

V: LISTENING TO OLD NANA



National Archives

Legendary Apache Warrior Old Nana.

CLOWN, *playing a harmonica, arrives to escort the Audience. As the people gather round her, she suddenly sniffs and makes a face. COYOTE and TRICKSTER, poorly disguised, are there also, trying unsuccessfully to be anonymous. COYOTE'S face is painted half blue, half white. TRICKSTER'S face is half red, half white. They can't help but push their way noisily to the front of the crowd.*

CLOWN: (*Signing*) Hey! I heard some people around here who want to get back to their own tribe and see the real world!

COYOTE AND TRICKSTER: (*Unable to restrain themselves*) You heard of some people around here who want to get back to their own tribe and see the real world? (*CLOWN nods emphatically*) Who told you about it?

CLOWN: (*Signing*) I heard about it.

COYOTE AND TRICKSTER: You heard about it? Where?

CLOWN: (*Signing*) On the radio.

COYOTE AND TRICKSTER: Radio?

CLOWN: (*Signing*) Don't worry about it.

COYOTE: Who's worried?

TRICKSTER: Not me!

CLOWN: (*Signing*) Let's go, then! (*They move a ways down toward the space, before COYOTE and TRICKSTER stop everybody*)

COYOTE AND TRICKSTER: Wait a minute!

CLOWN: (*Signing*) What's the matter?

COYOTE AND TRICKSTER: (*Backing off*) Nothing's the matter.

CLOWN: (*Signing, slyly*) What's a bear?

COYOTE: (*Can't stop himself*) What's a bear? A bear is a reincarnated criminal!

TRICKSTER: A bear is ugly buttocks! (*CLOWN points them out to the Audience, but COYOTE and TRICKSTER step aside, pretending that they never said anything.*)

CLOWN: (*Signing, to All.*) Come along with me! I'll show you something really interesting! (*They move on.*)

COYOTE AND TRICKSTER: Wait a minute! (*CLOWN stops. COYOTE and TRICKSTER pretend ignorance.*)

CLOWN: (*Signing*) What's a sunbeam?

COYOTE AND TRICKSTER: A sunbeam is a spider web!

CLOWN: (*Makes knowing signs to the Audience. TRICKSTER translates.*) Hey, I'll show you how Mr. Coyote got that shit-eating grin on his face! One time, they say, Coyote's face was nearly normal, like other people!

COYOTE: Horse Feathers! Baloney! Salami! Nolo Contendre! Etc.

(*CLOWN entices everyone over near a rock. There is a hat on the rock, and SPIDER WOMAN — dressed in Man's clothes as in III: Planet of the Spider People, appears behind it.*)

COYOTE: (*To SPIDER WOMAN*) You look very familiar to me. Who do you suppose you are?

SPIDER WOMAN: I am the person who takes care of this rock.

COYOTE: Tell me about this rock.

SPIDER WOMAN: You just leave it alone. I know all about you. You think you're a pretty rough fellow, but you better have respect for this rock. It is a living rock.

COYOTE: That's silly talk. You don't know anything at all.

SPIDER WOMAN: Okay, but I have a wonderful bird under this hat here. He is black and yellow and red, and he knows everything in the world. Anything I want to know, I just ask him. He is worth a lot!



COYOTE: Can he tell you how to get money?

SPIDER WOMAN: Oh, yeah. He tells me that all the time.

COYOTE: Let us see him.

SPIDER WOMAN: No. He only talks to his owner.

COYOTE: Sell him to us then.

SPIDER WOMAN: No. He is worth too much. You couldn't afford him.

COYOTE: Look, we'll give you everything we have. *(He begs a meagre handful of coins from the Audience.)* Now, let me have that bird!

SPIDER WOMAN: Well, all right. But listen, I have owned this bird a long time and he likes me. You'd better let me get pretty far away before you reach under and get him, or he'll fly away after me.

COYOTE: Fine. That's the way it'll be then.

SPIDER WOMAN: You see that place over there? When you see me get over there with all these other people, then you can reach under and grab him.

COYOTE: Okay!

*(CLOWN and SPIDER WOMAN bring the Audience closer to the set.)*

SPIDER WOMAN: When you reach under there, grab him hard!... Okay, now!

COYOTE: *(Grabbing under the hat)* Aaaah! It's a turd! He tricked me! Mudhead, you come over here and buy this shit from me!

TRICKSTER: *(Laughing)* No, thanks!

CLOWN: *(Signing)* Let's move along now!

TRICKSTER: Wait a minute!

CLOWN: (*Signing*) Now, what?

TRICKSTER: Where are you taking us?

CLOWN: (*Signing*) It's sort of a house! You can see and hear everything in that house!

COYOTE AND TRICKSTER: You can see and hear everything in that house? (*Suspiciously*) What else?

CLOWN: (*Signing*) There's a beautiful woman in there!

COYOTE AND TRICKSTER: Let's go! (*They start off again, but COYOTE stops them.*)

COYOTE: Wait a minute!

CLOWN: (*Signing*) What's wrong?

COYOTE: One time, I was going around, and early in the morning I came to a house where a beautiful woman lived with her husband. Pretty soon the husband came out to go hunting, so I went right in there. The woman was making a fire. I said, "I'll help you to make that fire." We started heating up some rocks. I said, "Is this good?" She said, "Oh, yes. That's good." I said, "Is this good?" She said, "Yes. It's very good." We were ready to play knife and awl when the husband walks right back into the house. I should have killed that guy.

TRICKSTER: You should have killed that guy.

COYOTE: He made me start eating those hot rocks. "Is this good?" he said. "Oh yes," I said, "very good."

TRICKSTER: Coyote's face started to get a little funny.

COYOTE: I had to eat all those hot rocks.

TRICKSTER: His face has been funny every since. (*Paranoid*) I am talking about fruit!

COYOTE: (*Pointing away from the set*) Let's go THAT way!

CLOWN: (*Signing*) Don't worry! This woman doesn't have a husband!

COYOTE AND TRICKSTER: Oh! This woman doesn't have a husband! (*They look at each other.*)

COYOTE: Who's worried?

TRICKSTER: Not me!

CLOWN: Let's go then. (*They go on a ways. COYOTE stops them.*)

COYOTE: Maybe this woman is a sorcerer! She might steal our power! She could have bad medicine!

TRICKSTER: She could have strange diseases!

COYOTE: She might change herself into all kinds of weird animals and things!

COYOTE AND TRICKSTER: She could be a DI-YIN!

SPIDER WOMAN: (*To Audience*) A DI-YIN is Apache. It means a person who has certain powers. Geronimo was a DI-YIN for war.

TRICKSTER: (*Paranoid*) She is talking about fruit!

SPIDER WOMAN: You act like you don't know the difference between someone trying to help you and someone taking advantage. (*To Audience*) Come on!

COYOTE AND TRICKSTER: (*Trying to head them off*) NO! NO! NO! You can't go in there! That place belongs to me! It's mine! I found it first! I've been working on it a long time! It wasn't easy either! I have a big investment! I don't want you going into that house! It's for your own good! It's a Hunter Killer Satellite! You only want to hurt me! You only want to kill me! This house is sacred to Coyote/Trickster! (*They race off.*)

SPIDER WOMAN: (*To Audience*) Coyote was running around the Universe and he got bitten on the arm by a Black Hole. Now he's crazy with Black Hole Fever. Don't pay any attention to him.

COYOTE AND TRICKSTER: *(Off)* You'll be sorry!

*(A steady drumbeat as the Audience follows CLOWN inside the set, which is at once symbolic of a signal-receiving station and an ancient ceremonial enclosure. Perched right and left on poles are the COYOTE and MUDHEAD masks. SPIDER WOMAN stands guard at the entrance. As the Audience are being seated, CLOWN waits on the platform in front of what appears to be a sort of primitive instrument panel, or altar, constructed of sticks and branches and logs, bits of string and ribbon, old bones, skulls, etc. The Audience settled, the drumbeat ceases and CLOWN, signing, calls for attention.)*

SPIDER WOMAN: *(Translating quietly as CLOWN signs)* Listen to me... This story is about listening... Mr. Coyote don't know how to listen... He got no sense... Mr. Coyote has to die first, before he can learn how to listen... Old Nana will teach Coyote how to listen with his whole body... *(CLOWN quickly demonstrates the series of postures signifying "Listening with the whole body." Then the houselights suddenly dim and the masks light up. The masks speak.)*

MASKS: Clown, take your place!

*(The mask lights go off. CLOWN makes a face and an obscene gesture toward them, then goes to her place down right of the platform. A pause. TRICKSTER tunnels into the space, left, talking to himself very fast. He is wearing only bathing trunks, his body painted half red, half white.)*

TRICKSTER: I gotta-gotta-gotta-gotta-gotta-I-- *(Pause)* Gotta-gotta-gotta-gotta FIND — *(Pause)* Gotta-gotta-gotta-gotta find — I — *(Pause)* The PLUG! *(Seeing the Audience)* HUUU! *(Smells, listens)* I hope nobody's been confusing the wires around here. Got no business around here. Gotta-gotta-gotta stay outa my way. Outa my way — outa my way — outa my way! Mine-mine-mine! *(Stops. Listens.)* If Coyote comes around here we're all in trouble. Don't know how to listen. Got no sense. *(Pause)* I am talking about fruit! *(Pause)* Gotta-gotta-gotta PLUG THE OUTLET! *(He takes some jacks and stuff from his sack and plugs one into the ground. Listens. Silence. Looks around. Digs into his sack for a piece of paper, reads.)* Three hundred miles north of Apache Junction. *(Stares at the paper, puzzled. Scratches his head. A familiar howl, off.)* Oh, No!

*(COYOTE comes running into the space. In bathing trunks. Painted half blue, half white. TRICKSTER tries to bury himself back into his tunnel.)*

COYOTE: Oh, boy! This is some interesting place! I'm glad I found this place! *(TRICKSTER growls.)* This looks like my old satellite! I have been here before! This looks like my old place!

TRICKSTER: Get outa here, Coyote, or I'll rip your face off!

COYOTE: HUUU! *(Looks, listens)* Why, its old Buffalo Head! What are you doing in my listening station? *(TRICKSTER growls.)* But that's okay. It's very nice to see you.

TRICKSTER: *(Scrambling out of his hole)* What?! Are you kidding me — are you kidding me — are you kidding me? This is MY station. I'm gonna — I'm gonna — I'm gonna —

COYOTE: Whoa! I built this house! Me, Coyote! It took a very long time, too!

TRICKSTER: *(Suspiciously)* Why?

COYOTE: Why? Well, I had to dig holes. I had to find lumber. I had to fit the pieces all together. I—

TRICKSTER: No! I mean why did you build it?

COYOTE: Come on, Man. Why are you taking such a bad attitude?

TRICKSTER: You're not serious! You don't know how to listen, and you got no sense!

COYOTE: I am serious.

TRICKSTER: You're going to screw everything up again!

COYOTE: I am a very serious person.

TRICKSTER: You are a blue and white idiot! *(Gets busy with his sack of stuff)* I gotta-gotta-gotta-gotta! I gotta-gotta-gotta-gotta ignore this asshole! I gotta make contact, gotta find —

COYOTE: HUUU! (*TRICKSTER, startled, drops his sack.*) You know what? When I was going around gathering stuff for my, uh, house here, I came to a realization.

TRICKSTER: (*Stares at him. COYOTE waits.*) Tell us your realization, fuckhead!

COYOTE: Okay. I realized that I didn't have to be me, because I could just as easily be somebody else. I could be almost anybody. I could even be you.

TRICKSTER: Ha! You can't be me! Only I can be me!

COYOTE: I can be all the animals and all the plants and all the human beings. So why worry about being me? It's silly. (*Reclines*)

TRICKSTER: (*Near tears, to Audience*) One time Coyote said to me, "Trickster, if you want to be yourself, you have to keep your pelvis in the ground. There's just no way you can do it otherwise. You have to keep your pelvis in the ground." That was when he thought he was an Intergalactic Sage. So I put my pelvis in the ground. (*Pause*) It took me fifteen years to walk to the corner grocery store to buy a loaf of bread! Fifteen years!

COYOTE: Time well spent. Very educational.

TRICKSTER: When?!

COYOTE: See, YOU got no sense. YOU don't know how to listen and YOU got no sense.

TRICKSTER: I just gotta get in touch with Earth Mother. I just gotta. She sent me on a very important mission... So please don't interfere.

COYOTE: I know what we should do. We should set up radar. That's why I built this place. We'll set up radar and get some signals in here. I'll show you how it's done.

TRICKSTER: (*Has made a little hole in the ground. He shouts into it.*) Earth Mother! Earth Mother! (*Puts his ear to the hole*) I think I hear something... She's trying to talk to me...

COYOTE: (*Digs a little hole and puts his ear to it.*) Yeah. (*Sound of a waterfall*)

TRICKSTER: Yeah, what?

COYOTE: It's a waterfall.

TRICKSTER: A waterfall in the ground?

COYOTE: Sure.

TRICKSTER: (*Amazed*) It's wonderful!

COYOTE: Come on, I'll show you another really fine thing. (*Finds a long white stick*)

TRICKSTER: Yes?

COYOTE: This here is a memory stick. It's got lots of memories in it. You take this stick and plug it in, uh, here, and you get a memory back. I've been working on this piece of business for a long time now. (*He tries it. Nothing happens.*) You know what?

TRICKSTER: No.

COYOTE: The faster a man runs, the higher the sun rises.

TRICKSTER: Who told you that?

COYOTE: Old Nana. I can run faster than any other being. Me, Coyote! It is a very fine sensation. That's what keeps the sun rising!

TRICKSTER: Gimme that! (*He takes the memory stick and tries it somewhere else. This time it works.*)

VOICE OF OLD NANA: (*Off, miked*) When the world is about to end, there will be no water and no rain. That's how you will know. There will be maybe two or three springs left on all the earth. To these, people will come and fight over the water and kill each other. That's how people will end. After that, the world will be made over. And those who had been white will be Indian, and those who were Indian will be white.



TRICKSTER: (*Astonished*) Who was that?

COYOTE: That was Old Nana. I don't know how he knows all that. He had a power, I guess.

VOICE OF OLD NANA: But you people don't know how to listen, so you might as well forget about it. (*TRICKSTER starts hitting himself in the head.*)

COYOTE: Maybe he's only kidding. Don't worry about it.

TRICKSTER: Who's worried?

COYOTE: (*Inadvertantly touches two rocks together and gets a shock.*) Aaaaaah! There's a connection over here! (*He touches the two rocks together again and we hear a short section from the "How can I get back to my own tribe and see the real world" improvisation from Coyote IV: Other Side Camp.*)

TRICKSTER: Hey, who are these guys? Where are they coming from?

COYOTE: Ah, that's just bunch of low-level static, Man. (*He separates the rocks, breaking the connection.*)

TRICKSTER: Wait a minute! We're making progress around here now! We're making contact! (*He frantically tries to rig up wires and plugs, etc.*)

COYOTE: You ain't gonna hear anything that way, Buffalo Head. That's not the way to go. We got to use radar. Infra-red. Spectro-sofac-sofac-sofac-crazy!

TRICKSTER: Shut up! (*Suddenly he makes contact, almost jumping out of his skin.*) Aaaaah!

VOICE OF SPIDER WOMAN: (*Off, miked*) Trickster! Trickster!

TRICKSTER: Yes?

VOICE OF SPIDER WOMAN: Use the prayer stick! It holds your highest thoughts!

TRICKSTER: What? (*He moves. The connection is broken.*) Talk to me! What's a prayer stick? Earth Mother! Talk to me!

COYOTE: I didn't hear nothin'.

TRICKSTER: Give me that memory stick! (*He tries a connection. It works.*)

VOICE OF OLD NANA: You say that because you learn from a book, that you can build all those big houses and talk with each other at any distance and do many wonderful things. Now, let me tell you what we think. You begin when you are little to work hard, and work until you are men in order to begin fresh work. You say that you work hard in order to work well. After you get to be men, then, you say, the labor of life commences; then you build the houses and ships and towns and everything. Then, after you have got them all, you die and leave them behind. Now, we call that slavery. You are slaves from the time when you begin to talk until you die; but we are free as air. We never work. Our wants are few and easily supplied. The river, the wood, and the plain yield all that we require, and we will not be slaves, nor will we send our children to your schools, where they only learn to become like yourselves.

TRICKSTER: Was that him again?

COYOTE: (*Sagely*) Yes, that was Old Nana again. We always get Old Nana in this station here. You can bet that two out of three times we'll get Old Nana around here. (*TRICKSTER tries to plug the memory stick somewhere else, tying a pair of head phones to it and putting them on. He gets SPIDER WOMAN.*)

VOICE OF SPIDER WOMAN: Old Nana was a great Apache warrior. Once, when he was over seventy, he took a hundred fighters off the reservation with him and went on a raid. He was seventy. (*Sound of many hoofbeats*) They rode and rode, raiding and killing. He went on a twenty five-hundred-mile blitz on horseback—down into Old Mexico, then up through Texas and across Arizona. Three armies were after him and they never got him. He just got tired of it and went home. He was a pisser, was Old Nana...

COYOTE: Now he is high up in the Spirit World, almost as high as Coyote.

TRICKSTER: But what does he advise?

VOICE OF OLD NANA: Always live in a rough place on the side of a hill.

*(They ponder. Then COYOTE, with studied ease, begins trying to clean his nails with the memory stick.)*

TRICKSTER: You seem to have a casual attitude toward a very serious situation. I would describe our current dilemma as a desperate one, and yet your approach is macho-cool. Take note, first of all, that we have no clothes. You cannot help but see, as well, that, out of sheer anxiety, our color has changed. We are no longer painted like other people.

COYOTE: I don't think it's anxiety at all. There is a perfectly apparent scientific reason. You are trying to attract red vibrations, and I am trying to attract blue vibrations.

TRICKSTER: I don't know about you, but I find my appalling ignorance and egotism to be a source of great shame to me in the face of our real circumstances. It would seem to be a matter of primary importance that we make and sustain contact with a higher authority. However, since you appear to know your way around here, I shall do as you do. If you are calm and collected, then I, too, will be calm and collected. If you pretend that you know what you are doing, then I, too, will pretend that I know what I am doing. And so on.

*(A silence. TRICKSTER does as COYOTE does. Annoyed, COYOTE replaces the stick. Decides to try to pick up a beautiful woman in the Audience. TRICKSTER and CLOWN go along. COYOTE reclines with nonchalance. So does TRICKSTER. COYOTE turns a little wheel made of twigs and twine and suddenly the sound effect of a train going by. COYOTE and TRICKSTER, astounded, stand and wave. The train passes. The sound effect of fire engines comes roaring through. COYOTE and TRICKSTER hit the deck and cover their heads. The sirens pass. Then the sound of footsteps above, crossing from right to left. COYOTE and TRICKSTER look up in awe.)*

COYOTE: Old Nana... *(The footsteps pass. Then the sounds of an arriving stagecoach. COYOTE and TRICKSTER jump to their feet.)*

TRICKSTER: I remember that stagecoach. There in that coach was the most beautiful damsel I had ever laid my eyes on. Long blonde hair, blue eyes, the prettiest smile you ever seen, a blue cotton dress, little parasol over her arm. As she was trying to get out of the coach, she lifted her dress up a little, like this... But of course she couldn't, because the roads were full of mud. And then, before I could say bip, you went over there and picked her up!

COYOTE: Are you still thinking about her?

TRICKSTER: Yes! We had made a vow to Earthmaker...!

*(The stagecoach is gone. Suddenly the hooting of an owl. COYOTE and TRICKSTER transform into OWLS, as in Coyote I: Pointing.)*

COYOTE: Is that your animal, the Owl?

TRICKSTER: When the Owl is heard, someone dies.

*(Now the sound of an arrow flying and hitting its mark. TRICKSTER falls. Another arrow. COYOTE falls. Now the sound of a woman weeping. COYOTE stands. TRICKSTER becomes "Spirit of the Dead" as in Coyote II: the Shadow Ripens.)*

TRICKSTER: Coyote listened for the voices. He looked all around, but nothing happened. Coyote sat there in the middle of the prairie. *(COYOTE sits, his head in his arms.)* He sat there all night, but the lodge didn't appear again. In the morning, he heard meadowlarks...

*(As they sit sadly, the sound of someone whistling "My Darling Clementine." At the second chorus, the sound and light begin to fade.)*

TRICKSTER: No!... No... Wait!... Don't go...!

*(He retrieves the memory stick and begins waving it up and down—a slide of the Apache warrior, OLD NANA, is projected magically upon it, as if appearing in air. COYOTE and TRICKSTER are thunderstruck.)*

COYOTE: Oh! It's Old Nana!

TRICKSTER: Oh!

VOICE OF OLD NANA: Coyote/Trickster, I have message for you from Earthmaker.

COYOTE AND TRICKSTER: Old Nana, tell us the message from Earthmaker!

VOICE OF OLD NANA: First you have to die, Coyote/Trickster. That way, you can learn how to listen for a change. You can start all over again.

COYOTE AND TRICKSTER: Die? But Old Nana...

VOICE OF OLD NANA: Don't worry about it.

COYOTE: Who's worried?

TRICKSTER: Not me! *(They stay put.)*

VOICE OF OLD NANA: Well, go ahead and die, then. *(COYOTE and TRICKSTER exchange looks, each waiting for the other to move first.)* Come on.

COYOTE: Go ahead.

TRICKSTER: No. You go.

COYOTE: After you.

TRICKSTER: I'm busy.

VOICE OF OLD NANA: Coyote, you hang yourself. Trickster, you bury your pelvis in the ground.

*(The image of Old Nana disappears. TRICKSTER replaces the stick. They take a posture of homage. CLOWN plays a melody on a toy xylophone as COYOTE hangs himself from a crossbeam and TRICKSTER, below him, buries his pelvis in the ground.)*

VOICE OF OLD NANA: Okay. Now you can say your death visions.

COYOTE: I see blue. I see human beings swimming around in a thick blue sea. They are gluing together and ungluing, gluing and

ungluing. Mouth and member, mouth and organ, knife and awl. They're spreading germs all over the place. It's all very wet there. Wet and blue. All the organisms are swimming and gluing. The germs, too. They don't have time for anything else. If they're not doing it, they're thinking about it. But there are plenty of bodies. Enough to go around. Then they drown in the blue sea and nothing is left, not even a memory.

TRICKSTER: I see red. I see red beaches. I see people on the red beaches. Right at this moment I see millions of people on red beaches. Beautiful people! They're having a good time in the red sun. A few miles away, other people are getting bombed by flying machines. These beautiful people used to be reptiles, but they forgot about it. They don't pay any attention to the noise of the flying machines, and they don't know I'm seeing them now, oiling their bodies, shading their eyes from the red sun. They've got life all figured out. They don't know I am seeing them now! Isn't that remarkable?

COYOTE AND TRICKSTER: There they are on the red beaches thinking of the next thing while the blue oceans of that planet are crying a terrible death song. The oceans are singing their death songs. The flying machines pass over them in the sky — eagles shining in the red sun, with long white tails curling behind them. They are called — "Shine/Shine."

VOICE OF OLD NANA: Yeah. Alright. *(Pause)* The trouble with white people is they don't know how to die. There's no silence in their lives. They take it all personally and make a big deal out of it. *(Pause)* Let me tell you about tobacco. You people don't smoke right. Tobacco means earth, wind, fire. It comes into the lungs saying, "Ah, here am I." *(Pause)* Okay, now that you're dead, I can teach you how to listen. So, get ready. *(COYOTE and TRICKSTER get ready.)* First, the feet. Right foot.

*(COYOTE, TRICKSTER and CLOWN, in her place, take the right foot posture.)*

TRICKSTER: Right foot — listening — a story in the ground — a big wind came from far away and hit all the mountains — hard — it slowed the movement of the earth — everything on the earth



shifted — the land where once was water, the water where once was land — all the animals from the land had to learn to live in the water — all the animals in the water had to learn to live on the land — and those that couldn't change — they died —

VOICE OF OLD NANA: Left foot.

*(They take the left foot posture.)*

COYOTE: Left foot — listening — a great silence — everything had to stand still — and out of the stillness came a light — and out of the light, two brothers singing — they sing while the small worlds die, crushed into nothing — these brothers love it — they want everything to be different — they're not happy with the way things are —

VOICE OF OLD NANA: Left knee.

*(They take the left knee posture.)*

TRICKSTER: Left knee — listening — too far above the ground — the music of a past culture — machines carrying things, creatures that aren't here anymore — loads of things moving from here to there — buzzing and moving —

VOICE OF OLD NANA: Right knee.

*(They take the right knee posture.)*

COYOTE: Right knee — listening — the wind whistles as I run — grabs my bone and lifts it in the air — I hear the fur growing and there are rabbits in the grass — hearts beating very fast — eyes turning — necks locking — ears too long — they are afraid of Coyote —

VOICE OF OLD NANA: Pelvis.

*(They take the pelvis posture.)*

TRICKSTER: Pelvis — listening — warm mother — warm enveloping mother in the ground — water flowing — head flying way above — moaning — sighing —



COYOTE: Pelvis — listening — someone making music on the top of the hills — it is making my pelvis vibrate — my pelvis holds my penis — perfectly —

VOICE OF OLD NANA: Stomach.

*(They take the stomach posture.)*

COYOTE: Stomach — listening — jet engine vibrating — all the trees in the world sigh — all the trees in the world —

TRICKSTER: Stomach — listening — the wind blowing through — my stomach hears the wind blowing through —

VOICE OF OLD NANA: Solar plexus.

*(They take the solar plexus posture.)*

TRICKSTER: Solar plexus — listening — Spider Grandmother is walking over huge rocks — she's looking for a hole to take a shit in — whoops, she's upside down — whoops, this could be dangerous — she doesn't care — here's a big green rock she can see right through — but she walks past it — she doesn't care —

VOICE OF OLD NANA: Heart.

*(They take the heart posture.)*

COYOTE: Heart — listening — the buffalo are dying — bellowing — they're all in mud — they're groaning — Trickster is sitting on one — naked, riding, painted red and white — the buffalo bellows — it falls — Trickster falls — he is stuck in the mud, bellowing — it is time to leave this place —

VOICE OF OLD NANA: Right arm.

*(They take the right arm posture.)*

COYOTE: Right arm — listening — children dying — they are bleeding —

VOICE OF OLD NANA: Left arm.

*(They take the left arm posture.)*

TRICKSTER: Left arm — listening — from the nose — from the mouth — from the eyes — from the anus — from the sex organs —

VOICE OF OLD NANA: Back.

*(They take the back posture.)*

TRICKSTER: Back — listening — it doesn't have a skin — lost buffalo robe hump — electricity — whips — flies — millions of dead fish — someone took its blanket —

VOICE OF OLD NANA: Spine.

*(They take the spine posture.)*

COYOTE: Spine — listening — she had legs like wings — she had eyes like stones in a stream — she had arms like trees — she had hair like corn — she had feet like birds — she had hands like flowers — she had a mouth like —

VOICE OF OLD NANA: Right face.

*(They take the right side of the face posture.)*

COYOTE: Right face — listening — giant ants marching in an endless row — they want to come into my head — through the eyes — through the nose — through the ears — they want to come in — my forehead falls ten thousand feet down into my mouth —

VOICE OF OLD NANA: Left face.

*(They take the left side of the face posture.)*

TRICKSTER: Left face — listening — oh! Hurts and losses and sharp stones and ice and kisses and so many things — more than all the stars in the sky —

VOICE OF OLD NANA: Skull.

*(They take the skull posture.)*

TRICKSTER: Oh! — the singing of insects — so many insects my head can't hold them all! — Oh! There is a very large wasp on its way now!

COYOTE: Oh! — it's my planet! — everyone lives there in my planet! — It's very clean! — everyone is doing their job — they work in little polished caves!

COYOTE AND TRICKSTER: While the insects are singing to them!  
*(They perform the "Singing of the Insects," concluding:)* HUUU!

VOICE OF OLD NANA: *(Harsh whisper)* Coyote/Trickster. This is the message from Earthmaker... the Hard Punishment is coming.

COYOTE AND TRICKSTER: HUUU!

*(Very slow dim out as they do the "Singing of the Insects" five times, acknowledging the five directions. The masks light up in the darkness. COYOTE/TRICKSTER is gone.)*

*(The masks continue the "Singing of the Insects" four times as CLOWN takes an attitude of terror and supplication with her into the Audience.)*

THE MASKS: HUUU!

*(Blackout.)*

END