

*There's another aspect to all this. I, personally, believe that these compromises which you have to make and this agreement to relinquish your own convictions in certain matters—some better, some worse, of course—are healthy. Because absolute freedom only leads to great works if you're a genius. If you're not, it very often leads to pretentiousness, inferiority and something even worse, which is spending money and making films exclusively for yourself and your nearest friends. Restrictions, necessary restrictions and necessary compromises give rise to a certain ingenuity, inventiveness and inspire energies which enable you to find original solutions and ideas within the script.*

—Krzysztof Kieslowski

The painter Francis Bacon walks into a room, picks a large dictionary up off the table, and smashes Charles Darwin over the head with it. Darwin's head bleeds. The blood trickles across the floor and forms an inverse pool around the shoe of Michel Tournier who, though very old, in reality is not yet dead. Michel Tournier walks out of the room leaving behind him a single footprint of dried-up blood. For whatever reason he then gets onto the bus. On the bus, he sits next to Sven Åge Birkeland, who is reading a book about Tahitian volcanos. Virgins once were sacrificed in such volcanos. The last virgin sacrificed was a Canadian poet by the name of Leonard Cohen. The year was 1872, one hundred years before my eventual and unfortunate birth. It is now time to remember.

I am a young girl, five years of age. My name is Jody Mittlehaut, but my parents call me JoJo. I masturbate at least once a day and enjoy the sensation immensely. I feel masturbation is a joyous and extremely healthy activity and yet still, when I get myself off, I usually do so in private, in a quiet room with all the lights turned off and no one else in the house. For whatever reason I rarely talk about it with anyone. Sometimes this makes me extremely sad and now I will go offstage and make myself a sandwich.

There is a stool in the middle of the Norwegian stage. A person walks onstage with a microphone and stops just short of the stool. In an amplified voice the person says: 'The show will begin in a few minutes', then places the microphone down on the stool and walks offstage. A second person walks onstage from the opposite side and stops just short of the stool. This second person presses the Record button on a Dictaphone and says: 'The show will begin in a few minutes', then rewinds the tape and places the Dictaphone down on the stool so that the speaker is directly facing the head of the microphone. The person presses Play. We hear the words: 'The show will begin in a few minutes'. Then there is music. Tiny music leaking faintly out of the dictaphone, into the microphone, and up through the sound system of the Norwegian theatre. The show has begun.

My leg is a broken wing. Everything is a metaphor for the way we shoot birds and they fall from the sky like rain. I yawn and scream at the same time. The birds take little notice.

You are watching an extremely violent movie. You can feel your central nervous system tightening as you watch. That is why you prefer theatre to cinema, because theatre doesn't affect the central nervous system in such a direct and insidious manner. Cinema is like a dream. It is projected onto the inside of your retina. Theatre is more real. And, as human beings, we require reality. Because without reality, there is no basis for moral and ethical decisions.

The day Vladimír Holan died was a very sad day for Czechoslovakia. All the post offices were closed. The year was 1980, thirty-two years after the central committee had first accused him of 'decadent formalism'. He spent the best years of his life in seclusion, living in a small, two-room apartment with his wife, both of them looking after and caring for their mentally retarded daughter. He was often very ill himself. Near the end of his life, he won several major awards. At this time, a younger generation of poets chose him as their hero, but for whatever reason, he remained in seclusion. Perhaps only out of habit. He translated Shakespeare, Goethe, Marlowe, and Dickens into the Czech language. Like all of us, he knew times of enormous misery, but also moments of great joy. He wrote: 'It's raining outside, it's exactly the time / when a wolf goes after swans,/while from the river with its wet paranoia/echos the roar of drifting wood,/wood for coffins for every living thing....' He never stopped writing poetry. I, the author, am by far his most devoted reader. I am able to read him only in translation, and know little of the glorious originals. There are three bottles on the shelf, but only one of them is broken.

Actors are also musicians. Therefore, the show should also be a band. First, find out who plays which instruments. If one of the performers does not already play an instrument, assign them one arbitrarily. At various intervals in the production, the performers can gather in the back corner of the stage, pick up their respective instruments, and perform a piece of amateur music. Rock 'n' Roll is the amateur music par excellence. Music is quite possibly the most direct art form known to man. Quite infamously, Friedrich Nietzsche once wrote: 'Mankind without music would have been a mistake.' (This is the only Nietzsche quote I know off the top of my head.) When it is late at night, I turn on the radio and become lost. There is very good radio late at night. Perhaps I go into the washroom and vomit. I vomit because when I am alone listening to music is the time when I feel most human. At this particular point in history, to be a human being is a rather nauseating thing.