

“The Marquis de Sade
Is Afraid of the Sea”

a play in five movements by Aravind Enrique Adyanthaya

MOVEMENTS:

(Entrance)

I. Golem

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

III. The Marquis de Sade is Afraid of the Sea

IV. Chekhov's *The Seagull*

V. Materialism

(Curtain Call)

(included here MOVEMENTS I & III)

CHARACTERS
(in MOVEMENTS I and III)

FOUR VICTORIAN MEDIUMS
TWO UNKNOWN SOLDIERS
CONGREGATION MEMBERS
AGUADOR/A
FIRST BODY (CUERPO PRIMERO)
SECOND BODY (SEGUNDO CUERPO)

(Entrance)

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

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

VICTORIAN MEDIUMS (*feverishly*):

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

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

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

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

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

Earth, / As it is in Heaven. / Give us this day our daily bread. / And forgive us our oiweff upiqpowp oienoigtctyaiuqqtiui ffofefndnbyjknvbccvbnvo oweno

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

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

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

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

The rest of the ensemble, in the house, as CONGREGATION, moves around the audience, talking constantly, automatically, freely, whatever comes into their minds. Sometimes they join the Padre Nuestro. Sometimes they echo the movements of the SOLDIERS.

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

I - Golem

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

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

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

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1:

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

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2:

House lights!

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1:

My writing in fifth grade was already cursive.

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2:

I also learned cursive, but I had dyslexia.

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1:

Like what?

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

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2:

“Dábale arroz a la zorra el abad.”

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1:

To whom did the abbot give rice to?

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2:

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

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1:

To the fox?

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2:

House lights!

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1:

¿Cómo es tu letra?

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2:

Give me a moment.

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1:

How is your *letra*?

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2:

My letter is that of the machine.

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1 (*inviting him to the carcass*):

You dance?

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2:

I dance.

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1:

You dance? (...)

And what are you waiting? For it to come for you?

(Slowly, UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2 stands up to dance with the carcass.)

The MEDIUMS begin to type graphograms, letter drawings of different animals.

A (coarse) example:

()

o o

I

VVVV

U

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1:

That place you were at... Vietnam?

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2:

Iraq.

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1:

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

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2:

Salt burials in rivers, hemorrhaging hematomas. There was-

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1:

At ease.

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

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

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1:

Flesh of my flesh.

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2:

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

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1:

They are graphograms.

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

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

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1:

Give me a melody to dance to.

Don't got any?

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

Masturbation makes people blind. They masturbate blindly.

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1:

Make it up.

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2:

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

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1:

Afghanistan.

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2:

Obelisks, combat lacerations, monster movies.

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1 (*to the audience*):

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

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2:

Tell me what to sing.

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1:

It's a complete zoo.

CONGREGATION 1 *(speaking from the audience)*:

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

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2:

Now I just take dictation.

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1:

At the Panama Canal I had a woman.

*(MEDUIMS begin to type I BELIEVE IN... Each one completing the sentence differently.
Drastically changing, contrasting flowing phrases in simultaneous projections:*

**I BELIEVE IN OSAMA. I BELIEVE IN OBAMA. I BELIEVE IN COMBUSTIBLE
ENGINES. I BELIEVE IN MASONS. I BELIEVE IN DARK MATTER. I BELIEVE IN
HARRY POTTER. I BELIEVE IN BEAUTY PAGEANTS. I BELIEVE IN MACHISMO.
I BELIEVE IN SILVIO. I BELIEVE IN LA RAZA. I BELIEVE IN THE STATUE OF
CHRISTOPHER COLOMBUS AT THE MAYAGÜEZ TOWN SQUARE. I BELIEVE IN
CONDOMS. I BELIEVE IN SCIENTOLOGY. I BELIEVE IN UNPROTECTED SEX. I
BELIEVE IN THE ELLIPTICAL CIRCLES OF LIEBNIZ. I BELIEVE IN THE
VAMPIRE OF MOCA. I BELIEVE IN REASON. I BELIEVE IN J. LO. I BELIEVE IN
MUSSOLINI. I BELIEVE IN MONADS. I BELIEVE IN EL CHÉ**

CONGREGATION 1:

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

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1:

Y canto- ("I sing")

CONGREGATION 1:

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

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1 y 2:

Y canto- ("And I sing")

CONGREGATION 1:

And it devoured our entrails-

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1 y 2 AND SOME MEMBERS OF THE CONGREGATION:

Y canto- ("I sing")

CONGREGATION 1:

And it excised our brains-

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1 y 2 AND MORE MEMBERS OF THE CONGREGATION:

Y canto- ("I sing")

CONGREGATION 1:

And it broke our brows-

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1 y 2 AND MORE MEMBERS OF THE CONGREGATION:

Y canto- ("I sing")

CONGREGATION 1:

And it spit us all over-

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1 y 2 AND MORE MEMBERS OF THE CONGREGATION:

Y canto- ("I sing")

CONGREGATION 1:

And it circumcised both sexes-

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1 y 2 AND MORE MEMBERS OF THE CONGREGATION:

Y canto. ("I sing")

CONGREGATION 1:

And it ran us over-

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1 y 2 AND MORE MEMBERS OF THE CONGREGATION:

Y canto. ("I sing")

CONGREGATION 1:

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

EVERYONE:

Y canto- ("And sing.")

CONGREGATION 1:

Y canto

MEDIUMS (*writing*):

|

CONGREGATION 1:

Palo

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2:

Meaning: "stick!"

MEDIUMS (*writing*):

|

CONGREGATION 1:

palo

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2:

Stick.

MEDIUMS (*writing*):

|

CONGREGATION 1:

palo

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2:

Stick.

MEDIUMS (*writing*):

|

CONGREGATION 1:

palo

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2:

Stick.

MEDIUMS (*writing*):

|

CONGREGATION 1:

palito

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2:

Little stick.

MEDIUMS (*writing*):

|

CONGREGATION 1:

palo

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2:

Stick

MEDIUMS (*writing*):

é

CONGREGATION 1 AND UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2:

é

MEDIUMS(*writing*):

é é é

CONGREGATION 1 AND UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2:

é é é

MEDIUMS (*writing*):

|| é

CONGREGATION 1 AND UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2:

palo palito palo é

MEDIUMS(*writing*):

||| ||| é

é é é | | | é

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

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

é, é, é, palo, palito, palo, é

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

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

EVERYONE (singing):

Oé, Oé Oé Oé

Oé, Oé Oé Oé

MEDIUMS :

OE OE OE OE OE OE OE OE

EVERYONE (*singing*):

Oééé, Oééé, Oééé, Oééé

Oé, Oé

MEDIUMS:

OEEE OEEE OEEE OEEE OE OE

EVERYONE:

EO

MEDIUMS:

EO

CONGREGATION 2:

eo ó ó

CONGREGATION 1:

Like the spiritualists of yesteryear.

EVERYONE (*one by one*):

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

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

FIRST MEDIUM:

I believe in a reunion

I believe in a storm

I believe that energetic forms can be dissociated from the body

And in a science that preaches death as the derangement of the soul

(UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2 begins to swing the carcass.)

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1 (to 2):

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

CONGREGATION 1:

He believes in ...

[*Open window of interaction with the public based on the anticipation of what's going to be written onstage. The MEDIUMS begin a word and the CONGREGATION drives the audience to complete it. These words follow the phrase "I believe in..."*

*For instance. **I believe in M U...** The public can say, for instance: Mutuality, munchies,*

*museums, muses... **I believe in MUM...**mums, mumps, mumble, Mumbai... The*

CONGREGATION goes ecstatic asking for words, they beat their heads against the floor.

*Mediums type: **I believe in MUMM...** Mummy? Mummification? **MUMME...***

*Mummers?...**MUMMEN** (until it becomes transparent: **I believe in MUMMENSCHANZ(!)**)*

Ecstasy. Random words are prompted, built, things you believe in, while the CONGREGATION keeps going into raptures. Crescendo.]

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2:

House lights!

MEDIUM:

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

REVOLUTION

MEDIUM:

And you erase letters.

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2:

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

MEDIUM (erasing "*TION*"):

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

(UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2 screams horrified.)

MEDIUM.

If you got this word...

AMOR Love.

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1:

And you change the order of the letters.

MEDIUM:

MORA To live, to inhabit

ROMA Rome

RAMO Flower bouquet

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1:

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

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

ARMO To arm.

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1:

I don't want to be armed.

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2 (*taking the knife*):

All the paths lead to...

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1:

I don't want to be-

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

MEDIUM:

OMAR

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1:

Stop. That's my name.

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2 (*stabbing*):

Hey, oye, Omar.

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1:

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

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2 (*always stabbing*)::

See you at the square-

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1:

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

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 2:

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

UNKNOWN SOLDIER 1:

Separa. Separa. Divide.

MEDIUM

O! MAR Oh! Sea.

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

(MEDIUMS type randomly, infinitely.)

[...]

III - The Marquis de Sade is Afraid of the Sea

The FIRST UNKNOWN SOLDIER, guitar in hand enters. He sings/improvises; a troubadour, a feeling of " nueva trova" throughout .

Guitar playing.

Through the scene the role of the AGUADOR/A is shared (simultaneously or sequentially) by two actors).

AGUADOR/A *(addressing the audience):*

Then we came out. To the dawn, to the street. The sun against our faces. We spoke and it was cold vapor out of our mouths. We kissed and it was blue smoke from our noses. We took each other by the hands, so that we wouldn't fit through the doors, or only fit enchainé. In a line. In the open. Together, brilliant, simple. Truly happy. Then someone commented that this was it. That one could no longer go on. This was it. Whipping an invalidated horse. We lacked poetry. Chronometric precision. Period. That this was the

end of our youth. Even following fashion. Cyclical times. We loved each other. Laughing till the end, what we called “crazy laughs.” This was it. Until someone remarked that the Marquis de Sade was afraid of the sea.

Two naked bodies come out of the bathtubs.

Music stops.

Time.

AGUADOR/A:

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

FIRST BODY:

Name it.

SECOND BODY:

Other cities. Medellín.

AGUADOR/A:

San Pedro de Macorís.

SECOND BODY:

Asunción.

FIRST BODY:

Rosario.

AGUADOR/A:

A story of which only acoustic versions have survived.

The bodies go under water and emerge again. The AGUADOR/A brings two chairs. The bodies sit down. Quotidian life.

FIRST BODY:

Coffee.

SECOND BODY:

Water.

The AGUADOR/A exits.

FIRST BODY:

I have been reading a lot lately.

SECOND BODY:

Can you determine where the houses were?

FIRST BODY:

Yes.

SECOND BODY:

They were mainly family houses.

FIRST BODY:

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

SECOND BODY:

Many old people.

FIRST BODY:

You have something in-

SECOND BODY:

Some children?

FIRST BODY:

No, nothing.

SECOND BODY:

I've got that feeling.

AGUADOR/A (*entering, lighting fireworks*):

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

FIRST BODY:

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

SECOND BODY:

My family knows of a case.

FIRST BODY:

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

SECOND BODY:

Of what gender?

FIRST BODY:

It was a child.

SECOND BODY:

I know of the case. There's a term-

FIRST BODY:

It was the body of a child. Complete.

SECOND BODY:

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

FIRST BODY:

Yes, I had that feeling.

AGUADOR/A (*throwing fireworks*):

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

SECOND BODY:

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

FIRST BODY:

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

SECOND BODY:

Progeria is the term.

FIRST BODY:

It's a pathology.

SECOND BODY:

It's a pathology and a desire.

FIRST BODY:

I, for instance, woke up normally.

SECOND BODY:

What in English they call "liability."

FIRST BODY:

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

SECOND BODY:

After the catastrophe, I began to visit the asylums.

FIRST BODY:

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

SECOND BODY:

I was expecting to find the world inside nursing homes.

FIRST BODY:

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

SECOND BODY:

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

FIRST BODY:

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

SECOND BODY:

The old were naked. I cried out.

FIRST BODY:

Then it was science fiction.

SECOND BODY:

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

FIRST BODY:

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

SECOND BODY:

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

FIRST BODY:

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

SECOND BODY:

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

FIRST BODY:

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

SECOND BODY:

I love this city.

FIRST BODY:

I looked for my family but I didn't find it.

AGUADOR/A:

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

(The AGUADOR/A takes water from the bathtubs in buckets.)

FIRST BODY:

Please note the blood clots.

(The AGUADOR/A throws water violently over the FIRST BODY.)

SECOND BODY:

Please note the exposure of the osseous parts.

(AGUADOR throws water violently over the SECOND BODY.)

FIRST BODY:

Please note the fragility of books in relation to water.

(Throws water violently.)

SECOND BODY:

Note how they have swollen.

(AGUADOR/A throws water.)

FIRST BODY:

Note that they no longer fit in the coffins.

(Buckets.)

SECOND BODY:

Note the technique.

(Buckets of water.)

FIRST BODY:

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

SECOND BODY:

Say that again.

FIRST BODY:

Smiling. The fireworks.

SECOND BODY:

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

FIRST BODY:

Blinding.

SECOND BODY:

Artificial.

FIRST BODY:

Necessary.

SECOND BODY:

The best years of my life.

FIRST BODY:

What did you order?

SECOND BODY:

Coffee.

FIRST BODY:

Me too. They take their time.

AGUADOR/A (*igniting a firework*):

The Aguador/a throws buckets of water over the audience. Some escape. The water falls in laminae from the rooftop to the city. Some from the public stay, wet, to see the morning. To these, coffee will be served.

Stillness.

Transition.