

Artist / Filippos Tsitsopoulos / Out of the Box Intermedia

Year/ 2016

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Filippos Tsitsopoulos. What ! art though like the adder waxen and deaf ? Video monologue filming with mask Tate Modern/ Filippos Tsitsopoulos/ Performance/ July 2015

**What! Art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf? Be poisonous too
and kill thy forlorn queen.'**

Queen's Margaret Monologue, second act, scene III, Henry VI, W. Shakespeare

"Τι; Αυτό είναι τέχνη; Αυτή η κωφή, κέρνιη και βαλσαμωμένη οχιά, που δηλητηρίασε μια λυπημένη Βασίλισσα".

Concept

Art can result to be poisonous from its own past?

What is the real past in Art that now we venerate? Is it not an obligation of today's artists to reveal the secrets of this past? Secrets hermetically sealed under the skin of a work of art? Or even encrypted sometimes or showing anger and disappointment.

And how we, the artists are still keeping a commitment to this past.

How do we deal with it?

Under which condition and which conceptual approach we develop a dialogue with?



Filippos Tsitsopoulos performance at the Turbine hall, Tate Modern. July 2015, 'What! art though like the adder waxen and deaf? Project.'

The Past 'perfect is poisoned', can be the murder weapon turned into Art as indicated by Shakespeare. That snake that killed a sad Queen. The 'object of crime scene' treated as an instrument and topic of research. The toxic form of our look and the way we perceive an art form and its own past. What would really happen if a corrosive substance that comes from this past, something we now can consider as Art, is injected into a current artwork and reveal new meanings?

Or vice versa.

Lets reimagine Beckett and a world encapsulated in an era, between the two great wars, where all outstanding and important issues are still part of the human drama but always can be reduced in these two main questions "Why?" and "for who?".

A theatrical experiment proposed here would permit to flood with the spirit of *Tempest* of W. Shakespeare, a Beckett's play monologue. While a figure who is sitting watching with indifference at the Rockaby chair of

Beckett's play and acting ' More...till in the end the day came at the end came', Prospero is still conjuring spirits. What would be the result of that play, or this piece of performance of that video installation?

What does make artists, to involve and compere themselves with the past ?.To deal with secrets and whispers of it and open with a scalpel, the embalmed snake and its dark bowels. An iconic and totemic mask might be created by its old waxen cracked snake skin. Once done in a modern ritual the performer would wear it and be The Past in new play of contemporary work.

From Shakespeare to Brecht, from the 'song of the Serpent' at the Circle Caucasian Chalk, we have an idea of how theatre and its contemporary history, would respond to a forensic surgery of an object, the past treated as an object. Art as well as can be a poisonous Past. Bound to kill a Queen, or to bite a King at his ear during his resting sleep in Hamlet.

And to fill metaphorically with poison everything that this King can hear, everything that his heart can feel. While this present embalmed, is adored by its aesthetic beauty, all reasons stays still open to reveal the crime in the near future. To ask ourselves why and for who, nevertheless ethics still remaining a key driver to consider something as Art? Should we dare to contrast the past **into** the present? By Introducing inside the heart of a classic theatrical play a fragment of another, a modern one, and create a bridge between Shylock and Hamm, Endgame of Beckett and Merchant of Venice from Shakespeare and let them talk together, both together, at the same piece, at the same scenic Time.

How was supposed to be this "Past Perfect, Past Simple, Present Perfect" of Art, if we knew all their secrets?

What happen to an object who mutate into art after embalmmment?

A crime scene, revealed, a silent murder weapon and personal belongings to the soul and the torments of the human well. How can we express, imaging and reconfigure the " snake " as a symbol at Queen's Margaret monologue, the time of Shakespeare and nowadays? Snake's embalmed rigidity would not be a dagger more, rather than a snake ?

Is it possible that when we talk of a petrified inner poison, we are talking about a 'loyal' poison that never abandons us ? One that never leaves the body of the Art. The one who never leaves our side ever?. And how can an actor can spend his live as a living play within a play? Inside the play.

Can we digest results and experiment with theatre and performance in the fragile and contemporary glass body of today's art dynamics?

Which language will be created? A sad one, an hybrid, beautiful and maybe repulsive one to follow? Or just a cultural indigestion and eminent transient madness? In which ways the past is embellished so much, to become just an ornament of present times, forgetting all the harshness and cruelty of 'its lusty days', centuries of poisoned symbols. The past is able to interact as a self contained Time?

How is measured the present through the mirror of the past? A reference to a minimized and broken present time once transfigured and corrupted.

Our delicate theatrical heart of performative soul is no longer beating to the left of the body but at his right reverted side. An actor is measured in the mirror. And if the rest of his vital organs were transparent, fragile, from Murano glass?

How would he possibly act in a play, how should he dance in order not to brake himself in pieces. And how his anatomy must contain all his vacuuming seasons of Art and the huge emptiness of the conjunction of Time and Art?

Isn't resulting to be damaging to our eyes looking layers of the past supposed it was this Art,who end up in a mere vacuum relief of todays life? And finally does art can be result to be poisonous, dangerous on to his own past? Over its own body?



Filippos Tsitsopoulos. What ! art thou like the adder waxen and deaf ? Video monologue / Rafael Perez Hernando Gallery Madrid/ 2015

‘What! art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf? Be poisonous too and kill thy forlorn queen.’

Queen s Margaret Monologue, Second Act, Scene III, Henry VI, W. Shakespeare

These words mentioned in Shakespeare's Henry VI, by Queen Margaret in that impressive monologue, are trying to reveal aspects and bloody convulsive secrets of an object. Facing the past as a visual, spoken text container. A face made by words plenty of theatrical time and 'past'. The mask. This totemic animal, taxidermy of the soul that carries out this " Poisonous secret " preserved under wax layers, among whispers and deadly behaviours.

Reimagine once Endgame and Rockaby of Beckett, this two great and so miserable " final ends of humanity ". The " two games of the End 'across Europe, in Beckett words, confronted with The Tempest, Henry VI and Henry VIII, from Shakespeare, fragments from Sarah Kane's sinister play Crave, Kaspar from German Peter Handke and its obsession for words order and chaos. These are short of Prosperos ambitions too. These reflexions and so much more will be the subject of five workshops and performances during this research project over performance the basis of any theatrical behaviour

Many more forms and combinations will be considered during this project performance starting from the classical to the New Theatre and from " Live Art " to its roots from the Theater NO of Japan. We can have a vision of a penetrating look into theatre History, combined with performance as an Art form, and not as a theatrical form, but under the observation of the Mask as the taxidermy of the past, and the aim of conserving the duality of both artistic expressions.

Filippos Tsitsopoulos is acting wearing his own "faces" imitating an embalmed snake, waxen and deaf. His multiply faces and soul are dissected as well, in the words of Shakespeare. He builds a face with fruits, vegetables, fish, meat, skin, and the most unexpected elements that one can imagine. And covers himself

up everywhere, body and "skin. Some other times his own face is his mask. He is not wearing anything and though he's still wearing a face.

Description Preparation Comments

A workshop for actors will be created together with the artist, to deal with the more complex forms of representations in London in Athens and in Madrid, in which will be involved several interpreters to examine, and contrasts between classical plays and the new intruder poisoning the Past, that " Other " text.

Documentation about how the interaction between two sides will crash and reopen all wounds and possibly equally will hurt performance and theatre.

My thoughts are focusing on how we can introduce an element that comes from the classical theatre repertory, having as references of this representation the Western drama and to confront with or distort by, a text another element that belongs to our time.

Not only by introducing intruder texts and acting in Classical theatrical texts, but by examine which are the relations between for instance the meaning of Hell in Sarah Kane's works and in Shakespeare. This theatrical exercises in performative form will culminate and end by leaving out the interpretation of this experience based on the Western theatre, and its goal of create ethics / ethos, ἠθοποιῶ / I act / , the Greek word to define the Actor /Latin word, and to bring closer the human view to the way the Performance, becomes the indisputable essence of the " Theatre and maybe, I have the feeling, the only true part of it.

Tim Samble from the Globe Theatre in London, talking about the roots of theatre in India, mentioned " The nine signs of Emotions " and how feelings should be performed as a live performance before acting them. Before being actuated!

" One can feel at stage the subconscious by recognizing it through the senses. This action is elementary. And if previously you have experienced the same feeling in life, a great mystery will be created on stage as Peter Brook said once. For example feel 'the' joy and that will make feel fulfil by acting it, feeling angry, live anger, pain are establishing connection with the subconscious that serves to unbalance the questions, factors and archetypes of Drama. Act on equal status, drill the sentiment in real time with the performance ".

So, all questions that help us off to balance from reality, becomes archetypes and factors in Drama.

I thought the "poisoning" of the text of a play by another work, might look like its own reverse reality, that would provide a particular point where converge.

The canvas here is nothing more, a work frame should be a, of a classical repertory theatre play, where its inside skin, is hidden under a mask, and under a terrible superficial silence, a secret. Ready to be revealed by a different monologue, by a different author, a modern one, at the same play, as part of the same performance and by a masquerade distorted figure.

That can be done in two ways.

A video installation of several channels, where the characters in action will appear on stage like video projections.

And could occupy four of the five big scale screens. Site specific placed projectors will be placed carefully around the space, leaving one of them free for the 'outsider' , the fifth projection, dedicated to a different text that breaks through, with consistency and acting otherwise to all the other screens.

Contrasting between both artistic languages the classical as the Past, with that " Other " intruder theatrical figure which will act as the Present. Or vice versa.

The second would be in real time, with real actors where a performer on stage interact with them, but with another piece of text, another author's work.

The selection of texts, crucial here, could serve to create chaos, disorder or just push to a different attitude to the hybrid character of the experiment of the new work.

A mixture of feelings, of cancellation, failure, implausibility, extravagance, absurdity, obscenity, infantilism, inflammation, stress, pain or huge exaggeration of everything. Should maybe produced hollow words. Some difficulty in formulating coherent sentences, ideas or to create a style. Abuse of contrast and metaphor. Subtlety. Immorality. Enjoy with the horrible.



Filippos Tsitsopoulos. What ! art though like the adder waxen and deaf ?Video monologue filming with mask video installation/ Rafael Perez Hernando Gallery Madrid/ 2015

Enjoy the lack of grace. The lack of charm. Go beyond the limits. Too much talent. Have little talent. Be effective. Be real. Be true. Act truthfully. Forget the text. Similar feelings of the public exposed to this type of experiments are coincide and described in the essay of Victor Hugo " W. Shakespeare " carefully collected opinions, taking about the view of the public and critic, including actors, collaborators of Shakespeare in the period of the author of Hamlet .

The same sensations may will occur when the Project will be staged in Athens these days. The same feeling was alive at Theatro Technis Karolos Koon in Athens where Filippus did the first monologue and video installation this January in Athens. Actresses Antigone Glikofridis and Tziortzina Konsta will be on board on that project performing along with Filippus are observing: " The serpent mentioned as embalmed Art, perhaps is no more than the public itself and its refusal to accept art as something current, without having to flee to their historical derivative. The same snake in another body, since Shakespeare's times'.

<http://www.theatro-technis.gr/the-end-is-in-the-beginning/>

https://el.wikipedia.org/wiki/Αντιγόνη_Γλυκοφρύδη

"Why?" and "for who?" Concentration Camps at Terezin outside Prague and Shakespeare.

Is it possible " to be or not to be " contains a poison?

Can also contain relief and redemption along to all the questions about the human soul? For the aforementioned works exemplified here, the project aims to set free and break the bubble of an encapsulated world in an era based on the period between the two great wars, where all outstanding and important issues, as part of the human drama, were reduced in these two principals questions: "Why?" and "for who?" still active.



Filippus Tsitsopoulos. What ! art though like the adder waxen and deaf ? The Rose Theatre and Kingston Shakespeare University/ video installation and performance / December 2015 London

More information about The Rose Theatre and Kingston Shakespeare Theatre video installation works **here**:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=GuGF2fqSyR4>

These questions remain hopelessly embarrassing, semantics, embarrassing testimonies, of what a human

being can see, can hear, can believe, inside or outside the walls of hyparxis. And how theatre can be a relief of hope during this human drama by applying theatricality in every moment of despair. Here you can find more information about the concentration camp in Teresin during the 2nd World War, some few kilometres from Prague. One of the real singular example in concentration camps of horrors, where performances of Shakespeare produced by the "workers" have been famous throughout Europe, quite often used as propaganda by the Germans. And yet, these magisterial texts still was offering to the people, locked up by the hope and faith of Shylock, The persistence and ethic of the Merchant of Venice and tragedy shaping of Hamlet, reasons for their own faith, continue to cling to the values of life, many times even some minutes before executed and loose their life.

In one of the video portraits presented here, a figure screams behind a mask:

"The greatest source of misery in the world, the major cause of anguish and hatred, sadness and death, have never been cause of disease, nor race nor religion. It was always the hope! ".

According to testimonies, Shakespeare representations were a relief along with the children's theatre. Their daily tragedy and constant agony to lengthen a little more the life till the resignation to the upcoming death, sometimes only a few minutes after the performance with the makeup on and with their performance clothing still sweaty .

More information about Teresin Concentration Camps here:

<http://www.lexhamarts.org/theater/200906/BackgroundInfo.htm>

Along with Beckett, with Handke, with Weiss, with Brecht, the human condition in Terezin concentration camps, the human drama is reflected as an allegory through Shakespeare. Metaphor for a better life, recovery of ethics, not only pointing to theater, but through it, to a whole society, anxious to recover lost values and the 'Ethos' in the Nazi era. Actors / prisoners had to burst to life everyday embodying their own mask of 'Tartuffe' to forget their present, by replacing it of another, full of hope and ultimate salvation, a theatrical dream belonging to the Past. This past perfect.

This hope like a black winter coat, where buttons, seams and wool was nothing but the texts and theatrical plays and the hope.

Leaving aside the unspeakable, it can be viewed here the huge allegorical and incurable wound in the body of Humanity. This time things have been reversed. The embalmed snake, rigid and waxed Nazi era, containing unknowingly within its guts, is carrying without knowing at its guts the hope of humanity and the desire to live in the light.

Although for a while.

Even for a minute of relief.

Performance was never so important, million times more, that in any theatre ever and in any stage. Lower and faster than the curtain falls, the curtain of life, fading black just some few minutes after the end of the play, while the performance was still a fresh document and ornament to the eyes of all the others that left behind, especially the ones who was in charge with the horrible responsibility to switched off the oil candles lights illuminating the scene of the function, while the actors, workers was transported to the death row. Their final destination. Ades, from where the actors in ancient Greece was asking for permission to play a tragedy. And the filmed memories from the performance, shoot by the Germans for propaganda, was the only remaining except body ashes.

The allegory about a deaf viper and art as a mirror of mistakes and disasters of the past, the anger of Queen Margaret in the scene. " That snake, can poison us, " here and now?

Can art be poisoned by his own past?



Filippou Tsitsopoulos performance at the Turbine hall, Tate Modern. July 2015, What ! art though like the adder waxen and deaf ? Project.

The resolution

Five acts / Every act three scenes / Fifteen performances / Epilogue.

This project will generate a work of classic cut, in five acts, and each act will contains three scenes. The final piece is the filmed and photographed result of all live performances staged with theater companies and duets between actors and performer.

Several collaborations will generate these pieces, which consist of a combination of several pieces of works. Creating each one of the scenes and acts of this ongoing piece of experimental theater and performance.

Act One / Man to Man performance. An actor and a performer

Second, Third and Fourth Act>

Fifteen different performances, events and plays will be produced in different parts of the world. A theater workshop for actors will be created in collaboration with FilippouTsitsopoulos

The actors, dressed as if they were acting William Shakespeare's *The Tempest*, introducing an example, are on stage. Or, they might be at a large exhibition space, not necessarily theater, maybe warehouse and will be equipped with projections, five of wide angle HD beamers where talking portraits wearing masks in monologues will stage the walls of the space.

There, the actors -collaborators, will perform a pre-selected part of a text. One of the actors would have to go down and sit in the seats, and would be replaced by **The Interpreter** who will attempt to establish a isolation /communication with them, by contrasting and performing other work. So we could observe these dramatic contrasts and points of attachment, separation or madness, whatever possible and impossible aspects that this communication can offer to us. As an example, Hamm's character from *Endgame* of Beckett, or Kaspar from Handke will be in juxtaposing position with Shakespeare's *The Tempest*.

Fifth Act

<https://www.freud.org.uk/splash.php?fragment=splash>

Perhaps the most important and significant part of the project that will be involved psychotherapy theatrically as a performance event.

A monologue live performance of a mask filmed and the artist who is behind it, speaking from the psychoanalyst's couch and having conversation with the objects of Sigmund Freud. Art and artist are asking psychotherapy, also the mask and the artist behind it are demanding to forget and understand both their own past and close all psychological wounds, of cultural, philosophical and personal pathologies of the soul. The mask as instrument of art willing to get rid of its own background and artist and Art background saying this philosophical expression pronounced "You will not kill me" and get freed from the person and the artwork behind or in front of that theatrical madness mask of humanity and the over exposition in it during this experiment. Poisoned skin of theatrical madness so difficult to bridge centuries of art, and so utopic and tragic to get poisoned by its own past and from its own skin.

The interpreter will bring at the stage the most significant of all his masks and will perform live at the Sigmund Freud Museum in London House, as the great end of the Fifth filmed act of the play.

Talk and express himself with borrowed words, in the personal premises quarters of Sigmund Freud at his house museum using "the Couch". This eternal couch, full of voices, a Rockaby, 'to rock till the day came, saying no, done with that saying to the rocker, rock her off. Stop her eyes'.

This is the final real curtain down, about the artist who is behaving as an actor of himself, who learns to dramatize the reality of his character, by observing it and analyze it. Here is the Siamese duality, mask / artist, and their separation or their final reunion of Desire, rejection or madness, but under one sewed, own skin.

A performance "interrogation" that questions about whether there is a real face. This face of truth. Oedipus tragic scourge. Because we are not what we want to be and what we pretend to be is this someone else. This Other. Filippus is acting, but what if his performance is a lie. His mask intended and faking, but what if he pretends perfectly Filippus wears a mask, but what happens if not never takes it off?. A perfect impostor would be a living contradiction. It has become his role. Whatever this role means each time. He does not have a face. The mask is his face. Artist and actor or performer becomes a false Saint. But a false Saint is a real actor!. In order to be truth the mask must play false. The falsest of appearances joins the truest being.



Filippos Tsitsopoulos, What ! art though like the adder waxen and deaf ? Project. Channel II Video HD 4K, 30 nim. 2015

Epilogue

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0R1jex4dCA4> Their truth is their lie. Face on a face, impurity on impurity. Filippos use his face, destroying it with pixels and covered with masks to recreate a Nature disaster. The human suffering behind a mask and the feeling of an impassive nature to human suffering through dramatization and theatre.

The characters of his performances do not express themselves directly. They are artificial, they are always acting. The play experiment is thus a waterfall of masks, gestures and grimaces...it should be played artificially, but never at the expense of the normal human quality that is discernible throughout the texts. The mask falls of at Freud's house for the first time. The mask confess his guilt.

*Do you trust my pious face?
Ah, no, don't be deceived by hollow shows!
I'm far, alas, from being what men suppose.
The Marriage Gombrowicz*

"Filippos is working with Art as subject. Art itself is capable to create Art, Art can feed Art. Art can cure and redifine Art".

Jan Hoet Director of the Documenta IX, Kassel, Tempus Arti 2009, Catalogue.



Filippos Tsitsopoulos./ poisonous **snake** taxidermy skin instead of **mouth**. / Rafael Perez Hernando Gallery Madrid/ 2015

Artist / Filippos Tsitsopoulos

Year/ 2016

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Ηθοποιός, Waarnemende /

The Actor / Maker ethos / Ethiopian Magic Theatre/ Life/ Ritual

Africa / Bali / magical rituals transcendence opposed to European Theatre ethics and morality / Opposed to/ The nine signs of Feelings and Emotions, Theatre of India / interpreted pain / to live pain and perform it on stage/ similar to/ To reboot masks to reach the unconscious in Bali Theatre / *L'ombilic des limbes* / Cancer as mask / 'We are making theater for our psyche'. Karolos Koon / Greece / Psyche / agogi / Education / Psychagogia, fun/ Ethos, Ethics / Public / Lights / Eyes / Ears / Message / Actor/ Latin / Actor, "an agent or doer, / Maker / Ancient Greek ἄκτωρ (Aktor, "leader "), from ἄγω / I do.

Links/

<http://www.fact.co.uk/767059.aspx>

<http://www.theatro-technis.gr/the-end-is-in-the-beginning/>

http://www.artinliverpool.com/events/fact-filippos-tsitsopoulos-live-art-performance/?utm_content=buffer96c5c&utm_medium=social&utm_source=twitter.com&utm_campaign=buffer

<http://ceel.org.uk/culture/film-theatre/jan-kott-our-contemporary-contexts-legacies-new-perspectives-reviewed-by-valenka-navea/>

<http://exeuntmagazine.com/features/shakespeare-our-contemporary/>

<http://www.polishculture.org.uk/news/article/a-cage-went-in-search-of-a-bird-two-part-performative-intervention-by-filippos-tsitsopoulos-255.html>

<http://www.roomsmagazine.com/filippos-tsitsopoulos/>

<http://www.chelseatheatre.org.uk/project/filippos-tsitsopoulos-criticactor/>

<http://www.unit24.info/filippos-tsitsopoulos-a-bath-when-you-are-born-a-bath-when-you-die/>

<http://www.rphart.net/filippos-tsitsopoulos#2185>

http://cgac.xunta.es/EN/actividad-detalle/82/kage_whereENG

For more information about works please visit:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=GuGF2fqSyR4>



Filippos Tsitsopoulos, Athens 1967, is a painter, installation, video theatre and performance media artist who has worked in the field of interactive theatre installation art exploring the limits of performance as well as in painting since 1990.

His practice engages the spectator in a new theatre or rather a system of including theatre as a catalyst of our daily life concepts. He is applying these concepts to visual arts and observing the effects they can produce in the "image" as plasticity behaviour.

His video installations have been exhibited in a numerous exhibitions, art fairs and events.

Filippos lives in London and in Madrid. His installation and performances are widely known in a several important exhibitions worldwide such as : The Serpentine Gallery, FACT Liverpool, The Bluecoat, in Frieze Art Fair London, in Alte Nationalgalerie in Berlin, twice in the Tate Modern, in Toynbee Studios and in Artsadmin, in CGAC de Santiago de Compostela, at the Chelsea Theatre in London, among others

Texts for the filming monologue performance at Freud's House Museum London

*Fragments from Kaspar / Peter Handke, Endgame/ Beckett, Queen's Margaret monologue from Henry VI, **Wolsey**: VIII/ Shakespeare, Rockaby audio/ Beckett, Crave / Sarah Kane*

KASPAR .Peter HANDKE. Performer

A 1. The cord hurts you. A 3. It does not hurt to be cord but because you lack that word. A 1. And the difference between loose cord and cord tied hurts you, because you do not know the difference between loose cord and tied cord. A 3. The jacket hurts you, and hair hurt you. A 1. You, if not you're hurting, you're hurting. A 3. You're hurting because you do not know what. A 1. The table hurts you and hurts you drawer.

A 3. The words you hear, the words you say hurt you. A 1. Nothing hurts you, because you do not know what hurt, and everything hurts you, because you do not know what it means nothing. A 3. Because you do not know the name of anything, everything hurts you, because you do not know what that means: Hurting.

Gaspar defends himself with his phrase: I would like I would be like once

I would like who once other that other that.

Still you resist: Has been be another another one be like

that been I wish that as that I would like another like that other once another It has been another as once I would like that than. A 2. You learn to stand with the phrase, and the phrase learn you to stop. A 3. And with the phrase you learn to hear. And you learn the phrase you hear And with the phrase you learn to divide the time before and after the phrase which means time, and you learn with the phrase that divide time. A 1. As you learn the phrase you were in Moreover, saying last sentence. A 3. As you learn now, with your words, you are

else where. A 1. And with the phrase you learn to speak. A 2. And with the phrase you learn to speak. A 3. And with the phrase you learn to say a sentence. A 1. And with the phrase you learn to say another phrase,

as you learn that there are other phrases. A 3. As you learn other phrases. 1. And you learn to learn. A 2. And with the phrase you learn that there is order. A 3. And you learn order. A 1. And you enter the order.

I spent a long time

in the world uncomprehending. The obvious amazed me and she was grotesque the finite and the infinite. each object I was anguish the whole world it made me gall I not want to be I myself or any other. My own hand I was strange. My own legs They were alone. sound asleep with open eyes. I was as drunk in my unconsciousness. I refused to be useful. Every view of things I brought me discomfort, every noise I deceived me about himself, every step I caused me new nausea and a pull inside the chest. I could not follow, my own shadow I made me stumble. I could not see clearly. Submerged in that sea phrase I never thought that matters me. I did not realize what was happening around me until I started to come to the world. The noise and cries of the outside heard them as noises Inside me. He suffered being unable to discern. Three It was no more than two. And when I put the sun it rained while when the sun made me sweat or running strangling me repulsed my sweat with an umbrella. I did not know distinguish today yesterday heat or cold

or white from black or the new from the old people or things caresses or strokes profanity or prayer. The bodies planes became and just woke up They fell on me like a nightmare. All I opposed resistance. The unknown I was overwhelmed with questions. Indiscernible I maddened hands and he infuriated me so much I clung, I butted in objects and to break free, He destroys them.

(Pause.)

I was not born when I came to the world but when the pain falls The pain helped me to drive a wedge between me and objects and eliminate Finally my babbling. Thus pain you deleted me the confusion. I have learned fill with words which it was empty and I have learned who was who and how to calm with phrases what was moaning. I do not have vertigo to an empty pot. Everything is me submissive. I no longer tremble before an empty cupboard to empty cans to empty rooms. I no longer hesitate to leave out. For every crevice in my life I phrases as chicanery that help me muddle through.

QUEEN MARGARET. performer / Be woe for me, more wretched than he is. What, dost thou turn away and hide thy face?

I am no loathsome leper; look on me. What! art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf? Be poisonous too and kill thy forlorn queen. Is all thy comfort shut in Gloucester's tomb? Why, then, dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy.

KASPAR HANDKE.Performer.

A 1. The cord hurts you. A 3. It does not hurt to be cord but because you lack that word. A 1. And the difference between loose cord and cord tied hurts you, because you do not know the difference between loose cord and tied cord. A 3. The jacket hurts you, and hair hurt you. A 1. You, if not you're hurting, you're hurting. A 3. You're hurting because you do not know what. A 1. The table hurts you and hurts you drawer.

QUEEN MARGARET. Performer .

Erect his statue and worship it, And make my image but an alehouse sign. Was I for this nigh wreck'd upon the sea And twice by awkward wind from England's bank Drove back again unto my native clime?

What boded this, but well forewarning wind Did seem to say 'Seek not a scorpion's nest, Nor set no footing on this unkind shore'? What did I then, but cursed the gentle gusts And he that loosed them forth their brazen caves. My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

QUEEN MARGARET. Performer.

Be woe for me, more wretched than he is. **What, dost thou turn away and hide thy face?** I am no loathsome leper; look on me. What! art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf? Be poisonous too and kill thy forlorn queen. Is all thy comfort shut in Gloucester's tomb? **Why, then, dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy.** Erect his statue and worship it, And make my image but an alehouse sign. Was I for this nigh wreck'd upon the sea And twice by awkward wind from England's bank **Drove back again unto my native clime?** And twice by awkward wind from England's bank What boded this, but well forewarning wind Did seem to say 'Seek not a scorpion's nest, Nor set no footing on this unkind shore'? What did I then, but cursed the gentle gusts And he that loosed them forth their brazen caves:

And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore, Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock Yet AEolus would not be a murderer, But left that hateful office unto thee:

The pretty-vaulting sea refused to drown me,

Knowing that thou wouldst have me drown'd on shore, With tears as salt as sea, through thy unkindness: The splitting rocks cower'd in the sinking sands And would not dash me with their

ragged sides, **Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,**

Might in thy palace perish Margaret. As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs, When from thy shore the tempest beat us back, I stood upon the hatches in the storm,

And when the dusky sky began to rob My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view, I took a costly jewel from my neck, A heart it was, bound in with diamonds, And threw it towards thy land: the sea received it, **And so I wish'd thy body might my heart:**

And even with this I lost fair England's view And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles, For losing ken of Albion's wished coast. **How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue,**

The agent of thy foul inconstancy, To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did When he to madding Dido would unfold His father's acts commenced in burning Troy! **Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false like him?**

Ay me, I can no more! die, Margaret! For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.

KASPAR HANDKE. Performer.

A 3. The words you hear, the words you say hurt you. A 1. Nothing hurts you, because you do not know what hurt, and everything hurts you, because you do not know what it means nothing. A 3. Because you do not know the name of anything, everything hurts you, because you do not know what that means: Hurting.

QUEEN MARGARET. Performer.

And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore, Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock Yet AEolus would not be a murderer, But left that hateful office unto thee:

The pretty-vaulting sea refused to drown me,

Knowing that thou wouldst have me drown'd on shore, With tears as salt as sea, through thy unkindness: The splitting rocks cower'd in the sinking sands And would not dash me with their ragged sides, **Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,**

KASPAR HANDKE. Performer.

I would like I would LIKE TO be like once I would like who once I was other that Other that.

QUEEN MARGARET. Performer.

Might in thy palace perish Margaret. As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs, When from thy shore the tempest beat us back, I stood upon the hatches in the storm,

And when the dusky sky began to rob My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view, I took a costly jewel from my neck, A heart it was, bound in with diamonds, And threw it towards thy land: the sea received it,

And so I wish'd thy body might my heart:

KASPAR HANDKE. Performer.

Still you resist: Has been be another another one be like

that been I wish that as that I would like another like that other once another It has been another as once I would like that than. A 2. You learn to stand with the phrase, and the phrase aprendesque you stop. A 3. And with the phrase you learn to hear. And you learn the phrase you hear. And with the phrase you learn to divide the time before and after the phrase mean time, and you learn with the phrase that divide time. A 1.

QUEEN MARGARET. Performer.

And even with this, I lost fair England's view And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles, For losing ken of Albion's wished coast. How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue,

The agent of thy foul inconstancy, To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did When he to madding Dido would unfold His father's acts commenced in burning Troy! Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false like him?

KASPAR HANDKE. Performer.

And with the phrase you learn to speak. A 3. And with the phrase you learn to say a sentence. A 1. And with the phrase you learn to say another phrase,

as you learn that there are other phrases. A 3. As you learn other phrases. 1. And you learn to learn. A 2. And with the phrase you learn that there is order. A 3. And you learn order. A 1. And you enter the order.

QUEEN MARGARET. Performer.

Ay me, I can no more! die, Margaret! For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.

SARA KANE . Crave. Performer.

"And I want to play hide-and-seek and give you my clothes and tell you I like your shoes and sit on the steps while you take a bath and massage your neck and kiss your feet and hold your hand and go for a meal and not mind when you eat my food and meet you at Rudy's and talk about the day and type up your letters and carry your boxes and laugh at your paranoia and give you tapes you don't listen to and watch great films and watch terrible films and complain about the radio and take pictures of you when you're sleeping and get up to fetch you coffee and bagels and Danish and go to Florent and drink coffee at midnight and have you steal my cigarettes and never be able to find a match and tell you about the tv programme I saw the night before and take you to the eye hospital and not laugh at your jokes and want you in the morning but let you sleep for a while and kiss your back and stroke your skin and tell you how much I love your hair your eyes your lips your neck your breasts your arse your...

And sit on the steps smoking till your neighbour comes home and sit on the steps smoking till *you* come

.. home and worry when you're late and be amazed when you're early and give you sunflowers and go to your party and dance till I'm black and be sorry when I'm wrong and happy when you forgive me and look at your photos and wish I'd known you forever and hear your voice in my ear and feel your skin on my skin and get scared when you're angry and your eye has gone red and the other eye blue and your hair to the left and your face oriental and tell you you're gorgeous and hug you when you're anxious and hold you when you hurt and want you when I smell you and

offend you when I touch you and whimper when I'm next to you and whimper when I'm not and dribble on your breast and smother you in the night and get cold when you take the blanket and hot when you don't and melt when you smile and dissolve when you laugh and not understand why you think I'm rejecting you when I'm not rejecting you and wonder how you could think I'd ever reject you and wonder who you are but accept you anyway and tell you about the tree angel enchanted forest boy who flew across the ocean because he loved you and write poems for you and wonder why you don't believe me and have a feeling so deep I can't find words for it and want to buy you a kitten I'd get jealous of because it would get more attention than me and keep you in bed when you have to go and cry like a baby when you finally do and get rid of the roaches and buy you presents you don't want and take them away again and ask you to marry me and you say no *again* but keep on asking because though you think I don't mean it I do always have from the first time I asked you and wander the city thinking it's empty without you and want what you want and think I'm losing myself but know I'm safe with you and tell you the worst of me and try to give you the best of me because you don't deserve any less and answer your questions when I'd rather not and tell you the truth when I really don't want to and try to be honest because I know you prefer it and think it's all over but hang on in for just ten more minutes before you throw me out of your life and forget who I am and try to get closer to you because it's beautiful learning to know you and well worth the effort and speak German to you badly and Hebrew to you worse and make love with you at three in the morning and somehow somehow somehow communicate some of the overwhelming undying overpowering unconditional all-encompassing heart-enriching mind-expanding on-going never-ending love I have for you."

ENDGAME .Beckett. Performer. HAMM

HAMM: Enough! CLOV (as before): I say to myself— sometimes, Clov, you must learn

to suffer better than that if you want them to weary of punishing you— one day. I say to myself— sometimes, Clov, you must be better than that if you want them to let you go—one day. But I feel too old, and too far, to form new habits. Good, it'll never end, I'll never go.

(Pause.)

Then one day, suddenly, it ends, it changes, I don't understand, it dies, or it's me, I don't understand that either. I ask the words that remain— sleeping, waking, morning, evening. They have nothing to say.

(Pause.)

I open the door of the cell and go. I am so bowed I only see my feet, if I open my eyes, and between my legs a little trail of black dust. I say to myself that the earth is extinguished, though I never saw it lit.

Moments for nothing, now as always, time was never and time is over, reckoning closed and story ended.

(Pause. Narrative tone.) If he could have his child with him... (Pause.) It was the moment I was waiting for. (Pause.) You don't want to abandon him? You want him to

bloom while you are withering? Be there to solace your last million last moments? (Pause.)

He doesn't realize, all he knows is hunger, and cold, and death to crown it all. But you! You ought to know what the earth is like, nowadays. Oh I put him before his responsibilities!

(Pause. Normal tone.) Well, there we are, there I am, that's enough. (He raises the whistle to his lips, hesitates, drops it.

Pause.) Yes, truly!

(He whistles. Pause. Louder. Pause.) Good. (Pause.) Father!

(Pause. Louder.) Father! (Pause.) Good.

(Pause.) We're coming. (Pause.) And to end up with? (Pause.) Discard. (He throws away the dog. He tears the whistle from

his neck.) With my compliments. (He throws the whistle towards the auditorium.

Pause. He sniffs. Soft.) Clov!

(Long pause.) No? Good. (He takes out the handkerchief.) Since that's the way we're playing it...

(he unfolds handkerchief) ...let's play it that way... (he unfolds) ...and speak no more about it...
(he finishes unfolding) ...speak no more.

(He holds handkerchief spread out before him.) Old stancher! (Pause.) You... remain. (Pause. He covers his face with handkerchief, lowers his arms to armrests, remains motionless.) (Brief tableau.) Curtain

MACKBETH/ .Shakespeare. Macbeth

"Macbeth: How does your patient, doctor? Doctor: Not so sick, my lord, as she is troubled With thick-coming fancies That keep her from rest.

Macbeth: Cure her of that! Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased, Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow, Raze out the written troubles of the brain, and With some sweet oblivious antidote Cleanse the stuffed bosom of That perilous stuff Which weighs upon her heart.

Doctor: Therein the patient must minister to himself. "

ENDGAME . Beckett. HAMM

CLOV: Then I'll leave you. HAMM (head bowed, absently): That's right. (Clov goes to door, turns.) CLOV: If I don't kill that rat he'll die. HAMM (as before): That's right. (Exit Clov. Pause.) Me to play. (He takes out his handkerchief, unfolds it, holds it spread out before him.) We're getting on. (Pause.) You weep, and weep, for nothing, so as not to laugh, and little by little... you begin to grieve. (He folds the handkerchief, puts it back in his

pocket, raises his head.) All those I might have helped. (Pause.) Helped! (Pause.) Saved. (Pause.) Saved! (Pause.) The place was crawling with them (Pause. Violently.) Use your head, can't you, use your head, you're on

earth, there's no cure for that! (Pause.) Get out of here and love one another! Lick your neighbor as yourself!

(Pause. Calmer.) When it wasn't bread they wanted it was crumpets. (Pause. Violently.) Out of my sight and back to your petting parties! (Pause.) All that, all that! (Pause.) Not even a real dog! (Calmer.) The end is in the beginning and yet you go on. (Pause.) Perhaps I could go on with my story, end it and

begin another. (Pause.)

Perhaps I could throw myself out on the floor.

(He pushes himself painfully off his seat, falls back again.)

Dig my nails into the cracks and drag myself forward with my fingers.

(Pause.)

It will be the end and there I'll be, wondering what can have brought it on and wondering what can have...

(he hesitates) ...why it was so long coming. (Pause.) There I'll be, in the old shelter, alone against the silence and... (he hesitates)

...the stillness. If I can hold my peace, and sit quiet, it will be all over with sound, and motion, all over and done with.

(Pause.) I'll have called my father and I'll have called my... (he hesitates) ...my son. And even twice, or three times, in case

they shouldn't have heard me, the first time, or the second.

(Pause.) I'll say to myself, He'll come back. (Pause.) And then? (Pause.) And then? (Pause.) He couldn't, He has gone too far. (Pause.) And then? (Pause. Very agitated.) All kinds of fantasies! That I'm being watched! A

rat! Steps! Breath held and then... (He breathes out.)

Then babble, babble, words, like the solitary child who turns himself into children, two, three, so as to be together, and whisper together, in the dark.

(Pause.) Moment upon moment, pattering down, like the millet grains of... (he hesitates) ...that old Greek, and all life long you wait for that to mount up to a life. (Pause. He opens his mouth to continue, renounces.) Ah let's get it over! (He whistles. Enter Clov with alarm-clock. He halts beside the chair.) What? Neither gone nor dead? CLOV: In spirit only. HAMM: Which? CLOV: Both. HAMM:

Gone from me you'd be dead. CLOV: And vice versa. HAMM: Outside of here it's death!

Henry the VIII, Shakespeare

Wolsey:

So farewell to the little good you bear me. Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness! This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms, And bears his blushing honours thick upon him; The third day comes a frost, a killing frost, And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely

His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root, And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured, Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders, This many summers in a sea of glory, But far beyond my depth. My high-blown pride At length broke under me, and now has left me, Weary and old with service, to the mercy Of a rude stream that must for ever hide me. Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye!

feel my heart new open. O, how wretched Is that poor man that hangs on princes favours! There

is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to, That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin, More pangs and fears than wars or women have; And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer, Never to hope again.

HAMLET. Shakespeare. Performer. : To be, or not to be--that is the question: Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune Or to take arms against a sea of troubles

And by opposing end them. To die, to sleep-- No more--and by a sleep to say we end The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks That flesh is heir to. 'Tis a consummation Devoutly to be wished. To die, to sleep--

To sleep--perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub, For in that sleep of death what dreams may come When we have shuffled off this mortal coil, Must give us pause. There's the respect

That makes calamity of so long life. For who would bear the whips and scorns of time, Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely The pangs of despised love, the law's delay, The insolence of office, and the spurns That patient merit of th' unworthy takes, When he himself might his quietus make With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear, To grunt and sweat under a weary life, But that the dread of something after death, The undiscovered country, from whose bourn No traveller returns, puzzles the will, And makes us rather bear those ills we have Than fly to others that we know not of? Thus conscience does make cowards of us all, And thus the native hue of resolution Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought, And enterprise of great pitch and moment With this regard their currents turn

awry And lose the name of action. -- Soft you now. Be all my sins remembered.

Synechdoche, New York. performer

Everything is more complicated than you think. You only see a tenth of what is true. There are a million little strings attached to every choice you make; you can destroy your life every time you choose. But maybe you won't know for twenty years. And you may never ever trace it to its source. And you only get one chance to play it out. Just try and figure out your own divorce. And they say there is no fate, but there is: it's what you create. And even though the world goes on for eons and eons, you are only here for a fraction of a fraction of a second. Most of your time is spent being dead or not yet born. But while alive, you wait in vain, wasting years, for a phone call or a letter or a look from someone or something to make it all right. And it never comes or it seems to but it doesn't really. And so you spend your time in vague regret or vaguer hope that something good will come along. Something to make you feel connected, something to make you feel whole, something to make you feel loved. And the truth is I feel so angry, and the truth is I feel so fucking sad, and the truth is I've felt so fucking hurt for so fucking long and for just as long I've been pretending I'm OK, just to get along, just for, I don't know why, maybe because no one wants to hear about my misery, because they have their own. Well, fuck everybody. Amen.

End of filmed monologue at Freud's Museum.

End of texts

Curtain

Fade to black

