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Day (Daphnis and Chloe 2.0)

by CHARLES L. MEE

A companion piece to *Night (Thyestes 2.0)*.

Thyestes 2.0 is night, this, *Daphnis and Chloe 2.0* is day.

The pieces can be done individually—or together, under the title *Night and Day*.

Five women
in soft, swirling, white satin ball gowns
dance with five men
in midnight blue tuxedos
in the late evening darkness
outdoors
with the tree tops above them
a partially lit dance floor set down in a park
on a summer night
looking like Hermenegildo Anglada-Camarasa's
1900 painting, *The White Ball*,
or (almost as good) his *Jardin de Paris*.
The men are all but invisible,
the women are an unfocussed swirl of white satin.

They dance to the music of Paulo Maura and Raphael Rabello
Dois Irmaos, track one
Ronda/Sampa
Ronda/Sampa
Ronda/Sampa
Ronda/Sampa
Ronda/Sampa
Ronda/Sampa

Ronda/Sampa
Ronda/Sampa
Ronda/Sampa
Ronda/Sampa
Ronda/Sampa
Ronda/Sampa
Ronda/Sampa
Ronda/Sampa
Ronda/Sampa
Ronda/Sampa
Ronda/Sampa
Ronda/Sampa
Ronda/Sampa

As they stop dancing,
one couple at a time-
and each couple joins hands and walks off-
until the last couple leaves,

and, as the music continues, perhaps a second piece by
Paulo Maura and Raphael Rabello

Dois Irmaos, track two

Choranda Baixinho
Choranda Baixinho

Choranda Baixinho
Choranda Baixinho
Choranda Baixinho

or

it could be Luiza

a woman comes out with a green picket fence,
sets it standing up by itself
stands in front of it, to one side, for a minute,
looking directly out front
and smiling,
and then, after a while,
still smiling and happy and pleased with herself,
picks up the fence and leaves

as a guy comes out with a rattan chair
smiling
puts it down
smiling
sits in it
just smiling
just sitting in the yard on a summer evening
and having a perfect right to do it

and, as daylight slowly comes up,
one woman
pushes out a bathtub on wheels,
gets in,
and luxuriates

with all the dancers gone, too,
we see the set for the piece:
the trees in the background,
and set against them a red London double-decker bus
and a little mobile home trailer
a café table and chairs
and a patch of hard-packed dirt

several naked bathers come out
and put down a plastic wading pool on the ground
and all get in and lounge in it
is one of them brushing her hair
the other just standing in her corset
the third naked in the water?

another woman
pushes out a large couch on wheels
takes off all her clothes
and lies down on the couch naked
stomach down
like those nineteenth century paintings of odalisques

and a woman comes out and puts on her stockings
sitting in a chair or seated on the ground

a naked woman walks through
as another woman in the foreground
picks flowers

one of the women steps forward to speak
and
we hear the first piece of text:]

A WOMAN

Act one, scene one

A slave named Lamon discovers a baby boy being suckled by a goat. Lamon and his wife decide to take in the baby, and they name him Daphnis.

Act one, scene two

A similar thing happens to a shepherd named Dryas,
who finds a baby girl being suckled by a sheep in a sacred cave.
Dryas and his wife decide to take in the baby,
and they name her Chloe.

Act one, scene three

Years pass and the children grow.
One night, their fathers each have the same dream-
that their children fall in love and become shepherds and goatherds.
So they teach the children how to shepherd the flocks.

Act one, scene four

One day, Daphnis is herding the sheep and falls into a pit.
Chloe rescues him.
They fall in love.
They kiss.
And during the spring and summer,
they fall more and more deeply in love.

Act two, scene one

Pirates from Pyrrha come and capture Daphnis.
Chloe plays the pipes,
and the cows jump into the sea,
and overturn the pirate ship,
and Daphnis rides on the back of a cow back to shore-
and to Chloe,
who saved his life.

Act two, scene two

Daphnis and Chloe are languishing.
They decide that the only cure for their ailments
is kissing
and embracing
and lying naked on the ground.

Act two, scene three

More trials, tribulations, and tests of love.
War breaks out.

Soldiers capture Chloe.

The god Pan appears and demands that Chloe be given back.

The soldiers obey.

Daphnis and Chloe swear to Pan that they will never leave one another and that they will be faithful always.

Act three, scene one

Winter.

Daphnis and Chloe are with their parents.

Separated from one another,
they miss one another.

Spring comes.

Daphnis and Chloe go back to lying under the oak tree,
kissing and embracing.

Act three, scene two

Temptations appear.

A woman tries to seduce Daphnis.

Many suitors arrive, seeking Chloe's hand in marriage.

Chloe's parents agree to give her in marriage to another young man.

Act four

Stuff happens.

Things are sorted out.

Daphnis and Chloe are married,
and live ever after
a happy
pastoral life.

does one of the women do laundry in the plastic wading pool
while we hear the story of Daphnis and Chloe?

and women bring out a string of six simple wood chairs,
sit and face front
one sews,
two chat,
one plays with a four year old child or a dog,
one reads a book

a guy in a big overcoat to his ankles smoking a cigarette walks through

an old woman with a cane walks through

a guy comes out of the mobile home
carrying a gas can
he sits in a chair, smoking a cigarette,
holding a book with his finger holding his place
and he starts the following exchange of remarks
and everyone joins the conversation:

THE GUY WITH THE GAS CAN

We just started dating a few days ago__
But I'm already in love with you.
If you felt half of what I feel for you for me,
I'd die happy.

A GIRL

i don't know if i can get into my college now.
i didn't look at the website in time, and now i'm screwed.
i don't know what i'll do.
i'm so embarrassed.
i don't know if this can be saved.
i'm thinking not.
i'm so screwed.

ANOTHER GUY

i work at mcdonalds and steal so much money,
just by neglecting to ring up orders or parts of orders.__
i dont feel bad, at all. __
i regret that i didnt start doing this sooner.
we're getting cameras next week.__
i want a new job.

ANOTHER GIRL

i fail at everything i try to accomplish.
school,
losing weight,
making friends,

keeping a job. __

sometimes i really wish i would've gone through with suicide when i was ten,
instead of chickening out.

A WOMAN

i love him and

i will never be able to tell him because

i'm too scared it's going to ruin how well things are going.

ANOTHER WOMAN

i pretend to take my birth control every day.

i hide it under my tongue and take it out when hes not looking.

im so blessed to be pregnant -

he doesnt know yet.

A GUY

I put my penis in a Goldfish's bowl once.

ANOTHER GUY

My old girlfriend from college used to fart when ever she felt like it.

Even if we were in public, she'd just let one rip and not give a damn.

She was kind of a tomboy,

but only in her actions. __

Anyway,

this one time when we were having sex

she farted so loud that she pooped on the bed sheets.

She was so embarrassed and ending up crying...

but the reason why she cried wasn't because she pooped on the sheets,
it was because I couldn't stop laughing at her.

In fact, I laughed to the point where I started to fart like a machine gun.

I couldn't stop myself.__

So, in the end, she broke up with me

because she felt I wasn't "mature" enough to handle her "mature" farts._

A WOMAN

I think I really hate my husband

and I dream of having an affair with someone,

anyone I don't care who it is.

I'm just really bored with him and I can't stand looking at him anymore.

A GUY

I'm just not physically attracted to her.

I'm only doing it so I can get a job at her dad's law firm.

A GIRL

He's getting married and I don't give a shit.

ANOTHER GIRL

sometimes I hate my best friend

because I'm afraid that my boyfriend will start liking her instead of me.

ANOTHER GIRL

i pop too many pills my boyfriend says.

he confiscated a bottle, but i have others.

I take more then he knows behind his back.

it was already a huge trust issue when he found out

i had been taking one drug behind his back,

if he were to now discover that i've continued doing this

with not one but several drugs, he may never trust me again.

and he loves me so much it would distroy him.

why am i doing this?

am i trying to sabotage my relationship?

that can't be,

i love him more than my own life and i can't imagine a life without him.

i know we'd both contemplate suicide if we were to break up,

and worse,

i'm his first real love,

he's never had a serious relationship before me.

i don't know how he'd handle it if it did end.

that's one of my worst fears, hurting him. and i have been recently.

things were so rough yesterday, this has never happened to us in 2 years.

so why can't i stop lying to him?

i'm a deceitful, manipulative, and undeserveing little cunt.

he's this best thing that's ever happened to me,

why am i throwing a wrench into a beautifully functioning machine?

god i need to get a grip on myself.

i can see disappointment and sadness in his eyes sometimes now.

it's killing me

i don't think i love him anymore.

A GIRL

I want to go through a lesbian phase in college...

I want to be able to turn my husband on years later by telling him about it.

ANOTHER GIRL

every night before bed i pray that i will wake up and be 18 again

and have the chance to make different choices

and not fuck up my life as i have.

i have been so careless.

ANOTHER GIRL

Crap, they're so skinny and perfect with great hair

and amazing clothes

and spunky personalities._

Why can't I be someone else?

A GUY

I think i'd fuck anything with tits.

A GIRL

I'm so lonely it makes me sick.

It's not like I don't try to socialize.

I really try but somehow i just feel like i'm not good enough

and it's not right.

I know i'm not a bad person.

I just want someone to tell me that i'm not.

Please I want to feel connect to anyone.

I hate this place i'm at.

A GUY

i told her i loved her__and she just looked at me.

a woman comes out and puts down a bowl of Cezanne still-life fruit

for no good reason

amidst a group of three other women

and then she sits down with them

a guy with easel and canvas paints the women

a baby carriage
is just left in the middle of the stage
or next to a seated woman
or whatever

a woman in a floor length white diaphanous gown
dances in the woods
(maybe one or two others dance elsewhere in the woods)

a woman makes embroidery

a woman sits under a tree reading
with her back to us

one woman, reading a magazine,
quizzes another

FIRST WOMAN

Do you want to know how you score on your sensuality?

SECOND WOMAN

Sure.

FIRST WOMAN

OK

Imagine you have four squares
arranged in the shape of a cross.
Then you put different colors in each square-
violet, blue, brown, green, red, whatever.

SECOND WOMAN

Right.

FIRST WOMAN

Did you do it?

SECOND WOMAN

Right.

Just a minute.

Right.

FIRST WOMAN

OK

Here are the three kinds of person you can be

1) an intellectual

2) a hedonist

3 a voluptueuse

SECOND WOMAN

Yeah.

FIRST WOMAN

So, let's say you put brown in the left-most square
then you'd be a controlling sort of person.

Did you put brown there?

SECOND WOMAN

No.

FIRST WOMAN

Good. That's good.

What did you put?

SECOND WOMAN

I put violet.

FIRST WOMAN

Oh! Oh, that's good. That's the best.

You're a voluptueuse.

SECOND WOMAN

What if I had put yellow?

FIRST WOMAN

You'd be anxious.

SECOND WOMAN

Unh-hunh.

FIRST WOMAN

Red would be overworked.

Green would be impossible to satisfy.

Blue would be passive.

I think violet's the best.

And then I think-

given the choices here

probably you're the sort of person who would choose

Gerard Depardieu.

SECOND WOMAN

Yeah, well, yes, sure.

I would.

a woman wearing a red dress dances through with a floor lamp,

using the floor lamp as a partner,

but then, again, sometimes treating it as a floor lamp,

setting it down to see if she likes it in that place,

picking it up again,

dancing with it,

setting it down to try it in another place,

picking it up and dancing with it again

what is the music for this?

Otis Redding sings

These Arms of Mine

These Arms of Mine
These Arms of Mine
These Arms of Mine
These Arms of Mine
These Arms of Mine
These Arms of Mine
These Arms of Mine
These Arms of Mine
These Arms of Mine

A GUY

Suzy and I went to the dance together.
I wore a white summer tuxedo jacket.
Suzy wore a white off-the-shoulder dress
with a thousand crinoline slips underneath it,
white satin shoes with little straps at heel and toe.
She had very short hair then,
and a long, smooth neck,
like a young swan.
We danced.
She let one arm rest lightly on my shoulder,
one hand took me lightly at the waist,
and we moved together to the music.

man and woman kiss and kiss and kiss and kiss and kiss
while a man dressed in black, further back in the woods,
turned away, turns back to look at them (sorrow)

A GUY

You have to ask yourself
why was George Washington so great?
And the reason is
he just stepped out into the unknown.
He didn't know what was going to happen
what was going to come of his life
or the country he began
he didn't know about any beginning and middle and end
he just set out
not having any idea where the country was going to go

what it all would mean
or where it all would end
or what it all would be

ANOTHER GUY

For us, we don't know
maybe we won't be so lucky
maybe things won't end so well for us
as they did for what Washington started

FIRST GUY

--or so badly.

THIRD GUY

and then again, you might ask yourself:
what if the world doesn't come to an end?
what would you do then?
we're preparing for it
a lot of people are
almost not as though perhaps we would welcome it
but because it would serve the bastards right
then they would see how wrong they've been
they'd see finally how it is that they've been bringing it to an end
and the end of the world would prove it
that they were wrong and we were right
but then you have to ask yourself
what if the world doesn't come to an end?
if we have to go on
then what should we do
what should we preserve
you might ask yourself
what shall we pass on?
what's worth saving?
what do you want to take over the bridge into the future
or leave for luckier people to come
or even if it turns out it isn't a time of catastrophe
but only just not the best of times
what do you want to take with you
in hopes that then you'll have it on the other side?

SOMEONE

I like weekends

SOMEONE ELSE

convertibles

SOMEONE ELSE

slumber parties

SOMEONE ELSE

pot lucks

gray Buicks

SOMEONE ELSE

telling jokes

SOMEONE ELSE

giving parties

SOMEONE ELSE

doing plays

SOMEONE ELSE

Bugs Bunny

THE FIRST PERSON AGAIN

weekends

SOMEONE ELSE

I like steak

SOMEONE ELSE

world history

SOMEONE ELSE

lunch

SOMEONE ELSE

I like basketball

SOMEONE ELSE
music

SOMEONE ELSE
Ray. I like Ray.

SOMEONE ELSE
I like hunting

SOMEONE ELSE
French fries

SOMEONE ELSE
pot roast
fudge

SOMEONE ELSE
Rachmaninoff's Concerto No. 2 in C Minor

SOMEONE ELSE
women

SOMEONE ELSE
money

SOMEONE ELSE
peanut butter

while this is being said,
a four year old wanders through the action
and a couple of eight year olds
maybe they do this a couple of times in the course of the piece
not always all three of them together?

a woman enters with a computer in one hand
the computer plays music
while she dances solo with the computer in her open palm

what do we hear?

Dois Irmaos
Dois Irmaos

and, while the woman continues to dance
others enter,
until there is a large group of people present
who look like Matisse's painting
The Joy of Life

do two women look like the Matisse painting of the women with guitar?

and then, in time,
some of them might get up
and join the woman who dances with her computer
so that five of them join a circle and dance
like the Matisse dancers in a circle
in the painting in the Museum of Modern Art
and we hear the music go on
Dois Irmaos
Dois Irmaos
Dois Irmaos
Dois Irmaos

Dois Irmaos
Dois Irmaos
Dois Irmaos
Dois Irmaos
Dois Irmaos
Dois Irmaos
Dois Irmaos
Dois Irmaos
Dois Irmaos
Dois Irmaos
Dois Irmaos
Dois Irmaos
Dois Irmaos

the big church bell
they just bring it in and put it there
during the text below

A GUY
If I could
I'd take a walk every day
even if the sky were clouded over
along the white fence bordering the park
where you get the scent of lilac-trees
the plumes of white blossoms
that glow, even in the shade, bathed by the sunlight
taking the path up to the open fields,
a path bordered with nasturtiums
two tiers of forget-me-nots below, periwinkle flowers above,
the iris, its swords sweeping every way
like guardians of the kingdom
and now a cloudless sky
and somewhere in one of the tall trees,
an invisible bird,
exploring with a long, continuous note the solitude
that presses in on it from every side,
so that it arrests for all eternity
the moment it had been trying to make pass more quickly.
and then a scent so rich

I linger with the hawthorns,
to breathe in
their unchanging odor,
inexhaustible
Sometimes in the afternoon sky
a white moon will creep up like a little cloud,
furtive, without display,
like an actress who does not have to 'come on' for a while,
and so goes 'in front' in her ordinary clothes
to watch the rest of the company for a moment,
but keeps in the background,
not wishing to attract attention to herself
the river flowing past,
sky-blue already
between banks still black and bare,
its only companions a clump of daffodils,
come out before their time,
a few primroses, the first in flower,
as though they had flown out of a garden like butterflies
and were hovering there
while here and there burns the blue flame of a violet
I sit down among the irises at the water's edge
a lazy cloud streams out to its full length
Now and then,
crushed by the burden of idleness,
a carp leaps up out of the water, with an anxious gasp.
It's time to feed.
Before starting home
I sit for a long time there,
eating chocolate,
sitting on the grass.
the lilies
a kaleidoscope of happiness
silent, restless, and alert,
and towards evening,
when the sky is filled like a distant heaven
with the dreams of the setting sun,
incessantly changing
with the utmost profundity, evanescence, and mystery-

loudspeakers! hawkers! free t-shirts tossed to the crown
the insignia of the multinationals
and then when it passes through and fades to distance

and with the tour de france loudspeaker talk
we see
the football dance
not brutal
just a guy thing
five or six guys have white plastic garden chairs that they sit in
lined up in a line
knees apart
as music comes in over the radio report on the Tour de France
then they get up like tough guys
and do tough things with their chairs
and put the chairs down again
and sit in them
and dance with just their feet on the ground
and get up and do some macho shit again
and treat their chairs like guys they push around
and then put their chairs down again and sit in them
and look tough
and again
and again

they all turn and walk out
as the Tour de France loudspeakers dominate once again

a guy stands up amidst the hubbub
and screams, outraged that his peace has been disturbed
so we hear it first as rage and anger
at the pastoral being disturbed
and then maybe recognize it as the thyestes nightmare

TANTALUS

Who hales me
from my miserable rest
among the dead below?
Is there some punishment in store for me

worse than to stand dry-mouthed in running water,
worse than the everlasting yawn of hunger?
O, thou unknown dispenser
of torments to the dead,
if there can be yet more intolerable penalties
find one for me!
From my loins is sprung a generation
whose iniquities, whose crimes of horror
never known till now
make all their predecessors' sins look small
and me an innocent.
Does any place in hell still lack a tenant?
I can furnish one from my posterity.

and someone quietly escorts him out

and there is an instantaneous change back to the pastoral:

two guys bring out a dining table into the garden and set it down
a table set for luncheon
with a white table cloth
wine glasses, a bottle of water,
plates and silverware
a loaf of bread
two chairs
no one is there
no one comes
there is just the beauty of the table
all set out
ready
and then, later on, it's taken away

on the other side of the stage
a guy comes out in a white summer suit
he puts down his white wicker chair
sits
and leans back, with his mouth almost coming open,

not so much exhausted as sated with pleasure
as though he had just had lunch and a couple glasses of wine
at the table on the other side of the stage

a piano is brought out
a guy steps forward, sits down, and plays it
and, after a few notes,
a woman steps forward,
puts one hand on the piano,
and sings Berlioz's Vilanelle
with words by Theophile Gautier
from Les Nuits d'Ete

and, after a few moments,
a Degas ballet dancer comes out in a tutu
and dances to the song

Quand viendra la saison nouvelle,
Quand auront disparu les froids,
Tous les deux nous irons, ma belle,
Pour cueillir le muguet aux bois ;

Sous nos pieds égrenant les perles,
Que l'on voit au matin trembler,
Nous irons écouter les merles
Nous irons écouter les merles siffler.

Le printemps est, venu ma belle,
C'est le mois des amants béni,
Et l'oiseau, satinant son aile,
Dit des vers au rebord du nid.

Oh! viens, donc, sur ce banc de mousse
Pour parler de nos beaux amours,
Et dis-moi de ta voix si douce,
Et dis-moi de ta voix si douce : "Toujours".

loin, bien loin, égarant nos courses,
Faisant fuir le lapin caché,

Et le daim au miroir des sources
Admirant son grand bois penché ;
Puis chez nous, tout heureux, tout aises,
En panier enlaçant nos doigts,
Revenons rapportant des fraises
Revenons rapportant des fraises des bois.

and, when the song is over,
and the ballet dancer leaves

a young man and woman in the background
are speaking intimately to one another
and we can't hear them-
we can only barely make out an occasional word

as a few women bring out a string of six simple wood chairs,
and they sit and face front
one sews, two chat, one plays with a child or a dog, one reads a book

elsewhere there is a quiet conversation:

A GUY

How do you think your father would feel
about all these scholars and students,
all these people
discussing and debating his philosophies?

A WOMAN

I speak in English, yes?
I will speak slowly.
I do not particularly like symposiums.
A symposium on Camus is a lie.
In my opinion, Camus' position concerning the lie
has rarely been dealt with.
However, it is denounced and exposed in all his work.
I do not judge people who are participating in talking about him.
They are doing their work in a place in which they feel comfortable. Personally, a
symposium is not my place.
I think that university students who study Camus

should come at the content from the outside,
not from the point of university research.
That can be a bit disembodied.
There is a sense that something is lacking, life and vitality.
All to dissect one single thought. Just one!
Open a book.
A book is a harmonious unit.
But, in a symposium , one does a partial reading on whatever theme,
it automatically loses life and vitality,
because life is a totality, a whole entity.
It is a process.
So, that's the problem with a symposium.
It is very rare that a small part of a book can be discussed
without losing the soul of the whole.

A GUY

One of the speakers on the podium yesterday even lost consciousness.
He nodded off during another presentation.

A WOMAN

Yes?

[Laughs.]

A GUY

All the speakers at the conference are European.
Do you speak with many Arab scholars or Arab students?
Particularly Algerians?

A WOMAN

No, I don't know anything about Algeria.
I went when I was a little girl, but a lot of talk.
I don't want to go.
Everybody is dead for me.
For my family.

A GUY

Did you know your grandmother?

A WOMAN

Yes. I knew her.

She didn't speak very much and she was deaf.

We spoke with our hands.

ANOTHER GUY

This seems random.

ANOTHER WOMAN

What does?

THE OTHER GUY

This conversation.

THE OTHER WOMAN

Unh-hunh.

THE GUY

How old were you when your father died?

THE WOMAN

14.

THE GUY

Had you read any of his books before he died?

THE WOMAN

One. Caligula.

When I was 12.

He was very surprised.

I told him it's fun, it's funny.

He told me, funny?

Yes funny.

THE GUY

Have you ever wanted to be a writer?

THE WOMAN

No. I would like to write songs. It's a dream.

THE GUY

Do you keep a journal?

THE WOMAN

No. No time.

THE GUY

What are you working on now?

THE WOMAN

I don't know.

I have many works to do but I am very tired.

I don't know how many years without holidays.

I have a family,

a private life and every woman understands that:
work and then house.

THE GUY

This is probably an impossible question but,
have you learned more from him from his books
or from your experiences with him?

THE WOMAN

I am first and foremost his daughter.

That is super intellectual.

When you lose a person you love,
this person stays with you.

I like his books, nothing more.

Nothing more.

I just take life as it comes.

I don't have a mission.

THE GUY

What is truth to you?

THE WOMAN

Liberty. Freedom.

And love.

THE GUY

This is an especially good time to be examining the subject of truth and lies around the political situation with the Middle East.

THE WOMAN

Right now, I don't see more truth.

It's very sad. I don't know.

It seems the only truth is money

and I think money is a lie.

It's very sad.

THE GUY

You have children?

THE WOMAN

Yes, they are old.

My son is in perfume - the nose -

my son makes perfume.

My daughter is a lawyer.

THE GUY

Have they ever wanted to be writers?

THE WOMAN

No, happily.

But kids are not our property.

They are free.

Let them be free and...

it doesn't matter.

You should do what passes in your mind.

and a croquet game goes on during this conversation

a bicycle is propped up against something and never used

some people have a picnic

someone comes through with eight sheep

ANOTHER GUY

Well, then I would do my posthumous work.

and elsewhere, another conversation:

YET ANOTHER GUY

Are we chosen out of all earth's children
to perish in the last catastrophe
of a disjointed universe?
Are we to see the world's end come?
A cruel fate brought us to birth,
if we have lived to lose the sun,
or if our sins have driven him away.
But we must not complain, or fear;
too fond of life is he who would not die
when all the world dies with him.

No state of life endures;
pleasure and pain take each their turn;
and pleasure's turn is shorter.
Time swiftly changes highest into lowest.
Time
and swift chance
can make all things change.
No man should put his trust in the smile of fortune,
no man abandon hope in a time of trouble.
The Spinner of Fate twines good and bad together,
never lets fortune rest, keeps all things moving.

Five women
in soft, swirling, white satin ball gowns
dance with five men
in midnight blue tuxedos
in the late evening darkness
outdoors
with the tree tops above them
a partially lit dance floor set down in a park
on a summer night

looking like Hermenegildo Anglada-Camarasa's
1900 painting, The White Ball,
or (almost as good) his Jardin de Paris.
The men are all but invisible,
the women are an unfocussed swirl of white satin.

They dance to the music of Paulo Maura and Raphael Rabello
Dois Irmaos, track one

Ronda/Sampa
Ronda/Sampa

As they stop dancing,
one couple at a time-
and each couple joins hands and walks off-
until the last couple leaves.

THE END.

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A NOTE ON THE TEXT:

Day (Daphnis and Chloe 2.0) is based, of course, on the story of Daphnis and Chloe, and incorporates texts from E.F. Watling's translation of Seneca's Thyestes, C.K. Scott-Moncrieff's translation of Proust's *Swann's Way*, and <http://grouphug.us>, and it incorporates, too, a good many moments from the paintings of the Nabis.

Charles Mee's work has been made possible by the support of Richard B. Fisher and Jeanne Donovan Fisher.