

THE LONG ARMS OF JUPITER
a croquet performance piece

c. Sherry Kramer

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rules of the engagement

Croquet is a vicious, blood thirsty game, even though it looks ever so delightfully childlike. That's civilization for you. The game is vindictive—players “roquet” each other--they drive their competition as far away from the field of play as they can, every chance they get. And it's violent—they “kill” each other whenever they can too.

The Long Arms of Jupiter smashes together this violent game with a text about love and beauty, randomized by the skill of the players and the luck that accompanies them onto the field.

You'll need to acquaint yourself with the standard rules of play before attempting this performance piece. They're pretty simple, really, in their basic form. Once you get a clear sense of them, you can lay the performance text on top of them, and move forward into the Long Arms of Jupiter.

THE BASIC PERFORMANCE PLAN

There are 6 Players, and 6 Holders who will hold the script for the Players.

There are two Chorus Masters—one to lead the Splendid Shot Chorus, one to lead the Horrible Shot Chorus. The Chorus Masters will run the show in general.

TO BEGIN PLAY:

THE CHORUS MASTERS TOGETHER SAY:

The purpose of art is only two things—
To relive pain, and for the pure worship of beauty.
---Louise Bougious.

(And then they say, with bluster and pomposity:)

Let the play begin!

(The Jupiter Ball says the first line, and play begins.)

For the bulk of the game, the Chorus Masters' job is to lead the Chorus in the chants that:

*precede the roqueting of a ball
the praising or defaming of players for splendid
or horrible play
after a player is "killed"*

BEFORE A PLAYER ROQUETS ANOTHER BALL:

As the Striker places his/her foot on his/her ball, in preparation to sending the ball out, both the Splendid Shot and the Horrible Shot Chorus will chant together, working their way down the list:

BOTH THE SPLENDID AND HORRIBLE SHOT CHORUS

1. Look! A mortal tempts the fates!
The stench of hubris blossoms on the prairie breeze
Like the sent of Mephistopheles
2. Look! A mortal tempts the fates!
He/She believes the antique notion
That a ball will obey the laws of motion
3. Look! A mortal tempts the fates!
He/She strikes with fierceness that is genuine!
She/He prays it's not a sin to want to win.
5. Look! A mortal tempts the fates!
See her/him aim hers/his mallet there—
See a tiny planet spin in patterns of despair.

Should a Striker make an excellent shot worthy of praise, the Splendid Shot Chorus will spontaneously, under their Leader's guidance, decide to reward the striker with a splendid shot chant (again, Masters, work your way down the list.)

SPLENDID SHOT CHORUS

1. Oh perfectly done
Oh sweet god kissed shot
You make the heavens glad

2. That shot would make a mother proud!
A shot that's lovely as a summer cloud!

3. Ho! A perfect shot!
When you're hot, you're hot!

4. All say—Hurray!
All dance!
Sashay!
For a god walks among us
With his/her mallet raised thus
A god walks among us
Hurray!
Sashay!
On the field of croquet!

***Should a Striker make a horrifyingly bad shot...ditto instructions
for the Horrible Shot Chorus.***

HORRIBLE SHOT CHORUS

1. Oh befouled and rotten shot
Oh accursed chump chip
You make the milk go bad

2. That shot like that should never be allowed
A shot like that is sort of like a shroud

3. Alas! Alack! Tragedy in the grass!
You whacked, you hack.

4. If the tree that mallet used to be could see that shot it would agree to
be savagely smashed into debris
In shame
For the game
Of croquet.

HALF TIME SWITCH

After the first player hits the opposing stake, we will have the half time switch. Both Chorus Masters will lead their Chorus in CATCH A FALLING STAR while they switch places with the opposing Chorus, dancing and prancing and trying to outdo the other Chorus in the vibrancy of their singing, harmonies, twirling, etc.

Chorus Masters may not know the melody to the verse part of this song. I don't. So please encourage members of the Chorus who do know it to come forward and help lead. If you have only one Chorus section, then just lead the Chorus around the field...and back to their original place.

Important: Chorus Masters should encourage all spectators to sing along.

CATCH A FALLING STAR

Catch a falling star
And put it in your pocket
Never let it fade away
Catch a falling star
And put it in your pocket
Save it for a rainy day

For love may come
And tap you on the shoulder
Some starless night
Just in case you feel
You want to hold her
You'll have a pocketful of starlight

Catch a falling star
And put it in your pocket
Never let it fade away
Catch a falling star
And put it in your pocket
Save it for a rainy day

For when your
Troubles start multiplying
And they just might

It's easy to forget them
 Without trying
 With just a pocketful of starlight

Catch a falling star
 And put it in your pocket
 Never let it fade away
 Catch a falling star
 And put it in your pocket
 Save it for a rainy day

AFTER A PLAYER IS 'KILLED'

SPLENDID SHOT CHORUS
 ANOTHER ONE DOWN

HORRIBLE SHOT CHORUS
 ANOTHER ONE DOWN

SPLENDID SHOT CHORUS
 SO (INSERT COLOR--I.E. SO GREEN SO BLUE ETC)

HORRIBLE SHOT CHORUS
 SO ROUND

SPLENDID SHOT CHORUS
 SO HARD

HORRIBLE SHOT CHORUS
 SO FIRM

ENTIRE CHORUS
 SO DEAD AND GONE SO LONG
 (The chorus salutes the dead.)

THE END OF THE GAME

After there is a winner, and the players have read the rest of their text (if they still have some to read), then the strikers and holders will gather in the center around the winner, with their mallets raised high. The entire Chorus and the Chorus Masters will gather around them.

ENTIRE CHORUS

Is it beauty, or the idea of beauty
Or is it the fear of beauty
Or is it the beauty of fear
That makes losing so sad
And winning so sweet
All hail the Victor!!!!

STRIKERS and HOLDERS

The stars above are brides of quietness

CHORUS/MASTERS

The moons flies by in silence and slow time

STRIKERS

And nothing in this world can thus express

CHORUS/MASTERS

A flowery tale more sweetly than a rhyme

STRIKERS

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard

HOLDERS

Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on

EVERYONE

When old age shall this generation waste,
The world's bright beauty will remain, in spite of other woe
Than ours, a friend to life, to whom thou say'st,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,--that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

THE LONG ARMS OF JUPITER

STRIKER TEXTS

and
gaming instructions

We play the balls in order of the colors on the mallets, in this sequence.

Jupiter (blue)
Mundane (red)
Astrid (black)
Henry (yellow)
Mother (green)
Beauty Truth (orange)

“Speeches” are indicated by text inside sets of lines. ### indicates the striking of your ball. (4 Strikers have text both before and after striking, Astrid has text before striking, Henry has text after.)

If you earn more strokes per turn, just go on to your next “speech”.

EXCEPTION to reading your line before striking is when you are roqueting another ball. The Chorus will chant/sing a small verse before you send your opponent’s ball out; you will send your ball out, and then you will return to your text before taking your continuation stroke after roqueting.

If someone else wins before you finish your text:

All players read the rest of their text, in the order of play, as they gather in a circle around the winner. (Don’t alternate with other balls as we’ve done before—just read all that is left of your part at once. And, if you’ve already read all your text—say nothing.)

If you run out of text before someone wins, go to the top of your part and repeat the speeches that have an * next to them as needed.

Once you have gathered around the winner, hold your mallets high in tribute, as the Chorus salutes the winner with the victory chant. Then in unison with Chorus all read the mangled Ode On A Grecian Urn, final stanza.

(Stage directions are in parenthesis and are not to be read.)

The HOLDER is responsible for holding the script, and always keeping place in sequence.

The Holders might want to consider using a pen to mark their place, or to point to the text for the Striker, because of the flowing, random nature of the game.

NOTE ON PICKING UP CUES: Essential, to keep the audience involved and so there's conversation between the various balls. And problematic, since the randomness of play makes it impossible to say what your cue will be.

BALLS AND GENDER:

Only two balls are gendered: Astrid and Henry Ball. The other balls should be cast in any combination of male and female. Ditto for the holders.

BASIC PLAYING INSTRUCTIONS:

Place your ball one mallet's head length from the first stake. Try to get through both wickets at the start in one stroke.

CONTINUATION STROKES:

You get another stroke for every wicket you clear.

EXCEPT: the two at the stakes—you only get one continuation stroke if you clear them both with one stroke

WHEN YOU HIT ANOTHER BALL WITH YOUR BALL:

You get to Roquet them. (This is one of the main reasons for playing croquet.) This means you put your ball next to theirs, hold your ball still with your foot, and (careful not to hit your foot, it hurts, believe me) you hit your ball, which transfers the energy (see first law of thermodynamics, maybe) to your opponents ball, sending it someplace your opponent doesn't want it to go. You then get ANOTHER stroke. For a total of two strokes. Also, you can't hit a ball you've already hit, unless you've cleared a wicket since hitting them.

When roqueting balls, try not to hit the balls all the way out of the field as it will slow play and endanger chorus members or any indigenous wildlife lurking nearby.

You can hit the ball basically any way that you can hit the ball. Style counts. If your ball ends up next to an obstacle, just move it a mallet head away to enable striking.

The object is to be the first to get though all the wickets, and back to

the starting stake. Which you must strike.

The game will be over when the first person makes it back to the starting stake. Normally, the first to complete the wickets would go out roving and killing, but I think that will unduly strain the attention of our audience/chorus. Also, the killing is so...you know...war like.

THE CHORUS

The Chorus will sing/chant etc. before you roquet another ball, as you place your foot on your ball. Remember, the rouquet stroke is the one stroke you don't speak lines for.

The Chorus, when it deems it appropriate, will sing/chant etc short verses of glory—for shots well done—or shame—for poorly executed play. Be sure you hold for these outbursts of heroic praise or lyric castigation.

The Chorus will give tribute to the winner after the Strikers gather around the winner and raise their mallets in the air.

The Chorus will then join in on the mangled Ode On A Grecian Urn stanzas that conclude the performance.

JUPITER BALL

(The Striker always addresses the audience/chorus.)

NOTE: You start off the play, and your cue is when the Chorus Masters say, LET THE PLAY BEGIN.)

Just the other day, I noticed that Jupiter looks like a croquet ball.

(Hold up the ball, show to chorus.)

See the stripes?

(Puts the ball back down.)

###

It would be a lot harder to hit Jupiter through a wicket.

Jupiter is not just bigger than all the other planets in the solar system.

###

It has the mass of all the planets put together.

Jupiter's mass means gravity. Gravity is greedy, and Jupiter's gravity pulls a lot of things to it. Like moons—Jupiter has over 60 of them.

###

Jupiter collects space debris and asteroids and comets and meteors too. Jupiter loves to collect things.

Jupiter's stripes are bands of clouds that the wind in blowing around Jupiter at the speed of 400 miles, in opposite directions.

###

These stripes are called zones and belts. The zones are wide and light. The belts are dark and narrow.

The surface of Jupiter is either an ocean made of clouds, or a cloudy ocean.

###

Or it might be slushy—like the slushies at the Quickie Mart.

Small asteroids enter our solar system every day. Most of them get snagged by Jupiter and the outer planets.

###

When one of these small ones gets past the outer planets, our atmosphere protects us, burning them up.

But every 2 or 3 hundred years or so, a killer asteroid enters the solar system. Someday one of these killers is going to get past Jupiter, and it's going to smash right into us.

###

What do you do about the truths that are not beautiful we tell each other, the truths, say about death?

*It's important to realize that most killer asteroids will never get anywhere near us.

###

Thanks to Jupiter.

Jupiter's Great Red Spot is a perfect storm.

###

It's a giant hurricane that has lasted in the same spot for 300 years.

Scientists believe that a hidden, mysterious mountain is somehow holding the Great Red Spot there.

###

A high, mysterious mountain with godly powers like Mt. Olympus.

*Jupiter catches the arrows the universe shoots at us.

###

He snatches them out of the sky.

*Remember, Jupiter loves to collect things.

###

In 1994, Jupiter pulled a comet named Shoemaker-Levy-9 off its course, and into its arms.

*First, the long arms of Jupiter broke Shoemaker Levy-9 into 21 fragments. Then, those fragments slammed into Jupiter's cloudy, slushy sea.

###

The fragments hit Jupiter a lot harder than I just hit this ball.

If a killer asteroid or comet were on its way to hit us, we would have about a year advance warning.

###

This would be not be long enough for Bruce Willis and the beautiful Liv Tyler and the beautiful Ben Affleck to star in and shoot and release a blockbuster movie about saving the earth from a killer asteroid, but it would probably be long enough for science to save the earth from a killer asteroid. Or maybe not.

Under all the clouds, the core of Jupiter is probably about the size of earth.

###

And it's probably made up of the same stuff the earth is made of, too.

Most people don't know that there are actually two earths in the solar

system.

###

The one we're playing croquet on. And the one that's hiding inside Jupiter.

*There are no trees on Jupiter. That's the thing I'd miss the most.

###

The trees.

SEQUENCE AFTER THERE IS A WINNER

Strikers will read the rest of their text, if necessary, as they move to gather around the winner.

All Strikers and Holders will gather around the winner, holding their mallets high in the air.

CHORUS

Is it beauty, or the idea of beauty
 Or is it the fear of beauty
 Or is it the beauty of fear
 That makes losing so sad
 And winning so sweet
 All hail the Victor!!!!

STRIKERS and HOLDERS

The stars above are brides of quietness,

CHORUS

The moons flies by in silence and slow time

STRIKERS

And nothing in this world can thus express

CHORUS

A flowery tale more sweetly than a rhyme

STRIKERS

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard

HOLDERS

Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on

EVERYONE

When old age shall this generation waste,
 The world's bright beauty will remain, in spite of other woe
 Than ours, a friend to life, to whom thou say'st,
 "Beauty is truth, truth beauty,--that is all
 Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

MUNDANE BALL

(The Striker always address the audience/chorus.)

 You know what I think about when I'm playing croquet?

###

Nothing.

 Croquet saves many people from a desperate confusion of objects and their function.

###

Well, it's a theory, anyway.

 I'm still thinking about nothing.

###

Okay, I'm thinking about if I take back my CD burner, which is now on sale, it went on sale the week after I bought it, and then buy another one, just like it, does that mean I'm morally bankrupt?

 I've decided not to take my CD burner back.

###

It really hurt my head thinking about whether I should or not.

 I feel sorry for people like --

(wave your mallet in everybody else's direction)

--this, who have all this stuff going on in their heads.

####

Think about the noise level in there.

 *I think the balls are really pretty, don't you?

###

They're wood, you know.

 *There's something about the stripes that is very pleasing.

###

Makes me think of Jupiter.

 You know what I like about playing croquet? Being outside, playing a sport, an official outdoor sport, and not sweating or getting out of breath.

###

That is beautiful.

 What do you do about the truths that are not beautiful we tell each other, the truths, say about death?

###

I don't know where that thought came from.

Croquet is a difficult game to cheat at.

###

I cheat at solitaire. The problem is *how* to cheat at croquet. I don't think you can put cork in your mallet, for instance.

In golf, you can always do something shifty when you're in the rough.

###

There's no rough in croquet. If your ball goes out of bounds, you pick it up and put it back in. The shifty part is part of the rules.

One good thing about croquet I forgot to mention before:

###

You don't have to carry anything heavy. Like all your clubs, or a bowling ball. Very hard to get a hernia playing croquet.

*I feel really, really safe when I play croquet.

###

We used to play croquet when I was a kid.

I still remember, when my mother played, seeing her arms.

###

You know, those sort of grandmother arms?

*I lied when I said I thought about nothing, by the way.

###

I think about a lot of things when I play croquet.

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 And winning so sweet
 All hail the Victor!!!!

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CHORUS

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STRIKERS

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The world's bright beauty will remain, in spite of other woe

Than ours, a friend to life, to whom thou say'st,

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,--that is all

Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

Will is the link between the soul and the universe. I heard that on a TV show. I don't know if it's true.

###

*In November

The last leaves fall

Playing the part of the sound of rain

###

*I am so tired of hunger.

###

I used to think everything about people was fear based but it frightened me to think that so I stopped.

###

Beauty won't hold you. Beauty can't save you. Beauty is a pastime.

###

Ending is unhappy. What is pleasing is to go on.

###

*It is the trees I will miss the most.

###

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HENRY BALL

(The Striker says his line AFTER he strikes his ball.

(Astrid and Henry are at the end of a very painful love affair. The Henry Striker should look at the Striker playing the Astrid Ball throughout the game, and address her directly with many of his lines.)

###

*There was a sound I was looking for.

###

*How did that haiku you wrote go...in November...in November....

###

The human heart is an unreliable source of color and form.

###

*I want to believe. I really do.

###

Or is it the fear of beauty?

###

Let it go. Let it go. Let it all go.

###

*I wanted little envelopes of water. I wanted little envelopes of water. I wanted little envelopes of water.

###

*You thought the arms of the world were full of flowers.

###

Do you think fate's a forgotten handle?

###

Sin is a failure of understanding.

###

Thirst is an unreliable source of silence.

###

How has my life become a cup of rage?

###

It's a funny kind of rain that hides from the storm.

###

Better needs, that's what we need.

###

Emotionally distant. Sexually demanding.

###

My life was better when you were in it, making me hate it.

###

I'm tired of learning things that can't save the world.

###

The truth is like sunlight. People used to believe it was good for you.

###

Look at the truths we tell each other about death.

###

*I am sick to death of indescribable beauty.

SEQUENCE AFTER THERE IS A WINNER

Strikers will read the rest of their text, if necessary, as they move to gather around the winner.

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Than ours, a friend to life, to whom thou say'st,

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,--that is all

Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

MOTHER BALL

(The Striker always addresses the audience/chorus.)

After my mother died, it seemed to me that everywhere I looked, I saw the things that hadn't saved her.

###

Take the tea bags, for instance.

I hate green tea. My mother did too. But there in the cabinet were almost 100 bags of it. I know I should give it away.

###

To someone it won't save, too.

*My mother was beautiful.

###

That didn't save her, either.

My mother died of a tiny hole in her brain that appeared suddenly from nowhere. It was like a meteor struck her one morning as she lay sleeping in bed. A tiny meteor.

###

A tiny meteor. That ripped through our whole family in the blink of an eye.

Everywhere I look, I see the things that didn't save her. I see low fat mayonnaise, I see exercise machines, I see vitamin E. I see bibles and Roberts rules of order and tons of charitable donations made. I see the after effects of 5 years of serious Fung Shui: The back door of her house is bright red, there are little mirrors reflecting nothing back in odd corners, there are fountains that splash and bubble and ruin small end tables on all three floors.

###

All these things, that were about fear.

Everywhere I look, I see the things that helped my mother feel less frightened about the things that make us all afraid. Things that never save us.

###

But the thing I see the most that didn't save her is beauty.

I was walking with my grandmother in her garden, and I said to her, the thing I think I'll hate most about being dead is the trees.

###

I'll miss the trees.

Look at it.

(She points at the mountains.)

The beautiful world. Now if that can't save a person, what can?

###

I know the answer to that one, of course.

I know it's not Jupiter's fault my mother died.

###

But when a meteor hits your mother, even figuratively, you need some one to blame.

What do you do about the truths that are not beautiful we tell each other, the truths, say about death?

###

It's really hard to come up with a beautiful truth about death.

After my mother died, I could not believe how beautiful the world was.

###

The sky was brighter, the birds all had deeper colors, it was spring, you should have seen the dogwood, the redbud, the flowering peach and cherry. Red was her favorite color.

*Have you ever noticed how much red there is in the world?

###

I have.

After my mother's funeral I drove around the neighborhood, getting stabbed, and I mean stabbed, by every bird and every tree and every flower.

###

It was like every bird and tree and flower was wired through my mother's heart, to mine.

The hardest thing I had to do after my mother died, and there were lots of them, but the hardest thing was severing all those wires.

###

Every beautiful thing in the world connected me to my mother. Through the ground. Every beautiful thing in the world pulled on me until I thought my heart would truly break, with those wires.

If someone had said to me, there will come a day when you will count,
when you will be unable to stop counting every beautiful thing you see,
or hear, or touch or smell—

###

Well, I wouldn't have believed them.

Who notices every bit of light falling, every fragment of birdsong, every
change in the air across your skin?

###

People who know the length of every imaginary hour.

*Somebody said the one quality time does not possess is beauty.

###

I don't know if that's true or not. Sometimes I think that's all that time
is.

I read somewhere else that we only know what is new. What is familiar,
we no longer even see.

###

I know it frightens some people. The way death makes everything new.

I read somewhere else that if you hear everything there is to hear, and
see everything there is to see, and feel everything there is to feel, all at
once, you'll go mad.

###

I think that's what beauty is for. I think if things are beautiful, you can
see and hear and feel an infinite number of them.

SEQUENCE AFTER THERE IS A WINNER

Strikers will read the rest of their text, if necessary, as they
move to gather around the winner.

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holding their mallets high in the air.

CHORUS

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All hail the Victor!!!!

STRIKERS and HOLDERS

The stars above are brides of quietness,
CHORUS

The moons flies by in silence and slow time
STRIKERS

And nothing in this world can thus express
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A flowery tale more sweetly than a rhyme
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EVERYONE

When old age shall this generation waste,
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Than ours, a friend to life, to whom thou say'st,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,--that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

BEAUTY TRUTH BALL

(The Striker always addresses the audience/chorus.)

You know that poem, by Keats? Ode On A Grecian urn?
###

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,--that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

*Well, what I want to know is, if truth is beauty, and beauty truth, what
are lies?

###

What about lovely lies?

*What about mysteries?

###

Aren't they beautiful?

What about lies about death?

###

Aren't they beautiful?

Sarah was the most beautiful woman of all time excepting Eve, who was
made by God. At 65, Pharaoh schemed to get her into bed with him.

###

Abraham and Sarah had a beautiful relationship, but we don't have the
time to go into that now.

Sarah was the 1st person in recorded history who was buried.

###

Abraham couldn't stand to think of the vultures ripping her body.

I am not the first person to notice that the truth about death is rarely
beautiful.

###

It's generally beautiful only when it rhymes.

Thou still unravishe'd bride of quietness,
Thou foster child of silence and slow time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme

###

That's the first stanza of Ode On A Grecian Urn.

If you google Ode on a Grecian Urn by Keats, you get approximately 300 links to the poem.

###

And you also get, on the side of the page, three sponsored links for cremation urns.

“Cremation urns, 39 dollars and up, burial, funeral, scattering, pet. Bronze, marble, cloisonné, wood.”

###

That’s at urnXpress.com

At Classic Urns you get “Cremation urns and much more. Up to 75% savings. Free Delivery.”

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www.classicurns.com.

And last but not least, there’s the straightforward. www.Urn Depot.com. “Great prices, free shipping.”

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You go out seeking truth and beauty, you get cremation urns.

*I was walking with my grandmother in her garden, and I said to her, the thing I think I’ll hate most about being dead is the trees.

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I’ll miss the trees.

If truth is beauty, what about beautiful things you don’t understand?

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Are they still true anyway, just true in a way you can’t use?

Truth is for use. But what about truth you can’t use?

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Is it still truth? Is it still beautiful?

If beauty isn’t any use—is it still the truth?

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If truth isn’t any use—then what is beauty for?

You know what a Millihelen is?

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It’s the quantity of beauty necessary to launch one ship.

Truth is beauty, beauty truth. That's all you need to know.

###

Is this a true phrase? Or just a beautiful one?

Truth is beauty, beauty truth. That's all you need to know.

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What if it's just a true phrase, but not a beautiful one?

SEQUENCE AFTER THERE IS A WINNER

Strikers will read the rest of their text, if necessary, as they
move to gather around the winner.

All Strikers and Holders will gather around the winner,
holding their mallets high in the air.

CHORUS

Is it beauty, or the idea of beauty
Or is it the fear of beauty
Or is it the beauty of fear
That makes losing so sad
And winning so sweet
All hail the Victor!!!!

STRIKERS and HOLDERS

The stars above are brides of quietness,

CHORUS

The moons flies by in silence and slow time

STRIKERS

And nothing in this world can thus express

CHORUS

A flowery tale more sweetly than a rhyme

STRIKERS

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard

HOLDERS

Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on

EVERYONE

When old age shall this generation waste,
The world's bright beauty will remain, in spite of other woe
Than ours, a friend to life, to whom thou say'st,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,--that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."