

Excerpts from Work-in-Progress Versions of SUGAR

Speaking of decency ... *Robbie sits down on edge of Stage R.* Brother in Ohio...He said, (*Becomes Witness.*) I hate this disease. It invaded my body without permission. It is an insidious, creeping tiresome thing. I did nothing to make this happen. I did everything they ask, and I was attacked anyway. I can't manage it. It goes up and down. I lose 100 pounds. I exercise. I no longer have the disease for a while, and then for no reason It comes back. I hate it. And it has the unmitigated gall to attack my paltry sex life. And they tell me I have to take little pills (which I will take!). Just this morning I thought about going down to my car, turning it on, and playing my favorite music, but nobody would believe I wanted to die if I played that song, but I thought about that this morning, but then I thought I'd have to take my dog with me, 'cause nobody could take care of my dog like me, and I couldn't do that.

Me, I feel something w/this new theory about juvenile diabetes coming about in the Ice Age to keep children warm, and although some doctors debunk it since everybody knows that diabetes causes all these other debilitating dis-eases -- but back then people only lived to about 25, so they didn't live long enough to develop those things which happen in older people.

Once we visited Old Aunt Carrie who lived at the top of the hill where we waved at the train, where I knew that I'd be on that train one day. Aunt Carrie used Saccharin. Random connections to trains and outdoor bathrooms made me know I had to go to college to get out, not to change the world, but then came the rest of the world and a sense of history.

Touching the ground

What used to be called underground knowledge is all in people's faces now. You can just Google it, or read a book. In my body, you know, I feel history.

If I hadna been a pit bull about my own survival, and mighta been a double amputee like my younger cousin by now, I might not of known just like the Ice Age people, that feeling warm and comfortable is not always a good priority. Also, for me, a symptom of insulin shock is a feeling of heat -- even after menopause, and cold hands mean my sugar's back.

(Dancing) In Columbus Ohio there are over a million Black people with diabetes, many living in the neighborhood known as Near East. Columbus has the uneasy designation, the Black diabetic capital of the world. I didn't do the counting, so sue me for what I believe and accept. In Columbus Georgia my two sweet cousins! Too much too soon to talk about! *(Falls down)*

Once in Canada drunk at Stratford on the Avon ... *(getting up)* I rode my bike heading for the lake but crashed into a tree. When I woke up in the hospital a soft hand was rubbing Vitamin E oil on my face, all broken up. It will heal soon, she said. Afterwards I asked how much I owed. At the desk the people looked puzzled. Pay? Someone spoke to another. I'm working here I said, I'm from the U.S. She wants to pay, someone said. So they wrote down some figures and said 12 dollars, and smiled at me as if they were doing me a favor. They were.