

*Shamcher's copy*

Symposium

part two:  
dialogue; 10 min.

Lights off, pause. Kush short poem, pause. Bowl, pause.

\*

boru: Should we talk to these people...?

shamcher: What do you mean, SHOULD WE. Of course we should.  
(pause) But do you know what you need to say  
in order to begin...?

boru: I think so... But it depends alot on the person  
who's looking at me... THERE. Ho, now THERE'S  
an interesting face...!

shamcher: Hmmn! He says you have an interesting face, what  
do you think of that...? (pause) Maybe he  
thinks you've got a lot of energy...  
Do YOU think you have...?

...answer...  
...mime tableat...

shamcher: It IS YOUR energy that matters, you know. Yours,  
and all these people here with you...

For example, that very nice mime we just saw.  
That's not fantasy, I'm afraid.  
But yesterday, when by satellite I told of a  
report on the situation by two of my most per-  
ceptive, and honest colleagues, David Mayer of  
the University of New Orleans, and Emile Benoit  
of Columbia, I wondered how soon it would be be-  
fore we would rise up and actually begin to run  
our world. (pause)  
By the way, this work, for Benoit was the com-  
pletion of a lifetime of study on technology and  
economics, he died as soon as it was through.  
Don't you feel that means something...?  
But anyway, these two friends of mine see this:

its A barren, energy starved world where 80% of  
its people are starving, and what very few aren't,  
in the U.S. and certain places in Europe, and  
certain places in aisia and Canada, will be torn  
with strife over dwindling energy resources such  
as coal and oil, and the uranium needed to fuel  
nuclear power. (pause)

I believethese men are right. UNLESS we take  
the alternative that is NOW in our hands to grasp,  
a crash program in solar energy, with all the  
discipline connected to having sucha crash pro-  
gram, in our society, in our time. Only WE can  
do it, for our children it may already be too late.

boru: Excuse me, shamcher, can I ask her something...?

shamcher: Of course, go ahead...

boru: Do you mind...?

...answer...

boru: If you actually came to believe what this man has just said, would you go out and do your best, whatever for you might mean, to MAKE IT HAPPEN...?

...answer....

...dialogue...

...mime.....

//////// this pattern is used three times. //////////

boru: I wonder what it FELT like for this man to have gotten on the sabelite yesterday. On things which he has worked for more than thirty-five years! And here, now, to be repeating a message that he and the best minds of his generation, no, of the LAST SEVERAL generations now have been trying to tell us...  
That our planet is going to be a barren smokey shell, a ping-pong ball on fire, or like an insect that gets hollowed out from the inside by the larvae of the ants that have captured it, eaten alive, as host to an army of parasites...(pause)

shamcher: Yes, Jelaluddin, Mother Earth is whispering her message to us all, all the time. In my native Norway...Sometimes I would wander for days in the frozen wilderness, and then I wandered and lived in more than 60 different countries all over our Globe, and now the Earth wants me to do a simple favor for Her (is talking to J. all the time)-- and what she says is: "To get all of the human beings who are ripping her up and poisoning her water and poisoning her air... to stop. And ask themselves, "Wait a bit, isn't there a better way?..."

...mime tableau...

(up into where Joan finds Michael's hand. Everyone watches this one).

Shamcher: Let us talk then on this question of energy that is the most crucial issue of our time, so important that our entire future rests on it, but while we talk let us also consider the reasons that things are not as they should be right now, although they may be in the future. It is impossible to predict the future. But we can make it. If we all find the power within ourselves, and link it all together, in a powerful voice...

From the Shamcher Archives:

Play produced at Canada Camp, late 1970s, written by Jelaluddin Boru and Shamcher Beorse

Dialogue....You look like you might have something to say.. .

Mime.... Joan and Michael do hand sequence ~~sequence~~,  
~~and~~ as they raise their hands, lights off....

PART THREE: ~~Mount~~ Talk in DARKNESS

Bowl (Pause)

Poem--Kush (Pause)

Bowl (Pause)

Boru: I don't know what I can do anymore, Shamcher.  
 (Pause). Last Spring my father, a longtime cancer  
 researcher died of a stroke. Left his body as I  
 waited at the airport for my brother to pick  
 me up and bring me to his side. And prayer after  
 prayer sprang up and said themselves in my heart.

(Pause)

My mother died a week later in my arms, a victim of  
 cancer, her body wracked by the icy fire of that  
 wild disease we've let loose in the world (Pause)

But what's really gotten to me is that since then  
 I've found I'm not even special. Everyone I know  
 has had their lives touched by this dread dis-ease,  
 I have a friend right this minute having an operation  
 perhaps. (Pause)... It doesn't make any sense. The  
 poisons we're dumping in the Earth, in our very Body,  
 and hardly more than a handful are there who want to  
 do anything to make it stop! In the US, 25% of  
 Americans choose the President. A handful of "in-  
 formed" persons run our lives. (not informed in a humanitarian way

Shamcher: But that's why...! You can dwell on these  
 things if you feel you need to, but you're missing  
 the point of an invaluable lesson if you do.

Boru: But what's going on...? Of all countries in the  
 world the US sometimes seems the most asleep!  
 (Pause) Just before we came to the symposium I  
 had a talk with Kharak Singh's friend from  
 Katmandu, and asked her to describe the beggars  
 to me there. She didn't want to at first, and then  
 she got this faraway and dangerous look. (Pause)  
 She said, "That's what they're like." (Pause)  
 like in their eyes, there's something written.  
 "Hey, I'm not kidding, man, this is serious, I  
 may starve to death if I can't get you to give  
 me some your money..." (Pause)

From the Shamcher Archives:

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Shamcher: In my life, I have lived all over this little planet, fought in both wars, and I know how sometimes people think they are not equal to their fight. But they always are and there's such a great beauty to war, in the midst of all its ugliness. That in the human courage, will, and intensity, and decency that takes place in those most miserable of conditions. (Pause)

Now, today, we are faced with a crisis of mind and heart. That we can shrug off if we want, with one great effort, and have a world (pause)...

...better than we've ever had. Are you going to give up? \*

Boru: Then I'll ask the same thing you asked me. How do we begin...?

Shamcher: We begin by pausing from whatever we're doing and looking at how our world has grown up around us.

Do we want nuclear waste? Do we want cancer epidemics..? Do we want our native peoples to have everything stolen from them, under our very noses, and do we want 4 out of 5 of our brothers and sisters around the globe to starve while our President doubles his salary to \$200,000, at exactly the moment his conscience should tell him, as a public servant, that he should be cutting it to \$20,000, to set an example to our whole country...? (Pause)

But it only seems so complicated if one tries to do it all at once. The secret is to begin somewhere. (Pause)

If all of the people around us, and ourselves, simply took the time to sit for an hour every morning and feel what they could do now today, in some simple way to improve their lives, what a difference that would make!! (Pause)

Boru: Well, why don't we do it then...?

Shamcher: We are doing it! The ones who don't, it's because of doubt. It takes courage to take responsibility for making silence. (Pause) For in silence we can sometimes see rather painfully the meaning of what we've been doing....

They may do it tomorrow!

Long Pause.....

~~Very quiet~~

Symposium II: LV and V

Two bowls right into Neutron Bomb piece by Kush. <sup>completion of Piece,</sup>  
Bowls during remarks, and with beginning of piece. Lights off.

Pause....

Shamcher: Who will take responsibility for this silence?

Long Pause.....

Lights come up slowly.....

Two bowls in duet (Pause)

Boru: Stands; and Shamcher sitting beside him.

Boru: Do we want to live this way? Eaten by cancer, the threat of obliteration, turning a little bit bitter What would have been our thoughtless delights in another age...?

Steve, Sabira, Jill (start removing audience)

Pause

Boru: There's a branch of modern science it would be wise for us all to look into here for a minute. It's called "Communications Theory Science," and deals with the very nature of energy and information which it comes to say in its final analysis that they are one & the same thing. Now loss of energy or information is called entropy. And both ~~the~~ may be described by the second law of thermodynamics, which says that a condition of homeostasis, where strong energy points are not cropping up with patterns of order around them, is the end of the life of the system.

~~Steve and Jill~~ play bowls wandering thru the audience, ~~helping mimes...~~)

It is a place where there is no meaning because nothing is more important than anything else, so no order or direction is possible.

Sabira: (In costume)...that's enough now. (to Boru)

Long pause....

Sabira: - Come on, come with us. We can't have you saying these things anymore.

Boru argues but <sup>Stephen</sup> ~~Michael~~ comes to help and Boru gives in. But before he goes, bitterly....

Symposium V

Boru: ~~This is the way it always is, isn't it? Think and dream and hope for whatever you can think of... But keep it on that level. Don't try to do anything real or someone shuts you up. Meanwhile, keeping everybody who might help you - busy.~~

This is the way it always is, isn't it? Think and dream and hope for whatever you can think of... But keep it on that level. Don't try to do anything real or someone shuts you up. Meanwhile keeping everybody who might help you busy all the while telling them it's all part of the performance.

<sup>Stephen</sup>  
~~Michael~~ grabs Jelal and forces him into a group)

*Sabira*: Come on, old man. (to Shamcher)

Shamcher: No!!!

*Sabira*: Hey, didn't you just see what happened to him? (Pause... Shamcher looks steady-eyed into ~~Jean~~ Sabira. What makes you think you're different?

Shamcher: Well I've studied these things for so long, I'm arrogant enough to believe I know a little something and that something is my duty to say.

Pause.....

If death is what you're offering me, what could it matter? I've been close to death before, even right in the middle of it once and it's beautiful. I spoke to my mommy and daddy and was eager to take in the experience.

I'm not afraid to go back.

Besides, some things are worth dying for!!!

Sheila's piece.....

Kush's poem

End