

Jill - *The play's central character. Jill is, in a word, brilliant. She is a radical feminist and Marxist, and these political passions fuel a nearly unparalleled literary genius. Jill hates ambiguity. The act of disambiguation, of clarification, is sacred and necessary to her; it's what makes her such an astute writer and professor. But her capacity to sink in to the fiction she analyzes is a double-edged sword: as the play goes on she verges more and more on losing herself entirely in the novels. The "reconstitution" of Jill's selfhood, then, is arguably the most gorgeous of the play's trajectories.*

SIDE 1

(Jill stands on line at the Elm City Market, which is comprised of the other women in the cast, though they are not "on line" as themselves. As she waits with a basket full of groceries in one hand, Those Who Leave and Those Who Stay in the other, she begins speaking to her book. At first she speaks quietly, and almost teasingly, but unable to contain herself, she begins addressing the book and those around her with growing confidence, anger, and volume.)

JILL

Oh Nino, why are you such a tool? You're such a goober.

(Someone moves up in line. She shuffles forward.)

Ugh, Enzo! You, sir, are boring and not particularly bright, stop being a martyr.

(She turns the page.)

Pietro, you too? I'm really getting sick of all your intellectual strutting, I'm weeping for you! Do you see my tears? I totally sympathize, the world has done wrong to you, you especially.

(Another person moves up in line. Jill moves forward again.)

JUAN! That's rape, not sexual liberation, you FOOL!

(At this point, Jill has reached the front of the line. She has also reached her fiction/reality threshold, and as the margins begin to dissolve, she becomes Lila, taking the items in her grocery basket and hurling them throughout the store.)

JILL/LILA

Stefano: I hate you I hate you I hate you!

SIDE 2

JILL

Dear everyone,

I borrowed one of those yellow legal pads from a friend of mine named Charles, to keep a running list of the people who raised their hands to talk. In the hubbub after our panel, I forgot to return it, of course. A day or two later, another friend, Tuli, used a bunch of the pages for crayon drawings during “Feminism and Anti-Capitalist Organizing, Part II.” Someone, probably me, spilled water on what appears to be a tax calculation sheet tucked into the last pages... There were a few blank, non-wrinkled pages left, so mid-week, in my tent, having abandoned a dance party, I started sketching out the bones for this post. But I was tired. There were too many panels and too many people.

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JILL

Dear friends, big surprise here, but not much writing gets done at Commie Camp. What’s funny, I guess, is the way that this

(She holds up the notebook.)

basic mode of sharing appears sort of magical, like the stars are aligning in a given object, this notebook. But this sense of charmed intersections had other, less happy vectors. There were ghosts in the constellations, wound up in everything else.