

DIPPING THE GAME

by Michelle Castaneda

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Naturally
Oh Damn
It is So Recorded
Calambre
Swarm of Gnats
The So-What Party
Even Whole Nations
My Buttocks in the Mirror

SETTING

Oh my God I am bursting for you.

EVENING

Oh Damn: Oh damn, it is really hard to say that God allows himself to be fucked.

Bell sounds twice

Naturally: Naturally.

It is So Recorded: It is so recorded.

Buttocks in the Mirror: I can't see my buttocks in the mirror.

Oh Damn: Oh Damn.

Bell sounds once

Calambre: This meeting on the occasion of I have not been allowed to use the scales. This would be easier if they let me use the scales. I told them I am educated but they still bashed my face in and tried to kill me sometimes and tried to save me sometimes. Naturally, they were just trying to help. But sometimes, I do wonder.

Calambre: Calambre.

Even Whole Nations: Even whole nations.

Naturally: Naturally.

Swarm of Gnats: Swarm of gnats.

Oh Damn: Oh damn.

It is So Recorded: It is so recorded.

Buttocks in the Mirror: Buttocks in the mirror.

The So-What Party: The so-what party.

Swarm of Gnats: Swarm of gnats.

Swarm of Gnats: Swarm of gnats.

Oh Damn: “Oh damn, it is really hard to say that God allows himself to be fucked.” I said that because it’s the evening. In the morning I’m going to say, “permit me” and “in a way this is unbearable.” Then it will be lunch and I’ll become decent and changeable. Until bugs appear. Because of rules.

It is So Recorded: It is so recorded.

Buttocks in the Mirror: What if nobody can see me?

Naturally: Naturally.

Bell sounds three times

Calambre: This would be easier if they let me use the scales. I told them I am educated but they still bashed my face in and tried to kill me sometimes and tried to save me sometimes. Naturally, they were just trying to help. But sometimes, I do wonder.

Buttocks in the Mirror: Did you try turning around? Quarter turn? About face? Pirouette?

Buttocks in the Mirror: Just keep turning and I’ll tell you what I see.

Calambre: What do you see?

Buttocks in the Mirror: Buttocks. No buttocks. Buttocks. No buttocks.

Swarm of Gnats: Just being around is what matters. Like right now I’m around. That means someone has requested me. Otherwise why would I be buzzing around around here?

Naturally: Naturally.

Calambre: Naturally, you’re trying to help.

Naturally: Naturally.

Oh Damn: It must be evening because I feel like I’m going to say...

It is So Recorded: It is so...

ALL: It is so...It is so...It is so...

Oh Damn: God allows himself to be fucked!

ALL: ...recorded!

Oh Damn: Oh damn.

MORNING

Oh Damn: "Permit me." "In a way this is unbearable."

Oh Damn: I said that. It must be morning.

Calambre: Let's return to the matter of they didn't let me use the scales.

It is So Recorded: Did you tell them you were familiar with the machines?

Calambre: I did.

It is So Recorded: Did you submit a request in writing?

Calambre: Of course. Unless...

It is So Recorded: Unless is so recorded.

Calambre: You don't think that they read the request and then realized who they were dealing with and indeed for that very reason, indeed for the very reason of my education, indeed for the very reason of my aptitude, they rapidly understood who they were dealing with, and then...

It is So Recorded: I see where you're going with this. As soon as they saw your request it was almost like they suddenly realized who they were dealing with. They suddenly realized you were educated. They suddenly realized things.

Calambre: And they couldn't afford to let me operate the machines because a person of my education could easily see things, the kind of things they don't want anyone to see.

It is So Recorded: Right, and they just couldn't have a person of your education seeing things, the kind of things they don't want anyone to see.

Calambre: For my own benefit.

It is So Recorded: Because it was written down.

Calambre: It was all right there, written down for anyone to see, and to let me see would have been contrary to their purposes, which were two: to save me and to kill me.

It is So Recorded: Yes, because things were said out loud and things were written down and their purposes were two for my own benefit.

Calambre and It is so Recorded fix their eyes on each other; their tongues go into question and answer, question and answer, question and answer, but their thoughts are otherwise employed.

The So-What Party: This will not get you anywhere. The only way is to clear your mind.

Calambre: Clear my mind.

The So-What Party: Feel the floor underneath you supporting your seat while you gently allow the thoughts to drift from your consciousness. Picture a great, empty clearing.

Calambre: Picturing a great, empty clearing.

Oh Damn: Don't do it, Calambre. Picture a swarm of gnats! Picture a thicket! Picture garbage water!

The So-What Party: Picture a great, empty clearing.

Swarm of Gnats: Don't do it, Calambre.

Oh Damn: The So-What Party is trying to clear your mind so he can fuck it. Oh Damn, that's hard to say.

The So-What Party: An empty mind is a fuckable mind. That's how the saying goes.

Swarm of Gnats: Always listen to how the saying goes. Or the saying goes to a place so you should go there and listen. When there's a saying, you should listen to what it's saying. Is anyone else picking up on the poor stylistic form of my speaking? A degeneracy is setting in.

Calambre: I told them I am educated—clearing my mind. But they still bashed my face in—clearing my mind. And tried to kill me sometimes—clearing my mind. And tried to save me sometimes—clearing my mind. Naturally, they were just trying to help—clearing my mind.

The So-What Party: Good, good, now lean back, just like that, good, good...

Oh Damn: Resist! The so-what party is going to hard-to-say you in the mind!

Buttocks in the Mirror: What's so wrong with a little hard-to-say? If you can get a little sensuous pleasure out of it, well that would be a small compensation for the excess of suffering and privation you've endured.

Even Whole Nations: Only *that* kind of nation would say something like that.
BUTTOCKS IN THE MIRROR IS *THAT* KIND OF NATION!

Calambre: What's *that* kind of nation?

Even Whole Nations: Voluptuousness has destroyed individuals and even whole nations.

Calambre: Not me. My body is possessed by no Corporeal Spirit other than my own, by which my body is naturally moved. Foot mine? I can ask it and it answers back with a "yes Sir"—not like you and me say "yes Sir" but a "yes Sir" peculiar to the foot. Foot mine? Yes Sir. Hand mine? Yes Sir. Other hand mine? Yes Sir. Hand, make a fist. Anything you say Sir.

Buttocks in the Mirror: Buttocks mine?

Even Whole Nations: No Sir. Buttocks yours? No Sir.

Buttocks in the Mirror: What if I turn around?

Swarm of Gnats: Wings mine? Someone must have requested me.

Calambre: Face bashed in—mine? It answers back with a "Sir?" not like you and me say "Sir?" but a "Sir?" peculiar to the bashed-in face.

Oh Damn: Permit me, but could it be that your face is just a little "hard-to-say"? In a way this is unbearable, but could it be that your face is just a little "hard-to-say"?

Buttocks in the Mirror: Turn. Buttocks. Turn again. No buttocks. Turn again. Buttocks. Turn again. No Buttocks.

Buttocks in the Mirror: Buttocks mine? YesSirNoSir. YesSirNoSir.

Even Whole Nations: What a bunch of whole nations.

So-What Party: A whole nation is a fuckable nation. You told them you were educated? Try clearing you mind. But they still bashed your face in? Try clearing your mind. And tried to kill you sometimes? Try leaning back. And tried to save you sometimes? Good, good. Naturally, I'm trying to help. Now lean back, just like that, good, good.

Calambre: Mind clear? Yes Sir. Who said that? Foot mine? I can ask it. Hand, make a fist. Why though?

It is so Recorded: Hand make a fist why though is so recorded.

Buttocks in the Mirror: Buttocks mine?

Even Whole Nations: No Sir. Buttocks yours? No Sir.

Swarm of Gnats: Someone must have requested me.

Calambre: Mind mine? It answers back with a "Sir?" not like you and me say "Sir?" but a "Sir?" peculiar to the mind.

So-What Party: A fucked mind is a cleared mind.

Oh Damn: In a way.

LUNCH

Oh Damn: I've become decent and changeable. It must be lunch. That means bugs will appear soon. Because of rules.

Swarm of Gnats: Did someone request me?

Oh Damn: Not yet.

Calambre: I thought there was something on my mind.

Buttocks in the Mirror: I can't see my buttocks in the mirror.

Naturally rises on the count of 1, sits back down on the count of 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

Naturally makes fists on the count of 1, releases on the count of 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

Naturally purses lips on the count of 1, releases on the count of 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

Naturally squeezes sphincters on the count of 1, releases on the count of 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

Naturally: Naturally.

Even whole nations: Even whole nations.

Swarm of Gnats: Swarm of gnats.

Swarm of Gnats: Swarm of gnats.

A bell sounds twice

Swarm of Gnats: Did someone request me?

Oh Damn: Obviously not. It is still lunch.

A bell sounds once

Buttocks in the Mirror takes the bell to an isolated place. Buttocks rings it once, does a quarter turn. Moves the mirror to catch himself. Like a cat chasing its tail. Buttocks rings it twice, does an about face. Moves the mirror to catch himself. Like a cat chasing its tail. Buttocks rings it three times, does a pirouette. Moves the mirror to catch himself. Like a cat chasing its tail.

Even Whole Nations *approaches*.

Buttocks in the Mirror: Hey, Even Whole Nations, do you know what's wrong with this map of the world illuminated?

Even Whole Nations: No, what?

Buttocks in the Mirror: It's completely wrong. The whole thing is a trick. Because when it's nighttime right here it's actually daytime over here. And when it's 7 o'clock over here it's actually 4 o'clock right here. This map is claiming to show the whole world illuminated in one moment! But if you really wanted to capture the whole world illuminated, you wouldn't be able to stop at all. You'd have to keep spinning and spinning and spinning.

Even Whole Nations: Spinning and spinning and spinning.

Buttocks in the Mirror: Naturally.

Even Whole Nations: Hey, can I ask you something? Is it really that great when the nerves of voluptuousness exist over the whole female body whereas in the male they exist in the sexual organs and their proximity only?

Buttocks in the Mirror:

Even Whole Nations: And is it really that great when you get commanded to continually or at least at certain times strive to give God the impression of a woman in the height of sexual delight?

Buttocks in the Mirror:

Even Whole Nations: And is it that great when in what she says, too, woman is constantly touching herself. She steps ever so slightly aside from herself with a murmur, an expression, a whisper, a sentence left unfinished...

Buttocks in the Mirror: Turn. Buttocks. Turn again. No buttocks. Turn again. Buttocks. Turn again. No Buttocks.

Buttocks in the Mirror: Buttocks mine? YesSirNoSir.

Naturally: Naturally.

Calambre: Naturally, they were trying to help. Who was?

Naturally: Naturally.

Calambre: Who was?

Naturally: Naturally.

Calambre: I thought there was something on my mind.

It is So Recorded: It is so recorded. It is so recorded. It is so...It is so...It is so...Recorded! Did you tell them you were familiar with the machines? Did you submit a request in writing? Unless is so recorded. I see where you're going with this. As soon as they saw your request it's almost like they suddenly realized who they were dealing with. They suddenly realized you were educated. They suddenly realized things. Right, and they just couldn't have a person of your education seeing things, the kind of things they don't want anyone to see. Because it was written down. Yes, because things were said out loud and things were written down and their purposes were two for my own benefit. Naturally, they were trying to help. Hand make a fist why though is so recorded.

Calambre: Naturally. Is naturally a rule?

Naturally: Naturally.

It is So Recorded: It is so recorded. Naturally is a rule.

All: Naturally is a rule. It is so recorded.

Oh Damn: Because of rules bugs appear. Swarm of gnats?

A bell sounds three times.

Swarm of Gnats: Swarm of gnats. At your service.

ALL: Ready?

ALL: Ready.

ALL: Picture a swarm of gnats!

ALL: Ouch!

ALL: Picture a thicket! Picture garbage water!

ALL: Ouch! Ouch!

ALL: I've been out-pictured!

ALL: You just pictured something and it purified me and I lost my usual destructive force.

ALL: Picture a swarm of gnats!

ALL: Ouch! I got blotted out by what you pictured.

ALL: Ouch! You must be picturing very hard. You win.

ALL: Wait no. I'm making a comeback.

ALL: I've come back again except now I'm a little blurry.

ALL: Me too. I'm back but a little blurry.

*The bell stuffs cotton in its ears.
The mirror crashes twice.*

Oh Damn: Oh damn, I'm starting not to feel decent or changeable. It must be the end of lunch.