

What Happens

Issue 3, Spring 2022

Edited by Bianca Rae Messinger
and Toby Altman.

Designed by Peter Hopkins.

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EDITOR'S NOTE

Bianca Rae Messinger and Toby Altman

"Just like that it's gone!"

Kelly Clare, "Clay Oranges"

"Actually, we can never give anything up; we only exchange one thing for another. What appears to be a renunciation is really the formation of a substitute or a surrogate. In the same way, the growing child, when he stops playing, gives up nothing but the link with the real objects; instead of playing, he now phantasies."

Freud, "Creative Writers and daydreaming"

Daydreaming comes in the refusal to work, to undo violence of abstraction we must never give anything up, to enact the daydream, to look outside of production and accumulation. May 30th was Pauline Oliveros' birthday. She would have been 90. One of her deep listening exercises Extreme Slow Walk calls on walking as a form of listening, not action:

Moving as slowly as possible, step forward with the heel to the ground first, let the weight of the body shift along the outside edge of the foot to the small toe and across to the large toe.

As the weight of the body fully aligns with that foot then begin the transition of shifting to the other foot.

Small steps are recommended as balance may be challenged.

Maintain good posture, with shoulders relaxed and head erect.

Use your breathing.

The challenge for this exercise is that no matter how slow you are walking, you can always go much slower.¹

Heat does this, friends do this, a clock on the street. If writing is something we put ourselves in relation to in order to keep going, does writing for performance do this too? or is it a different relation altogether. The works in this 3rd issue ask us what objects do to us, if we can ever know them, or that in understanding how objects are represented we can start to unpack the violence of abstraction etc. Juana Isola's piece questions the use-value of cooking or even the use value of use value. Potatoes are noble, an object which protects. Cook as slowly as possible. "All this moving burns everything though." (Clare). Throw potatoes at the police, actually, throw something heavier, throw the soup pan, give them back the clay oranges they have given us. The things we cannot eat.

"It is scary" says the first child in Jack Jung/Yi Sang's "Crow's Eye View Poem No. 1." Then the second child says, "It is scary." And the third child says. And the fourth. Until the act of speaking breaks down and someone says it wrong. "You are not saying it quite right," Crow complains. Who is speaking here? The child, the translator, the poet. "Children can be anyone," the stage direction reads, "Crow is dressed like a crow." Nothing is exactly itself but becomes other in its iteration in performance. An act that erases itself, even as it transpires. And the performance begins to accelerate, unbecoming itself at an unbearable velocity. Before they even arrive on stage, Logan Berry tells us his characters are "deep-

fakes wearing actors." The violence of abstraction predates performance, so performance moves through it—as slowly as it can. So that, like heat, it begins. It begins come apart.

What poetry as play can do is the creation of a body that acts. This body of play is not something we ever "give up" but something which changes form, these works show us that repetition is never truly repetition. A new act forms again and again.

At last, Oliveros gives us another task: "Take a walk at night. Walk so silently that the bottoms of your feet become ears."²

¹ *Deep Listening: A Composer's Sound Practice*. iUniverse, 2005

² *Sonic Meditations: Dedicated to the Ensemble and Amelia Earhart*. Smith Publications: American Music. March-November, 1971.

CROW'S EYE VIEW POEM NO.1: A PLAY

Adapted from a poem by

Yi Sang

Based on an English translation from Korean original by

Jack Jung

Poem No. 1

13 children speed toward the way.
(For the road a blocked alley is appropriate.)

The 1st child says it is scary.
The 2nd child says it is scary.
The 3rd child says it is scary.
The 4th child says it is scary.
The 5th child says it is scary.
The 6th child says it is scary.
The 7th child says it is scary.
The 8th child says it is scary.
The 9th child says it is scary.
The 10th child says it is scary.

The 11th child says it is scary.
The 12th child says it is scary.
The 13th child says it is scary.

Among 13 children there are scary children and scared children and they are all they are. (It is better that there is no other excuse)

Of those it is fine to say that 1 child is scary.
Of those it is fine to say that 2 children are scary.
Of those it is fine to say that 2 children are scared.
Of those it is fine to say that 1 child is scared.

(For the road an opened one is appropriate.)
It does not matter if 13 children do not speed toward the way.

24 July 1934

CROW'S EYE VIEW POEM NO.1: A PLAY

Characters

Crow

Child 1

Child 2

Child 3

Child 4

Child 5

Child 6

Child 7

Child 8

Child 9

Child 10

Child 11

Child 12

Child 13

Children can be anyone.

They are dressed casually.

Or dressed like people from 1930s.

Or dressed like Crow.

Or all above the above.

Or none.

Crow is dressed like a crow.

When the light comes on, Crow is already on the stage. So are all the children. The children sit before Crow in steel chairs. It feels like a classroom.

CROW: Okay, everyone. Welcome to our pre-production reading session for Yi Sang's *Crow's Eye View*! You have all been selected after a rigorous audition process. I know, I know. It was incredibly exhausting and who knows if any of it made any sense. But you must believe that you deserve to be here to perform this great new play. I am your stage manager and director and whatever else you need me to be. And you are all going to be what I—what we need you to be. Got it?

CHILDREN *clap politely*

CROW: Good, good. Please, please. Calm down. No need for that yet. But thank you, thank you. Now, everyone has their notes, their lines, correct? We will start from the top. In the actual performance I will be a disembodied voice coming from off stage. And you will perform your lines with your whole body when you are on the stage. Remember, that's the key. Your whole body. You got to push out your lines with your whole body. But for now, let's read them out and get a feel for everyone's style. In this first scene, you are all going to be running down the alleyway. We are going to have a great stage for this. The alleyway is going to look like a dead-end for the audience, but when you get to that end you will disappear with the help of some stage magic. And as each of you run and then disappear, you will say the following lines. Please, uh, you, uh, sorry I forget your name—please start us off—give me the line.

CHILD 1: It is scary.

CROW: Good, good. Next?

CHILD 2: It is scary.

CROW: Gorgeous.

CHILD 3: It is scary.

CROW: Pitch. Perfect.

CHILD 4: It is scary.

CROW: Mmm.

CHILD 5: It is scary.

CROW: Yes, yes.

CHILD 6: It is scary.

CROW: I can feel it. Bravo! You are already using your whole body!

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CHILD 7: It is scary.

CROW: Uh. . .

CHILD 8: It is—

CROW *motions everyone to stop:* Wait, wait. Wait! Stop! Stop right now. What was that? Who was that?

CHILD 8: Uh, me?

CROW: No, no. Just before you. Yes, you. It was you, wasn't it?

CHILD 7: Was I?

CROW: Can you say your line again?

CHILD 7: Sure. It is scary—

CROW: See, I'm sorry, going to have to stop you right there. You are not saying it quite right.

CHILD 7: I don't understand. The lines are exactly same for all of us.

CROW: Precisely. You know, listen, this can be all very confusing at first. It can be very intimidating with all these amazing actors surrounding you. Let me see. Let me see my notes here. Ah, right. This is your first production. In fact, it was your first ever audition, right? We have so much faith in you. You have no idea how much faith we have. We are all giving it to you. Understand? So just take a deep breath. Good. Now, we will get the rest of our players here to say their lines. Listen to them. Learn from them. Okay, you, go.

CHILD 8: It is scary.

CHILD 9: It is scary.

CHILD 10: It is scary.

CHILD 11: It is scary.

CHILD 12: It is scary.

CHILD 13: It is scary.

CROW: That is exactly what I am talking about. Well done, everyone. You heard it, too, right?

CHILD 7: I am sorry I don't think I did. We are saying the exact same lines. And I said it just like how they said it. I mean I said it as well as anyone can. And

also, yeah, it was my first audition, but I am not a professional, okay? I just thought I'd give this a try for fun and I'm happy to be here. But I really don't understand what we are doing here.

CROW: Okay, calm down. Calm down. No need to get emotional.

CHILD 7: I am calm. I am just giving you my honest opinion. These are all same lines for 13 people.

CROW: Listen, listen. You are not listening to yourself. I understand this is your first real opportunity in this art. So you might just be overreacting a little—

CHILD 7: I am overreacting? I am telling you I am not a professional. I thought this was just a local production—

CROW: Yes, yes. Happens to anyone their first time. Overreaction. No need to be nervous though. We are all here for you. And you are here for us, too. This here. This right here. This here is an incredibly opportunity for us to perform these words. Perhaps you don't understand how important these words are—

CHILD 7: We are saying the exact same thing over and over and over again. How important can this possibly be? I get it, things were scary for some people. Some children. But we don't even know what they are running from.

CROW: Of course it is important. It is very important. It is an important work of an important poet from an important era in history and we have the important honor of presenting it so we should be precise in how we say his important words—

CHILD 7: Are you saying important or impotent? But aren't these lines translated?

CROW: What?

CHILD 7: We are reading translations, right? I don't remember what the original language was. But these aren't the original original. They aren't really real. You know what I mean? I understand it is like a poem from this really sad poet from way back when from wherever but don't you think you are taking this a tad bit too seriously? Like, who cares? And again, we are just repeating the same line "This is scary. This is scary." How is that good poetry? How is that even a good poetry?

CROW: Well, I— listen, first of all, it isn't "This is scary". You are supposed to say "It is scary." Maybe the problem is that you didn't read the lines. . .

CHILD 7: Right. Yeah. Whatever. And we are putting a translation of a poem into a play now? Isn't that like another, like, translation? All I am saying is, can't we just have fun with this? We don't even know what the original really means. Does anyone here speak the original language? So can't we have more fun in

this? Just kind of give our own takes in how we read these lines?

CHILDREN *start talking among themselves. There is discord.*

CROW: Everyone, stop! Stop, right now. Please. You are all professionals, and this is a rehearsal. This isn't how we do things around here. Please. I understand our new colleague comes from a different background than the rest of us and don't really understand what is going on here. We just need to be more accommodating and more understanding—

CHILD 7: I am sorry, what did you just say? Different background?

CROW: I am just saying. . . .Oh you know what, forget it. Just forget it. I am sorry I said anything. We don't have to get into this. We don't have time to get into any of this. We are all just stressed, aren't we? Let's finish this rehearsal and we will go out for a drink. Nothing more. We will fix what needs fixing when we get there.

CHILD 7: Please answer my question. What do you mean different background?

CROW: Answer your—I apologize. I am sorry. I am sorry. I didn't mean anything by it. The opening night is coming up soon and I am just tired. Let's move on.

CHILD 7: You know what? I am done here. You can take your stupid little play and fuck it up the way you want it. What kind of joint are you running here? You think you can talk to me like that and I am just going to stand here and take it? This isn't worth it. This isn't it at all. This isn't worth the pay you are giving me. I'll send back the check.

CHILDREN *quiet and uninterested until this point, all suddenly snap to attention and loudly gasp.*

CROW: What do you think you are doing?

CHILD 7: None of your business. I am out of here.

Child 7 *gets up and moves toward an exit. The rest of the children stand up and block Child 7. The children move with precise, military coordination. Child 7 tries to get past them. Children get physical. There is struggle, and Child 7 is brought back to the center of the stage kicking and screaming.*

CHILD 7: What? What is wrong with you people? Let me go!

CROW: That's enough. Make some space.

Children *take away all the chairs they were sitting on and leave just one. They gently put Child 7 in this last chair. When Child 7 tries to stand up, one of the children firmly push them down and mockingly wave their finger before Child 7's face. Children then stand behind Child 7 at attention like a platoon of soldiers.*

Crow *straightens up like a drill sergeant.*

CROW: I am sure I don't need to explain to you what you just did. So let's get straight to the point, shall we? As you know, it's our duty to get to the bottom of things like this whenever we see it. You understand. When you see something, say something, and do something, I like to add. Can't ignore it, really, considering all that's happened recently. I mean, after all, I am surprised that we can put on this play.

CHILD 7: Let me go! What are you doing?

*Every time **Child 7** tries to get up, one of the **children** steps forward and pushes **Child 7** down into the chair and then waves their finger.*

CROW: We have tried to be reasonable with you. And there you go again yapping and yapping nonsense. You do remember we are paying you and all the funding for the actors and equipment is really tied up and I do not want to do anymore paperwork and have another talking-to with the admins. What is best I think is we just take care of all this at our level. Among artists. How about this. I apologize again for saying some crap about different backgrounds. Let me—let us try to get to know you. You are going to have to answer some questions.

CHILD 7: I don't have to answer anything. You haven't even told me what's making you do all this. I've got my rights—

CROW: Ah, there you go again. **Crow** *takes out a notebook and a pen from his back pocket.* I think once we all lay our cards on the table things will go much smoother for all of us. Now, are you scared?

CHILD 7: Scared? Of course I am scared!

CROW: Good. See, now you are acting with your whole body. That's all I needed. Everything will go much faster once you tell us how you are feeling right now. You are not sharing anything you haven't already shared everywhere else. Answer the questions and we will finish the rehearsal and all go out for a drink.

CHILD 7: Is this some sort of a cult? Is that what it is?

CROW: I mean, I guess you could say that. Art is kind of cultish, don't you think? But who isn't in a cult these days?

CHILD 7: You piece of shit. Can't you answer anything straight?

CROW: Now, now. No more of that. Wasn't it you who just moments ago said nothing can be precise because everything is translation? Just answer the question. What does your father do for a living?

CHILD 7: That is not what I said. I just said that this play is a translation. . .

CROW: No, you said that the poem is a translation and the play is a translation of a translation. But why stop there, I think I can translate you by saying that you said everything is a translation. Now riddle me this. Your body is trembling, and your hyperventilating, and there is this wordless fear inside of you, and you just said that you feel scared. Saying that, saying those words, is that not you translating your body into words? Isn't that what this is all about? If we can bring the words of a poet from whenever and wherever to this elemental thing, this body of ours, through theater, through these bodies on the stage, then perhaps we are not translating at all. We are what we are playing.

CHILD 7: You are not making sense at all. You are mad. And like I said before, you are taking this all way to seriously. Are you all brainwashed?

CROW: See, I think you are the scary one because you don't see it. You don't see this great work we are doing. This purifying work of art. We are flesh of bones and we just need reminder of that from time to time. We just need to feel it. I am trying to help you. I am trying to help you not feel so scared all the time.

CHILD 7: I— you know what, you can't just make everything the same. Not everyone wants to be part of this thing you are doing. I don't want to be part of this.

CROW: But weren't you the one who just snapped at me for saying you come from a different background?

CHILD 7: Oh my god. That is not even the same thing.

CROW: So, we are not the same?

CHILD 7: No. No, I am sorry. We are never going to be. I am pretty sure we are not even scared of the same thing.

An uncomfortable moment of silence passes.

CHILD 1: Scary.

CHILD 2: Whereof one cannot speak, thereof one must be silent.

CHILD 3: The horror, the horror.

CHILD 4: Fear is the mind killer.

CHILD 5: Cthulhu R'lyeh wgah-nagl fhtagn.

CHILD 6: There are certain rules one must abide by in order to successfully survive a horror movie.

CHILD 7: Please, be quiet. Please.

CHILD 8: I am the resurrection and the life.

CHILD 9: The Master said everything has beauty but not everyone sees it.

CHILD 10: Worlds Above and Worlds Below, there's none like I.

CHILD 11: You won't wake up in the dark ever again to that awful screaming of the lambs.

CHILD 12: What do I know?

CHILD 13: Where are you coming from, and where are you going?

As the children say their lines, they dress CROW with a CROW costume. When CROW says the next line, he is fully a crow.

CROW: You can go now. The door is open.

CHILD 7: It doesn't matter.

END SCENE



Una Receta Propria / Your Mind is Your Playground

Juana Isola

Una receta propia¹

Direcciones: Durante toda la performance hay un pianista en el escenario que acompaña la pieza con música atmosférica en vivo.

Juana entra a la escena por la cocina usando abrigo y sombrero y llevando bolsas de comida. Se quita el sombrero y el abrigo y comienza a poner las verduras sobre la mesada. De repente se torna hacia la audiencia y empieza hablarles mientras cocina.

J: Los meses de invierno son oscuros y solitarios. El frío nos baja las defensas, y quedamos expuestas a amenazas. Para combatirlas, cada año a principio de la estación hago un inmenso caldo de verduras. Es una receta propia que cuida mi cuerpo y calienta mi corazón.

Mientras se ata el pelo...

J: En invierno, pierdo mucho pelo por el estrés y la falta de sol. Por eso antes de cocinar, me lo ato bien tirante para que no caiga ni un pelo en la preparación.

La papa es un vegetal noble y versátil, que presenta infinitas oportunidades. En mi receta, yo la utilizo como volumen para esculpir. Hoy por ejemplo voy a darle la forma de Noemi, mi maestra de arte de la escuela primaria.

Juana agarra una papa y habla con ella.

J: Ay Noemi, por qué eras tan dura conmigo? Noemi se burlaba de mis dibujos frente a todos mis compañeros y me hizo creer que no tenía destino como artista. Una vez incluso dijo: "De quién es este mamarracho sin nombre?" y cuando pasé a buscarlo, vi que mi nombre estaba escrito grande y claro en el papel.

Corta la papa en formas espectaculares y construye un tótem, a lo cual le hace una oración.

J: Noemi, hoy te invoco a través de esta papa que simboliza tanto la venganza como el perdón.

Juana continúa con el resto de las papas

J: Si tuviera que hervir una papa por cada vez que me rompieron el corazón, podría comer puré por años. Pero cuando un corazón se rompe, se expande, y así es como me he vuelto fuerte y cocinera.

En esta otra papa invoco mi abuela, que me enseñó que la cocina es también una muestra de afecto. Ella quiso separarse de su marido, pero la amenazaron con no ver nunca más a sus hijos. Las familias, tal como las recetas, están

¹ Nota: Esta performance se estrenó en Teatro El Anticuario, Buenos Aires.

llenas de secretos.

Juana *empieza a pelar dos zucchinis.*

J: Aquí está el señor que me preguntó cómo llegar al Unicenter, y en realidad solo se estaba masturbando mientras yo le explicaba.

Y aquí otro señor que se quedó dormido manejando borracho, y chocó su camioneta contra el auto de mi mejor amiga.

El zucchini tiene alto contenido en agua y fibra, es un alimento magnífico para lograr una piel brillante.

Agarra una zanahoria y empieza a pelarla con violencia.

J: A la zanahoria vamos a sacarle punta hasta convertirla en un objeto punzante.

La primera vez que creí que iba a morir, estaba comiendo en McDonald's cuando dos ladrones entraron corriendo, nos apuntaron con sus pistolas y gritaron que nos metieramos abajo de las mesas.

Se mete debajo de la mesa.

J: Me quedé inmóvil y en silencio, y me sentí indefensa.

Cuando se fueron, no pude terminar mi cajita feliz. Fue una iniciación, tal como cuando tuve la primera menstruación solo que esta vez se me había corrido el velo de la vida eterna.

Juana *se levanta de vuelta y agarra una cebolla.*

J: La cebolla es indispensable en un caldo de invierno. Antes de partirla al medio, voy a usarla para liberar tensión.

Juana *empieza a darse un masaje con la cebolla como una bola de presión.*

J: Pueden hacerlo ustedes mismas o llamar a un asistente.

Juana *recoge el ajo.*

J: El ajo y su intenso sabor nos sirven para espantar a los débiles. Para que libere todo su poder, hace falta aplastarlo bien.

Deja un diente de ajo en el piso y lo aplasta con sus tacones.

J: Es perfectamente normal tener que aplicar presión, así es como las familias se mantienen unidas.

Recoge los pedazos con un recogedor y una escoba, y coloca todo dentro de la cacerola.

J: No se preocupen por la limpieza de los ingredientes. La suciedad solo hará nuestros estómagos más fuertes.



Ahora deja la cacerola cocinar y empieza usar las cáscaras de verduras para hacer una máscara facial.

J: Mientras se cocina, aprovechamos el tiempo libre para dedicarnos a la belleza personal. Es una gran satisfacción darles un nuevo sentido a las sobras de comida.

Alguien toca el timbre.

J: Si aparecen visitas inesperadas ya sea familiares, vendedores o activistas, siempre hay una forma de hacerlas saber que estamos ocupadas. En este caso, es el cartero.

Juana agarra un huevo.

J: La forma correcta de tirar un huevo a un ser humano es rompiéndolo primero, para que no rebote sino que estalle contra su cuerpo.

Quiebra un poco la cáscara y tira el huevo por la ventana a la persona en la puerta. Entonces regresa al centro del escenario sintiendo alivio.

J: Tu mente es tu parque de diversiones. Construíla para que sea un lugar donde te guste estar. Desde la infancia, en lugar de amargarme con cada desilusión, construí un lugar en mi mente lleno de fantasía a donde puedo ir cada vez que quiero.

Imagino otras vidas, otros paisajes, otras sensaciones, y todo es maravilloso.

Juana se pone la mesa para 3 personas y le sirve la sopa. Oímos una grabación de una conversación entre 3 personas y ella se come la sopa como si fuera hablándoles como familia imaginaria.

- Cómo fue tu día?
- Bien. Comí mi almuerzo en el parque y una promotora me dio una muestra gratis de una nueva bebida.
- ¡Eso es muy conveniente!
- ¡Si, felicitaciones! Indica que estás emanando energía positiva que atrae cosas buenas a tu vida.
- Era jugo de ananá fermentado, creo.
- Pero no es peligroso aceptar bebidas de extraños?
- Depende. Solo cuando están intentando dejarte inconsciente.
- Y como podés notar la diferencia?
- No podés. Eso sería muy prejuicioso.
- Es muy confuso. Hoy leí en las noticias que la humanidad está camino al colapso, que es toda culpa nuestra y que vamos a morir.
- Y qué esperabas? Siempre íbamos a morir, desde el comienzo. De alguna forma nuestra muerte es como un apocalipsis personal.
- Me hace pensar... ¿No sería mejor si no estuviéramos?
- No. El mundo puede estar cayendo a pedazos, pero la vida es fascinante.

Fin del audio clip. Juana retorna a la realidad, recoge los platos sucios y dice:

Nada me da más alegría que cocinar para las personas que amo, donde quiera que estén.

FIN

Your Mind Is Your Playground¹

Directions: During the whole performance, there's a piano player on stage accompanying the piece with live atmospheric music.

Juana enters the scene into the kitchen wearing a coat and hat and carrying grocery bags. She takes off the hat and coat and starts putting the vegetables on the kitchen counter. Suddenly she faces the audience and starts talking to them as she cooks.

Winter months are dark and lonely. Low temperatures affect our defenses and we become vulnerable to many threats. To fight them, every year at the beginning of the season I prepare a huge vegetable soup, which strengthens my body and warms my heart.

As she puts her hair up...

In winter I lose a lot of hair due to stress and not enough sunshine. That's why I tie it tightly before cooking, so I don't lose a single hair in the preparation.

Potatoes are a noble, versatile root that opens an array of possibilities. In my recipe, I carve figures on it to create sculptures of dear people in my life. Today I will give it the shape of Noemi, my art teacher from primary school.



She grabs a potato and talks to it.

Oh Noemi, why were you so hard on me? Noemi used to laugh at my drawings in front of my classmates and she made me believe I didn't have any future as an artist. Once she even said, "Who painted this horrible mess and forgot to put their name on it?" It was mine. And when I went to look for it, I saw that my name was perfectly written on the side of the paper.

She cuts the potato into different shapes and builds a totem, to which she prays.

¹ Note: The English version of this piece was performed at the Mildmay Club, London

Noemi, today I invoke you through this potato which symbolizes both revenge and forgiveness.

Juana *continues with the rest of the potatoes*

If I had to boil one potato for every time my heart was broken, I could eat mashed potatoes for years. But when a heart breaks, it also expands. And that's how I became a cook, and grew stronger.

In this other potato, I want to honor my grandmother who taught me that cooking can also be a display of affection. She wanted to leave her husband but the family threatened to never let her near her children again if she did so. Recipes, just like families, are full of secrets.

Juana *starts peeling two zucchini.*

Here is the man who asked me how to get to the shopping center but actually he was masturbating while I gave him directions.

And this is another man who fell asleep while driving drunk and crashed his van into my best friend's car.

Zucchini is high in fiber and water content, it's a magnificent food to accomplish a shiny complexion.

Juana *grabs a carrot and starts peeling it aggressively.*

About the carrots. . . We need to sharpen them until they turn into a deadly weapon.

The first time I thought I would die, I was eating at McDonalds when two thieves came running inside, they pointed at us with their guns and said to crouch beneath the tables.

Juana *hides beneath the kitchen table.*

J: I was silent and still, and I remember feeling helpless.

When they left, I couldn't finish my happy meal. I had gone through an initiation, just like having your period for the first time only that this time, it was the veil of eternal life that had fallen off.

Juana *stands up again and grabs an onion*

Onions are essential in a winter soup. Before we cut them into pieces, I like to use them to release tension.

Juana *starts giving herself a massage using the onion as a massage ball.*

You can do it yourselves or call an assistant.

She picks up the garlic.

Garlic and its intense flavor helps us scare away our weaknesses. For it to release its full potential, it needs to be crushed well.

Juana leaves a garlic clove on the floor and smashes it with her heels.

It's perfectly normal having to apply pressure to make things work. That's how families hold together.

She picks up the garlic pieces with a dustpan and broom, and puts everything on the casserole.

Don't worry about the cleanliness of the ingredients. Dirt will only make our stomachs stronger.

Now she leaves the casserole to let it cook and starts using the vegetable peel to make a face mask.

J: While it's cooking, I'd like to use my spare time for my personal beauty. It's very satisfying to give a new life to food scraps.

The doorbell rings.

J: If family, vendors, activists or any other unwanted visitors show up, there is always a way to let them know that we are busy. Use what you have at hand.

She grabs an egg.

The correct way of throwing an egg at a human being is to break it first so that it does not bounce but rather explodes against their body.

She breaks the egg a little and throws it through the window to the person at the door. Then she comes back to the center of stage feeling relieved.

Your mind is your playground. Build it so it's a nice place to be in. Since childhood, instead of feeling disappointed, I developed a space in my mind full of fantasies where I can go every time I like. I imagine other lives, other landscapes, and it's so fun and beautiful.

Juana sets the table for 3 persons and serves the soup. We hear a recording of a conversation between 3 people and she eats the soup as if she were talking to them as an imaginary family.

Character 1: How was your day?

Character 2: Good. I ate my lunch in the park and a promoter came over with a free sample of a new drink.

Character 1: That's very lucky.

Character 3: Yes, congratulations. It indicates that you are giving out fantastic energy that is attracting good things.

Character 2: It was fermented pineapple, I think.

Character 3: But aren't you not supposed to accept drinks from strangers?

Character 1: Well it depends. Only when they are trying to get you unconscious.

Character 3: How can you tell the difference?

Character 1: You can't. That would be very judgmental.

Character 3: It's all very confusing. I read in the news that humanity is heading towards a total catastrophe. And it's our own fault. We are all going to die.

Character 2: And what did you expect? We were all going to die from the beginning. In a way, our own death is like a personal apocalypse.

Character 3: Makes me wonder. . .would it all be better without us here?

Character 1: No. The world might be falling to pieces but life is still fascinating.

End of the audio clip. Juana comes back to reality, picks up the dirty dishes and says:

Nothing brings me more joy than cooking for the people I love, wherever they are.

END



35A [Just like that, it's gone!]



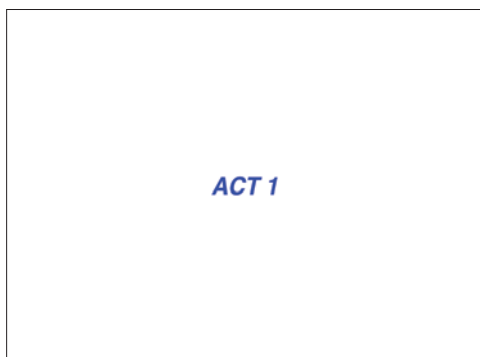
Half of the stage is surrounded by sheer fabric and is considered *CLOUD SPACE*. This will serve as the scrim for a projector—known as **CLOUD**—throughout the play. The projector should be considered an equal character, and this *CLOUD SPACE* should feel atmospheric, volumetric. *CLOUD SPACE* will be filled with large letters by the end of the play. The letters can be plywood with little wheels, or reinforced cardboard. If you have a dolly, they can be moved that way, as if they are delivered industrial supplies.

There is a small pile of clay on the other side of the stage. It can be on the floor or on a low table, but should be visible to the audience.

Dialogue note: **CLOUD'S** dialogue made of PowerPoint slides. Each slide should last about 3 or 4 seconds (speed of dialogue dependent). There are two other characters, **ORANGE** and **GREEN**.

ORANGE and **GREEN** both sit on the ground with the clay, making clay oranges as they talk throughout the entire play unless otherwise directed. They can stop and restart making the oranges whenever feels natural. By the end of the play, there should be a small pile of inedible fruit in front of them.

CLOUD:



For thirty seconds to one minute, **ORANGE** and **GREEN** make clay oranges without speaking.

CLOUD:



ORANGE (*singing*): A man shows up with a truck full of oranges, a man shows up with a truck full of oranges, a man shows up with a truck full, my mother said so, said so every year

A pause. **ORANGE** and **GREEN** continue making clay oranges. Someone wheels a large black sanserif letter "Y" into the CLOUD SPACE. It should be at least 4 feet tall.

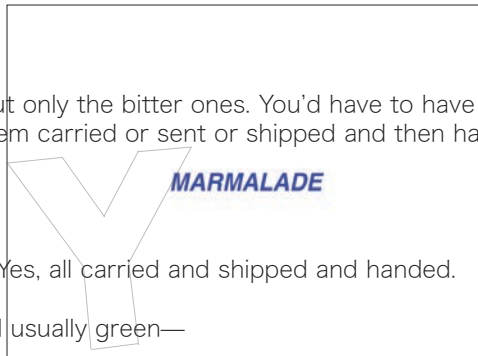
CLOUD:



GREEN: You buy oranges and what do you have?

CLOUD:

GREEN: But only the bitter ones. You'd have to have them ordered. You'd have to have them carried or sent or shipped and then handed.



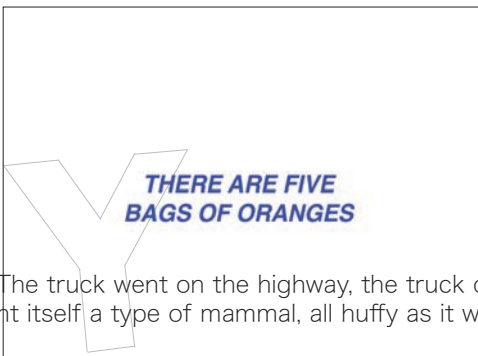
ORANGE: Yes, all carried and shipped and handed.

GREEN: All usually green—

ORANGE: —green oranges—

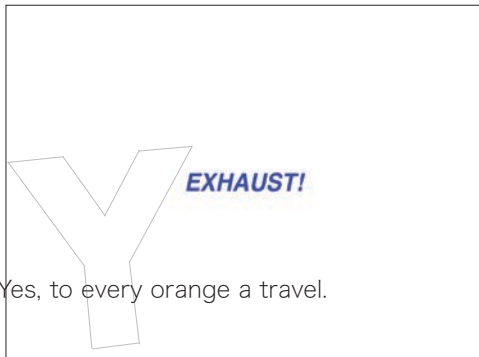
GREEN: —bitter or not bitter.

CLOUD:



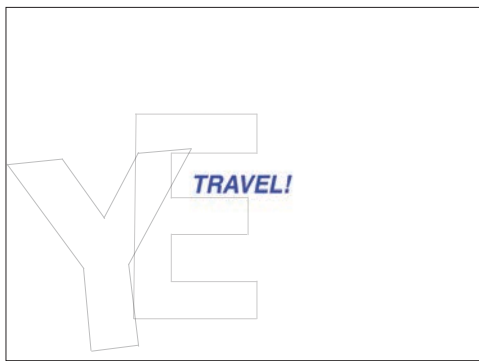
ORANGE: The truck went on the highway, the truck drove miles and was blue and thought itself a type of mammal, all huffy as it was.

CLOUD:



GREEN: Yes, to every orange a travel.

CLOUD:



As **ORANGE** talks, someone wheels a large mid-blue (not light, not navy) "E" into the CLOUD SPACE. It should be the same height as the "Y."

ORANGE: Look, there are large flower markets somewhere in Europe, pallets and pallets of tulips, each wheeled around by a forklift, each pallet of peonies carried by the highest, the highest and lowest bidder, the bidder of flowers.

CLOUD:



CLOUD:



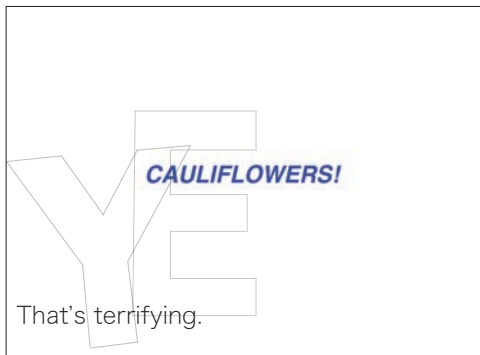
GREEN: Yes, everything on a pallet, on the back of a truck named TEX.

CLOUD:



ORANGE: Or a truck covered in onions! It's how they move them across to you, a thousand onions on the back of a truck. A thousand cauliflowers!

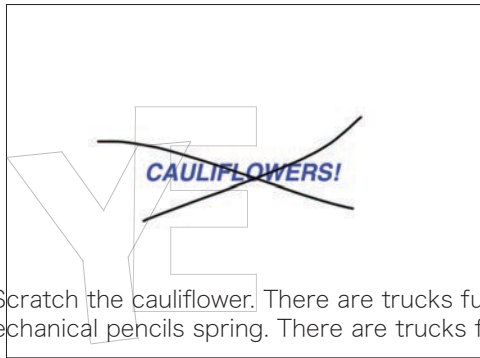
CLOUD:



GREEN: That's terrifying.

ORANGE: I guess you aren't the thousand-cauliflower-type.

CLOUD:



GREEN: Scratch the cauliflower. There are trucks full of the spirals that make all the mechanical pencils spring. There are trucks full of bad cowboy art right now.

CLOUD:



ORANGE: Trucks of rubber, trucks of salt.

CLOUD:



GREEN: All this moving burns everything though.

ORANGE: Like the rubber?

GREEN: Like the weight of your body lowering into a tub while the water empties out and the air is all above you, and you are combusting inside but only a little.

ORANGE: Like a bath?

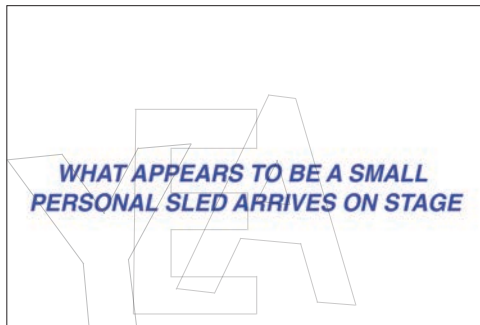
What Happens

GREEN: No, like a clay orange you bite into.

ORANGE: Oh.

Pause. Someone wheels a large black "A" into the CLOUD SPACE. It should be the same height as the "Y." The letters shouldn't stand in a row, but should overlap.

CLOUD:



GREEN: They make all the oranges orange by force, they need to taste the right color.

CLOUD:



ORANGE: You can only eat oranges and greens.

CLOUD:



GREEN: If you grew your own lettuce, you would see and sow the seeds, smaller than a tic or a clipped sound.

CLOUD:

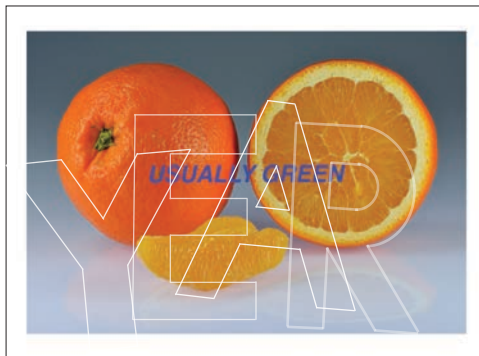


ORANGE: A bushel full!

GREEN: A bushel full of greens, a bushel full of vitamins, a bushel full of trucks careening down 1-80.

Someone wheels a large black "R" into the CLOUD SPACE. It should be the same height as all the other letters. Meanwhile the image of a large orange with the word "usually green" appears on CLOUD.

CLOUD:



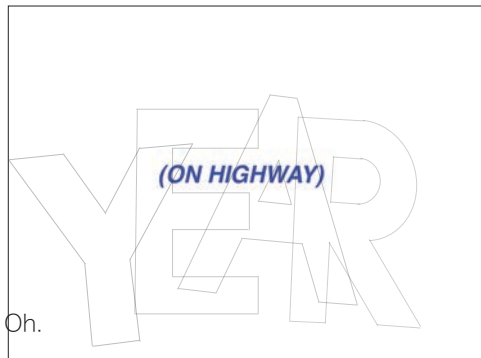
ORANGE: Do the crossword with me?

GREEN: It's all just time across, silly.

ORANGE: Oh.

GREEN: We're on the highway now.

CLOUD:



ORANGE: Oh.

GREEN: We're behind the truck with every number on it, see?

ORANGE: I see. *(pause)* Wait, do you mean it can't be ORANGE across? ADO down? Number 34 is SPA.

GREEN: They put it in every week.

ORANGE *(seriously)*: And 40 across is BEEP BEEP. 37 down is OPTIC. 6 down is ORANGE. 7 down is ORANGE. 8 Down is ORANGE. *(Pause)* This makes 12 across O-O-O.

GREEN: I'm tired of going across, let's just go down.

ORANGE: 72 down?

GREEN: NEWT

ORANGE: 183 down?

GREEN: I NEED A LIFT

ORANGE: 2 down?

GREEN: OPERA COATS

ORANGE: 1,289 down?

GREEN: EKE

ORANGE: 7 down?

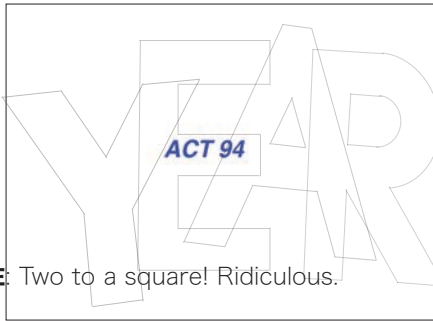
GREEN: THE. And 46 down is TRUCKS. 48 down is STOP. 82 down is AND. 17 down is STOP.

ORANGE: Yes, but what about the rebus?

GREEN: 17 down could be STYMES if we just cram everything inside.

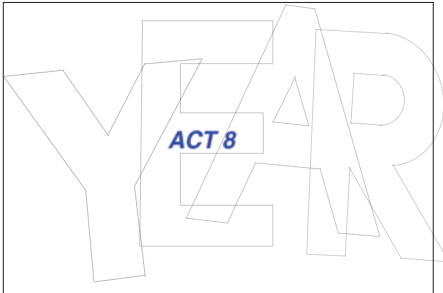
What Happens

CLOUD:



ORANGE: Two to a square! Ridiculous.

CLOUD:



CLOUD (*rapidly flashes between them*):

GREEN: If it's endless anyways, who cares.

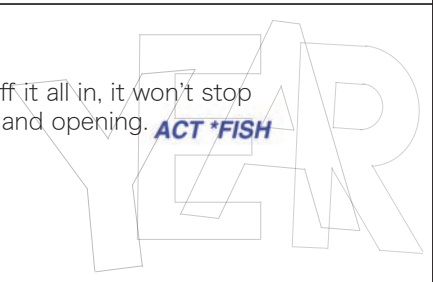


The square can open up forever!
Without end!



A huge square bag holding
everything inside of it!

Let's stuff it all in, it won't stop
opening and opening.



Someone wheels a large black "S" into the CLOUD SPACE. It should be the same height as all the other letters. Large crossword puzzle appears on **CLOUD**, squares filled in by oranges

CLOUD:



ORANGE: Bigger than elastic?

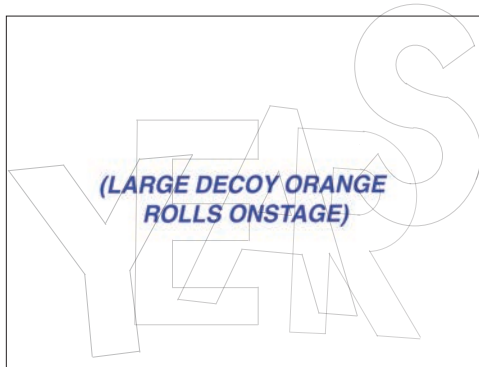
GREEN: Bigger than trucks.

ORANGE and **GREEN** stop making clay oranges. They sit, surveying their work.

ORANGE: I wish I were a truck, even in winter.

GREEN: Everything's just so seasonal nowadays, but we're running out of seasons.

CLOUD:

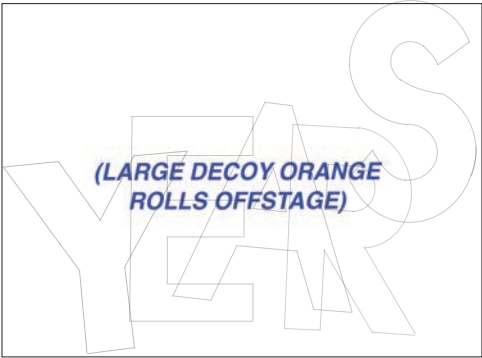


ORANGE: Let's go for a drive.

GREEN: Let's already be driving.

What Happens

CLOUD:





from
Nasim Bleeds Green:
a workout libretto

Logan Berry

Dramatis Personae:

Nasim Sabz (fiber)
David Buckel (copper)
Malachi Ritscher
Piglet
Chicklet
Bull
The Fallen Tyrant (coax)
Traveler

Note: this all may be sung. Or not. The text is suggestive. Do what you want with it. Puppets are permitted. Drag performance. Etc. etc.

Dear Reader,

There's nothing authentic about this text. Its subjects revealed themselves to me as headlines, gifs, and videos. I put this together like a film editor, splicing together scraps of forgotten footage from the News Cycle's clickbait race to nowhere. I'm not interested in documentation or realism. Both presuppose a mastery over their subjects and a distilling neutralization of the broad, oftentimes violent, forces acting upon them that they could neither tame nor annihilate. The characters aren't characters; they're deepfakes wearing actors. If you're looking for something truthful, I suggest you take a dig through your dumpster. I aimed for a funhouse mirror, cracked and refracting a media mélange. I have always been implicated in the violence as a consumer and a spectator, and this feels especially so now, as writer. I have no authority.

Yours,

Logan

OVERTURE: MICROTRENCH

The audience enters through an ear canal. Entry as a point of incision, a quantum leap.

Ideally, the piece is performed in a reclaimed church basement or gymnasium. Any space where the echoes of Xmas past manifest in gooseflesh.

The audience enters.

A grotto, mulchy damp.

Except for the twinkling cartoon jewels-darkness, silence.

Silence.

More silence.

*Metallic whirr, a **SECURITY CAMERA** scans the crowd.*

It stops. Silence.

Bleep. Bleep.

It scans back, whirring.

It stops.

Settles in for a nap.

Nothing to worry about here.

Room tone thick with cobwebs.

Drink up.

Triptych, Data Splice Enclosure:

*Human and inhuman sounds: *whispers, sputters, prayers-muffled junk. An iron lung.**

Spotlight tracks three concurrent scenes with conflicting speeds. The light reveals one at a time, just a wink at first, too brief for full disclosure. It lingers longer in subsequent rounds. Montage-feel, channel surfing. Repeat. Repeat. Downstage, too close to the audience:

FIBER <i>(fastest)</i>	COAX <i>(slower)</i>	COPPER <i>(slowest)</i>
<i>A woman in a leopard print leotard paints on her face:</i>	<i>Sooted man-child. Flag petals & army medals bedeck his bare breast. Ice blue eyes.</i>	<i>Workout equipment: resistance bands, a loaded barbell, water bottle, etc.</i>
<i>High arching eyebrows like muskets. Multiple layers, black.</i>	<i>He pours bath salts from a bucket around himself in the shape of a square.</i>	<i>Nothing.</i>
<i>Harsh contours, green & pink in watermelon pattern on her cheekbones, chin, eyelids.</i>	<i>Then a diamond within the square.</i>	<i>Nothing.</i>
<i>Lipstick: blood red (must it be said?).</i>	<i>He dips his fingers in a bowl of rose oil & flicks droplets around the sigil, intoning low, vibratory notes.</i>	<i>A figure wrapped from head to toe in scummy gauze emerges upstage.</i>
<i>Beauty mark on the chin.</i>		<i>Trudges down to the equipment.</i>
<i>Glitter gold lipliner, eyeliner, highlighter. Angel crust.</i>	<i>He kneels reverently, procures two cornhusks hidden in one of his medallions.</i>	<i>Stops before the barbell.</i>
<i>Powder puff clouds.</i>		<i>Squats before the barbell.</i>
<i>She puckers & poses.</i>	<i>He breathes deeply into them.</i>	<i>Reaches for the barbell.</i>
<i>Something's missing. . .</i>		<i>Clasps it.</i>
<i>She remembers what. She staple-guns a platinum wig to her scalp.</i>	<i>Biting down gently onto one, he begins to contort the other.</i>	<i>Begins a deadlift.</i>
<i>She draws a revolver, poses.</i>	<i>He warps them into human shapes, sealing one with leopard print sash, the other with a band of gauze.</i>	<i>Slow form.</i>
<i>She fancies herself a Dahlia.</i>		<i>Lifts the barbell to chest level.</i>
		<i>Holds it.</i>
		<i>Takes a deep breath.</i>

ACT 1:

WARM-UP

Lights-up on *The Cave*. *The Cave* is a kind of flesh, a flesh that's been kissed by a coal mine, with blotches of rot, gangrene green and black, and plastiglomerates encrusted with red glitter and red-cream pearls, or puss. Stalactites sweat and glister. Stalagmite blisters ooze in A-flat.

A crude chalk portrait of **THE FALLEN TYRANT** looms from an upstage wall. Childlike chalk drawings--harpies, hemp leaves, smileys, sunflowers etc.--abound.

Downstage a bondage-suited **PIGLET** lays across a stone slab, impassively bleating, peeling off a shoulder scab. She flicks some flakes away, then places a disc on her tongue and lets it melt like a snowflake or a sacrament.

CHICKLET and **BULL**, both bondage-suited, lounge about upstage. **CHICKLET** has a stomach ache and regulates through deep breathing, kneading her belly to help the gas along its tract. **BULL** gnaws on a piece of tie-wrap.

This goes on a couple of days.

Two mummies, **BUCKEL** and **RITSCHER** enter from opposite sides of the stage and meet center. **BUCKEL** blows into a pitch pipe. A capella:

BUCKEL (scatting):

Dee oo oo doo dooo dooo dooo
daa daa da daa

Jerked to the scat, each player twirl-leap-sashays center. They fizz and they torque. They bounce around like a Coked-out childrens' choir, like a barbershop quintet in Hell--literally! A capella:

BUCKEL (scatting):

Dee oo oo doo dooo dooo dooo
daa daa da daa

RITSCHER (beatboxing):

Dee oo oo doo dooo dooo dooo chh chh hhhhahh
daa daa da daa

BUCKEL (scatting):

Dee oo oo doo dooo dooo dooo
daa daa da daa
Dee oo oo doo dooo dooo dooo
daa daa da daa
Dee oo oo doo dooo dooo dooo
daa daa da daa

RITSCHER (beatboxing):

t-tch t-tch t-tch ha!
t-ch t-ch t-ch t-ch ha!
ow ha ow hah
chpawh
chhhpaw

CHICKLET (operatic, thru a ball gag):

aaaawh
aaaaaawwh
aaaa -
aaaaaaaaaaaaawh

BUCKEL (<i>scattering</i>):	RITSCHER (<i>beatboxing</i>):	CHICKLET (<i>operatic</i> , thru a ball gag):	PIGLET (<i>harmonizing thru</i> a ball gag):	BULL (<i>barnyard yowls</i> thru a ball gag):
Dee oo oo doo dooo dooo dooo	chee chee -hah	aaaaaaaawh	faiaia la la	coookaaaah!
daa daa da daa	ch ch nch -hah!	aaaaaawh	la la la la la fa la fa	coookaaaah!
Dee oo oo doo dooo dooo dooo	chuh chuh	aaaaaawh	la la la	coookaaaagh
daa daa da daa	p-ch-huh!	aaaaaawh	dooodleloodlelooo	coookaaaagh
Dee oo oo doo dooo dooo dooo	hhh! hhh!	hhaaaaaawh	fa la la la la ha	aaarf, aaarf
daa daa da daa	hhhhh-uuugh	haaaaaaaaawh	fa la la la la lo	aaarf, aaarf
Dee oo oo doo dooo dooo dooo	hh-uh!	haaaaaaaaawh	fa la la la la ha	heeee-haw hee-
daa daa da daa	hh-uu!	-	fa la la la la lo	haw!
Dee oo oo doo dooo dooo dooo	o-hnah ha-ha-ha	aaaaaaaawh	hoooo!	woof-woof
daa daa da daa	hah hah	aaaaaaaawh	doodeleloodlelooo	woof-woof
Dee oo oo doo dooo dooo dooo	hah hah pch-skha-	aaaaaaaawh	fa la la la link fa la la	woof-woof
daa daa da daa	wh pch-skhhawh	aaaaaaaawh	lo fa la la	woof-woof
Dee oo oo doo dooo dooo dooo	-awahh	haaaaaaaaawh	ha la lo ha ha ha ha	twuhhawww!
daa daa da daa	hahah-hahawah	-aaaaaaaawh	ha ha ha	twuhhawww!
Dee oo oo doo dooo dooo dooo	o-ooooo00mfff	haaaaaaaaawh	lo fa la la la ha fa	twuhawgggh
dooo doo da	o-ooooo00mf	-aaaaaaaawh	la la lo ha	twuhawgggh
	o-ooooo00mf	-aaaaaaaawh	fa la la lo ha	ooookaaaagh
	hahhhahhh skch	aaaaaawh	ha ha ha ha ha ha	coooo
	skch skch	-aaaaaha aaaaaah aaa	fa la la lo	coookaaaagh
	skch skch xch	-aaaaah aaaaah aaaaah	ha fa la la lo	coookaaaagh
	skch skch	wuuuh	ha! fa la la lo ha	rawfff rawfff
	xch xch xch	haaaa haaaaaaaawgh	ho fa la la	rawfff rawfff
	xcchh kch	aaaaaaaawh aaaaa	la lo fa la lo	
		-aaaaawh wuuuh-		
		wuuuuh wuuuhhhh		
		uuuuh		
		uuuuuuh		

What Happens

deee oo ooo kch uhk uuuh ha fa la la lo hee-haw!
 doo dooo chh chh haaaa ha fa la woof-woof
 dooooo ch ch ch lo fa la la lo twuhawgggh
 -haw! daa daa daa ch ch aaaaaaaaagh fa la
 skch xch uhk deee xch la la lo
 xch xch skch la la lo haaaaaaaaa coookaaagh lo ha
 lo a la la hee-haw! -aaaaaaawh fa la
 ah aaaaaagh! xch doodleloodlelo hhhh-uhhh la la
 twuhawwww -oooooo xch xch ha rawf woof
 o-hhah cookahhh rawwgh ha la la
 doo doo agh aarf -lo haaaaa -aaaaawh
 haaaa aarf, doooo lee dee aarf hee-haw!
 fa lo xch rawf -aarfa la ha ha doo doo woof uuuh
 lo xch Dee oo la wuuuuuuuh
 rawf Dee oo la ha ha ha
 da daa skha la fa De skch coo fa la hoo
 cookaaaagh aarf, aarf Dee la la doo aaaaaaaaaaagh haaaaaa -aaaaaaaaah
 wuuuuuh doooo doooo fa lo fa la la lo
 o-oooooomf falalala la woof
 skh la la woof skh la la woof huh twuhawww! doodleloodleloodle aaaagh!
 fa la la la hah link ha pch-skah-wh rawff de la
 doooooooooo skh fa la ha ha fa ha ha
 woof arf! ha la la lalala dooooo Deela fa la haw! hee-haw aaa
 da ka -aaaaaaaaaagh ha Dee la woof! hhhhhh
 -eee-haaw haha

Music fades in: **an 8-bit beat with heavy bass and metronomic percussion from a drum machine. Whip cracks and polyphonic flourishes. Let's call this "I'm Lovin' It". It vamps till further notice.**

The **QUINTET** disbands, revealing the silhouette of a female figure, dead center, back to the audience, hands on her hips, bobbing to the beat.

BUCKEL:

Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls,
gynandromorphs, cyborgs, and
holograms
we are proud to present
the one,
the only: NASIM SABZ!

The **QUINTET** claps and urges the audience to join in. The **SECURITY CAMERA** powers up and casts a spotlight on **NASIM**. **NASIM** pivots around and struts down center, Fosse-arms swaying side-to-side. Her beadazzled black jumpsuit shimmers through the disco lights, stage lights, and fog. The spotlight stalks her every move.

She reaches the bathsalt sigil. **The music stops.** She steps in. She regards the crowd, engulfing each face in her insatiable gaze. Oracular. Like Norma Desmond or a barcode scanner.

NASIM:

Who's ready to sweat?

*It's impossible to tell if she means what she says. *Music fires up again.** She sings:

NASIM:

Even in Death we look our best.
Sexy, sexy, sexy.
Join me, please, get out of your seats.
Cum work out with me.
I will show you how to be
a biomorphic entity,
an effigy to Beauty and to Art
a lymphatic Map to the Stars.
Audience, get out of those seats!
It's time to meat-up
& juice-out! Kick-start,
ignite your Heart! Hang on to Life--
it's warm-up time.

NASIM reaches for the sky. Left, right, left, right, etc. **THE QUINTET** mimics her. Hereafter, the play remains in ceaseless, infernal motion.

NASIM:

And reach. And reach. And reach. And reach.
And reach. And reach. And reach. And reach
now, Baby, reach now, Baby
-baby, reach now, Baby-baby, now-now.
You got all you need, Baby:
sex, money, ice, Baby
--what more could you neeeeeed?
O yeah, I'm lovin' it.
You got yr perfect Workout Wife, Baby,
with yummy honey thighs.
Creamy Wife, Perfect Life
Cherub thighs touch the sky--
Gotta work out for you--
it's all gotta work out for youuuuuuuuu
Oh yeah, I'm lovin' it.
I'm your Little Birthday Baby, Baby,
hiding in your Cake now, Baby,
gonna get you when your eyes close, Baby,
go on, Baby, close your eyes,
Baby, make a wiiiiish!
O yeah, I'm loving it.
Wha'd you call my pussy, Baby?
Your Little Smoking Pistil, Baby?
My Little Pinky Pony, Baby?
Ride me all the way to Helllllll.
& don't you look me in the eyes
cause I may cum back to life, Baby,
Maybe, Baby, cum aliiiiiiiiive.
O yeah, I'm lovin' it.
I know where you sleep, Baby.
So gimme me a red hot kiss, Baby--
cause Everything's coming up
Roses, Diamonds--

She coughs & hocks up a thread of emerald phlegm.

NASIM (cont.):

--O yeah, I'm lovin' it.
Never ever trust your eyes.
Don't you ever trust your eyes.
Never ever trust your eyes.
(whispered)
never ever trust your eyes.
Don't you ever
trust your eyes--

The QUINTET ritualistically removes giant rubber breasts from NASIM's chest.

NASIM & QUINTET

(whispered):

shhh-ch-ch-ch ch-ch-ch-ch

ch-ch-ch-ch

Never trust ever your eyes,

Never ever trust your eyes,

don't you ever trust your eyes

--never ever trust

your eyes.

Dance transitions to simple sways, hands on hips.

NASIM:

And sway. And sway. And sway. And sway.

And sway. And sway. Very good! Very good!

Very good! Very good! Very very good, Baby,

very very very very good!

An ostentatious drum machine solo*: The **QUINTET continues simple sways as **NASIM** bursts into a solo of high kicks, pirouettes, and twists. She lands a leap and performs a trick: flip, flip, ends in the splits.*

RITSCHER:

Ladies & gentlemen:

NASIM SABZ.

*The **QUINTET** claps and urges the audience to join in. They help **NASIM** execute a seamless hikinuki ('onstage quickchange'). She dons a crystalline forward flow cape. Long white hair, parted in the middle.*

*The **QUINTET** continues simple sways, adding reach-right, reach-lefts. **NASIM** descends upon the audience as Our Lady of Fátima, full of celestial vanity. Her sockets thrum metalically as molten metals streak her cheeks. She reaches out to graze her children's faces, to envelop us, to smother us with Love--but she never quite does. Her touch is our collective aspiration and demise. Her eye-blizzards lick our souls.*

*Music shifts: *a maudlin, syrupy synth.**

NASIM:

Even in Death we look our best--

say it with me, Dear Audience,

Even in Death we look our...

Very good. Very very good.

How do we feel, Devotees?

Hath workout heat come over ye?

Hath sweet manna-dew thy skin secrete?

O excrescence! I could shed a single tear

for each of you

What Happens

were I not a dry and dusty corpse
wed to this rotten corps du ballet.
I welcome you to our humble cave!
We call it the Edifice Crevice,
due to our commitment to fitness
in face of Perdition & Nothingness.
My name is Nasim Sabz
AKA Nasim Green, but you can call me
Nasim of Enduring Mortal Fame,
Notorious Shooter of YouTube Videos
& of the YouTube Headquarters.
Tho there are no livestreams in Hell
--besides those Lethean and Stygian,
as well as those which beam directly
to the Tyrant's Dataframe

She gestures at the **SECURITY CAMERA.**

NASIM:

--we can rely on primitive parlor tricks,
on the smoke & mirrors of stage theatrics.
It's like YouTube Live!
featuring me, Nasim,

NASIM *(cont.):*

with the Live Nude Girls & the Live Nude Boys
Except we're all dead,
but you know what I mean.
(full of self-pity) O enbalmer of Noxious Night--
Life is, like, super awesome, I must confess,
But life is second best
When you could be dead, Baby,
Baby, when you could be dead.
(full of sorrow) O yea, I'm lovin' it.
Dear Audience, suckle not
from the udders of Life tonight--
drink not of its red red milk.
Dream instead with the Dead tonight.
All is cold beauty; Pain is never done--
Dear Audience please bequeath me your undivided
attention. I know what you're thinking:
why should I stay for a play
featuring such a loathsome specimen?
It's not what you think--
I'm Iranian and an immigrant
but Rightwingers cannot wring me
to a terrorist narrative--
I'm Bahá'í, a religious minority

What Happens

persecuted in Iran,
We're anti-racist & anti-sexist
against income inequality--
We believe in world peace!
In the sanctity of every living being
Tho the Law states
that corporations hath the rights
of "natural persons"
(i.e. living *human* beings), I disagree.
A corporation is an abomination
of dreams and meat and greed--
so what does that make me?
Lawless? An Outlaw?
"When you have to shoot, shoot.
Don't talk." Pow!

NASIM (*cont.*):

"Every gun makes its tune"
"I know the cemetery name;
you know the names engraved"
I'm the Good, the Bad, and the Ugly
& the Left won't claim me--
I'm veganism's *enfant terrible!*
I can show you hidden things:
Every happy thought
has its horrific, haptic correlates--
Xmas ornament, for instance,
begat by the redrum lungs
of a Chinese factory cherry bomb--
Sorry for the excess imagery.
When I died I melted into myself,
and everything was dirt & scum,
fizz & frosting. All is One.
(*music shift: *'I'm Lovin' It'**)
Tonight we'll dance the fatty
chunks off our faery trunks.
Don't worry--it'll be fun! Unlike YouTube,
this'll go unrated, uncensored
110% American.
(*returning to the sigil w/ dancierly swagger*)
Don't be petty, Baby--
Pet me, Baby!
I'm your puppy, Baby
Your purebred baby, Baby!
I'll never bite yr friends again, Baby--
Never ever agaaaaaaaaaiiin!
Pour me a drink Baby?
woof Baby--

Light the kush, Baby?
woof-woof
Can we *puff*, Baby? *woof* Baby?
puff Baby *puff puff woof*--& stare at patterns in the shaaaaaag?
O yeeeeeah, I'm lovin' it.
And reach. And reach.
And reach. And reach. And reach.
And reach. And reach -

NASIM (*cont.*):

We're gonna melt into flawless popsicles,
into angel facsimilies.
Like a doped-up oracle
sees all flaws in the circuitry,
like the moon spits luminol
onto midnight fatalities
Dear Tyrant,
we dedicate our dance to thee tonight,
(*gesturing at the SECURITY CAMERA*)
to thy roving sky-eye.
(*The SECURITY CAMERA flashes a couple approving blinks.*)
Without thee there'd be no security.
I'd be so insecure! Concerned that
one of these (*gesturing at the audience*)
filthy freaks would ravish me!
Ovine innocence defiled!
Blood misted cock's comb and daffodiles!
Why, the the very thought of it
makes makes my tummies flip
like a rabbit in a rat trap
or a ratking in a rabbit hutch.
Praise thee, security!
For ensuring my safety. And reach.
And reach. And reach. And reach.
And reach. And reach--
And O Tyrant,
How I'd love to greet thee in-person!
to receive thee
& give thee thanks
to behold you in the flesh...

Switch-out quick as a light-switch-flip: BUCKEL pushes a NASIM SYNONYM, or, mannequin-on-wheels, into the center sigil. The SECURITY CAMERA spotlight remains steadfast on center, falling for the double. NASIM has stepped into darkness.

Scream Theme* as **RITSCHER lights **NASIM**'s face with a contraband light-source_a fifi on fire_throughout the following. The others continue reaching with the mannequin.*

NASIM:

(plucking a shank ensconced the stalagmites)

TO GREET THY JUGULAR WITH MY SHANK
TO PLUCK A HARVEST FROM THY FLANK
BILE SPILLS FROM THE ANCIENT BOUGH
LUCIFER'S HEART IS THROBBING
PUMPING PUMP PUMP

(slicing the air) A RAIN OF RIBBONS, RUBY RED
PHALLUS DEI FALSUS DIE DIE DIE

[artificial scream-----

GOD BLOOD IS COMING
THE BLOOD GOD IS CUMMING
MAY MY DANCE READY ME
TO GREET THEE WITH THIS DAGGER
THE WORLD'S TRAGEDY SERVED AT THE FEAST
BEWARE THE MANY SHIVERINGS
THE CRIES HA HA
OF MANY SUFFERINGS
ASTRAL CARCASS STENCH
BLOODY LUMINESENCE
MAY MY DANCE READY THIS DAGGER
TO GELD THY HEAD!

*Switch back to before, as quick as before: **NASIM** center again, reaching. No trace of the mannequin or the shank. Like nothing happened. "I'm Lovin' It" resuming:*

NASIM:

And reach. And reach. And reach. And reach.
Very good. Very good. Very good. Very good.
Oh yeah--
I'm lovin' it.



Contributors

Logan Berry is author of *Crystal Lake* (11:11 Press) and *Transmissions to Artaud* (Selffuck). He has directed several plays and intends to direct several more before he's dead.

Kelly Clare is an artist and writer based in Western Massachusetts. She recently received her MFA in Sculpture from the University of Iowa. Her visual and literary work appears and is forthcoming in *FENCE*, *Second Factory*, *The New Delta Review*, and *Tagvverk*. She is an Editor at Ghost Proposal and was a resident at the Vermont Studio Center in 2019.

Juana Isola (Argentina, 1989) is a writer and artist based in London. She is the author of two books of short stories, "Hay que tener..." (Gigante, 2015), and "Automac" (Drive, 2016). Her novel *Nuestros adolescentes* was published in 2018 by Caleta Olivia. She teaches creative writing workshops and her homemade video pieces and performances explore the themes of feminism and ecology.

Jack Jung is a graduate of the Iowa Writers' Workshop. He was born in Seoul, South Korea, and immigrated to the United States. His translations of Korean poet Yi Sang's poetry and prose are published in *Yi Sang: Selected Works* by Wave Books. He is Visiting Professor of English at Davidson College.

Formally audacious and remarkably compelling, **Yi Sang's** works were uniquely situated amid the literary experiments of world literature in the early twentieth century and the political upheaval of 1930s Japanese occupied Korea. As Joyelle McSweeney has remarked, his poetry "seemed to deny the prerogatives of the mundane world while being saturated with the alienation and horror of the Occupation." Today, Yi Sang's work endures as one of the great revolutionary legacies of modern Korean literature.