Excerpt from Sugar, a performance work-in-progress by Robbie McCauley:

Standing on the bus one day going to Boston, the Fungwahbus, 15 dollars from New York at 1:00 p.m., had no business standing, but we're just crossing the Manhattan bridge. It's a great bus. I had on my fake ghetto cap, still not dressing my age. No matter I am I act like I'm at home, and the driver... people call it the Chinatown bus because it goes from Chinatown to Chinatown Boston and New York. (I am just as racist as anyone.) It's quite an enterprise. I was on one of the larger ones, before I got a smaller bus, not many people, 4:00 p.m., 25 dollars. So on the 1 o'clock 15 dollar bus, me acting like I'm at home... the driver like the thrillingly rebellious underground work-in-class speed demon I have nobusiness still hitting the brakes on the bridge, and I hit the floor on my back. (Does fall)

Light change. She moves back to Center.

I shouldn't be here. I'm older than all the wars. There are only accidents. The reason I keep living is my stubbornness.

Mother 'n' em would've given up on me long ago. The day I told Daddy I had diabetes was the day he tore up the mimeographed Marxist fliers I'd brought home. I saw the righteous rage of an American patriot. Picking up the bits of paper, I looked in his face and said, "I went to a clinic today and they told me I had diabetes." He said, "You ain't got no diabetes," and he never mentioned it again. When mother's brother Bud died at 17, or was it 14... There're so many myths about him, being the only boy and loving football so much he went out in a damp tee shirt to carry water for the real players at Spencer High, and got pneumonia. Whenever my mother talked about the death of her only brother, she only expressed sympathy for the nurse who had to go tell Ma Willie that her only son was dead.

Know my body, knew I was dying, wanted to die of embarrassment. A couple people from the back of the bus say, "You alright?" Stretched my arms out sideways, said "I'm a dancer," I said. Sister wid her say "I know what you talking about. Let me change up Center. She pulls dles, prepares insulin, shoots this story.

When thought tell me I 1987 march war was last one in the I'd flirt. Like wasn't out of Now friends, this war back pulled Pullman was al he said another hold the thing hold me, 'cause I had to do it now. Nobody bother to be a witness. Thank God I'd made a sandwich.

The cowboy Chinese bus driver pulled over, hit the brakes way softer off the bridge. Again, "You alright?" he said. At least he's speaking English. I thought just as racist as anyone. "I'm a dancer." Still de-

lirious I did Alexander Technique, thinking through my body. By the time my back started to feel longer and wider my brain was back and I checked my blood sugar which was 149... put my thumb on my pulse, figured vitals were okay. I shot up.

"You're cool," one of the girls said, "My aunt's a diabetic." That's when I wept.