

--- I – Family Scrapbook ---



I was Hamlet. I stood at the shore and talked with the surf BLABLA, the ruins of Europe in back of me. The bells tolled the state funeral, murderer and widow a couple, the councillors goose-stepping behind the high-ranking carcass' coffin, bawling with badly-paid grief WHO IS THE CORPSE IN THE HEARSE / ABOUT WHOM THERE'S SUCH A HUE AND CRY / 'TIS THE CORPSE OF A GREAT / GIVER OF ALMS the lane formed by the populace, creation of his stagecraft HE WAS A MAN HE TOOK THEM ALL FOR ALL. I stopped the funeral procession, I pried open the coffin with my sword, the blade broke, yet with the blunt reminder I succeeded,



and I dispensed my dead procreator FLESH LIKES TO KEEP THE COMPANY OF FLESH among the bums around me. The mourning turned into rejoicing, the rejoicing into lip-smacking, on top the empty coffin the murderer humped the widow LET ME HELP YOU UP, UNCLE, OPEN YOUR LEGS, MAMA. I laid down on the ground and listened to the world doing its turns in step with the putrefaction.

 I'M GOOD HAMLET GI'ME A CAUSE FOR
GRIEF*

AH THE WHOLE GLOBE FOR A REAL
SORROW*

RICHARD THE THIRD I THE PRINCE-
KILLING KING*


OH MY PEOPLE WHAT HAVE I DONE
UNTO THEE*

I'M LUGGING MY OVERWEIGHT BRAIN
LIKE A HUNCHBACK

CLOWN NUMBER TWO IN THE SPRING
OF COMMUNISM

SOMETHING IS ROTTEN IN THIS AGE OF
HOPE*

LET'S DELVE IN THE EARTH AND BLOW
HER AT THE MOON*

 Here comes the ghost who made me, the ax still
in his skull. Keep your hat on, I know you've
got one hole too many. I would my mother had
one less when you were still flesh; I would
have been spared myself. Women should be
sewed up – a world without mothers. We could
butcher in peace and quiet, and with some
confidence, if life gets too long through us or
our throats too tight for our screams. What do
you want of me? Is one state-funeral not
enough for you? You old sponger. Is there no

blood on your shoes? What's your corpse to me? Be glad the handle is sticking out, maybe you'll go to heaven. What are you waiting for? All the cocks have been butchered. Tomorrow morning has been cancelled.



SHALL I
AS IS THE CUSTOM STICK A PIECE OF
IRON INTO
THE NEAREST FLESH OR THE SECOND
BEST
TO LATCH UNTO IT SINCE THE WORLD
IS
SPINNING
LORD BREAK MY NECK WHILE I'M
FALLING FROM AN
ALEHOUSE BENCH



Enters Horatio. Confident of all my thoughts so full of blood since the morning is curtained by the empty sky. YOU'LL BE TOO LATE MY FRIEND FOR YOUR PAYCHECK / NO PART FOR YOU IN THIS MY TRAGEDY.


Horatio, do you know me? Are you my friend, Horatio? If you know me how can you be my friend? Do you want to play Polonius who wants to sleep with his daughter, the delightful Ophelia, here she enters right on cue, look how she shakes her ass, a tragic character. Horatio

Polonius. I knew you're an actor, I am too, I'm playing Hamlet. Denmark is a prison, a wall is growing between the two of us. Look what's growing from that wall. Exit Polonius. My mother the bride. Her breasts a rosebud, her womb the snakepit. Have you forgotten your lines, Mama. I'll prompt you. WIPE THE MURDER OFF YOUR FACE MY PRINCE / AND OFFER THE NEW DENMARK YOUR GLAD EYE. I'll change you back into a virgin mother, so your king will have a bloodwedding. A MOTHER'S WOMB IS NOT A ONE-WAY STREET. Now, I tie your hands on your back with your bridal veil since I'm sick of your embrace. Now, I tear the wedding dress. Now, I smear the shreds of the wedding dress with the dust my father turned into, and with the soiled shreds your face your belly your breasts. Now, I take you, my mother, in his, my father's invisible tracks. I stifle your scream with my lips. Do you recognize the fruit of your womb? Now go to your wedding, whore, in the broad Danish sunlight which shines on the living and the dead. I want to cram your corpse down the latrine so the palace will choke in royal shit. Then let me eat your heart, Ophelia, which weeps my tears.




--- II – The Europe of Women ---

Enormous room. OPHELIA. Her heart is a clock.

OPHELIA (CHORUS/HAMLET): I am Ophelia. The
 one the river didn't keep. The woman dangling
from the rope. The woman with her arteries cut
open. The woman with the overdose. SNOW
ON HER LIPS. The woman with her head in
the gas stove. Yesterday I stopped killing
myself. I'm alone with my breasts my thighs
my womb. I smash the tools of my captivity,
the chair the table the bed. I destroy the
battlefield that was my home. I fling open the
doors so the wind gets in and the scream of the
world. I smash the window. With my bleeding
hands I tear the photos of the men I loved and
who used me on the bed on the chair on the
table on the ground. I set fire to my prison, I
throw my clothes into the fire. I wrench the
clock that was my heart out of my breast. I
walk into the street clothed In my blood.


--- III – Scherzo ---


-  *The university of the dead. Whispering and muttering. From their gravestones (lecterns) the dead philosophers throw their books at HAMLET. Gallery (ballet) of the dead women. The woman dangling from the rope. The woman with her arteries cut open... etc. HAMLET views them with the attitude of a visitor in a museum (theatre). The dead women tear his clothes off his body. Out of an upended coffin, labeled HAMLET I, step CLAUDIUS and OPHELIA, the latter dressed and made up like a whore. Striptease by OPHELIA.*


OPHELIA: *Do you want to eat my heart, Hamlet?*
(Laughs.)

HAMLET: *(Face in his hands.) I want to be a woman.*


(HAMLET dresses in OPHELIA'S clothes, OPHELIA puts the make-up of a whore on his face, CLAUDIUS – now HAMLET'S father – laughs without uttering a sound, OPHELIA blows HAMLET a kiss and steps with CLAUDIUS/HAMLET'S FATHER back into the coffin. HAMLET poses as a whore. An ANGEL, his face at the back of his head: HORATIO. He dances with HAMLET.)

 VOICES: *(From the coffin.)* What thou killed thou shalt love.

 *(The dance grows faster and wilder. Laughter from the coffin. On a swing, the Madonna with breast cancer. HORATIO opens an umbrella, embraces*

 HAMLET. *They freeze under the umbrella, embracing. The breast cancer radiates like a sun.)*

--- IV – Pest in Buda / Battle for Greenland ---

 *Space 2, as destroyed by OPHELIA. An empty armor, an ax stuck in the helmet.*

HAMLET: The stove is smoking in quarrelsome
October

 A BAD COLD HE HAD OF IT JUST THE
WORST TIME*

JUST THE WORST TIME OF THE YEAR
FOR A REVOLUTION*

Cement in bloom walks through the slums

Doctor Zhivago weeps

For his wolves

SOMETIMES IN WINTER THEY CAME
INTO THE VILLAGE

AND TORE APART A PEASANT

(He takes off make-up and costume.)

THE ACTOR PLAYING HAMLET: I'm not Hamlet.



I don't take part anymore. My words have nothing to tell me anymore. My thoughts suck the blood out of the images. My drama doesn't happen anymore. Behind me the set is put up.

By people who aren't interested in my drama, for people to whom it means nothing. I'm not interested in it anymore either. I won't play



along anymore. *(Unnoticed by the ACTOR PLAYING HAMLET, STAGEHANDS place a refrigerator and three TV-sets on the stage.*

Humming of the refrigerator. Three TV-



channels without sound.) The set is a



monument. It presents a man who made

history, enlarged a hundred times. The

petrification of a hope. His name is

interchangeable, the hope has not been

fulfilled. The monument is toppled into the

dust, razed by those who succeeded him in

power three years after the state funeral of the

hated and most honored leader. The stone is

inhabited. In the spacy nostrils and auditory

canals, in the creases of skin and uniform of the

demolished monument, the poorer inhabitants

of the capital are dwelling. After an appropriate

period, the uprising follows the toppling of the monument. My drama, if it still would happen, would happen in the time of the uprising. The uprising starts with a stroll. Against the traffic rules, during the working hours. The street belongs to the pedestrians. Here and there a car is turned over. Nightmare of a knife thrower: Slowly driving down a one-way street towards an irrevocable parking space surrounded by armed pedestrians. Policemen, if in the way, are swept to the curb. When the procession approaches the government district it is stopped by a police line. People form groups, speakers arise from them. On the balcony of a government building, a man in badly fitted mufti appears and begins to speak too. When the first stone hits him, he retreats behind the double doors of bullet-proof glass. The call for more freedom turns into the cry for the overthrow of the government. People begin to disarm the policemen, to storm two, three buildings, a prison a police precinct an office of the secret police, they string up a dozen henchmen of the rulers by their heels, the government brings in troops, tanks. My place, if my drama would still happen, would be on both sides of the front, between the frontlines,

over and above them. I stand in the stench of the crowd and hurl stones at policemen soldiers tanks bullet-proof glass. I look through the double doors of bullet-proof glass at the crowd pressing forward and smell the sweat of my fear. Choking with nausea, I shake my fist at myself who stands behind the bullet-proof glass, shaking with fear and contempt, I see myself in the crowd pressing forward, foaming at the mouth, shaking my fist at myself. I string up my uniformed flesh by my own heels. I am the soldier in the gun turret, my head is empty under the helmet, the stifled scream under the tracks. I am the typewriter. I tie the noose when the ringleaders are strung up, I pull the stool from under their feet, I break my own neck. I am my own prisoner. I feed my own data into the computers. My parts are the spittle and the spittoon the knife and the wound the fang and the throat the neck and the rope. I am the data bank. Bleeding in the crowd. Breathing again behind the double doors, oozing wordslime in my soundproof blurb over and above the battles. My drama didn't happen. The script has been lost. The actors put their faces on the rack in the dressing room. In his box, the prompter is rotting. The stuffed corpses in the house

don't stir a hand. I go home and kill the time, (at)
(one with my undivided self.)

Television The daily nausea Nausea
Of prefabricated babble Of decreed
cheerfulness

(How do you spell GEMÜTLICHKEIT)

Give us this day our daily murder

Since thine is nothingness (Nausea)

Of the lies which are believed

By the liars and nobody else

Nausea

Of the lied which are believed Nausea

Of the mugs of the manipulators marked

By their struggle for positions votes bank
accounts

Nausea A chariot armed with scythes sparkling
with punchlines

I walk through street sores Faces

Scarred by the consumers battle (Poverty)

(Without dignity) Poverty without the dignity

Of the knife the knuckleduster the clenched fist

The humiliated bodies of women

Hope of generations

Stifled in blood cowardice stupidity

Laughter from dead bellies

(Hail Coca-Cola)

A kingdom
For a murderer



I WAS MACBETH

THE KING HAD OFFERED HIS THIRD

MISTRESS

TO ME

I KNEW EVERY MOLE ON HER HIPS

RASKOLNIKOV CLOSE TO THE

HEART UNDER THE ONLY COAT THE AX

FOR

THE

ONLY

SKULL OF THE PAWNBROKER



In the solitude of airports

I breathe again I am

A privileged person My nausea

Is a privilege

Protected by torture

Barbed wire Prisons

(Photograph of the author.)





I don't want to eat drink breathe love a woman

a man a child an animal anymore. I don't want

to die anymore. I don't want to kill anymore.

(Tearing of the author's photograph.)

 I force open my sealed flesh. I want to dwell in my veins, in the marrow of my bones, in the maze of my skull. I retreat into my entrails. I take my seat in my shit, in my blood. Somewhere bodies are torn apart so I can dwell in my shit. Somewhere bodies are opened so I can be alone with my blood. My thoughts are lesions in my brain. My brain is a scar. I want to be a machine. Arms for grabbing Legs to walk on, no pain no thoughts.


 *(TV screens go black, Blood oozes from the refrigerator. Three naked women, MARX, LENIN, MAO. They speak simultaneously, each one in his own language, the text:)*

THE MAIN POINT IS TO OVERTHROW
ALL EXISTING CONDITIONS...*

(The ACTOR OF HAMLET puts on make-up and costume.)

HAMLET THE DANE PRINCE AND
MAGGOT'S FODDER STUMBLING FROM
HOLE TO HOLE TOWARDS THE FINAL


HOLE LISTLESS IN HIS BACK THE
GHOST THAT ONCE MADE HIM GREEN
LIKE OPHELIA'S FLESH IN CHILDBED
AND SHORTLY ERE THE THIRD COCK'S
CROW A CLOWN WILL TEAR THE
FOOL'S CAP OFF THE PHILOSOPHER A
BLOATED BLOODHOUND'LL CRAWL
INTO THE ARMOR

 *He steps into the armor, splits with the ax the heads
of MARX, LENIN, MAO. Snow. Ice Age.)*

 --- V – Fiercely Enduring Milleniums in the Fearful
Armor ---

*The deep sea. OPHELIA in a wheelchair. Fish,
Debris, Dead bodies and limbs drift by.*

OPHELIA: *(While the two MEN in white smocks*

 *wrap gauze around her and the wheelchair,
from bottom to top.)* (This is Electra speaking.)
In the heart of darkness. Under the sun of
torture. To the capitals of the world. In the
name of the victims. I eject all the sperm I have
received. I turn the milk of my breasts into
lethal poison. I take back the world I gave birth
to. I choke between my thighs the world I gave

birth to. I bury it in my womb. Down with the
happiness of submission. Long live hate and
contempt, rebellion and death. When she walks
through your bedrooms carrying butcher knives
you'll know the truth.



*(The men exit. OPHELIA remains on stage,
motionless in her white wrappings.)*