

IZSHOWAOT/L'aUtre ReVeillon

It's sho hot this Sunday mornin. I donne remember last year this time bein' soo-hot. Mornin' Izshowaot. Mornin' m'dam she always said. Remember, grand-mère. Ya off ta work en dimanche maintenant—huh? She said. I couldn't say anything for a while. I didn't understand her. Then, m'dam told me have a good one. Mais, où travaille-t-il? I told her I don't know. Who is Mi'seur? She asked me. M'dam, I don't know. Très bien she said, go on, mais n'oblize pas aujourd'hui c'est froid, aussi fait chaud, et il va pleuvoir. Tu devons voir Henriette Delille—Oui. Rester avec elle—You can aller à Saint Fra Angelico o ver San Martin De Porres some other tyme. Donne go to the square too late. Pourquoi? I asked. Not now. I'd had to be the one who'd have to tell 'em when they could go. Oui, m'dam. She said, ne appelle mère pas. Call me grand-mère! She kept tellin me to call her grand-mère and I would nod and say I will, but I didn't know why? (*IZSHOHWAOT is assisted with getting ready. (SHE grabs a rain coat and leaves with what had been given to HER from [Ma'dam]. THEY shadow IZSHOHWAOT until SHE leaves to exit.*) Don wear your tignon—an remember—donne—touch the tip of your parapluie. It's all in my head, I won't, m'dam. (*IZSOHWAOT touches it anyway and HER finger is nicked.*) Ahh...voici! M'dam! Hanley-mère! Don't worry. Je suis grand-mère, je suis grand-mère. (*[Mad'am] gives IZSHOHWAOT a clean cloth, adding pressure to HER egret-copper-bronze-gentle-thinned-thick-skinned-celled-blood-droplets-from getting it onto HER clean, elegant dress. It gets onto it anyway. IZSOHWAOT gets agitated or distracted and remembers what [ma'dam] wrote. SHE is given an applicaed vest made of cotton; it is un-wrapped and placed onto IZSHOWAOT.*) Une nappe; une forchette; une tasse, une cullère; (*IZSHOWAOT repeats for memory and is looking at the BOOK now in IZSHOWAOT's hand*). Remember what I said to all of 'em. Donne go back to that dwelling. Go to Mahalia and Sister Ursuline or near Bayou St. John, but before sunset. Then come back here, before ce soir, mais, not until it's time to do so. All I could say is, Ok. (*IZSHOWAOT*) Oui, très bien. Go on now she told me. (*SHE/ISLAND GIRL/IZSHOWAOT finally exits.*) (*Beat.*) Another one of them seemingly follows HER out the door as another enters the portal, more flow into the space. Some of them lounge, others dance/contradanse and some sing, talk, whispers, and continue working and setting the table.) It's raining. (*IZSHOWAOT walks in and out of time and for a brief moment is standing in rain.*) Some of yawl may find it hard ta beulieve it—if you believe—it atal. You may not understand that this is what she kept tellin' me. She kept tellin' us. Come back before sunset as she had—for years. (*IZSHOWAOT re-enters having returned from where ever SHE had to go. SHE is exhausted if not distraught. The table-alter is sparsely set.*) Ma 'dam said, I saw 'em, all of 'em, lookin-lak-black-brown-crows-copper-white-bronze-black-gold-egrets that always came around this time of year who flew onto the porch over the iron rail bringin' messages like pigeons do most of 'em was kept in the back some of 'em in the front or not Atal. When asked, she said, Oui, Yez. Of cours *these* here, they kin. I knew somethin' was about to happen but they kept sayin' gatherin—Girls—Ma'dam—Mademoiselle—Ms—You gotta, but Pourquoi!?, Hush it.

End Part I

(SHE kneels or falls as some others sit at the table, a beaming light fades to dim).

End of monologue-The Monologue Project-resend to c/o Gaby Cody: Pittsburg-9/29/2017-

Bio for The Monologue Project: The Dramatist Guild c/o Gaby Cody and Team 11/14/2016

Harrington's literary acumen includes plays, prose, poetry and narratives in creative fiction and non-fiction. Her play *Love & Danger* is the first literary play on women and HIV/AIDS. Her play *Bitter Fruit/Bleu, Water Moon, Moon Holy*, is the first play written on Hurricane Katrina. Harrington's writing also since 1998 address issues related to incarceration and motherhood. With a collection of work compiling for publication(s) written over the last 18+ years of the pandemic that tackles tensions between fact and fiction, issues of (literacy), health, education, the social political body and cultural complexities that highlights fragments of race, class, gender and assumptions of identity while investigating the condition and status of women through the complex lens of family, motherhood, blood ties, taboos, isms, and social phobias. She has produced, collaborated and traveled internationally, and creates conceptual and visual art on various topics and also looks at the relationship with African Americans of the Diaspora, examining topics as a continued practice of fangled linguistics dialects that exists in the bosom regionalisms of the black experience. She is the core project anthology founder of the anthology of plays, poetry and prose published by Aunt Lute Books. *Positive/Negative: Women Of Color and HIV/AIDS*, 2002.
