

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