

oblique function (45° tilt)	Spines of book and reader, askewn by 45 degrees. Reading together in groups. Body at half elevation.
twicing	Clad text with its double at the distance of a line. That is, while reading, speak twice each line. In groups, one reader each her paragraph.
shared load	Scam the text without meaning; on some signal, a single word is spoken (each likely different). Thus, vertical the text.
earplugs	Hyperbolic form, giddy, expresses itself against the inner skins. That is, while reading aloud, place earplugs into the ears. Reading out loud & together. Per- form in joy.
triangles	Suppleclump bodies in threes. Archi- tecting the legs at triangles. Downcast diaphragm, speaklow, eyes to eyes while listening.
skin on skin (wanting nothing and desiring everything)	While partnered, the mutual, comforta- ble touching of skins is had (e.g.) hold- ing hands, touching wrists, a desireless finger in the navel. Thus, practice alter- nating between wanting nothing and desiring everything.
white noise	Two roles: reader and listener; in per- pendicularelotion. L finds a seated po- sition with the R's head laying in lap. L places hands on the vocal chords of the R. Head still in lap, R reads aloud the text. Repeat and Repeat. Oxycotton noising from the wings. Alternating roles is asked, but not insisted.

Script from 'Blue' (1993)

Derek Jarman

You say to the boy open your eyes
When he opens his eyes and sees the light
You make him cry out. Saying

O Blue come forth
O Blue arise
O Blue ascend
O Blue come in

I am sitting with some friends in this cafe drinking coffee served by
young refugees from Bosnia. The war rages across the newspapers and
through the ruined streets of Sarajevo.

Tania said "Your clothes are on back to front and inside out". Since there
were only two of us there I took them off and put them right then and
there. I am always here before the doors open.

What need of so much news from abroad while all that concerns either
life or death is all transacting and at work within me.

I step off the kerb and a cyclist nearly knocks me down. Flying in from
the dark he nearly parted my hair.

I step into a blue funk.

The doctor in St. Bartholomew's Hospital thought he could detect lesions
in my retina—the pupils dilated with belladonna—the torch shone into
them with a terrible blinding light.

Look left
Look down
Look up
Look right

Blue flashes in my eyes.

Blue Bottle buzzing
Lazy days
The sky blue butterfly
Sways on the cornflower
Lost in the warmth
Of the blue heat haze
Singing the blues
Quiet and slowly

Blue of my heart
Blue of my dreams
Slow blue love
Of delphinium days

[...]

I have lost the sight on the periphery of my right eye.

I hold out my hands before me and slowly part them. At a certain moment they disappear out of the corner of my eyes. This is how I used to see. Now if I repeat the motion this is all I see.

I shall not win the battle against the virus—in spite of the slogans like "Living with AIDS". The virus was appropriated by the well—so we have to live with AIDS while they spread the quilt for the moths of Ithaca across the wine dark sea.

Awareness is heightened by this, but something else is lost. A sense of reality drowned in theatre.

Thinking blind, becoming blind.

In the hospital it is as quiet as a tomb. The nurse fights to find a vein in my right arm. We give up after five attempts. Would you faint if someone stuck a needle into your arm? I've got used to it—but I still shut my eyes.

The Gautama Buddha instructs me to walk away from illness. But he wasn't attached to a drip.

Fate is the strongest
Fate Fated Fatal
I resign myself to Fate

Blind Fate
The drip stings
A lump swells up in my arm
Out comes the drip
An electric shock sparks up my arm

How can I walk away with a drip attached to me?
How am I going to walk away from this?

I fill this room with the echo of many voices
Who passed time here
Voices unlocked from the blue of the long dried paint
The sun comes and floods this empty room
I call it my room
My room has welcomed many summers
Embraced laughter and tears
Can it fill itself with your laughter
Each word a sunbeam
Glancing in the light
This is the song of My Room
Blue stretches, yawns and is awake.

[...]

I am a mannish
Muff diving
Size queen
With bad attitude
An arse licking
Psychofag
Molesting the flies of privacy
Balling lesbian boys
A perverted heterodemon
Crossing purpose with death

I am a cock sucking
Straight acting
Lesbian man

With ball crushing bad manners
Laddish nymphomaniac politics
Spunky sexist desires
Of incestuous inversion and
Incorrect terminology
I am a Not Gay

H.B. is in the kitchen
Greasing his hair
He guards the space
Against me
He calls it his office
At nine we leave for the hospital

H.B. comes back from the eye dept
Where all my notes are muddled
He says
It's like Romania in there
Two light bulbs
Grimly illuminate
The flaking walls
There is a box of dolls
In the corner
Indescribably grim
The doctor says
Well of course
The kids don't see them
There are no resources
To brighten the place up

My eyes sting from the drops
The infection has halted
The flash leaves
Scarlet after image
Of the blood vessels in my eye

Teeth chattering February
Cold as death
Pushes at the bedsheets
An aching cold
Interminable as marble
My mind
Frosted with drugs ices up

A drift of empty snowflakes
Whiting out memory
A blinkered twister
Circling in spirals
Cross-eyed meddlesome consciousness
Shall I? Will I?
Doodling death watch
Mind how you go

[...]

The darkness comes in with the tide
The year slips on the calendar
Your kiss flares
A match struck in the night
Flares and dies
My slumber broken
Kiss me again
Kiss me
Kiss me again
And again
Never enough
Greedy lips
Speedwell eyes
Blue skies