

# Navy Blue

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Hello.

Thanks for coming.

It's good to see ya

I didn't know you'd be here.

I'm surprised.

You've come a long way.

A really long way.

Four and a half billion years.

That's a long way to come to see a show. But I appreciate it.

It means the world to me.

I'm happy you're here.

All the way out here.

In space.

Are we floating? Or are we falling?

Can a thing be falling if it never hits the ground? Unless everything's falling.

Am I falling?

I'm the one in blue.

Next to the one in blue.

Next to the one in blue.

Such a small thing, almost nothing, surrounded by darkness, surrounded by all that space.

Surrounded by what's called Everything Else.

A small, insignificant thing on a small, insignificant thing. A pale blue dot on a pale blue dot.

But look again.

There's a whole world in that dancer.

A microcosm of everyone you love, everyone you know, every human being who ever was. When she raises her hand its not her hand rising. All the hands rising. When he turns his head, its not his head turning, all the heads turning, my heads turning, my heads turned.

Like the world spins on its axis

Round and around and around to end up where we started.

Falling.

Look again.

I'm every creator and destroyer of civilization, every young couple in love, every mother and father, every hopeful child  
My child.

A pale pink dot. Little insignificant thing. What's she gonna be?

Out of a pale pink dot grew every inventor, explorer, every corrupt politician.

Every Jim crow, Donald trump, or Arlene foster

Every Marine Le Pen, Margaret Thatcher, or Adolf Hitler. Every Xi jingping, Idi amin or Kim Jong-Un,

Every Jeff Bezos, Mark Zuckerberg, or Anders Breivik, every Harvey Weinstein, Simon Lindberg, or Dr. Luke, every Maya Forstater,

Luka Magnotta, Ben Shapiro, every Jordan Peterson, Ben van Beurden, Josef Meingele, or Bernie Madoff,

every Dominique Strauss-Kahn or Sarah Palin

every Leopold II, or Leopold III or presumably fourth if there'd been a fourth, every Ronald Reagan or Vladimir Putin.

Every one of them Every single one of them a pale pink dot on this pale blue dot – a little mote of dust suspended in a sunbeam, struggling for significance.

Look again.

At a rising of a feeling, at the intent of a movement.

What's it about? About being blue?

Every saint and sinner in the history of our species lived here

About the endless cruelties visited by the people of one corner of this pixel on the people of some other corner, about the rivers of blood spilled by all those generals and emperors so they could become the momentary masters of a fraction of a fucking dot.

Rivers of blood turning this pale blue dot into a pale red dot.

A history of bodies beaten black and blue and red

20th April 1968 Enoch Powell spat shite,

25th May 2020 George Floyd

28th June 1914 Franz Ferdinand is assassinated in Sarajevo

21th July 1969 a man walks on the moon  
6th July 1967 the nigeran civil war begins  
16th August 1819 the Peterloo massacre takes place in Manchester  
22nd September 1980 a full-scale invasion of Iran by neighbouring Iraq  
17th October 1961 Algerian masacare in paris  
16th November 1995 Ratko Mladic is charged with genocide  
11th December 1994 Russia sends tanks and troops into Chechnya  
12th January 1879 the British invade the Zulus  
24th February 2022 Vladimir Putin invades Ukraine  
Hurling so slowly through a thick black soup of time. A parasitic organism eating itself alive and regrowing over and over. An algorithm on loop.  
Birth germ death birth germ death.  
Birth germ death birth germ death.  
Birth germ death birth germ death.  
Birth germ death birth germ dance.  
Look again at that dancer

What the fuck  
That's me.  
The one in blue  
Next to the one in blue  
Next to one in blue  
delusion  
What the hell am I doing?  
The engine of dread. The poison of privilege. The core is rotten.  
In our obscurity, in all this vastness, there is no hint that help will come from elsewhere to save us from ourselves.  
So Yes, I will have a double,  
Yes, I will fall  
open arms into and out of my own ego. Let go let go the great let go.  
Evaporate you little snowflake  
off into the candescent art world of twinkles  
Game over. Silver lion biennale smile. Deep breath asana on a frankincense oil burner night. Make art and think about the cosmos.  
Agonise over which farrow and ball paint you'll use on the skirting board.  
My amazon prime next day delivery, my mortgage, bricks and mortar, my motor, my murder ballet.  
More money  
More walks with cappuccinos talking about the big project  
More bullshit.  
I never sacrificed my privilege.  
I made a show and bloody dance about it,  
it paid for the paint.  
Listen  
all these bodies bruise-blue.

What does it cost, this pale blue dot?  
Costumes € 3000  
Light design € 3500  
Projection design € 4500  
Sound design € 7500  
Technican € 2000  
Projector hire € 2000  
Set materials € 1000  
Tech rentals € 15,000  
Marketing € 1800  
Dancers € 122,835  
Accommodation € 55,455  
Travel € 22,800  
choreographer fee € 10,000  
childcare € 3000  
This speech € 2500

A total production budget of What are we on?..... € 291,656

And what's the point? Who's it for?

What will it do?

I see myself falling

into insignificance.

The only thing left is to mutate.

Accept. Eat it all alive and kicking.

Into the deepest darkest blue night. A navy blue dread.

The most evil honest reflection of what your existence really does.

Is doing.

Moment by moment while you intellectualize beauty.

Waiting for a Boris Johnston update losing concentration and looking at his hair. Opened mouthed at the nun in the middle of the road stopping the fighting. Crying over black lives matter in a home-owner oasis in Co. Down. A milky haven. Dazed and confused t-shirts with open arms falling into a deep dark blue abyss.

Through time and space and regret and privilege and denial and dance.

That's it.

It's just that.

Inside that dancer is a world of work. Every blue collar, every essential worker, labouring to keep this inessential story going, the story of how we came to be here, what we did when we were here, and where we might be going.

This faint flicker of a falling man through deep blue night. Squinting eyes catching the last trail of leg through space, a comet's tail, dragged across the acrylic night sky. Arch back and look up to where we were, what we are.

The meteor sinks its teeth in the ground. Thank god. A bloody mess

Nothing.

A pale blue dot.

There's nothing you can do

We must love one another and die.

Thank you, Lord, for insignificance. Thank you for meaninglessness. Thank you for letting this all pale into insignificance. This dance show. That dancer. A pale blue dot on a pale blue dot. The only home I've ever known. Thank you for letting me live here. An insignificant thing on an insignificant thing. Thank you for teaching me the importance of being unimportant. The significance of insignificance.

And now that I mean nothing. And now that I mean nothing. I can do anything.

I will walk out of this theatre, and you will walk out of this theatre, and we will do unimportant things and those things, thank God, will matter.

Such responsibility.

Look again.

My face is pale.

Look again

My thoughts are blue.

Look again

Until I end.

full stop.

pale blue

