

“The Marquis de Sade
Is Afraid of the Sea”

a play in five movements

MOVEMENTS

(Entrance) / I. Golem

II. PR in FM (The War of the Worlds)

III. The Marquis de Sade is Afraid of the Sea

IV. Chekhov's *The Seagull*

V. Materialism / (Curtain Call)

CHARACTERS

FOUR VICTORIAN MEDIUMS

TWO UNKNOWN SOLDIERS

CONGREGATION

THREE CYBER-ENTITIES

EMMANUEL, A SERVANT

THE FAT ONE

NINA

AGUADORES

FIRST BODY (CUERPO PRIMERO)

SECOND BODY (SEGUNDO CUERPO)

TRIGORIN

THE SON

[THE FOLLOWING CHARACTERS COULD APPEAR OR BE SUBSTITUTED
BY THE CHARACTER OF THE DIRECTOR]

IRINA NIKOLAIEVNA ARKADINA

CONSTANTIN GAVRILOVICH TREPLEV

PIOTR NIKOLAIEVICH SORIN

ILYA AFANASIEVICH SHAMRAIEV

POLINA ANDREIEVNA

MASHA

EVGUENI SERGUEIVICH DORN

SEMION SEMIONOVICH MEDVEDENKO

TRESOR, A DOG

THE DEVIL, FATHER OF THE ETERNAL MATTER

(Entrance)

*Four Victorian Spiritualists MEDIUMS are sitting onstage writing in front of desks with laptop computers. The writing is random typing. For instance: **askenfoieunr goijnrgoeqrnvopoje voeirn** From now on, **bold** will be used for lines in the script which are written on computers by characters onstage.*

The writing is simultaneously projected on an all-encompassing screen or cyclorama upstage and on the walls of the audience space. The MEDIUMS alternate the Lord's Prayer in Spanish, "El Padre Nuestro", with the English version.

VICTORIAN MEDIUMS (*while typing nonsense, feverishly*):

*Padre Nuestro / Que estás en los Cielos / Santificado sea Tu Nombre / Venga a nosotros
uwewefwoeff wef weuf wuief iwuef iuo weoif owieif oiweff iojowjfwppqowpwoeq jf989*

*/ Tu Reino / Hágase Tu Voluntad / Así en la tierra como en el Cielo / Danos hoy nuestro
jw woe p09ml c kvl lkw kvñ skj fge lfnoenr k vkn o np fvej rj nlknkwf kj r np*

*pan de cada día / Perdona nuestras ofensas / Como nosotros perdonamos a los que nos
onernf eorno eronfoi eoooppwemfro lf dklf vhhnms,lfnerg knoilkr lek rm oirn oio*

*ofenden / No nos dejes caer en tentación / Y libranos del mal / Amén./ Our Father, who
fjoi oief oiwjf oeijfo woifweof oiejff oweif oiefoi weofiwe foeffoewif oiejfoe fi oiejjo*

*art in heaven, / Hallowed be thy Name. / Thy Kingdom come. / Thy will be done in
oweif owief owif ejkjjjwddlwfvncsm,d,nlapaopdwpefenugpwm ownfif83f wfow*

*Earth, / As it is in Heaven. / Give us this day our daily bread. / And forgive us our
oiwef upiqpowp oienoigtctyaiuqqtiuoi ffowefndnbyjknvbcvbnvo oweno*

*trespasses, / As we forgive those who trespass against us. / And lead us not into
,zx lodn,zm lkd dlk lskdln osdn slodkk elsc,,xc lskld xlksdn oskd osd dlkk lskjd vl*

temptation, / But deliver us from evil. / Amen.

o cpod osd ña9 l dkl vds lssod`mlkv sdpà0 ldk0B (*recommence loop*)

Two UNKNOWN SOLDIERS engage in contact movement in front of the MEDIUMS. It is forceful, weight-bearing, fluid, abrupt, at times like fighting, at times sexual.

The members of the rest of the ensemble, in the house, as CONGREGATION, move around the audience, talking constantly, automatically, freely, whatever comes into their minds. Sometimes they join the Lord's Prayer. Sometimes they echo the movements of the SOLDIERS.

All actions (by MEDIUMS, UNKNOWN SOLDIERS, CONGREGATION) are conducted incessantly, at a heightened plateau of chaos.

I - Golem

(Final call for the play to begin on loudspeakers.)

(A cow carcass suspended from a hook is lowered to the proscenium. The SOLDIERS take two chairs and sit at each side of the meat.)

(The Padre Nuestro stops. But the MEDIUMS continue typing randomly.)

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1:

I learned how to read real late in life. I was illiterate till twenty-five, but, *oye*, I knew how to write.

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2:

House lights!

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1:

My writing in fifth grade was already cursive.

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2:

I also learned cursive, but I had dyslexia.

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1:

Like what?

(On a count of one, they take each other's shirt off.)

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2:

“Dábale arroz a la zorra el abad.”

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1:

To whom did the abbot give rice to?

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2:

It's a palindrome. “Stop! Murder us not tonsured rumpots!”

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1:

To the fox?

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2:

House lights!

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1:

¿Cómo es tu letra?

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2:

Give me a moment.

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1:

How is your *letra*?

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2:

My letter is that of the machine.

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2:

Iraq.

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1:

In Iraq there was heat. There were flies. There was-

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2:

Salt burials in rivers, hemorrhaging hematomas. There was-

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1:

At ease.

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2 (*slow dancing with the carcass*):

I believe that Armstrong did land on the moon, that the capsule was real, that the module was real, that the footprint, that the little flag undulating to the ghost wind of the moon-

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1:

Flesh of my flesh.

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2:

Look (*pointing to a graphogram*): A monkey!...

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1:

They are graphograms.

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2 (*beating up the carcass*):

I believe that the Rabbi Loew of the Altneuschul Synagogue, the Rabbi Judah Loew, born Bezalel of Prague, created in Prague a man, an entire man made of dirt and shit and words; that this man was called "Golem" -

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1:

Give me a melody to dance to.

Don't got any?

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2 (*rubbing all his body against the carcass*):

Masturbation makes people blind. They masturbate blindly.

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1:

Make it up.

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2:

I'm going to die without having been inside you.

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1:

Afghanistan.

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2:

Obelisks, combat lacerations, monster movies.

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1 (*to the audience*):

That is, Adam. Adam is called "golem" which means body without soul, in a Talmudic legend, in the first twelve hours of his existence, in the beginning of the book, of the text-

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2:

Tell me what to sing.

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1:

It's a complete zoo.

CONGREGATION MEMBER 1 (*speaking from the audience*):

And even in this state he was given a vision of generations to come.

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2:

Now I just take dictation.

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1:

At the Panama Canal I had a woman.

(Meanwhile, simultaneously in the background, the MEDIUMS are typing I BELIEVE IN... Each one completing the sentence differently. Drastically changing, contrasting flowing phrases in proliferating projections:

I BELIEVE IN OSAMA. I BELIEVE IN OBAMA. I BELIEVE IN COMBUSTIBLE ENGINES. I BELIEVE IN FREEMASONS. I BELIEVE IN DARK MATTER. I BELIEVE IN BEAUTY PAGEANTS. I BELIEVE IN MACHISMO. I BELIEVE IN LA RAZA. I BELIEVE IN UNPROTECTED SEX. I BELIEVE IN HARRY POTTER. I BELIEVE IN CONDOMS. I BELIEVE IN HITLER. I BELIEVE IN THE STATUE OF CHRISTOPHER COLOMBUS AT THE MAYAGÜEZ TOWN SQUARE. I BELIEVE IN EL CHUPACABRAS. I BELIEVE IN POLITICAL CORRECTNESS. I BELIEVE IN LEIBNIZ'S MONADS. I BELIEVE IN THE VAMPIRE OF MOCA. I BELIEVE IN STAGE ACTIONS. I BELIEVE IN THE ATOMIC AGE. I BELIEVE IN DEMOCRACY. I BELIEVE IN THE END. I BELIEVE IN NON-FIGURATIVE PAINTING. I BELIEVE IN FRIDA. I BELIEVE IN THE FUTURE ANTERIOR. I BELIEVE IN EL CHÉ. -

CONGREGATION 1:

I believe he was created from the soul prayers of this population; from our special petitions; from our fetishes and bones, from our medullas and spines and even so-

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1:

Y canto- (" I sing")

CONGREGATION 1:

...he turned against us. From the magical acts of this population, from the talcum powder between our toes, this bodywork sweat, *este sudor de carrocerías*, our bronze patriarchs, our Chinese idols-

UNKNOWN SOLDIERS 1 & 2:

Y canto- ("And I sing")

CONGREGATION 1:

And it devoured our entrails-

UNKNOWN SOLDIERS 1 & 2 AND SOME MEMBERS OF THE CONGREGATION:

Y canto- ("I sing")

CONGREGATION 1:

And it excised our brains-

UNKNOWN SOLDIERS 1 & 2 AND MORE MEMBERS OF THE CONGREGATION:

Y canto- ("I sing")

CONGREGATION 1:

And it broke our brows-

UNKNOWN SOLDIERS 1 & 2 AND MORE MEMBERS OF THE CONGREGATION:

Y canto- ("I sing")

CONGREGATION 1:

And it spit us all over-

UNKNOWN SOLDIERS 1 & 2 AND MORE MEMBERS OF THE CONGREGATION:

Y canto- ("I sing")

CONGREGATION 1:

And it circumcised both sexes-

UNKNOWN SOLDIERS 1 & 2 AND MORE MEMBERS OF THE CONGREGATION:

Y canto. ("I sing")

CONGREGATION 1:

And it ran us over-

UNKNOWN SOLDIERS 1 & 2 AND MORE MEMBERS OF THE CONGREGATION:

Y canto. ("I sing")

CONGREGATION 1:

Y les substituyó los templos por teatros y las ciudades por teatros y la universidad por teatros y los cuerpos por teatros y la calle por teatros y el teatro por teatros para que pudiéramos al final en esta noche re-clamar- ("And it substituted the temples for theatres, the cities for theatres, the universities, the bodies, the streets, the theatres for theatres, the nation for theatres so that tonight we could finally re-claim-")

EVERYONE:

Y canto- ("And sing.")

CONGREGATION 1:

Y canto

MEDIUMS (*writing*):

|

CONGREGATION 1:

palo

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2:

Meaning: "stick!"

MEDIUMS (*writing*):

|

CONGREGATION 1:

"palo"

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2:

"Stick."

MEDIUMS (*writing*):

|

CONGREGATION 1:

palo

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2:

Stick.

MEDIUMS (*writing*):

|

CONGREGATION 1:

palo

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2:

Stick.

MEDIUMS (*writing*):

|

CONGREGATION 1:

palito

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2:

Little stick.

MEDIUMS (*writing*):

|

CONGREGATION 1:

palo

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2:

Stick.

MEDIUMS (*writing*):

é

CONGREGATION 1 AND UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2:

eh

MEDIUMS(*writing*):

é é é

CONGREGATION 1 AND UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2:

eh eh eh

MEDIUMS (*writing*):

| | é

CONGREGATION 1 AND UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2:

palo palito palo é

MEDIUMS(*writing*):

| | | | | é

é é é | | | é

EVERYONE (*singing this popular Puerto Rican song*):

Palo, palo, palo, palo, palito, palo, é

é, é, é, palo, palito, palo, é

(Stick, stick, stick, stick, little stick, stick it is

it is, it is, it is, stick, little stick, stick it is)

EVERYONE (singing):

Oé, Oé Oé Oé

Oé, Oé Oé Oé

MEDIUMS :

OE OE OE OE OE OE OE OE

EVERYONE (*singing*):

Oééé, Oééé, Oééé, Oééé

Oé, Oé

MEDIUMS:

OEEE OEEE OEEE OEEE OE OE

EVERYONE:

EO

MEDIUMS:

EO ó ó

CONGREGATION 1:

Like the spiritualists of yesteryear.

EVERYONE (*one by one*):

I believe...
I believe... I believe... I believe... I believe... I believe...

FIRST MEDIUM:

I believe in a reunion. I believe in a storm. I believe that energetic forms can be dissociated from the body. And in a science that predicates death as the derangement of the soul.

(UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2 begins to swing the carcass.)

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1 (to 2):

Throw it, throw it over here- *el Señor cree*, that man (*pointing to someone in the audience*) believes.

CONGREGATION 1:

He believes in ...

[*Open window of interaction with the public based on the anticipation of what's going to be written onstage. The MEDIUMS begin a word and the CONGREGATION drives the audience to complete it. These words follow the phrase "I believe in..." For example: **I believe in M U...** The public can say, for instance: "mutuality," "munchies," "museums," "muses..." **I believe in MUM...** "mums," "mumps," "mumble," "Mumbai" The CONGREGATION goes ecstatic*

prompting words from the audience, they beat their heads against the floor. Mediums type: I believe in MUMM... "Mummy?" "Mummification?" MUMME... "Mummenschanz?" Mummery? MUMMER... (until it becomes transparent: I believe in MUMMERS!) Ecstasy. Random words are prompted, built, things you believe in, while the CONGREGATION keeps going into raptures. Crescendo.]

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2:

House lights!

MEDIUM:

If you got this word... *(writing)*

REVOLUTION

MEDIUM:

And you erase letters.

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2:

Erase the "R," erase the "R." Please erase the "R."

MEDIUM (erasing "**TION**"):

REVOLU Meaning: chaos, bedlam, confusion, pandemonium, free-for-all, as in:
mira nene se formó el revolú

(UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2 screams horrified.)

MEDIUM:

If you got this word...

AMOR amor: love

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1:

And you change the order of the letters.

MEDIUM:

MORA mora: to live, to inhabit

ROMA Roma: Rome

RAMO ramo: a flower bouquet

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1:

No, I don't want a *ramo*.

MEDIUM (*offering a knife to UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1*):

ARMO armo: to arm.

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1:

I don't want to be armed.

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2 (*taking the knife*):

All the paths lead to...

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1:

I don't want to be-

(UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2 begins to stab the carcass with a knife. Murdering, repeatedly.)

MEDIUM:

OMAR

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1:

Stop. That's my name.

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2 (*stabbing*):

Hey, *oye*, Omar.

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1:

Divide. My name is made of an exclamation and of the sea, *el mar-*

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2 (*always stabbing*):

See you at the square-

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1:

The town squares in Puerto Rico are full of statues of unknown soldiers.

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2:

Don't act as if you are unknown to me.

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1:

Separa. Separa. Divide.

MEDIUM

O! MAR Oh! Sea.

(FIRST UNKNOWN SOLDIER begins to feel the stabs to the carcass on his body.)

(MEDIUMS type randomly, infinitely.)

II - PR in FM (The War of the Worlds)

[Sound: Radio waves. During the movement the radio will be syntonized to different stations, live, at chance. This will form the continuous auditory score of the segment.]

SECOND MEDIUM writes.

In th cty r clning d strts.

Nthing mssing.

Street r cln, sfe.

Ngn mssin.

(Slowly, the characters disengage from their previous actions. The carcass is lifted. The UNKNOWN SOLDIERS rest. They exit.)

Rdio wvs permate evthing. Th peopl r sf. U k'n TEXT US @ (787) 899-0181 !! TRN ON CELLS! GDMN ITT! TRN T ONN!

TRN ON CLL PHN

TXTME 787 899 0181

OMG 787 899 0181

TXT ME

(EMMANUEL, a Facilitator, enters. He distributes cotton napkins to the MEDIUMS. They snap them. Rub themselves. Stand up. They slide through the stage.)

TITLE* [*The projected titles in this segment are not live writing, but already-made slides. They alternate with text messages sent live by the audience, which are also projected.]:

THAT MORNING NINA ENCOUNTERED SOMETHING IN HER LIVING...

(The FOURTH MEDIUM, now NINA, exists. She re-enters, sliding with an enormous broom in hand. The MEDIUMS begin to fall to the ground, convulsing, legs spread in the air, as if giving birth.)

TITLE:

DON'T DUST MY FEET! FOR I WILL DIE

A SPINSTER ("JAMONA")

TITLE:

“MONA” (“MONKEY”)

TITLE: *[graphogram of the monkey]*

()

o o

I

VVVVV

U

TITLE:

Ja - Mona

TITLE:

Ja (Ha)

TITLE:

Jajajajajajajaja

Hahahahahahahaha

(MEDIUMS are still convulsing.)

TITLES:

hahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahAha

hahahahhahahahahahahahahaha

hahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahaha

hahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahaha

hahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahaha

hahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahaha

hahahahhahahahhahahahahahahahaha

hahahahaha

hahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahaha

hahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahaha

hahahahahahahahahahahahhahahahaha

hahahahahahahahahahahahaha

TITLE:

lol

(NINA, terrified, drops the broom.)

(The MEDIUMS get up.)

TITLE:

"Lois Lane calling Lana Lang. Lois Lane calling Lana Lang. (...) Lana Lang calling Lois Lane. Lois Lane calling. Answer the phone, Lana..."

(variation of a line by Manuel Ramos Otero.)

(FIRST & THIRD MEDIUMS AND NINA mount the broom.)

(Projected live TEXT messages from the audience.

The THIRD MEDIUM exits. She re-enters as a SUCKING CYBER-ENTITY, wearing a gas mask and carrying a big vacuum cleaner. She points the vacuum's nozzle towards the sky. The carcass comes flying down.

She sucks the dirt out of the carcass. She sucks the meat out of the carcass. She tries to suck NINA. Horror.)

TITLE:

On November 16, 1974, as a ceremony to mark the remodeling of the Arecibo radio telescope, a message comprised of 1679 binary digits, approximately 210 bytes, transmitted at a frequency of 2380 MHz modulated by a shifting of 10Hz, with a power of 100 kW, was sent to the globular star cluster M13 from Arecibo, Puerto Rico.

TITLE:

THEN A WINDOW OPENED...

TITLE (*the Arecibo message*):



TITLE:

THE MARTIANS ARE COMING YÁ AND THEY'RE COMING DANCING THE CHA-CHA-CHÁ.

(EMMANUEL dances.)

(FIRST AND SECOND MEDIUMS take aluminum sponges out of their bosoms and spread them over their faces in metallic facial masks. They produce from under their skirts mechanical kitchen implements.)

TITLE:

Lana Lang calling Louis Lane. Lana Lang calling... Please ANSWER LOUIS!!!... PLS

LANA ... LANA LOUIS... HLP ME LANA... help...help =(:

(The MEDIUMS turn into CYBER ENTITIES.)

TITLE:

=(:!

turn 90°

(A laptop computer is brought, the CYBER-ENTITIES fill it up with whipped cream, they pinch it, scramble it, crash it against the floor, spit on it, step on it. Now they turn towards the audience.)

TITLE:

THE ELECTRICAL CORD OF THE CRAFTMATRIX WAS LONG...

(More text messages from the house.)

(The CYBER-ENTITIES mock-attack the audience.)

TITLE:

¡VIVA PUERTO RICO LIBRE!

(LONG LIVE THE PUERTO RICAN FREE NATION!!)

TITLE:

LAS MUJERES DE BORINQUEN SON LAS MÁS BELLAS.

(PUERTO RICAN WOMEN ARE THE PRETTIEST-)

(The male members of the cast enter the house wearing female underwear over their costumes. They throw kisses to the audience. They caress the audience. Tenderly. Obscenely. Scandalously. Diverse reactions.)

TITLE:

The craftmatrix looked for a fatty one.

(The SUCKING CYBER ENTITY begins to suck with its noose a fat audience member, drawing him towards the stage. The fat one screams. More text messages. Radio louder.)

FAT AUDIENCE MEMBER:

AHHHHHHHHH!

(Everyone onstage.

They put the vacuum's noose inside the FAT ONE'S mouth.

Projected images of esophagoscopy and a baby's sonogram.)

TITLE:

Poor fatty! He has been implanted!

TITLE:

HE HAS BEEN COLONIZED BY THE FUCKING EMPIRE!*

*** Footnote in very fine and small print: "After Yankee Invasion of 1898 PUERTO RICANS LIVE OUT OF U.S. WELFARE. The best is chapter V."**

TITLE:

He needs to be CONTAINED. (Hay que ENCAJARLO.)

(EMMANUEL, the Facilitator, brings a myriad of cardboard USPS boxes to the stage and throws them over the actors.)

TITLE:

BOX HIM!

(Texting. Joyful tearing of cardboard. A massive act of destruction of postal supplies by CYBER ENTITIES and TRASVESTITE MALES.)

[Radio louder, changing stations quickly. Radio encandilá. (Radio deafening.)]

(NINA enters with a vacuum bag over her head. She unplugs the vacuum's extension. Everyone freezes.)

(The FAT ONE gets up, looks for an intact cardboard postal box. He takes it in his arms, as he would a baby. Radio distant.)

THE FAT ONE (to the audience, with the box in his arms):

As everyone knows, the Arecibo message was more a demonstration of U.S. technological prowess than a true attempt to enter into a conversation with aliens. In fact, the stars of the M13 cluster that it was aimed at will no longer be in that location when the message arrives. And still, *mira*, (referring to the box), look: it's a male. Look what I got out of it: a baby boy macho. *Me salió macho-varón, coño.* (I got a complete male out of it, damn!)

(More TEXTING.)

(NINA takes the bag off her head. The SUCKING CYBER-ENTITY takes off the gas mask. They look at each other.)

(The two girls kiss on the mouth.)

(The radio stops.)

SECOND MEDIUM (now CYBER-ENTITY) writes:

In th cty r clineg d strts. Nthing mssing Street r cln, sfe.

(The two girls, still, kiss.)

(They kiss.)

The streets r safe.

(They kiss.)

(They kiss.)

III - The Marquis de Sade is Afraid of the Sea

[The FIRST UNKNOWN SOLDIER (OMAR), guitar in hand, reenters. He sings/improvises like a troubadour: a feeling of "nueva trova" throughout.]

(Guitar playing.)

(THE FIRST MEDIUM reenters. She and Omar will share the role of AGUADOR in the following movement.)

AGUADOR (to the audience):

Then we came out. To the dawn, to the street. The sun against our faces. We spoke and it

was cold vapor out of our mouths. We kissed and it was blue smoke from our noses. We took each other by the hands, so that we wouldn't fit through the doors, or only fit enchainéd. Aligned. In the open. Together, brilliant, simple. Truly happy. Then someone commented that this was it. That one could no longer go on. This was it. Whipping an invalidated horse. We lacked true poetry. Chronometric precision. Period. That this was the end of our youth. That this was it. Even following fashion. Cyclical times. We loved each other. Laughing till the end, what we called "crazy laughs." This was it. Until someone then remarked as a fact that the Marquis de Sade was afraid of the sea.

(Two naked bodies come out of the bathtubs.

Music stops.

Time.)

AGUADOR:

This is what was suggested: a tale about the city, about this city. In it, a natural disaster took place, that is, a flood. Not only the inhabitants were covered by water but also the foundations and the lower stories. It caused a mutation, subtle, involutive. The incident reminded me of the tidal wave of 1918 in Mayagüez, where the sea receded two miles to later on return to cover the people who went looking for fish in the sand. One thinks of serial residues. Eyelashes, thumbs, hair locks. Like an amphibian tendency.

FIRST BODY:

Name it.

SECOND BODY:

Other cities. Medellín.

AGUADOR:

San Pedro de Macorís.

SECOND BODY:

Asunción.

AGUADOR:

Rosario.

SECOND BODY:

San Juan.

FIRST BODY:

A story of which only acoustic versions have survived.

(The bodies go under water and emerge again. AGUADORES bring two chairs. The bodies sit down. Quotidian life.)

FIRST BODY:

Coffee.

SECOND BODY:

Water.

(Exit AGUADOR.)

FIRST BODY:

I have been reading a lot lately.

SECOND BODY:

Can you determine where the houses were?

FIRST BODY:

Yes.

SECOND BODY:

They were mainly family houses.

FIRST BODY:

Yes, mainly families of limited resources. If they had not been carried away by the water, they would not have withstood development.

SECOND BODY:

Many old people.

FIRST BODY:

You have something in—

SECOND BODY:

Some children?

FIRST BODY:

No, nothing.

SECOND BODY:

I've got that feeling.

AGUADOR (*entering, lighting fireworks*):

The faithful drowned, the dispossessed, those whom we used as models for the logo of the symbol of the nation and later on maligned. The street drowned, not the center, but the marrow. Spirals with colors of saints, house, smell. *Se ahogó el meollo. Revolución. Responsos. ¡Revolú! ¡Martarile! ¡Matarifes! ¡Mierda! ¡Mordaza! ¡Marchantes! ¡Vómito! ¡Policía! ¡Revolución!*

FIRST BODY:

Me, for instance, I have begun to read a lot lately.

SECOND BODY:

My family knows of a case.

FIRST BODY:

I remember the first time I saw the body of a child.

SECOND BODY:

Of what gender?

FIRST BODY:

It was a child.

SECOND BODY:

I know of the case. There's a term—

FIRST BODY:

It was the body of a child. Complete.

SECOND BODY:

There's a term, premature aging. That it became old before its time. That it was too mature for its age.

FIRST BODY:

Yes, it was too mature for its age.

AGUADOR (*throwing fireworks*):

Drowned were the pending cases, the ones protesting. Drowned were thirty native parrots and five native patriots. Drowned were those who deliberately drew reproductive organs in their own ballot forms to fuck the system. Tragically, people who worked with papier maché drowned. A few cult figures, but no one really famous.

SECOND BODY:

But my family knows them and we are not getting sanctioned.

FIRST BODY:

A curious thing. My family watches the Freemasons every Monday playing dominoes on the balcony of their loge. It's a-

SECOND BODY:

Progeria is the term.

FIRST BODY:

It's a pathology.

SECOND BODY:

It's a pathology and a desire.

FIRST BODY:

I, for instance, woke up normally.

SECOND BODY:

What in English they call "liability."

FIRST BODY:

I got up well. There was no foreshadowing. No precognition. I didn't know the term.

SECOND BODY:

After the catastrophe, I began to visit the asylums.

FIRST BODY:

Then I looked for my sandals and I didn't find them. I looked for my implements of grooming and I didn't find them. I looked for my father and my two small children.

SECOND BODY:

I was expecting to find the world inside nursing homes.

FIRST BODY:

I looked for my father and my two small children. I looked for my nightlight but I didn't find it.

SECOND BODY:

But the world had changed unchangingly and only the very old remained home.

FIRST BODY:

I looked for my bed. I didn't find it. I looked for my day clothes, my work clothes and I didn't find them. I had to get up with no clothes. Change the order. My two small children and, then, my father.

SECOND BODY:

The old were naked. I cried out.

FIRST BODY:

Then it was science fiction.

SECOND BODY:

And I desired them. A lot. In excess. Almost in vice. In convulsion. Now, I will explicate this desire.

FIRST BODY:

The members of my family had been reduced to a techno-larval stage. With this morphology, they had been grafted into the furrows of my muscular fascia.

SECOND BODY:

I don't know how many of you are aware that the human body does not age uniformly.

FIRST BODY:

In this hibernating stage, minimized and thus transplanted, my family depended on my muscular activity and growth in order to continue viable. For this reason, around this time, I gave myself to body-building.

SECOND BODY:

There can be hair of a strong color, mixed with white, also intermediate hues. Also with body hair. Flaccid areas and others still firm. In the tone of the skin there are spots, sometimes growths, gradations. I was a body who desired – I know it's cliché – who desired to penetrate and be penetrated by other bodies. I didn't lack a poetics, a false one, a violent justification, a justification for violence, bodies that, in effect, I penetrated and vice versa, sometimes without memory, sometimes invalid, sometimes in this fashion. I touched them much, I kissed them much. I got excited. I cried. I correct myself. I was an object of crying. There was no one to moderate, no facilitation.

FIRST BODY:

It was extreme body-building. I bought machines. Supplements. I felt my father in my biceps. I felt a phrase of his. I am not going to say it. “*No por mucho madrugar...*” “It doesn’t matter if one gets up early...” Unbelievably, I began to work the land. I opened my flesh to address my children. To see if they were keeping up with their homework. I used a table knife. I got into the bathtub each time it rained.

SECOND BODY:

I love this city.

FIRST BODY:

I looked for my family but I didn’t find them.

AGUADOR:

Hundreds of thousands drowned. They drowned selectively. The members of their respective units.

(AGUADOR takes water from the bathtubs in buckets.)

FIRST BODY:

Please note the blood clots.

(AGUADOR throws water violently over the FIRST BODY.)

SECOND BODY:

Please note the exposure of the osseous parts.

(AGUADOR throws water violently over the SECOND BODY.)

FIRST BODY:

Please note the fragility of books in relation to water.

(Throws water violently.)

SECOND BODY:

Note how they have swollen.

(AGUADOR throws water.)

FIRST BODY:

Note that they no longer fit in the coffins.

(Buckets.)

SECOND BODY:

Note the technique.

(Buckets of water.)

FIRST BODY:

You could note, for instance, a detail of this staging: your sex, the fireworks, the audience.

SECOND BODY:

Say that again.

FIRST BODY:

Smiling. The fireworks.

SECOND BODY:

It was a stage, these visits. One could qualify it, not without cruelty, like this: a transitional period. Temporary.

FIRST BODY:

Blinding.

SECOND BODY:

Artificial.

FIRST BODY:

Necessary.

SECOND BODY:

The best years of my life.

FIRST BODY:

What did you order?

SECOND BODY:

Coffee.

FIRST BODY:

Me too. They're taking their time.

AGUADOR (*igniting a firework*):

The Aguadores throw buckets of water over the audience. Some escape. The water falls in laminae from the rooftops to the city. Some spectators stay, wet, to see the morning. To these, coffee will be served.

(Stillness.

Transition.)

IV - Chekhov's *The Seagull*

[This movement could be conveyed in two ways. The first would entail the staging of the suggested segment of Chekhov's The Seagull following the directions below. The second would simply entail the Director of the play standing on stage and reading the text below. If the latter is the case, communication with the prospective audience is recommended previous to the night of the play, asking them to read the first act of The Seagull before arriving to the theatre.]

The text of the fourth movement is that of Anton Chekhov's "comedy in four acts," The Seagull. ACT I. From MASHA'S line: "The show will soon begin." To ARKADINA's: "Do me that favor, dear."

I, as director, briefly introduce the segment, talking about the failure of the play when it was first presented at the Alexandrisnky Theatre in 1896 and its subsequent successful re-presentation at the Moscow Art Theatre under the direction of Konstantin Stanislavski in 1898.

The transition from melodrama to a form that will become a theatre "standard" in the twentieth century, stage realism, is also at the core of the argument of the piece.

KONSTANTIN TREPLEV, a young man who advocates new theatrical modes, puts up a play in the woods, near a lake to an audience that includes his mother, ARKADINA, a famous melodramatic actress and her lover, TRIGORIN, a famous writer. The sole actress in TREPLEV'S play is NINA, a neighbor's daughter. She represents the last surviving living thing on Earth, the Universal Soul, who has persisted in a desolate landscape.

My staging of this segment of The Seagull is built upon residues of previous movements which are left onstage: the computers, the bathtubs, the water inside, the carcass, the broom, the pieces.

The bodies also act as past-future residues, as transient locators of characters. The FAT ONE is SORIN (TREPLEV'S uncle and ARKADINA'S aging brother). The SECOND MEDIUM, cross-gendered cast, is DORN, a doctor, friend of the family. A CONGREGATION member is SHAMRAYEV, the manager of the family'S estate. The THIRD MEDIUM is POLINA, SHAMRAYEV'S wife. THE FIRST MEDIUM is MASHA, her daughter. The SECOND UNKNOWN SOLDIER is MEDVEDENKO, a teacher, in love with MASHA. The FIRST

UNKOWN SOLDIER (OMAR) is a body, unidentified, present onstage. EMMANUEL is a servant. I also help moving things onstage. ARKADINA is the SECOND BODY-CUERPO SEGUNDO. While the FIRST BODY -PRIMER CUERPO is, in turn, IÁKOV (a servant boy), TRESOR (a Guardian dog) and THE DEVIL, FATHER OF ETERNAL MATTER (in the play inside the play). These two bodies remain naked, as they were in the third movement. Only one new actor is introduced. He plays TRIGORIN, a gifted writer, ARKADINA's lover.

The episode is thus fabricated as a texture of stage materiality that is reduced, in this transcription, to an account of moments (as they come to my memory):

-Water from the tubs -from the bodies- being served in cups and drank by the characters, as part of the civilized gathering.

-The carcass going frantically up and down when TREPLEV recounts the condition of existing theatre: "...always the same, always the same, always the same..."

-The female body of ARKADINA naked, always in poses. Her voice reverberating, amplified through a microphone when she quotes from Hamlet.

-Emmanuel, as a SERVANT, in constant motion, cleaning the floor, serving, crossing the stage with a dog (living) in his arms.

-SHAMRAYEV's entrance- the last to enter- in full astronaut dress with fireworks (another residue).

-The staging of the play within the play: NINA in front of a computer writing the text of Chekhov's The Seagull from the beginning while speaking the lines of TREPLEV's symbolist play within a play. The projected writing, as always. Her tears.

-A naked human body as a dog crawling on the floor, cleaning his ass on the floor, being passed

over the laps of the other characters, altering a perfect Chekhovian tableau.

-The same naked body as THE DEVIL, FATHER OF ETERNAL MATTER, going through the audience, his pubis partially covered with balloons during the play within the play.

-At the same moment the SERVANT, also going to the audience with a living mouse in one hand and a computer mouse on the other. Offering both, making them choose.

-The characters lining onstage to see the play in profile, not with their backs towards the audience – as it was in Stanislavski's original staging.

-The over-board comic acting of POLINA. The "druggy coolness" of MEDVEDENKO. The cross-dressed parody of DORN. The impossible speed of TREPLEV's discourse. The rhapsodic ranting of ARKADINA, all plateaus of intensities.

-Trying to insert myself as a director, as a body in the flow of action-images.

-The happiness at NINA's arrival. The communal tickle attack, loss of control, me joining.

-The Chekhovian text as a human texture of movement and intensities-something Sadean in it, unstoppable, undifferentiated, never reaching a climax or a possession (or always a climax and a possession). My writing –in the other episodes– re-grounded by this other writing.

At the end, TRIGORIN goes to the computer and writes:

CLEAN. CLEAN IT ALL UP.

The other characters leave the stage.

V- "Materialism"

*Spotlight over TRIGORIN seated in front of the computer. His chair, an office chair, has wheels.
He types.*

MANIFESTO

*[Sequence of different extreme poses (embryonic, extended, broken, geometrical) of his body
over the chair while a composite of voices -taped in sync one over the other- is heard.]*

VOICE-OVER:

"If matter acts in combinations unknown to us, if movement is inherent in Nature; if, in short, she alone, by reason of her energy is able to create, produce, reserve, maintain, hold in equilibrium within the immense plane of space all the spheres that stand before our gaze and whose uniform march, unvarying, fills us with awe and admiration, what then becomes of the need to seek out a foreign agent, since this active faculty is to be found in Nature herself, who is naught else than matter in action." This track comprises a digital mixing of the voices of the actors and technicians in this production. From the Marquis de Sade's *Philosophy in the Bedroom*, Dolmance.

TRIGORIN speaks while he writes. Simultaneous texts:

TRIGORIN (*from Philosophy in the Bedroom*):

Yes, Chevalier, masturbate your sister. I prefer to nail her. I'm in such a state. Good, stick your dick inside her and offer me your ass hole. I prefer to stick it into you through this voluptuous incest. Eugenie, my beloved, with this rubber dildo you are going to sodomize me. Oh, with pleasure! Like this, my Lord? Am I doing it right? Splendidly. Truly, this little bandit fucks me like a man. OH! I die Chavalier! I can not get used to the pulsation of your meat inside my pussy. Let's come together. Look at this wet, smeared, beautiful cunt. Shit! Fuck! Let's come together. Have you lost your sperm yet Chevalier? Look at this dirty cunt. This unparalleled girl has nailed me like a god. Describe what you feel when our tongues run together through your two apertures. Let's fuck, let's fuck! I can withstand this language no longer...

TRIGORIN (*to be repeated in loop as long as he is writing the above*):

Apt for children of all ages. Tonight at the - [place of the show] - Uf, there will be entertainment, live animals, animals, there will be surprises, balloons, water works, minor pyrotechnics, UFO's, candy, canonical classics, mimes, more than 14 actors onstage and the millenarian technique of "escritura acto." Semi-casual attire. Educational devices. Notice: there will be nudes, but no public will be allowed in flip-flops.

EMMANUEL *enters with a balloon in hand (to the audience)*:

And now, ladies and gentlemen, the future.

(TRIGORIN *writes.*)

THE PLAY ENDS.

THE HOUSE EMPTIES OUT.

AT THIS VERY MOMENT, IT HAS BEGUN TO RAIN OUTSIDE.

I HEAR.

I HEAR.

(He writes-describes in writing- what he hears: all sounds in the space.)

(The transcription extends in time: an auditory inventory and register of the ambit of every minute, accidental or deliberate noise coming from the audience and elsewhere. Then, eventually, silence.

Vigorous applause is heard from backstage.)

APPLAUSE. I HEAR.

I HEAR

THE FLOOD COMES INSIDE THE HOUSES.

THE SEA.

IT'S THE CATASTROPHE THEY TOLD US ABOUT WHEN WE WERE LITTLE.

THE USHER OF THE LEFT ORCHESTRA SECTION TAKES OFF HIS SHIRT.

THE DILUGUE.

(Sudden spotlight on the usher of the left orchestra section, on the aisle. He takes off his shirt.)

I HAVE A SON.

I NEVER IMAGINED THE HAPPINESS.

(Applause stops.)

THE ACTORS ARE GONE. THEY ARE IN THE GREEN ROOM, MAKING A FIRE TO COOK THE CARCASS.

[Re-enters EMMANUEL pushing a cage with Iákov/Tresor/the Devil (now THE SON) inside, in underpants. The SON carries a dog in his arms. They are left, inside the cage, onstage.

EMMANUEL exists.]

I HAVE COVERED UP MY SON. TO TEACH HIM NOT TO SHOW HIS PARTS.

(TRIGORIN stands up. Quickly lowers his pants and underpants to the ankles. He is exposed.

He sits. He writes.)

SOMEONE DIES.

SOMEONE ASKS ME IF I THINK CHEKHOV WAS HAPPY. BEING A DOCTOR.

I SAY THAT IT'S A GENERATION. NEWLY MADE.

(TRIGORIN begins to distance himself from the computer. Slowly wheeling himself out. His fingers no longer touch the keyboard.)

GHOSTS IN THE MACHINES.

(A program has taken over the writing. TRIGORIN slowly distances.)

SOMEONE-

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ughewknfoierujngtj4knrgioerjnwfjenjkrfnjrlkewjfrnjrkswjrngfoi4jrngjjfrkxlkkvfnfjekmj
nfrjg**

(The program / the writing stops.

TRIGORIN, now faraway, stops.)

(Blackout.)

["Curtain Call"]

All actors come up. They line up onstage and bow intensely, with true effusion. They retire.

They come out again and bow with equal intensity. They retire. They come out and bow again.

The action will be repeated with the same forceful passion an indefinite number of times until the last spectator leaves the house.

Aravind E. Adyanthaya, revised 2015