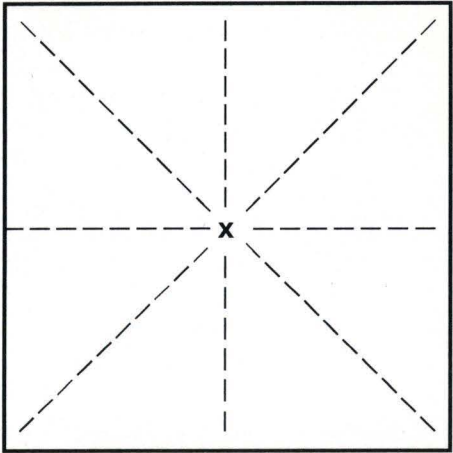


Allyson Clay/LOCI



To begin, the performer enters at any time of the day a domestic interior and closes the door after entry. The audience remains outside the room. There need not be an audience. She wouldn't listen anyway. Nothing could be said. She watched the man hopping up the street on one foot. He had started hopping when he passed that blonde woman getting out of a silver Mercedes. He put some money in his meter and limped back down the hill. All furnishings and objects in the room are to be rearranged. We avoided each other's eyes, as our children were avoiding each other on the jungle gym. Some rain plopped on the dusty sand around my feet; I was relieved, playtime was up. Her daughter's head was bandaged, some stitches were visible on the side of her face. Thunder, the air coagulating, darkly. so that there is no semblance of order in the room. She took three books by women authors off the shelf; three paperbacks; aged, and brittle with pages going brown along the edges. de Beauvoir, Stein, Woolf. She poured milk into a basin and put the books in to soak. Kneading them slightly, absentmindedly whistling, she enjoyed the sun from the window hot on her arms and neck. Later, she removed the books from the milk and tied them together with white household string. She set them in the sun outside to congeal and dry. In the middle of the night, the story began, you can sometimes feel her wandering. There is no sound, no light. A draught of air that smells like new cut grass, dank and sweet touches your hand or strokes your cheek. Once order is destroyed, the performance is complete. Exit the space and close the door.