

From NV to NY: Do It For Them

Jeanmarie Simpson

Nearly 20 years ago

We shared a dressing room, you and I. Dark, of course, with that unmistakable Mashup of makeup, sweat, musty decay.

Your theatres are ancient, New York.

Ours out here in the West are Younger,
brighter, cleaner,
Resolutely, rigidly, robustly, staunchly, Steadfastly
Amateur.

Despite
Bellascoe,
Caruso,
Langtree
Bernhardt
And, bless him, Booth,
Nevada resists professional theatre.

We've got the talent, dammit,
The young, gobsmacking genius theatre Artists and
the will, the audiences, and the Money.

What's the holdup?

Every summer you write me
That you want to get out of the city
A hundred degrees
A hundred percent humidity
Always the garbage strikes
Jeezus Mary and Joseph
You plead, get me the hell out of here.

We've got shiny, clean new dressing rooms
Mashups of new Capezios, Ben Nye

Pandemic demanded borax bleach
Lavender and pomador.

You've got contracts
Benefits
Understudies
And good long runs.

We've got tourism, hotels, showrooms, impossible beauty Pine,
sage and Truckee willows,
Desert flowers, endangered bearpoppy
Crocuses and daffodils come spring.

For the Love of Mike,
We need theatre that sustains
Provides, feeds actual families
Actual meals,
Pays actual mortgages,
Light bills, trash, water and sewer.
Dammit.

We will give you desert rain,
Prickly pear jam,
And dry heat that will clear that acne right up.
We'll give it all to you
No questions asked
If you'll please dole out even a fraction of Your
secrets.

It's probably too late for me
Here 20 years on, but the young, gobsmacking genius Ones? Do it
for them, dammit.



Photograph by Cameron Crain