stop now! Don't you git it? It's now or it ain't ever!
You do it now, or yer life's over, son!"

An' I said, "Sometimes it feel like muh life were over
the day it started."

An' that voice said, "What in hell are you talkin' 'bout."

An' I said, "Oh, I'm sorry,
let's talk 'bout somethin' serious like,
I don't know, me abductin' aliens!"

An' that voice said, "You don't abduct that alien, an' I ain't
gonna be yer friend no more!"

An' I thought, *well, now you've done it.* 'Cause one thang I don't believe in is conditional relationships. I had me this wife once, an' she love soap operas. I call from work, she's watchin' soap operas. I come home fer lunch, she's watchin' soap operas. I go back to work an' call her again, she's watchin' soap operas. I come home from work, she's watchin' tapes'a soap operas. An' I tell ya, jes' like everthang else, it's funny fer a while, but it got to the point that I come home, an' nothin' I do was excitin' enough fer her an' she start gittin' angry at me fer all kinds'a stuff. One day she nearly popped a cork 'cause muh name weren't 'Tad.

An' I said, "Tad?"

An' the wife said, "I don't wanna talk 'bout it."

An' I said, "Fine with me, jeez, 'Tad'?"

An' the wife said,
"The fact that it don't bother you is what bothers me!"

An' I said, "Oh, now I see yer point."

rolls eyes dramatically

An' I jes' go to bed.

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The next day I come home an' she's wearin' a kimono an' smokin' a cigarette.

An' I jes' look at her an' said, "Uh, since when do you smoke an' wear, uh, uh...stuff like that?"

An' the wife said, "Oh, my kimono?"

An' I said, "Yeah, kimono. What's with the smokin'?"

An' she smile an' turn away from me an' sit on the couch an' cross her legs an' start purrin' like a pussycat an' take a drag'a that cigarette an' almost throw up, she start coughin' so hard, an' then she look at me an' said, "Not muh brand." An' then she take another drag an' start coughin' agin', an' that voice in muh head said, "Tell her you'll go to the store to git her brand."

An' I said, "I don't wanna encourage a habit like that."

An' that voice said, "What you do is you go out, take one'a them wrong turns you always hear 'bout guys takin' when the whole world kinda turn upside down on 'em, an' maybe take a little time to collect yer thoughts. Say, ten or twenty years."

An' I thought, *naw*, but then I turn to the wife an' she purr again an' I'm thankin', *what's with the purrin'*, an' she said, "But these'll do. Oh, these'll do, alright."

Then she chuckle some more an' take another drag an' cough an' clear her throat an' purr agin', an' I jes' thought, *aw, hell, here come somethin'*.

An' sure enough, she turn to me an' said, "Guess who call today?"

An' I said, "I don't know. Muh parole officer?"

An' the wife said, "Lucretia."

An' I said, "O.k., I'll bite, who the hell is Lucretia?"

An' she gits off that couch, throw that cigarette at me an' said, "What do you take me fer, the fool?"

An' I said, "I'm startin' to! What in blazes is wrong with you?"

An' the wife said, "Lucretia! Lucretia! The illegitimate daughter of Baron Von Schnell!"

An' I said, "Oh, that Lucretia! How's she doin'?"

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Meanwhile, I'm lookin' fer the phone, wonderin' if I can
dial 9-1-1 before she yank it outta the wall, an' the wife said,
"Don't you turn from me!"

An' she crack me one across the face.

An' I said, "Ow!"

An' the wife said, "Answer me! Do you take me fer the fool?"

An' I said, "Look here, love..."

An' the wife said, "Don't you 'love' me!

How long did you think it would be 'fore I found out
'bout the two of you! You an' Lucretia, in muh own bed!"

Now, I don't know if this needs to be said, but I don't know
no Lucretia, I don't know no Baron Von Schnell, an' say
what you want 'bout me, I never cheated on muh wife,
'less you count bachelor parties, but come on, be
reasonable, an' even then, there's that school'a thought
that says oral sex ain't cheatin' anyway. But that ain't the
point. The point is, I don't know no Lucretia, an' I'm
lookin' at muh wife an' I'm thankin' I don't know her, either.

An' that make me thank'a one time I were a kid an' we read
this story in school, where some guy says to some lady,
"I'll give you a million dollars" or somethin'
"to push this here button."

An' the lady says,

"Million dollars to push a button?"

An' the guy says,

"That's right, but this button gonna make somebody die."

An' the lady says, "Well, I don't know about that, then."

An' the guy says, "I promise, it won't be nobody you know."

So the lady finally says,

"Oh, what the hell" an' pushes the button,

an' later the insurance guy come an' say,

"Hey, yer husband died!

Here's a million dollars from his life insurance policy!"

So the lady says to the guy with the button,

"You said it wouldn't be no one I know"

an' the guy says,

"How well you really know yer husband?"

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An' I didn't git it. So I ask the teacher an' he say somethin' 'bout no one really know anybody an' I said, oh, though I still didn't git it, but now I got it. That's the problem, I never git nothin' 'til it's too late, but I got it then, boy, an' she's goin' on 'bout Lucretia, an' I'm lookin' all over fer a button. So this go on fer 'bout a week, an' one day I come back from work an' she's gone, the landlord said someone made a call finally an' I said I understood, though I didn't, an' jes' figure she finally gone off an' left me fer some Colonel, or whatever.

But that's why I don't like conditional relationships, an' if that voice is gonna start with that nonsense, well, he's gonna hear it from me. An' sure enough, that voice said, "Oh, I'm gonna hear it from you, huh?" An' I said, "That's right, so-called friend!" An' that voice said, "If I had a foot, I'd kick yer ass!" An' I said, "Well, you ain't got no foot far as I can tell, you jes' got that tiny space in muh head. Now as far as this abduction business is concerned, I jes' ain't that type'a person. Wish I were sometimes, but I jes' ain't. That's how it is, take it or leave it!"

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An' that voice didn't say nothin'.

Didn't bother me or nag me or try to git me to do what it wanted me to do. It didn't say nothin'. An' all'a sudden, I feel kinda lonely, in that bad way I used to.

An' then the voice said, "At least take a picture."

An' I said, "Yer back!"

An' that voice said, "Oh, now you like havin' me around!"

An' I thought, *here we go again*, so I turn to that there alien an' I said, "Look, partner, how's 'bout I jes' take yer picture an' we call it a day?"

'Cause at this point I got a hell of a headache an' I tol' you how awful cold it were that night an' I'm thankin' that I jes' want





everbody to be quiet already, dammit, this is why I come to the woods in the first place, fer some quiet! An' look at all this!

So I said to that there alien, "What say, partner?
You mind if I use a flash?"
An' that there alien said, "Well, I'm not very photogenic."
An' that voice said, "That's what they all say!"
An' I said, "Shut up already!"
An' that there alien said, "Shut up?
You just asked me a question!"
An' I said, "Not you, him!"
An' that there alien said, "Him who?"
An' I said, "Uh, nobody."
An' that there alien said, "Are you hearing voices?"
An' I said, "Aw, hell."
An' that voice in muh head said, "Don't tell him nothin'!"
An' that there alien said, "What did you say?"
An' I said, "I didn't say nothin."
An' that there alien said, "You just said, 'don't tell him nothin.'"
An' I said to that voice in muh head,
"Did I say that or did you say that?"
An' that voice said, "I said that, didn't I?"
An' I said, "Yeah, that's what I thought."
An' that voice said, "Uh-oh."
An' I said, "Aw, hell."
Then I said to that there alien,
"Uh...so how goes it, partner?"
An' that there alien said, "Oh, give me a break."
An' I said, "Uh, whatcha mean by that, partner?"
An' th' alien said, "Come on,
I've been hearing you the whole time."
An' I said, "Git out! How could you hear all that?"
An' th' alien said, "Because you've been saying it all out loud!"
An' I said, "Have not."
An' he said, "Have too."
An' I said, "Have not neither,
you been usin' alien telepathy, you sneak!"
An' he said, "Have not!"
An' I said, "Have too!"

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An' that there alien said, "You want to see telepathy? Here's some telepathy for you. Right now, you're thinking about... the Bigfoot."

An' I said, "Aw, hell,"
'cause that's exactly what I were thinkin' 'bout.

When I were in school, I ask a teacher'a mine how come they cain't find the Bigfoot or the Loch Ness Monster or nothin' an' that teacher said, "Boy, the only place they gonna find them animals is on the moons'a Jupiter." An' I said, "Whudda 'bout all them flying saucers?"

An' that teacher said, "Boy, only way aliens gonna come here is fer the same reason we go to the zoo."

An' that there alien said, "Actually, we come here for the wood, but he's right about the Sasquatch."

An' I said, "Boy, you hear everthang, huh?"

An' that there alien said, "Go ahead, think of something else."

An' I thought'a somethin' else, an' I hoped he didn't hear it, 'cause it were one'a those things you thank'a an' you don't wanna but you cain't help yerself so I jes' thought to muhself aw, hell, thank'a somethin' else quick, so I thank 'bout Yogi Berra 'cause someone tell me once, you ever wanna last longer in sex, thank 'bout Yogi Berra, but ever time I used to try doin' that, I would finish before I could finish, if you know what I mean.

So Yogi jes' pop into muh mind fer whatever reason, an' it were better'n what I didn't wanna thank about before, so I say to that there alien, "Go ahead, big shot, what'm I thankin'?"

An' that there alien said, "You want to know if I know where your daddy and your mama are."

An' I said, "Nope, that ain't what I'm thankin' 'bout."

An' that there alien said, "Well, right now you're thinking about Yogi Berra and how he makes your dick shrink, but before that you were thinking if I know what happened to your daddy and your mama."

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An' I didn't say nothin'. An' then I thought, *aw, hell*.

An' that there alien said, "Now you're thinking, *aw, hell*."

An' I thought *aw, hell* again, an' that alien said,

"Now you're thinking, *aw, hell* again."

An' I said, "Awright, awright already!"

An' that voice in muh head said,

"He's tryin' to distract you! Stay focused!"

An' that there alien said,

"Now some voice in your head is saying stay focused."

An' that voice said, "Git the camera!"

An' that there alien said, "I told you, my good man,

I simply don't photograph well!"

An' that voice said, "I cain't believe he's stickin' to that story!"

An' that there alien said,

"How dare you accuse a Kakkian of lying!

On Kak, we never lie!"

An' that voice said, "Yer on Earth now, partner!

That's all we ever do!"

An' I jes' couldn't take it no more, so I run inside an' grab that camera an' I come runnin' out, an' that voice in muh head were screamin', "Shoot! Shoot!"

So I hold it up an' that alien see me with that camera, an' he musta spoke in that Kak voice he were talkin' 'bout, 'cause he open up his mouth, an' there were a pain in muh head that brought me to muh knees. I were in so much pain I could barely even see an' when I finally look up, that there alien were pointin' that camera at me. An' you know what? It were finally quiet. Me lookin' at that alien, an' that alien lookin' at me. Nobody makin' a sound. Jes' a soft gust'a wind blowin' slow through the trees.

An' I look up at that there alien, an' I start to cry. I were jes' so damn tired, an' muh head hurt so damn much, an' it were jes' so damn cold. An' that alien jes' look at me an' he weren't speakin' like Cary Grant no more, he were speakin' like a regular human, an' he said, "That note from yer mama an' yer daddy? It were fer you."

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An' before I could say anything, that flash went off an' all I could see were a big white dot, an' when it finally clear, that alien were gone. An' that voice in muh head were gone. An' I finally got me some peace.

A lot happen to me since that night. First, I ain't heard that voice in muh head since then. Finally, after all these years, it's gone fer good. Second, now I talk with this here accent. I mean, I'm from Canada. But after what happen with that alien, it jes' seem right. An' third, that there alien, he give me hope. That maybe everybody's awright, an' that maybe they don't think as bad'a me as I deserve. He wanted'a take me to Kak, an' I didn't go this time, but I'll git there one day an' maybe they'll take me to the moons'a Jupiter an' I'll see muh daddy an' muh mama an' who knows, maybe I'll see ol' Suzanne Haynes an' the wife, an' I hope when I do see 'em they'll be like I remember before they all disappear from me, an' before I disappear from them. I sometimes wonder if they're all up there, runnin' aroun', lookin' fer me. I hope so, y'know? All'a them, even muh friend who gave me them crayons an' shall remain nameless.

Aw, hell, his name were Eric.

I'll find him too one day up there maybe. Gonna beat the hell outta 'im when I do, but maybe we can be friends after that. In the meantime, I'm waitin' to shoot the rest'a that film so I can develop muh portrait the alien took, an' I jes' keep choppin' that wood an' stackin' it high.

starts to walk away, turns and laughs

Rings on Uranus.

laughs

I git it, I git it...

pause, then talking to The Voice in his head

Yeah, now I git it, that were a good one!

realizes

Aw, hell...

[BLACKOUT]

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**NOTES AND
COMMENTARY**





\\\\NOTES AND COMMENTARY\\\\





ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Thanks to:

My family.

I always hoped to dedicate a book to my mother, my father, and my brother, but I already dedicated these plays years ago, so I screwed that up. I hope, for now, they'll accept my first and foremost thanks, for a lifetime of love and support.

My love, Patte

The Rosenstein clan

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And in memory of Mike Likakis and Lisa Tombyll,
whom I didn't thank when I had the chance.

*Steve Danziger,
November 2014*



FROM THE PLAYWRIGHT

I came to writing late, and not knowing what to write, I figured I would write for theater, because I had always loved listening to people speak. The problem with this was, aside from a production of *Peter Pan* I was forced to endure on a grade school class trip, and a production of *Bye, Bye Birdie* I was forced to endure in a high school assembly, I knew nothing about theater.

Looking for models, I read a lot of plays. But I didn't understand how to recalibrate my reading, how to make the transition from prose, with its inconspicuous formatting, to the published play, with its constant clarifying intrusions, and, my memory still tainted by the abominations of the Allaire State Park players and the Marlboro High School student body, I thought maybe to consider another genre. But then I read *Glengarry Glen Ross*. On the page, Mamet's plays are so stark as to read more like concrete poetry than exchanges between humans; I had no idea what was going on (and I had yet to read Pinter), but I loved the urgency of the characters, and the ambiguity created by everything not said. So, I thought this was how you format an intriguing play: you note only what's necessary, you let your characters speak the way they speak, and stay out of their way as much as you can. Then the actors and the directors make their choices, everyone involved takes collaborative ownership, and hopefully, the thing comes alive when it's performed.

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The approach worked fine for the productions of *Moons of Jupiter* and *Tales from the Schminke Tub*, but what I never considered was how my formatting choices might transfer to a context where the plays would be presented as work to be read, not necessarily performed.





So when this publication became a possibility, and I suggested that Lynne just print them as is, her response was kind, patient, and tonally reminiscent of how one might speak to a benign imbecile that you know means well.

Lynne is much more articulate about our resulting collaboration, the mechanics of reading, and the art and craft of publishing in general, so I'll direct you to her essay, and hope it will suffice for me to just offer this:

I have always loved the kind of people that laugh at their own jokes, especially jokes that no one else understands, strangers who come up next to you at a bar, or on a train, or on a line, and talk endlessly about themselves with great urgency, who evidently have something terribly important to share with you, though you can't exactly understand what it is, whose psyches seem to originate from the fourth dimension, and at some point, in the middle of the maelstrom, make you wonder, where did this person come from? And why in the world am I being told these things?

Thank you for listening.

STEVE DANZIGER

Steve Danziger is the pen name of Steve Rosenstein. He has no idea why this is a big deal, but his friends find it endlessly confusing. He lives in Brooklyn, NY, the land of his birth, but grew up in Marlboro, NJ, where his arrest record included (in unrelated incidents) inciting a riot and urinating on a clown. Renouncing gainful employment, he received his MFA in Creative Writing at the City College of New York, and is currently a PhD student at Binghamton University. His work has appeared in Fiction, The Coffin Factory, Word Riot, The Brooklynier, Anemone Sidecar, Locust Magazine, Up the Staircase Quarterly, Florida Studies, and The Wall Street Journal. His reviews and essays can be read online at Open Letters Monthly, where he is a contributing editor.

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**ALL THE WORLD'S A PAGE
EDITORIAL NOTES ON ORALITY IN
TRANSLATION**

In 2012, the artist we know as Beck released *Song Reader*, an album in the form of a book of sheet music, to considerable consternation, criticism, and a smattering of praise – the strongest memory of the first reviews I read is that while admired as an artistic move within certain circles that the choice smacked of...pretension.

I bring this up now, in the publication of another form of sensory performance translated into text, because as a publisher I am interested not only in making beautiful, thought-provoking objects, but even moreso in the public act represented by the choice to document, archive, distribute – to reify -- creative practice, that is, to concretize artistic impulse as commodity/object. And, crucially, in the relationship of book-art-object to the role of hypermedia-sensory-objects in this time and place.

/// NOTES AND COMMENTARY ///

Every book published represents an opportunity to engage with the how, what, and why of the use and place of the printed page in our ever-shifting cultural landscape – even moreso books that ossify on the page creative endeavors designed to be received by multiple sensory “channels” (that is to say, ears, eyes, body, and what happens in our perception when all are engaged.)

There is naïve benefit in coming to publish a book of plays as someone who primarily publishes and designs poetics and fiction (but who comes from many years of theatrical and dramaturgical training) – while scripts have often crossed my path, in the form of





photocopied sides clearly intended for use by actors and directors, it's been a while since I deeply engaged with the play-as-book form... and this is the first time I really looked at it and considered its unusual cultural role.

The past few years of publishing, editing, performing and engaging in dialogue with creators of all disciplines have seen myself and/via The OS moving into a space of multi-channel production and documentation that reintroduces a primacy to orality and audio/performance as not only origin of all text but essential to a contemporary consideration of the page.

It is crucial to remind ourselves that the book is not counter to technology but indeed one of – if not the – most enduring technological innovations to date, one that holds us psychologically very much in its thrall. And one that, in a backwards way, influences the way many of us perceive and judge perception in any medium, so central has it been to our learning process. (The young people we're seeing now, whose learning environments have been consistently cross-channel from their earliest days, represent in many ways a real evolution for us from this book-centric experience. But I digress.)

The point in this instance is, when Steve Danziger approached me with the possibility of publishing MOONS of JUPITER/TALES from the SCHMINKE TUB, I did not yet realise how singularly well timed this project was situated within this particular moment in my own /The OS's creative evolution, given our current focus on the question of the published page as, essentially, a still-clumsy, imperfect approximation of orality/performance.

Here in the design of play-as-book, leaving convention (as usual) behind, and with an unusually game playwright as co-captain, we began a consideration of what it means to design a play for the page – contending and taking as project the crucial subtleties differentiating audience in

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a theatrical environment from reader in a literary one. The elephant in the room is and was *time*, and in a way we can think about a standard script (or play-as-book that retains script-convention) as constructed in a similar way to HTML code as it relates to space: nothing is left to the imagination. Negative space (or here, time) is not understood as having value; every character including time and space are given direction and durational cues, whereas in fiction (or non coded text), time (or space) can be left and filled at the reader's discretion. And of course as we know, poetics in particular enjoys a much more flexible, reader-driven relationship to flow and pacing.

To say the playwright who chooses to engage minimally with stage direction and set consideration has done the same as a poet or writer of fiction who has chosen to create thick, unpunctuated blocks of text with little to no line breakage, and therefore to treat these texts the same on the page is tantamount to an act of mistranslation, crucially leaving out the relationship of the script to the middle-persons of director, actor, and crew, and the decisions on the part of these creative practitioners to which the audience member is privy.

Remember those games of analogy from your school days, in which PLAY is to AUDIENCE MEMBER as BOOK is to READER? Where does PLAY is to READER fit into this game? With difficulty, it turns out, if you're thinking about the play as a social and cultural vehicle that is at danger of becoming increasingly decontextualized, removed from the intersectionality of its production in a particular time and place.

And, as the Beck example shows, we as a public have a very different relationship to audio-visual media than we do to anything in page form – a relationship to voluntary reading often drawing up contentions of class and privilege, elitism and education, to name a few. But let's come away from the politics for long

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enough to simply figure out the mechanics of the thing. Now, often in postmodern theatre (as in this case) the playwright has chosen to remove the traditional devices of highly specified costume and set, leaving a stage bare or with only a few props, but these lacks are too conventions of an evolving history in which their absence is perhaps equally or more significant than specification.

A play put on “here” and simply with “A MAN” that does not specify time and place will bring more to its audience member than the convention-as-lack script can translate to a reader. So...what to do? In this case, in addition to my own standard of mirrored left and right facing pages, the choice was to translate the script into a space of poetics – reintroducing line breaks and negative space in relationship to time, and creating coded textual types of varying weight to differentiate between words that would be heard by an audience member vs. those that served solely as cues to theatrical practitioners / those which would be perceived, by the audience, via their other senses.

We found ourselves in particular grappling with the phonic difficulties of the dialect Steve had given the speaker in MOONS, which was at first written with a degree of intentional inconsistency, adding humor to its original performance as a ‘bad accent,’ but that without instruction did not always translate well for a reader, translating instead into awkward tonal moments that threatened to break the ability of an easily paced, natural experience for the internal ear. But after many many drafts of subtle vowel changes, we left well enough alone, hoping the reader has enough cues to make the “sound” satisfying.

It makes me wonder if we aren’t doing playwrights a disservice by not treating these works more as we do other sensory productions, wherein audio-visual receipt by the public is the norm – where the socio-cultural problematics of translation to the page is a surprising exception to the rule. How has the screenplay escaped being normatively

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treated as equal, textually, to a book in public and academic settings? One imagines it is because of the popularity of the movie as a cultural standard, vs. the play which still struggles to revive its early role as central organ for social commentary for ALL classes, not only those who read.

Reconsiderations of all our forms are necessary for us to fully own the potential power of this courageous choice to keep making, goddammit, against all odds. Thanks be to Steve, and those playwrights who encourage us to laugh at our own ridiculousness, as surely I am after this preposterous essay....right? Hopefully you'll find some balance here, perhaps get inspired to make something that questions the way you've been making it all along. And surely you will continue to see myself and The Operating System working to discern how we might better integrate new technologies into the "publication" of plays and other oral traditions ...perhaps in the very near future.

LYNNE DESILVA-JOHNSON

Lynne DeSilva-Johnson is an educator and interdisciplinary creator confused by Adherence to Titles. If forced, she might admit to being a conceptual artist, but then might argue you are, too. She works in text, mixed multimedia, bookmaking, construction, printmaking, typography, photography, sound, digital manipulation, and on installations incorporating these in tandem. She has been published widely, and has performed/ been shown at The Dumbo Arts Festival, Naropa University, Bowery Arts and Science, The NYC Poetry Festival, The Poetry Project, Undercurrent Projects, Mellow Pages, The New York Public Library, Page 22, Holland Tunnel Gallery, Launchpad BK, Eyebeam, This Must Be The Place, and the Cooper Union, among others. A regular host and curator of events in NYC, Lynne is the Managing Editor of THE OPERATING SYSTEM, and also your brunch server. (Sorry, no substitutions.) She's blogged at The Trouble With Bartleby, (a name shared with her chapbook imprint), since 2003. Find her at@onlywhatican.

///NOTES AND COMMENTARY///



DOC U MENT

/däky ə m ə nt/

First meant “instruction” or “evidence,” whether written or not.

noun - a piece of written, printed, or electronic matter that provides information or evidence or that serves as an official record

verb - record (something) in written, photographic, or other form

synonyms - paper - deed - record - writing - act - instrument

[*Middle English, precept, from Old French, from Latin documentum, example, proof, from docere, to teach; see dek- in Indo-European roots.*]

Who is responsible for the manufacture of value?
Based on what supercilious ontology have we landed in a space where we vie against other creative people in vain pursuit of the fleeting credibilities of the scarcity economy, rather than freely collaborating and sharing openly with each other in ecstatic celebration of MAKING?

While we understand and acknowledge the economic pressures and fear-mongering that threatens to dominate and crush the creative impulse, we also believe that now more than ever we have the tools to relinquish agency via cooperative means, fueled by the fires of the Open Source Movement. Looking out across the invisible vistas of that rhizomatic parallel country we can begin to see our community beyond constraints, in the place where intention meets resilient, proactive, collaborative organization. Here is a document born of that belief, sown purely of imagination and will. When we document we assert. We print to make real, to reify our being there. When we do so with mindful intention to address our process, to open our work to others, to create beauty in words in space, to respect and acknowledge the strength of the page we now hold physical, a thing in our hand... we remind ourselves that, like Dorothy: *we had the power all along, my dears.*

THE PRINT! DOCUMENT SERIES

is a project of

the trouble with bartleby

in collaboration with

the operating system

//NOTES AND COMMENTARY//





///NOTES AND COMMENTARY///

**NOTES AND
COMMENTARY**





\\22 | TALES FROM THE SCHMINKE TUB\\





///TALES FROM THE SCHMINKE TUB | 21///

[BLACK OUT]

Now.

*THE MAN puts the pipe in his mouth and lights a match.
He moves the match slowly to the pipe.
He does not extinguish the match.
Just as the match is about to touch the pipe:*

that there are many tales
..from the Schminke Tub.

will be retained to solve that case. And perhaps that
person will tell you... as I have told you, dear friends:



he takes off frames, folds them, and puts them in his pocket
 The killer of Thomas Delice still remains at large.
 Perhaps someone with greater resources than my own

senses.
 of a mystery. And I am a man who makes a mystery of the
 ultimately lies. For to be a detective, one must make sense
 doings of a soul in turmoil. And it is here that my failure
 are hardly adequate means to comprehend the enigmatic
 I have presented to you facts and a heart laid bare, but these
 I concede to you now my failure as a detective.

Dear friends,

I was intrigued.

rolling lawns and acres of landscaping that needed tending.
 nursing home, a lovely but understaffed facility with
 signs of senility and would have to be confined to a nearby
 was about to take ownership, as her mother was exhibiting
 we would take refuge at her mother's house, of which she
 her that I had no money and nowhere to go. She said that
 in our best interests to abscond immediately. I confessed to
 outside her bathroom door, and suggested that it would be
 understanding why she couldn't hear but muffled sounds
 killed him. She took the helmet from my head, now
 belief that it would have been sufficient to have merely
 readjust my coppiece, and reluctantly concurred with her
 I honored that wish as well as the subsequent request
 to remove myself from atop the corpse of her husband.
 Delice, who stood now in my apartment and implored me
 that my dream awakened me to the cries of Natalie
 awakens them to the sound of an alarm clock, I discovered
 remove me, and as many discover that a dream of sirens
 of being that sword and of maidens beseeching Arthur to
 impossible task. Yes, I dreamt a dream, long and tactile,
 material want, the embodiment of triumph over the
 into stone the renunciation of war and
 That I was the sword of legend, its plunging



had been decimated by the Herculian levels of her love, and that a pureness now nestled in its stead like a shining jewel in the toxic morass of my feculent being. I wept copious tears in salute to my profundity, and thought that her tears must be at this moment overflowing the tub in which she lay. I begged her not to rise, but to listen now, just to listen, please, intently and with great heed, as I related the details of her husband's plot and my sordid history that had led to this impossible situation. I begged her threefold: for forgiveness, to always keep images of me in her heart that were not tainted by premature sexual culmination, and, most painfully, to leave, immediately, and with nary a glance backwards. I pressed my helmeted head to the door and extended my lips as far as the sinews would allow. I kissed her spirit thusly and rose, removed one solitary sword of uncommon length and heaviness of forging from its holder, and went home to await the dragon's attack.

As many of you know, the wearing of a suit of armor is quite cumbersome and sorely lacking in ventilation, and unable to procure a taxi, I was forced to walk the entire five miles to my domicile. Arriving home, I found myself so exhausted from the evening's proceedings and the ungodly stroll that I was barely able to hold aloft my sword. I rummaged out with great urgency through my cabinets, seeking out nourishment that would revive me for combat. But my feverish infatuation for Natalie had resulted in a severe diminishment of appetite, and I had not been grocery shopping in weeks. I had no coffee. I had no food. Desperate, I dropped acid.

My memory is hazy. I do know this: the dragon did alight. Thomas Delice stormed my dwelling and announced in no uncertain terms his intent to murder me definitively. He produced a Celtic flame dagger. I lifted my sword, which I subsequently threw across the room because I thought it had become a snake. A scuffle ensued. Stabbings took place. A great deal of stabbings. And then a dream. I dreamt that I was Excalibur.



evenings by the hearth, an expansive lawn that I would insist on tending myself – bursting warm and thick from my heart and through my body, filling me with a transcendent and heartbreaking delight. Heartbreaking, yes, because such a fantasy was hardly possible. Thomas Delice's reach was myriad and incalculable. I was certain that he would use his estimable resources to find us, and that his retribution would be egregious. I tore my eyes from the door and refused to submerge myself any further into the unbearable dolorous bog. And in throwing off the shackles of hopelessly incongruous fantasia, I found myself gripped by the talons of a winged epiphany: Natalie must be saved, even at the cost of my own life.

I did not signal Ronald Craine. He did not enter the house. We did not kill Natalie Delice. Rather, I stripped naked, down to my hairy particulars, and reclined myself in a full suit of armor that had been a sportfit feature of Thomas Delice's collection. The irony was exquisite. Thomas Delice, fancying himself the warrior, had surrounded himself with martial accoutrements as symbols of his virility and now I, whom he had sought to render impotent, would use these very items for the purpose in which they were originally constructed: to save a maiden, and to slay a dragon.

I lowered the visor of my helmet and strode purposefully behind the immaculately contoured shrubbery that surrounded the Delice estate, whereupon I ended Ronald Craine's momentary befuddlement by smiting him with a flanged battle axe I had removed from the wall of Thomas Delice's study. I returned to the house and upon scaling the stairs leading to the primary bathing quarters, I knelt before the closed door and professed my undying love for Natalie Delice. Not normally verbose, I now found myself spewing forth words of extraordinary beauty and delicacy. I told her, my dear, dear Natalie, that she had eradicated the malignancy of my life's intents as radiation eradicates a metastasizing cancer. That the hydra of my blackened heart



growing morose
 Our plan was simple: Thomas Delice would feign a business trip and I would spend the night with Natalie *air quotes* "plotting to kill her husband".

We would engage in our usual activities, I would soil her in my usual manner, and when she went to bathe, I would signal Ronald Craine in his hiding spot to enter the house, and the two of us would dispatch of her in her bath tub, à la Marat.

takes a moment

That was the scheme.
takes another moment

Natalie Delice was to be killed on the evening of February 18, my mother's birthday. Thomas Delice had informed her of his need to leave on business. I was invited to spend the night. I soiled her as always. She berated me, as always. I watched her enter her bathroom. I heard running water. I heard Natalie say "Ouch." I heard the squeak, as if a faucet handle was being adjusted. I heard propulsive running water, for approximately nine minutes. The sound ended, quite suddenly. I heard several dripping sounds.

Then, silence.

While Natalie Delice lay in her bath, watching disgustedly as my seed floated to the surface in globulous clumps, the cogs of Thomas Delice's murder machine grinding on, I lay in Natalie's bed, staring at the blinking colon separating the hour and minute delineations on the digital bedside clock, waiting for the allotted time to signal Ronald Craine and to join him in the carrying out of our nefarious task.

I turned my gaze from the cruel, pulsing reminder of mortality, and looked wistfully at the closed bathroom door. I became lost, the throes of an exhilarating, impossible dream of a life together - a home, children,



seen lurking about the Delice residence on the night of Natalie Delice's disappearance. For, you see, Ronald Craine was my acquaintance who had suffered the loss of his pet hamster and his dignity, visited me afterwards in hopes of finding solace, and subsequently recommended me for employment at habitat Delice. Not because of my wanton libido, as I had initially been led to believe, but because I was a former occupant of a state correctional facility with a delicate parole situation who had committed murder while incarcerated.

Yes, friends. I had murdered before. While in prison I was recruited into one of the penal systems' most notorious gangs, and since I was growing weary of being raped by Aryans, I agreed to the conditions of initiation, namely, murder. I had never murdered anyone during my time in custody; most of my activities were related to laundry, cleaning the cell, and helping to hold down my benefactor's unwilling paramours. But now I chose as my victim Sheldon Noonan, a volunteer who taught illiterate prisoners how to read and who had humiliated my gang's leader by correcting his pronunciation of the word 'monosyllabic':

Skeptics amongst the prison populace said I murdered Sheldon Noonan because he was shorter than me, slighter of build, and eighty years old, but I assured all that it was pedagogical audacity that had sealed his fate. I also emphasized that, despite appearances, the man was extraordinarily resourceful and astute in the ways of combat and that our conflict was quite gladiatorial, showing the various nicks I suffered in fending off his attempts to strike me with his walker. It was because of this incident, related by Ronald Craine, that Thomas Delice felt I would be well-suited to the task of eliminating his beloved, despite the fact that she was quite athletic and not an octogenarian.

crumble about me. Yes, a would-be assassin I was, for the second time. Because, you see, I had been commissioned once before to perform spousal liquidation. When Thomas Delice retained me to kill his wife,

Attempts to extract dung from your ears are utter folly, for you have heard correctly. Again, I prostrate myself before you and risk your consternation because the solving of this case is reliant on full and shameless disclosure. Those averse to revelation are advised to leave immediately. *gathering himself, he continues*

No sooner had I been recommended for employ at the Delice residence than I met with Thomas Delice and was informed of the duties I would be held accountable for as his servant. The job description was simple, really: rudimentary lawn care, and the slaying of his betrothed.

Having been on many job interviews, I knew that negotiation was expected. I counter-offered by accepting the former and declining the latter, understanding that it might result in a lowering of salary. Thomas Delice counter-counter-offered in a unique manner, by throwing upon the table a series of photographs, spread out like a fan of playing cards, showing a disturbing series of events that I had engaged in at a local carnival, where I had convinced several children that I was a candy apple vendor who, unable to secure a booth in the highly competitive carry stand market, was forced to keep my self-serve merchandise in my pants. Thomas Delice concluded our negotiation by offering to provide these photographs to the police if I declined his generous tender. Fairly certain that the photographs could be construed by an unsympathetic judge as violating the conditions of my parole, I agreed. He suggested I contact Ronald Craine and make all necessary arrangements. Yes, Ronald Craine, a.k.a. Ronnie Craine, a.k.a. Swinging Craine, mentioned earlier at my recounting of the facts of the case, the man who was



Do I hear the blaring of a horn? Is that you, Joshua? I inquire, dear friends, because although my name be not Jericho, the walls of my fortress now crack and

cup's a hand to his ear

For the second time.

It was painfully obvious that this was all much more than an awkward readjustment period. I was branded, dear people, branded. Castaway. Derelict. Exile. Fugitive. Gypsy. Hobo. Leper. Reprobate. Untouchable. Wretch. Loneliness ensued. Desperation. Black thoughts. By the time that Natalie Delice offered to prostitute herself to me in exchange for my services, I had been reduced to levels of unfathomable need and found to my horror that with my agreeance of her offer, I had become a would-be assassin.

Readjustment was difficult. Gainful employment seemed reserved for members of society not deemed criminal, as I found out, painfully, when submitting my curriculum vitae to nursing homes throughout the state. Not having any cash, I could not procure female companionship from my usual resources, these same escort agencies that had embraced me previously now conspiring with every other societal force to brand me a pariah. Even innocuous social invitations took on the potential for outrage. Brought as a guest to a neighborhood barbecue, I was perusing the smorgasbord when our hostess, the local pastor's wife, offered me tossed salad. In a Pavlovian moment, I dropped my plate, turned around, dropped my pants, and extended my anus towards her. This harmless misunderstanding soon grew scandalous, and I was expelled from the picnic without, finally, being on the receiving end of that ghastly undertaking.

But I soon grew accustomed to the concept of unorthodox intimacy and bizarre euphemisms, and having been conditioned thusly, I applied these new principals when I recommenced life on the outside.

sighs



The last time I had felt love of this magnitude was during the time of my employ at a nursing home. I was engaged in an intimate and somewhat controversial affair with an Alzheimer's patient named Margaret Feeney who, with my encouragement, would hallucinate that she was once again a young girl during the Depression forced to siphon gasoline to sell so that she could buy turnips and wiled greens to feed her family. At first I took offense at being objectified in such a manner, but the combination of her pleasure at being able to provide for her family during such difficult times and her somewhat endearing attempts at selling my "gasoline" to the staff melted my heart, and with the exception of one unfortunate incident involving her denture adhesive, we enjoyed a loving, fulfilling relationship. Her family didn't understand and neither did the judge, a woman blatantly unsympathetic to the intricacies of May-December relationships, and it wasn't until my incarceration that I was able to engage in sexual encounters of comparable intensity, albeit often without my consent.

drifts off

In matters of homicide, perhaps no excuse is acceptable, so instead I offer simply an admission: I need love. Especially of the oral variety. And Natalie Deice stirred feelings in me so long repressed...needs so long restrained...and memories so painful in their longing relegated to the recesses of my consciousness...

looks heavenwards

Upon completion of the task that, despite what anyone may claim, is utterly and delightfully demeaning to women, Natalie rose, brushed off her knees, wiped her lips, and told me to stop calling her Sweet Meat. I obeyed. She told me to fetch her a bottle of Ipecac and a roll of LifeSavers. I obeyed. She told me to kill her husband. And I obeyed.

shudders

Seals, I tell you! And I watched, helpless, at the undulation of her tresses as she pleased me, relentlessly...





Yes, Natalie Delice and I engaged in sexual congress, but contrary to the dreary ordeal described earlier, this session of congress experienced no filibuster. I rack my brain for words to do the experience justice and can only say this: fear not death, dear friends, for heaven most assuredly exists. And for me, heaven was encapsulated in the bobbing head of Natalie Delice. How to describe the ecstasy of peering down, watching raptuously as Natalie Delice cast the spell of maxillofacial dexterity that was driving me to the brink of madness. A spell I call it, and a spell it was, for Natalie Delice, far from being the inept courtesan I portrayed earlier, was a sensualist of the highest ranking, a magus of the carnal arts, whose every dental subtlety held me in her sway. Her lips were not lips, I tell you, but rather seals. Baby seals, coated in butter.

THE MAN removes his glasses frames, allowing anticipation to build. He gingerly pats his eyes, and returns the frames to his face. He breathes deeply, mustering his strength, and begins

Contrary to the garish portrait painted earlier, allow me a moment to cleanse my brush, refine my palette, and daub new colors of a more vibrant hue.

I have told you a tale of intense sexual disharmony in order to protect something more delicate than the rice paper walls that surrounded me during my first Happy Ending: my ego. Me, as a man. Or to be more accurate, the way I see myself...as a man. You have seen through this veneer of machismo, and have inspired me to attempt perhaps the only true achievement of greatness that is within our grasp during our fleeting tenure on this ball of dirt and liquid that we call Planet Earth. I will cease to be a "man", and instead, attempt to become...hu-man.

Quite the opposite.

Yes, dear people, I have not been candid.

So, after coating my delicacies in a comprehensive manner, under the guise of being *“responsible,” “responsible,” “responsible,”* *“large air quotes”* to Natalie Delle in a manner usually attributed to canines, pulled up my trousers, and informed her that the outstanding balance owed to me for services rendered was now settled. I also informed her in no uncertain terms that I would not murder her husband. Things soon turned unpleasant. Mrs. Delle commented that I made love in a manner similar to the way I mowed lawns: I made a lot of noise, and missed a lot of crucial spots. Although I pride myself on being a gentleman, this affront to my landscaping prowess triggered an ugliness in me that I am loathe to discuss.

It shames me to say that I responded to Mrs. Delle by suggesting that her lawn was not the only patch of growth that required grooming, and that I was certain that closer inspection of the enormous tangled morass found at the front end of her perineum would likely yield numerous items thought lost to history, including Amelia Earhardt’s airplane, the ruins of Atlantis, and the Lost Tribe of Israel in its entirety. I then noted that she approached foreplay in the manner I approached wedding: she grabbed at the root and pulled. I drew breath for one final, unequivocal denunciation of both her vaginal and coital atrocities, but... I stopped. There was silence. I was gazed upon with large, moist eyes. She blinked, slowly. And it was then, in that moment, that I fell in love with Natalie Delle.

sighs
Yes, love.

suddenly, to the audience
Who laughed? Hypocrite! Who amongst us has not been tempted by the possibility of a better life, even if it was embodied by the rancid cavities of a cuckolded hausfrau?

You lie! All of you! You lie...
starts to break down
...you lie as I lie.



I had absolutely no intention of murdering Natalie Delice's husband, any more than I had the intention of entering her cavities sheathed in less than two rubber casings.

Now, dear people, a confession.

and consummation ensued.
 so I reiterated my acceptance of her offer,
 But it is not my business to intrude in domestic matters,
 divorce which, though painful, will not result in his death.
 his pain, by ending her infidelities, for example, or perhaps
 him killed, she may want to explore alternate means of easing
 causing him. I was tempted to suggest that instead of having
 olent. She said that she could not stand the pain that she was
 But her tears did not subside. Rather, her sobs grew more vi-

I will kill your husband.
 mown their lawn, I shall continue. Yes, I told Mrs. Delice,
 audience forage their memories trying to recall if I've ever
 similar plans for me? While the male members of the
 taker of human life? Does my wife fancy him and have
 perhaps, is this charming raconteur before me the
 of the eye to an object of dread. You ask yourself now,
 that provides us with mirth can turn in the literal blink
 You are shocked. And rightly so. Often the very thing
he smiles

I agreed to kill Thomas Delice.
 as I said before, the removal of that persistent weed, I agreed.
 Having procured no payment for four lawn mowings and,
 engaging me in sexual congress unless I murdered him.
 and therefore could not entertain even the thought of
 subject her husband to any further humiliation
 her at the deepest level. She said that she just could not
 humiliating herself with yet another lackey was repellant to
 indefatigably and with such great remorse, that the idea of
 me that she couldn't, that she had sinned so copiously and
 would gladly settle for her just using her mouth. She told



chewable laxatives, assuring him they were amphetamines, and he gave me a job referral. As a mower of lawns, For one Mrs. Natalie Delice.

Pauses dramatically

Thomas Delice, knowing of my intimate knowledge of the doings in his household, retained my services to investigate the mystery. What he did not know was just how intimate my knowledge was.

You see, Mrs. Natalie Delice and her husband were in love with each other at some juncture, as many couples in the suburbs supposedly are, but her insatiable appetite for hirsute servants willing to manicule the landscape surrounding her home for mental wages put a strain on her marriage that, at the point of my arrival, had become too much for the poor woman to bear. Initially I maintained my professionalism, inspired in no small part by the fact that Thomas Delice often performed the duties of his somewhat shadowy vocation from his home office and had Medieval weaponry prominently displayed as wall furnishings throughout their abode. That, along with the fact that his surname culminated with a vowel and that the subject of many of his overheard business conversations was waste management made me traipse cautiously in the fulfillment of my duties.

But Thomas Delice was frequently away from home, either whoring or on business, and it was during one of these occasions that the seed of temptation finally took root in the fertile soil of Natalie Delice's matrimonial treachery. After a particularly fruitful afternoon in which I not only mowed the lawn but also removed a notoriously persistent weed from her tomato patch, Mrs. Delice attempted to seduce me. However, no sooner had her lips grazed mine than she broke away, wrapped her arms around herself, and wept hysterically. I comforted her. I explained that I understood, that the strain of infidelity can eventually bring about total emotional collapse, and that I, having the extraordinarily high level of empathy that I do,





As it happens, by “solace” my acquaintance meant that he wondered if I had any narcotics that I could share with him. For free! For a moment I took umbrage, then mentioned that perhaps we could work something out. Again I positioned myself on his lap and again I offered affection. And again I was spurned, violently. I informed my acquaintance that he would never receive narcotics by being so unaccommodating and he replied, rather crassly, I thought, that if I were so randy, he knew of a woman that might be more receptive than he to my advances. He said that this woman had a “thing”, his word, for practitioners of manual labor, and suggested that my being in her employ would drive her to states of desire that I would never be able to arouse in anyone who was psychologically sound. I was intrigued. I gave him some

and was struck about the face and neck for my troubles. I led him inside and sat on his lap. I attempted to kiss him, experience, appeared at my front door seeking solace. My acquaintance, understandably shaken by his emergency room for its subsequent extraction, suffocation and in a humiliating visit to an the loss of his pet hamster Sparky during an erotic mishap acquaintance of mine. This acquaintance had just suffered In response, I’ll relay a mishap that befell an a man of his standing, he chose to solicit my involvement. wealthy, you may ask why, with all the resources available to visit, I took the case. Since Thomas Delice was fabulously Having established the true nature of Mr. Delice’s

THE MAN absently leans his hand on the edge of the tub. He recoils suddenly, as if touching a hot stove.

expert counsel. I welcomed him into my abode. I offered him a drink from my flask, and attempted to seduce him. He struck me. I congratulated him, explaining that I was testing him, to make sure that his visit wasn’t poisoned with ulterior motive.



I could regale you with stories of transgressions, both illegal and otherwise. Of cleansings, both real and metaphorical.

Of...naughty things.

smiles, then abruptly stops

This is no laughing matter, I assure you!

For despite your lascivious inclinations, this aesthetic masterpiece, this porcelain item of almost celestial dignity, is the scene of a crime!

Most heinous!

Here are the facts: a Mrs. Delice, a Mrs. *Natalie* Delice

was seen entering a bathroom which contained, among

other things, this tub. A sound of running water was

heard. Mrs. Delice was heard to say "Ouch." A squeak

was heard, as if a faucet handle was being adjusted. A new

sound was subsequently heard, of *propulsive* running water.

This continued for approximately nine minutes. Then,

the running water sound ended, quite suddenly.

Several dripping sounds were heard. Then, silence.

straightening his posture

It would appear that some sort of *bath* was taking place.

lets this sink in

An hour later, a former employee of Mrs. Delices, a

gentleman named Ronald Craine, a.k.a. Ronnie Craine,

a.k.a. *Swinging* Craine, was seen by a neighbor lurking

about a hedge surrounding the Delice estate. The next

morning, Thomas Delice, Mr. Thomas Delice, arrived home

from a business trip to find his wife, Mrs. *Natalie* Delice, had

disappeared. The bathtub, however, remained full of water.

She has not been seen since.

These are the facts.

He looks from one side of the audience to the other,

then to the tub. After a moment, he resumes

I received a visit from Thomas Delice following his wife's

disappearance. The police had proven useless in the matter,

and Mr. Delice felt the necessity to seek more



THE MAN strikes a match and moves it towards the pipe's bowl. He stops, and waves out the flame

Not yet.

suddenly, he looks out at the audience

I fancy myself the world traveler, and others have fancied me likewise. Name a place, and I've been there. If I haven't, I'll deny it. Having not been there, I mean. Why do I tell you this? Why do I chance you thinking me the oaf? The charlatan?

In a word, trust.

THE MAN adjusts his glasses. He turns to the tub. He leans forward slightly, and delicately runs his fingertip along the edge

Think of yourself in a tub. What do you think of? Playing lighthouse? Releasing a water watsi? Bathing?

Fools!

The tub does not exist for your pleasure, you exist for its! It encases you when you are naked! Like clothing! Like air! Remain stubbornly to your attitudes, your preconceived notions, and you are toying with fire, I assure you!

Yes, fire. With an apparatus that contains water. *smiles* Perhaps now you are beginning to understand.

He strikes a match and moves it towards the pipe's bowl. Again he stops himself and waves it out

I could tell you tales of the Schminke tub.

///b | TALES FROM THE SCHMINKE TUB///

[A light is already on, one solitary spotlight. A MAN enters. He is wearing a red smoking jacket and empty eyeglass-frames. An unlit pipe dangles from his lips]

MAN

Time melts, like cheese.
All of our days coagulate, like gelatin.
Lives gel, like gel.

*He removes his eyeglass frames
and demonstrates that they are empty*

There is no glass because, I assure you, I see perfectly.

He puts the frames back on. He contemplates his pipe

This pipe has not yet been utilized. Yet you watch it.

Why? What do you think will come out?
Smoke? Bubbles? A coiled serpent?
Yes, this pipe has not yet been utilized.

Or has it?

[Lights come up on the Schminke tub, a large red bathtub].

He looks at it admiringly, even longingly

Will you look at this?

One hesitates to look, much as one must resist staring at the sun. We seek out the golden life-giving light, yet the boldness of direct optical concentration will not be rewarded.

Quite the opposite.

contemplating the tub

Similar considerations must be given here.



Here

PLACE

The present

TIME

A MAN

CHARACTERS





*This play was originally developed and produced by
terraNOVA Collective, New York City
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directed by Michele Chivu
at Center Stage, NY
June 17-19, 2005*



*is dedicated
to Haskell King*

TALES FROM THE SCHMINKE TUB



THE OPERATING SYSTEM PRINT//DOCUMENT

Moons of Jupiter / Tales from the Schminke Tub

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To learn more about TerraNOVA Collective, where these pieces
were born, please visit: www.terranovacollective.org

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THE OPERATING SYSTEM/PRESS
NEW YORK CITY

[a play]



steve danziger
**TALES FROM
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SCHMINKE TUB**

