

personal & Group
Rehearsal Sessions

Sunday & Monday February 23 and 24th.

Chose and worked on "O what a rogue"- from Hamlet. Short amount of time allotted, knowing lines gives me more time to work out details.

Searched for scene to prepare also. Franz and Lee said they would work only on monologue. Limited library- selected Gloucester /Edmund scene from Lear. Beautiful. I thought of Pa. Playing the joke on him (when he jumps from Dovers cliffs) only to give him life. When I move to Gloucester, I feel I'm going to give Pa comfort....Franz reluctantly agreed to do Gloucester...I must memorize the lines. We show tomorrow.

Lee has black notebook full of notes taken by student at NYU during Grotowskis months stay there. "Don't think of the given circumstances. Think of what you can REVEAL OF YOURSELF in the scene."

I approached my work in the "black room" with this in mind. No one would correct me if I didn't read the rhythm of the line correctly. This allows me more freedom to explore. Worked on monologue for an hour and fifteen minutes and felt free- except for O Vengeance- which seems stagey.

When I came back to the room upstairs, Lee said it didn't matter what you did with the scene Grotowski will not like it and take it apart. Echoes from Goodman students.

Wednesday February 26th

Franz' HAPPYTOWN rehearsal- based on themes from Arrabell.

Francoise: Almost totally immobile(paralyzed) mute.

Lee: Protects her. Treats her with tenderness.

Me: Think of her as burden. Sex.

We are in a desert. Have been here for ages. We are searching for a way out- HAPPYTOWN. We occasionally see a mirage, walk, follow it- only to disappointment. We begin from moment of rest.

I awake- scan the horizon. See Happytown.

Run back for my goulashes- one only.

Lee awakens.

I begin running toward the corner.

Lee stops me with "help me with her!"

I grudgingly come back and help lift her on his back.

We begin to circle room looking for disappearing mirage. We despondently sit down to rest.

Lee comforts Francoise. Takes her in his arms "don't worry, we'll get there soon" etc.

I get jealous. I throw sand in their faces. Lee protects Francoise and strikes out at me.

I ask forgiveness- can I pet her hand...aaa aaa aaa
Kotki daa, szare bure obydwaa..

I become vulgar. Lee swipes at me.

I show him my hand which touched.

I see another mirage. "C'mon." I begin running.

I put on my goulash. He asks me to help him with her.

I smile..I walk back - slowly- stick dupka in face.

I yell. "You know damn well I'm sick. I have only one lung and no testicles."

He becomes crazed.

I laugh at him.

He gets up- begins to run-I laugh. He bounces against the black wall and falls to the ground.

I go over to him. "Idiot its a wall, its nothing but a black wall."

Francoise, who has been left behind wails.

We return to her.

He carries her...Mirage after mirage. Circle after circle.

We rest.

Lee begins to sleep. I watch her.

I close in on her. Touch her thigh. He awakens as she mutters.

He sees me. I begin to pray and panic. I get up and run as he did- bouncing into the wall and falling backwards.

He comes to me "Its a wall you idiot. Its a wall."

He grabs me by the arms and picks me up. He is boss now.

I apologize. I return and carry Francoise.

We begin our trip.

I suddenly stop.

"I forgot my goulash!" I almost drop her but Lee catches her.

I run back toward the goulash. Its like running in the sand. I see it. I jump (high tiger) on it.

I caress it. I lie on my back by left foot

in the air. I put it on. Like a safe. I

demonstrate it. Walk back to them proudly.

He is holding her. He is tottering. I slowly wipe perspiration off my face.

I carry her..I move in the other direction, I want to lose her so that I can bury her alive and return to Lee and two healthy people searching for HAPPYTOWN

He catches me.

I drop her.

I threaten to go off by myself.

"Let her stay. you can stay with her if you like--I'm going"--but my gestures and the tone of my voice indicate I don't want to go it alone.

"Come with me, I know where HAPPYTOWN is!" I hum a tune from the 20's.

He begins to come.

She mutters imploringly.

He goes back- he pets her.

He chokes her to death.

She lies motionless on the floor.

I kneel beside her and sing Mom's favorite WITAJ KROLOWA NIEBA.

I take off my goulash - and like pall bearers gloves, I drop it on her stomach.

Lee and I walk off seeking HAPPYTOWN hand in hand.

I was surprised at how many things I invented in this charade. But god does it feel stagey. Franz speaks a great deal of results. Too much.