

Victory

Over

The

Sun

Dramatis Personae

Two Post-futurist Architects

Capital and Debt (a single person)

A Time Traveller

The Inhuman

A Heretical Modernist

A Speculative Corpse

Citizens with prosthetic neurosis

MESS _ Remnants of the Old World

Cocktail Escapists

Ruin

A Network

DUST - Pazuzu the dust enforcer, a demon

The New New New

Academia

A Disillusioned Mystic

The Urban Planner

A Misanthropologist

A Young Woman (or A Young Man)

FIRST ACTION

*

Scene One

The stage resembles a combination of a construction site and the lobby of a bank.

Two POST_FUTURIST ARCHITECTS pulls away the curtain. They have the maps for a New City tucked under their arms.

FIRST ARCHITECT:

All's well that begins well!

And ends?

SECOND ARCHITECT:

There will be no end!

...but many Ends

We have astounded the universe,

by building this settlement - a launchpad to reach for the sun itself.

This planet is ours to trample underfoot. yeah, yeah.

FIRST ARCHITECT:

But what remains here? Saltplains? Typography?

How will the future generations left behind come to think of us?

SECOND ARCHITECT:

They will start to read the concrete

blocks and elevated highways

as strange hieroglyphs -

built ciphers in a riddle

written on the landscape.

Perhaps they will fear us.

FIRST ARCHITECT:

That will speak a truth about power itself.

That which always operates at the distance of abstraction.

A radiant horror, olympus above the urban canyon.

The humans will continue to exert and remain susceptible

to forms of influence that extends beyond themselves.

FIRST ARCHITECT (*sings*) :

the only way for man to escape the architectural chaingang

is to escape his form, to lose his head. His head.

FIRST ARCHITECT (*after a contemplative pause*):

The physical and social body of man is forever entangled in complicity

with unfathomable myriads of anonymous materials. Its like a haunted house.

Which there is no outside to. To strive beyond the limits of this,

we must dissolve the form in darkness.

An illumination of our place in the cosmos through unknowability and obscurity.

(FIRST ARCHITECT slowly exits.)

SECOND ARCHITECT:

Sun you bore the passions

and scorched them with flaming beam.

We'll yank a dusty cover over you

lock you up in a concrete house!

We arm the world against ourselves.

Drown in streets

those who have no voices left for songs

to recompense us for sighs

that delude the slime

of rotten freshwater!

Enough with the pleasantries.....

we need a delirious architecture

to terraform you into habitat!

(CAPITAL and DEBT appear in one person: he has only one left arm, raised and bent at right angles.)

CAPITAL & DEBT *(menacingly)*:
Ai Ai Fhtagn!
The future travelled like light
Past monday for the auditioning of New Gods
Eat the scorched remains of what We left to the sand dunes.
Invocations of magick algorithms –
mathematical illumination of all Will rendered resource.

(CAPITAL & DEBT wobbles as if about to come apart for a second, then congeals with a noble gesture, then sings; during the singing the SECOND ARCHITECT exits.)

CAPITAL & DEBT:
We eat bodies
and the white of eyes
fried leathery skin
croaked appendix
space is limited - abstraction is endless
Digital swamps
like amassed money ore, invisible currency, the gnashing of teeth on signs
Ai Ai Fhtagn – now the technoSphere dissolves itself.
Like an omnipresent vortex-engine!
Wastelanding.

(A TIME TRAVELLER rides onstage on a Vessel; on her there are pages with the inscriptions Anthropocene, Capitalocene, Cthulhucene, and so forth... CAPITAL & DEBT is in space.)

CAPITAL & DEBT :
It's simply done to treat people this way
They will feed and breed on greed;
Semio-economy and dark ecologies of hyper_currency!

A TIME TRAVELLER (with a tinge of sorrow and/or regret):
Friend, everything became - being was always becoming
Suddenly – Storms and droughts
The ocean dried up
Much dust
A flood,
A swam,
xero-data particles encircling the settlements.
Total expenditure devised from cannibalistic economic processes
at the level of molecular singularities
toward ferocious infernomantics.
Occultural, bacterial and mineral
insurgencies of Dust and its mutants...
Look!
Everything's become warped
The lake is harder than iron
Don't believe the old gauges

(CAPITAL & DEBT carefully inspects the rapidly rusting Vessel through a chart.)

CAPITAL & DEBT :

It's simply done to treat people this way!
They are obsessed with the New New New!
We ate up everything - didn't even leave the bones.
(Starts to exit, turned sideways to the audience.)
Scummed up everything even the bone puke,
brilliant spectacle and a brief history of escalators.
Imagine this picture of the future:
a boot stamping on a human face, forever!
(Takes off his shoes, leaves them on stage and exits.)

A TIME TRAVELLER *(sings)*:
The End of The Sun is too messy,
too strategic and too uncompassionate
for anthropomorphism – it's a Double Perversion.
Is this a conspiracy or a sabotage
conducted at the germ-cell level
of capitalism and its nano-technologies?
Oy I looked for a little affect,
I looked for compassion in a sliver of glass.

A TIME TRAVELLER:

I will travel all the ages,
screaming like meteor fragment through the H.Y.P.E.R.S.T.R.A.T.A
where there is strength without duress and the
insurgents wage war on the sun and even though
there's no happiness there but everybody looks
happy and immortal...It's no surprise that I'm
covered with dust and transverse debris... Visionary
Kingdom... I will travel all the ages. I will find myself a place.
I'll go agogo away misanthropicana
into the Xenodrome Century through the
quotes over here.

(THE INHUMAN slithers up and listens.)

A TIME TRAVELLER:

There's too little for me in the livingroom,
underground it's dark,
full of hybrid metal corals growing out of the moist subconscious.
Darkness shone... But I've travelled around everywhere
(to the audience) Smells like an acidic rainy downfall.
The eyes of lunatics are overgrown with money and
wink at skyscrapers and markets have placed
themselves on levitating staircases
the factories are already combusting into oozing tidal-waves like fried lard
and I haven't even traversed a
single side yet.
Something waits at the station.

(sings)

No more no less
Than cutting secrecy
Hold on hold on

...

Oh I dared, I'll complete my journey and not
leave a trace... The New... The New

THE INHUMAN:

What, you don't mean you're really going to fly?

A TIME TRAVELLER:

So? Won't my wheels find their tracks?

(The INHUMAN becomes his Vessel, the TIME TRAVELLER carsickens, screams.)

A TIME TRAVELLER:

Fortress! Catch the sleepless

With sleep...ZZZ

(The INHUMAN dissolves and reassembles into a kaleidoscope of shapes.)

A TIME TRAVELLER:

True horror emerges from the fact that nothing ever disappears,

whatever is broken down and dissolved only does so to become... more becoming!

Death! Rather than life is an overabundance of being-becoming.

Cosmic dust specs accumulate as archeological strata in the walls of the New City,

forming an unholy symbiosis with aeon old spore-culture and the brief spectre of speculative capitalism,

consuming the Old.....

A TIME TRAVELLER:

This is a monument!

The abyss in front of things.

Darkness stares back at you through me.

(A HERETICAL MODERNIST appears, stops at the edge of the improvised settlement in the middle of the stage.)

HERETICAL MODERNIST:

Oy lament!

what did catching the enemy napping provide...an esoterics of the ahistorical.

Endless continuation; arcadian highrises, fonts and apophatic visions creeping

up through the subterrain. I spit on metaphysics!

We don't live in a safe or rational world.

We live in a stinking bubbling bog of meanness, misery and indifference.

A viscous and neverending sludge leaking forth from our own failed imaginations

and our fundamental lack of human decency. What if we still had the chance to do

something different? What if we could find a place to go forth from this endless repetition,

this tide of catastrophe and barbarism?

*(A SPECULATIVE CORPSE enters, carrying on its back a broken modernist sculpture.
The scene has changed to a semiotic parkinglot.)*

SPECULATIVE CORPSE:

oh lament? No live organism can continue for long to exist under conditions of absolute reality.
It must be deluded down. Sweetened. Horror is the truth of that abstraction.
A weirdening of the familiar to make us comfortable with the absolute indifferentism of the universe as such.
The interior and exterior undergoes a double disjunction, a deformation. Becoming in fact monstrous.
To understand this is the consciousness of crisis. The aliveness of everything.
There is no outside of that power – it is not a conduit for evil forces, but an integral part of its own dysfunction.
Follow that.

*(The SPECULATIVE CORPSE points towards the THE INHUMAN which manifests several
places on the stage all at once – its voice, sounding like ping pong balls, or a melting glacier,
coming from somewhere below them)*

THE INHUMAN:

slowly, but inexorably crawling upon the consciousness,
and there rising above every other impression, comes a dizzying fear.
The horizon bends and shivers.
Gas stations line the boulevards aflame.
Adversaries bludgeon something to death in the middle of old industry.
New monuments rise like evaporations and techno-mists and the planet tumbles on.
Are you tired or
don't you recognize me?

(THE INHUMAN deludes and reassembles itself again.)

THE INHUMAN:

a haiku for you;
the planet
does not care
by which means
from its face
you disappear

(The SPECULATIVE CORPSE laughs loudly, architectural drawings for urban regeneration
plans are blowing across the stage.)

SPECULATIVE CORPSE:

Miserable creatures, how much
grave dust and cosmic shavings are in you; go
shake yourself off and wash yourself another way.
Become starry membranes on which the cosmos plays.

*(The HERETICAL MODERNIST is sitting on the floor, crying into his sleeve.
The parkinglot is slowly sinking down into a foul smelling swamp.)*

SPECULATIVE CORPSE *(picking up one of the drawings, it is caked with mud and smelling like bog):*
there is an image here of a building. A home if you will. It is a temporarily solidified mass
made of electromagnetic pulses, radiation, sedimentations of dust, sand, metal and plastic
alloys, and swarms of molecules constantly deforming and shaping a something only vaguely
analogues to form, texture or colour. A horror of protons and atoms shifting places in an
omnipresent soup. Screaming and horrendous incomprehensibility, pure and deadly abstraction.
Folding around you in the guise of your home, truly the malign infrastructure -

(The HERETICAL MODERNIST suddenly gets up smashes one of the lower windows in the building with a brick.)

HERETICAL MODERNIST:
I spit on metaphysics!

CURTAIN

Scene Two

Hologram walls and floor, showing kaleidoscopic pictures of shopping mall interiors and crashing stock-markets. Huge vats of bubbling limestone and fat are rotating. Strobolights and energy drinks dazzle the audience.

(CITIZENS WITH PROSTHETIC NEUROSIS walk by in pastel and beige coloured costumes – with dropping banners; some are very corpulent, some are extremely lean. One of the CITIZENS steps forward and gives flowers to THE INHUMAN; the latter tramples them.)

CITIZENS WITH PROSTHETIC NEUROSIS:

We sought you—a long time! At last that sweaty slipping mushroom –
deviant orgasmic puddle of self-loathing.
Tentacular hubris, non-body, sweet material extensions of libido,
masturbatory gadgets of the future
Come! Eat our young! We salute you!

(They pick a fight among themselves, general ruckus and confusion. Singers in the costumes of COCKTAIL ESCAPISTS and the two POST_FUTURIST ARCHITECTS enter. One of the COCKTAIL ESCAPISTS sings.)

COCKTAIL ESCAPIST:

The light of the day is gone already
Cover yourselves in slimy heavens
I'm not speaking for the sake of the enemies but for you friends
All the begetting of autumn days
And the harvest of crooked summers
fuck hope
It's not your pretty praises that the latest landlord
Will sing

FIRST ARCHITECT:

Onward millions of delirious highways,
tireless conveyer belts, fright lines, undersea fiberoptic cables
Gnashing cogwheels gobble the hands of neocolonized workers
pit mines puke forth the debris of the commonhome hardward,
spilling over with sulphur, hostile minerals and
Traumagrounds!
Man you are a strange alloy.

COCKTAIL ESCAPISTS CHORUS:

The victory chariot rolls
bank-vaults full of victories
How joyous to fall beneath its wheels

FIRST ARCHITECT:

Sealed with mech
is ripe victory
Everything is pipe-dreamy for us now
The sun lies wounded at our feet!
Pick a fight with the digital wastelands
the immaterial future will crush you,
Then I'll say: there you go,
you had more than what became you

COCKTAIL ESCAPISTS CHORUS:

Let them trample
The white hot furnace and let hair tangle
In the odour of sweat and glass! We are so many who want so much.
We puke upon the marble and are MDMAed out of here

SECOND ARCHITECT:

Salt will pour from the mouth of the money grubbers,
wobbling among the well dressed suicides.
After the mortgage business imploded last year,
the investment banks began searching for another big idea,
they think they may have found one.

....

FIRST ARCHITECT:

We, the technomaya, came out of the reversal of the future as a bright shiny beacon.
Our collectivity mutated
from the psychopharmacological adjustments
of a humanity devastated by depression and anxiety
and the mandatory paradigm of feigned happiness.
We were desexualized by puritan efficiency.
Deutopianized by the global HiveInformantics,
turned brittle through the fuzzy economy of cognitive labour.

BOTH ARCHITECTS (*singing, with their arms raised making V signs with both hands*):

The sun has hidden
Darkness envelopes
Let's take all the knives
And wait under lock

CURTAIN

Scene Three

Black walls and floor. Dust and rubble is blowing across the stage. The gypsum walls are drying out and becoming brittle and crisp, their paper coatings starts to crack. Fruit and flowers are decaying at five times the normal rate. RUIN enters. It has an equal parts romantic and devastating air about it.

RUIN:

Rubble kings.

To smash the skull of total planning

To fall on the sword of speculative capital

The cadaver of industry turned aesthetic monument

streets paved with amnesia

Welcome the crisis

These greasy digital blueprints reeks of the grave...

CURTAIN

Scene Four

There is a landscape resembling a saltpit, or a silicate mine, limp conveyerbelts and yeast.

*(DUST – (PAZUZU THE DUST ENFORCER, A DEMON) enter– it is manifested
as a particle swarm, gathering so close that a large part of the stage cannot be seen.
It is at the same time both ONE and MANY)*

DUST/ONE:

We've come forth from the H.Y.P.E.R.S.T.R.A.T.A

Awesome!...

Know that the earth slowly dissolves

DUST/MANY:

We've torn up the sun, its roots still fresh

Greasy they reek of arithmetic

Here it is, look

DUST/ONE:

A holiday must be established:

V-day over the sun.

(They sing.)

COCKTAIL ESCAPISTS CHORUS:

We're free

The sun is broken...

Long live darkness!

And the black gods

AI AI!

DUST/ONE:

The hegemonic age of illumination has fallen!

Introversion and unknowability is at hand! The sun has died!

Continents and tectonics regain self-awareness, bellowing tellurian entities,

Crude oil and Sand rises as a permanent insurrection, total war!

Festering fogs and motherfucking triumph. Burgles now!

*(The dust demon becoms a bellwoing shroud of
unique particles, the mother of all Data Streams)*

A NETWORK:

LoL... Those who still put their hope in terraforming
will be boiled into porridge today!

Listen!

DUST/ONE:

a cosmic carrier

Forged not from fire

Nor iron and marble

Nor airy plates

In carbon mono smoke

And the greasy dust

Blows strengthen

We become healthy like pigs

Our physiognomy is dark

Our light is within

We are warmed by the dead udders

Of red dawn

CURTAIN

THE H.Y.P.E.R.S.T.R.A.T.A
SECOND ACTION

Scene Five

Houses are depicted by exterior walls but the windows go strangely inwards like perforated tubes many windows arranged in uneven rows and it seems that they move suspiciously.

(MESS _ REMNANTS OF THE OLD WORLD appears.)

MESS _ REMNANTS OF THE OLD WORLD :
the past leaves by rapid steam
blowing backwards out the door taking all the paintings with it,
catastrophe piles up in its wake
and the skull cantered to the door like a bench

(Runs off as though he were observing the skull.)

(THE NEW NEW NEW enter from one side; ACADEMIA from the other.)

THE NEW NEW NEW:
We smashed the past.

ACADEMIA:
Is anything left then?

THE NEW NEW NEW:
Not a trace.

ACADEMIA:
Is the void profound?

THE NEW NEW NEW:

It ventilates the whole city.

Everyone breathes easier and many don't know what to do with themselves from the extreme lightness.

Some tried to drown themselves, the weak went mad, saying: We can become awesome and powerful.

That weighed them down.

ACADEMIA:

They shouldn't have been shown the routes laid out, hold the crowd back.

THE NEW NEW NEW:

One man brought his sorrow,

Take it, I don't need it now!

he also fancied his insides to be extensions of what was around him, like a reversed organic diarrhoea

(laughs)

How extraordinary life without the past is

Dangerous but without penitence and memories

Forgotten are the mistakes and miscarriages that tediously

squeak in the ear of today you are like a sparkling mirror or a rich

reservoir in whose clean grotto carefree little gold fish flick

their tails.

A DISILLUSIONED MYSTIC (*first from beyond the stage, then entering*):

the inner non-lives of things become flotsam in the human cloud of unknowing.

True knowledge is unobtainable in anything but a negative-theological perspective.

The grotto you speak of is but a manifestation of a darkness that is divine.

Obscurantism bubbles over the side of the cauldron of modernity.

Po-Mo goldfish are taking the elevator into the oven all by themselves.

(*Agitated—he was sleeping—THE URBAN PLANNER, enters*)

THE URBAN PLANNER::
the head 2 steps behind-imperative;
All that is hidden must appear!
Total opacity as a visual antiscepticism
oh, ikarozisation.
where's the sunset? I need to go bask in it....
it's vexing... my house it's...
all visible...
got to get out of here faster...
(He lifts something.)
Piece of an spacecraft or a building
(Tests it with his teeth.)
Hydrogen sulfide!
a hellish joke apparently. I'll take it just in case...
(Hides it.)

A DISILLUSIONED MYSTIC: *(rushing towards him)*
I want to say—remember the past
full of the sorrow of errors.
of the breaking and bending of knees...the gnashing of teeth.
let's remember it and compare it to
the present...that's a place to go forth from:
Traumagrounds, Spectrogeographies
liberated from the weight of universal gravity of the five senses
we arrange our debris capriciously as though a rich
kingdom were sorting itself out

THE URBAN PLANNER:
I hear you;
it really is a pest with all these suicidsuburbs
we should retain the Old as an ornament of sorts,
maybe place it in a glass vault and put it on display.
Sell tickets...

A DISILLUSIONED MYSTIC: *(interrupting)*
oh don't you sense how the two cities lived simultaneously,
inside one another, inny and outy.
one all stopped up sourish and sterile the other
beating out from the subsoil
Like a puking volcano....

(Music, she waves her arms)

They're incompatible...

(Music of force)

only the gnawed skulls run on.
Like cities on legs through the jungles of memory –
most probably these are the skulls of the foundations...
And they say - Drive faster and faster
so we can be there sooner and sooner!

(Exits.)

Scene Six

THE URBAN PLANNER:
The H.Y.P.E.R.S.T.R.A.T.A...the windows all lead
inwards the house is infected, live here as best you
know how
So here you are the delirious highrise! Swampthing.
I didn't know you would have to be
locked up
can't move your head or your hand
can't unwind or move over and the way the
axe goes on the damn thing shaved all of us
we walk around naked and it's not hot, only steamy and brittle
what a lousy climate,

even fungus don't grow here
and as for the markets—
where are they? – as they say on the islands;
be nice to get out of here by the stairs in the
brain of this house and
open door no. 35 over there—
there you go, wonder of wonders!
No, things here somehow just
aren't simple even though it looks like nothing

more than a commode—commodity—comedy—
and that's all!
and here you are roaming, roaming
(Climbs upwards somewhere.)
no not here, the roads are all crossed up and go up to the earth
and as far as sidestreets there aren't any...
hey, who's there?
one of ours throw a rope or give a yell
psst! –

MESS _ REMNANTS OF THE OLD WORLD:
there if you please is the entrance
you'll come out straight back there...
there's no other, none....
it's that or straight up to the earth

THE URBAN PLANNER:
that's pretty damn scary

MESS _ REMNANTS OF THE OLD WORLD:
well as you like

THE URBAN PLANNER:

Wind your watch at least

hey shaft which direction does your clock turn?

the hands?

MESS _ REMNANTS OF THE OLD WORLD:

backwards in the days both

before it came to this, but now there's only a

watchtower,

—see?

(MESS _ REMNANTS OF THE OLD WORLD exits.)

THE URBAN PLANNER:

boy, hey I'll fall upwards then.

(Looks at the cross-section of the clock: the watchtower sky streets are all inverted—as in a mirror.)

Where to stick my professionalism and ideals?

A MISANTHROPOLOGISTS

(who might have been sitting in the audience all along):

don't even dream of it, they won't

spare you! Well cipher it out—see

velocity sells. If you take the idea apart, piece by piece,

you are left with boxes of hate and rotten teeth,

you can sprinkle all the misdeeds with lime and yellow sand, and...

well, and then go figure it out by yourself.

...

well and besides I'll leave everything just like it was

(*The MISANTHROPOLOGISTS walks in a circle around THE URBAN PLANNER, reciting a poem*)

A MISANTHROPOLOGISTS:

I'd dream to touch the sadness of the world-for-us
the bog of enchantment upon the eaves
I'd dream the waters grave from which I'd retrieve
the lonely channels of your mouth inter
The nothingness is selfsame me
the universe is tomb
and the sun solely death
at the bottom of abysm
my confectionary head
draws a cup of fever.
(*Exits.*)

THE URBAN PLANNER: (*from a window now*)

yes yes pardon me, yesterday
there was an asbestos factory here and today there's a buffet, or a park,
sure and tomorrow there'll probably be bricks.
This happens with us daily, no one knows where
the stop is or where they're going to eat
...

(*exits upwards through the window.*)

(The noise of an engine behind the scene. A YOUNG WO/MAN runs in: she sings an angry song.)

A YOUNG WO/MAN:

You you youk

Grr Grr Grr

Drr drr

rd rd ooh ooh ooh

ba ba ba ba

the nationstate and property boundaries

perishes

because of obsolescence

you fuckers can go buy a plot of land

on the moon

(The noise of the engine grows louder.)

if I only could, I would

transform you all in shadows

floating reflections

part of the biting air

i won't be caught in the chains of

beauty's snares

the outfits are preposterous

the ruses crude

I pick my way carefully

along the left hand path

its more than annoying

that it took you so long

to become part of the fire

hungry mass of stone

cryptic sign

behind the drywalls are

hidden a future

I on the quiet

Admire them

in the silence a thin needle of future hope

Hides in reeds of this swamp

(COCKTAIL ESCAPISTS come on in key with the violent tune coming from the lines of the architectural edifices.)

COCKTAIL ESCAPISTS:

to this place—

everything runs without resisting

to this place routes

from all parts direct themselves

they trainhaul a billion fears

overrunning and deceiving those who aren't quick

simply crushing them

beware the chimera of

the messy remnants of the old world

future lands will exist

let he who is troubled by this turn his back

(They sing.)

A YOUNG WO/MAN:

From the altitude of skyscrapers

As though uncontrollably

Pour days

and what are days for,

but to put between the endless nights

Through grave glass placards

The bait is hung

On billboards showing vulgar enlargements of pixilated skin

People run

Below like messy neurons

(Music—the noise of machines.)

and the curtains are skewed

The city overthrows itself

(Unusual noise—a Vessel crashes—a broken wing is seen onstage.)

(Cries are heard.)

it thumps thumps crushed a bridge

(After the crash some run to the Vessel, others witness.)

(THE TIME TRAVELLER: chuckles behind the scenes; she appears and everyone chuckles.)

A TIME TRAVELLER:

Ha-ha-ha-ha I'm alive

(And the rest chuckle.)

I'm alive it's just the Vessel are a bit broken and the wiring is torn

(THE POST_FUTURIST ARCHITECTS enter.)

BOTH ARCHITECTS:

all's well that begins well

And has no end

The sun will perish but there's no end to us!

CURTAIN

