

Mother's New Play

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Mother is writing a new play. It is called "Dying." I have argued with her for many years not to write such emotionally charged tripe. But I was told not to worry. The doctors whom we thought were all rather theatrical too told us it could take five years or more to write all the drafts that a new play requires. But she has written good plays before. Some in no time. One was named "Raising a Son" in which I must say I played a bit of a part myself and I like to think I didn't do so badly in the role. Some good folks even said so. Other plays will no doubt be found in her old cedar chest that Dad had made in his high school woodworking class. None of these ever got performed on stage, of course, although many times we were within mere minutes of a full-dress production. Now we will have to find relatives to take them off her hands with all the whatnots, vacation souvenir tea-spoons, and old pots and pans. Throughout her long and engaging dramatic career, her performed plays at different times have been called fiction, creative non-fiction, or even science-fiction. Or imaginative realism, although not one of her most ardent critics or admirers will suggest that any of these genres were any more real than other types of genres she might have worked on secretly during her artistic career but failed to be identified by even those of us who loved her the most.