Episodes of (dis)quiet in the lives of a queer Marxist, a failed addict, an impotent revolutionary:
Base.Mat.1 - Coitus_More_Ferarum

**MICROPHONE/AUDIO-in LEVELS AT 0** (note: Sample volume levels should not overwhelm the actor, providing some interaction and mostly texture)

(one spotlight from downstage; flashlight [on throughout] and microphone lie onstage; actor's back is propped up against the wall, facing audience)

... god? ... hah! ... god must begin his ascent to Me . . . . . the created.

... over tattered utopias, over the erotic, second-hand clothes stores; debris of the industrial age fall sparks from the genital conflagration . . . .

**RAISE MICROPHONE/AUDIO-in LEVELS**

**TRIGGER 1**

(collapses near microphone lying on stage) OH, SHIT!!
(into microphone)
... the room is shuddering. Except there's nothing, NOTHING!, except this hallucinatory void.

**TRIGGER 2**

(rolls over onto hands and knees; sniffing around like a dog and speaking into microphone that's lying on the stage)

... an odor of death lingers in my mouth, the ejaculate, the CUM of a world that is forcing its cock down my throat . . . (pauses, picking up the mic, examining it as if it were an artifact)

(jumps onto his feet suddenly, both hands gripping the mic)

**TRIGGER 3**

(screams) RELEASE THE LIBERTINES! ADDICTS! WHORES!
I AM THE SEX THAT DANCES UPON THE EDIFICE OF RUIN AND FLAMES(£££...)

**TRIGGER 4**

(ACCUSATORY) ... do you smell the divine decomposition? ... did god shit his pants as he died? ... did he empty his bowels as the death-rattle left his drooling mouth? ... he did, yes; he covered this reality—the best of all possible worlds—with his holy excrement!

(with crazed realization)

**TRIGGER 5**

I am the created! I am god's chosen castaway!
I'll tame nature . . . rein in its wilderness . . . and MURDER the symbolic!
(falls to the ground, and curling into a tight fetal position)
TRIGGER 6

(in a high-pitched voice, à la Artaud himself) cruelty? Cruelty means, eRADICATING god by means of blood, until blood flows(PLIC...)

TRIGGER 7

(staccato delivery WITH attacks of “CEREBUS.aiff”) GOD . . . THE BESTIAL ACCIDENT . . . OF UNCONSCIOUS . . . HUMAN . . ANIMALITY (laughs as “CEREBUS.aiff” ends)

TRIGGER 8

(rolls over onto his back, sardonically musing to himself) Life’s swift needle, leading me onward . . like (realization) . . . like . . . . . a junky (sits up)

 seri (seriously, with quietly shocking realization) Oh God.

(sits up, knees in chest, closed body language, vulnerable, slower)

Imminent change . . imminent sickness, death . . or worse . . . failure.
I’m just one drink away from too much heroin . . too much, loathing . . . too much, sex.
Is this what I have to look forward to when I wake up in the morning?
Fear?
Gripped . . by a nameless . . . dread.
I’m just a fuck away . . from . . . . . not enough love . . . not enough of what I think I want . . . not enough . . affection . . . . . (pregnant, eerie, substantial pause)

(crawls, rolls, drags himself to the edge of the stage and drapes his limbs/head over the precipice à la “the Pièta”; the mic sits on his chest)

TRIGGER 9

(he sings to himself in a nondescript melody, like an impromptu lullaby)

. . . there is nothing less real,
. . . than this body I touch,
. . . that turns into a heap of salt,
. . . or vanishes into a column of smoke
. . . la Dieu-Chienne lives and dies inside me . . .

Let [“MusicBox.aiff”] end

TRIGGER 10

(spoken) . . . and silenced, as the awful sea / puts minor streams to rest . . .

FIN.

amadeus julian, morelia, mx - 30.7.10