

**.1**

**PESQUISA**

---

**EXPERIMENTAÇÃO**

---

**REFLEXÃO**

---

TEATRO DO FRIO

---

**(De)Individuation  
(Dis)Concert  
for Bernard  
Stiegler**

JOSÉ EDUARDO SILVA

dramaturgia, encenação e interpretação *direction, orginal text and live performance* **José Eduardo Silva**  
 interpretação e composição musical *live performance and musical composition* **Albrecht Loops, Gustavo Costa, Henrique Fernandes**  
 desenho de luz *light design* **Pedro Vieira de Carvalho** vídeo *video* **Jorge Quintela**  
 espaço cénico, figurinos e adereços *scenic space, costumes and props* **Cátia Barros** design **Susana Guiomar**  
 colaboração especial *special collaboration* **Joaquim Luís Coimbra** participações especiais *special participation*  
**Maria Manuel Silva e Ricardo Teixeira** tradução *translation* **Eugénia Brito** fotografia *photography* **Susana Neves, cedidas pelo TNSJ**  
 produção executiva *executive production* **Patrícia Caveiro, Inês Gregório - Pé de cabra**  
 produção *production* **Teatro do Frio** coprodução *coproduction* **TNSJ, Sonoscopia** edição *edition* **Apuro**  
 - **Associação Cultural e Filantrópica** impressão *print* Grafilopes - Artes Gráficas Unipessoal LDA. DL: 419091/16

*to my parents.*

#### COPRODUÇÃO



#### FINANCIAMENTO



#### APOIO



A investigação de onde decorre esta publicação está a ser apoiada por fundos nacionais, através da Fundação para a Ciência e a Tecnologia, IP (FCT), e pelo Fundo Social Europeu, através do Programa Operacional do Capital Humano (POCH) do Portugal 2020 (bolsa de pós-doutoramento com a ref. SFRH/BPD/100638/2014).

*The research that lead to this publication is being supported by the Portuguese Foundation for Science and Technology (FCT) and by the European Social Fund, under the Human Capital Operational Programme (POCH) from Portugal 2020 Programme [post doctoral fellowship number SFRH/BPD/100638/2014].*



#### COFINANCIADO POR



Todos os textos são escritos de acordo com a antiga ortografia.

*All texts are written according to the old spelling.*

Dezembro 2016

ISBN 978-989-99751-1-8

## **MOTTO**

IN TODAY'S GLOBALIZED WORLD, THE IDEA OF FREEDOM IS INCREASINGLY CONTRADICTIONARY.

IN THEORY, FREEDOM IS A DEMOCRATIC RIGHT THAT UNCONDITIONALLY ASSISTS EVERY HUMAN BEING, BUT ITS PRACTICE IS CONDITIONED BY INNUMERABLE FACTORS. THE POSSIBILITY OF FREEDOM DEPENDS, OF COURSE, ON THE POWER OF THOSE WHO WISH TO EXERCISE IT, AND, AS WE KNOW, THE MOST DIFFERENTIATING FACTOR IN THE DISTRIBUTION OF POWER TODAY IS THE ECONOMIC FACTOR.

IN A WORLD WHERE THE GLOBAL ACCEPTANCE OF ECONOMIC INEQUALITIES SURREPTITIOUSLY ORGANIZES EVER MORE RIGID AND IMPOSING POWER HIERARCHIES, WHAT CAN WE SAY ABOUT THE EXERCISE OF FREEDOM?

STARTING FROM THE CONCEPTUAL PROPOSALS OF THE PHILOSOPHERS GILBERT SIMONDON AND BERNARD STIEGLER THE SPECTACLE (DE) INDIVIDUATION WILL BE AN EXERCISE OF CONFRONTATION WITH THESE QUESTIONS THROUGH MUSIC, WORDS AND BODIES.





# (De)Individuation (Dis)Concert for Bernard Stiegler

– JOSÉ EDUARDO SILVA

Emerged from the challenge made to a few fellow creators to build a show where one could explore concepts of philosophers Gilbert Simondon (individuation) and Bernard Stiegler (deindividuation) in the light of contemporary events . The intention was that these concepts worked, firstly, as a stimulus rather than exploring and implementing its contents for artistic material, thus the creation process was guided by the concern to make the concepts, as well as reflections on them , a working methodology. Aiming this, we have developed, in this show, a methodology encouraging the free expression and substantiation of each proposal of all involved creators, seeking to reduce to a minimum the constraints of the “last word” that often is up to directors. This work was therefore mostly a collective creation under my direction, where we aimed for each creator to find space and receptivity for their artistic contributions. The text as well as the music of the show now published was, along with the other components, the result of this collective, dialogic and collaborative process.

Moreover, following the above said, this is certainly one of the distinctive elements of the creative process of this show because it was intended that its texts and music, would arise as a dialogic result of the project needs. That is, instead of starting from a text or a previous musical score to build a show, all the elements were built simultaneously and in dialogue.

It should also be clarified that in the process of creation, we did not seek to reproduce on stage the philosophical concepts in question, but creatively transform the philosophical term in scenic action and performative item, offering the spectators the challenge of building their thinking, from spectacular stimuli.

More than the now printed words, we are willing to transfer the processes of its construction to stage. This is truly the challenge beneath this edition. I do not necessarily propose the reproduction of these words, actions and sounds, but a reflection on their meaning and the search for bodily resonances so it is possible to find other aesthetic forms.

# Deindividuation, exhaustion and emptiness

– JOAQUIM LUÍS COIMBRA\*

José Eduardo Silva's proposal is everything but small, it is indeed very daring: (De)individuation, that is to say: the individuation and, therefore, its impossibility, are the main issues for the almost unknown authors Gilbert Simondon and Bernard Stieglar, who have been helping us in the individuation process, putting us to think about the process itself rather than in its product or state. The question arises because there is something in our societies that soffucates us when we deal with the difference, the alternative, the singularity, the individuation.

We have an enourmous resistance in admitting that so much power – where the path of continuous progress elevates us or the unstoppable speed of technoscience, modern management of knowledge and innovation, and its transformation into capital gains – has been leading us, proving wrong all authorised forecasts, to the path of deindividuation. So much power will be creating conditions for its own survival, that is to say: to keep us in a lethargy where certain forms of consented manipulation are pushing us forward, subtly or not.

Only under this premise it is possible to understand that in addition to the suffering inflicted (still being inflicted) by the injustice of austerity and of some popular movements, the neoliberal common sense has not been put at stake in a general way as a natural solution to the problems we are facing these days, through european alternatives against hegemony, which impossibility is being imposed, also in a natural way, as na unquestionable evidence.

In the almost deindividuated european democracies, the victory of conservative revolution, initiated in the 1980's has evolved to a concentration of decision-making power in a small number of people, with an impact in our lives of European citizens: some officials of European bodies, the European Central Bank and the almighty International Monetary Fund. They decide for everyone in favor of the interests of a minority, after the bursting of the last of the financial bubbles of the political project that promised economic growth for all – “all shareholders, all owners, all entrepreneurs” – and their conversion into “assume the costs, debts and risks” following the series of successive economic and financial catastrophes.

Apart from a few sacrifices that are being sought in exchange for a greater good, paradoxically, the continued bombardment that, all is well and that humankind has never reached such a high level of well-being appears to us generally as an indisputable fact. Our margin of choice has grown in an unthinkable way just a few decades ago: we decided on our lifestyle, the occupation of our time, the aesthetics of our body and its young appearance, we decide on the type, size, fashionability of our gadgets, our football preferences, our tastes for television shows... The shopping malls are an ocean of options. The text of the play pregressively puts questions to the reader...

Such a power of choice over ourselves and our lives allows us the originality and aesthetics of self-sculptural self-creation, making use of a range of appropriate self-technologies: surgical, chemical, physical, therapeutic, (Such as running and others), supplements and chemical supplements, the variety of therapy offer (medical or not), the self-help industry ... The ideals of eternal youth, of perfect body, of inner peace at any price, the search for well-being, happiness or escape to the nonsense motivate us and puts at our disposal the variety of the so called "Technologies of the spirit".

A possibility has to find conditions to be drawn in the process of development of individuated beings, that is, of building a singularity of a self: mine. Psychological singularity, social singularity (I am part of so many groups ...), technical uniqueness: I am (we are all) a prosthetic being as much as I subscribe to a collective history.

14 A unique being with identity, autonomy, ability to participate, self-direction, holder of a know-how to do and know-how to live. Despite the forces that always act in the opposite direction: normalization, massification, deindividuation. Guaranteed individuation, then? Self-government of my life by myself?

Let us see: current societies have specialized in control: they are far more effective than the so-called disciplinary societies - their antecedents, as they are known - that used punishment as a key mechanism of normalization, as Foucault reminded us. In what sense can we say that ours are more effective in controlling? How did they manage to close the circle? Why have we become so vulnerable?

Let's get right to the point. We live in hyperconsumption societies, which can never have enough of making us buy everything we do not need. They achieve it by assuming themselves as controlling societies. They use psycho-power: the power of psychological technologies they appropriate. As always, this is another pharmakon coming from Plato's famous pharmacy: acting as a cure or as a poison only depends on how we use it.

The psychological technologies that make up the almost all-powerful apparatus of marketing and advertising are not remedies; The balance does not seem to put any doubts. The performance of these technologies, which makes our daily experience, guarantees the effective control of the societies in which we live in. If we analyze ourselves, we will come to the conclusion that they reduce our autonomy, betray our identity, erasing our knowledge. This time the key mechanism they use is only surprisingly at the antipodes of punishment or coercion: they have chosen seduction to control us. And so they are able to deindividuate us psychologically and collectively. Marketing and advertising manipulate us

(even consensually), motivate us, make us desire, seduce us.

The economy does not exist for us. We exist for the economy. "Spend it!" "Buy it!" "Buy it now!" And we all bought. And we all massively buy the same things. Redundant, similar goods. We become more equal to each other. In an appearance of diversity, we standardized our lives. We entered the route of deindividuation, slowly, gradually, yet inexorably. On any street in any city, the repetiton of brands and shops is there to remind us that our choice is an illusion. Especially the choice of being free and singularly individuated beings. The uniformity of resorts in the vacation industry kills the geography and history of places. When they do not liquidate them, they make them similar to a "theme park" in which the world gradually develops, where visitors also enter the entertainment & leisure industries of the programmed "free time", where, as Hannah Arendt reminded us, The "life of the spirit", knowledge and culture are subject to the pure market economy, cultural and program industries.

Not fatally though. Foucault reminds us, and Stiegler reinforces it: self-techniques are inscribed in a critical tradition - philosophical and psychological - that decomposes this accomodated logic of our attention as a valuable commodity - though we pay too little attention to it - and open up space so that we interrogate its imprisonment for marketing, its destructive capacity of the knowledge (to live, to do...) and for all the ways of formatting and standardization of the psycho-power.

Deindividuation, as a systematic consequence, is, however, more demanding of conditions. Marketing acts everywhere; In the streets and in our homes, in the new media and in the less new media, in the networks of social relations and in their virtual correspondents. Its massively destructive effect, we see it every day in the medium that, especially after its passage to digital technology, is better articulated with electronic media of all kinds (internet, social networks ...) and with its supports (smartphone, Notebook ...): the global screen where we all see ourselves and are seen in different degrees of voyeurism or exhibitionism and all its possible hybrid modes. Despite all technological revolutions, mass television continues to be the great medium of our societies, competing with operators for the hunting, attracting and capturing the capital of the most possible number of consumers, ie audiences, shares and ratings, metric market indicators which is what we have been led to be. The ultimate goal is to conquer the "available brain time" of as many people as possible by transmitting audiovisual content that the algorithm is the spectacle of reality where, beyond the transformation of intimacy into salable product, confusion is systematically induced between entertainment and art or pretensions to it.

As Walter Benjamin had taught us, having ceased to be a spectacle for the gods of Olympus, humans were becoming a spectacle of themselves. Their self-alienation had reached such a level that it allowed them to live and enjoy their own destruction with top aesthetic enjoyment. Hardly could we have a better definition of political aestheticism. We know for sure that hyperconsume, marketing and media make sure we receive it everyday. In audiovisual contentes' breaks, the almighty apparatus of marketing and advertising acts on us. We are literally sold to brands, companies, markets. The value of television operators and their content is reduced to this criterion: the ability to capture large masses

of individuals and their available minds.

These effective and persistent technologies have operated the most important of economic transformations: the consumer became a commodity. So we are sold in the advertising market. We are the first and most decisive commodity.

Now, the mentioned psycho-power is this effective because marketing and advertising techniques influence, manipulate, transform, and simplify the human process of desire. We are inevitably beings of pleasure, and it is this search for the object of desire and the gratification involved in the process that moves us. This is where the energy source of human life is located. Pulsional energy. Different from the purely instinctive, because it assumes a psychological and political status. Where other beings articulate the instinctive energy with the biological or species necessity, we pass from instinct to drive and, upon the necessity, we inscribe a desire.

In addition, our complexity of symbolic and political beings integrates us into a normative framework that allows us to govern / manage this drive energy.

It's a way of corrupting it. We renounce enjoyment here and now. We differ from the gratuities. We delay, transform and divert our capital from pulsional energy for purposes and objects distinct from those originally intended. For the Eros. For pleasure. It turns out that the source of energy, as expected, is limited. Renewable, but exhaustible. When the energy is exhausted, it is the dynamics of desire and everything that can be transformed that is exhausted.

The marketing and advertising apparatus is continuously and systematically pressing us. More than this, it appeals to the immediate satisfaction of the desire: "Buy! Buy It Now!" Instant gratification is the flip side of the coin of immediate frustration. Moreover, the immediacy of acting out negates any possibility of mediation between the subject of desire and the desired object, including, of course, the desired object of consumption. In addition of being prosthetic beings, that is, of prolonging ourselves through techniques and technical objects, we have the deserved status of making culture, also because we are symbolic beings: we create symbols, systems of symbols and their grammars. Speech, writing, the sciences, and each and every one art expressions are systems of symbols. What the continued and mass action of marketing and advertising has as one of its effects is the annulment of any symbolic mediation between the desiring and the desired.

The most devastating negative consequence of the way in which control societies produce deindividuation, individually and collectively, making use of the whole psycho-power of seduction through marketing and advertising – among other techniques of psychological manipulation – as a generalized key mechanism of massification, standardization and normalization, is added to the cumulative effect of the previous ones, but it is not reducible to them substantively: it is the liquidation of desire itself. What has come to be known in circles ever widening as Symbolic Misery, as proposed by Bernard Stiegler. The dramaturgical object created by José Eduardo Silva confronts us in multiple formal and thematic modes with this inexhaustible void.

\* Professor of the Faculty of Psychology and Education Sciences of the University of Porto, Porto, Portugal.

**“THE DISGRUNTLED WHO ACT, THOSE GREAT TEACHERS OF YOURS THEY INVENTED THE CONSTRUCTION OF A SOCIETY IN WHICH MAN IS NO LONGER WOLF TO MAN AND THEY DISCOVERED MAN’S DELIGHT IN EATING UNTIL HIS HUNGER WAS SATISFIED AND THE DELIGHT OF HAVING A ROOF OVER HIS HEAD AND THE WILINGNESS TO TAKE CARE OF HIS OWN MATTERS THEY DID NOT BELIEVE IN THE EMPTINESS OF PREACHERS’ WORDS CLAIMING THAT OUR TERRIBLE HUNGER WOULD CEASE BY THE TIME OUR STOMACHS WERE ROTTEN. THEY THREW OUT DISHES FULL OF UNHEALTHY FOOD. THEY RECOGNIZED THE MAN WHO WAS TOLD TO BE AN ENEMY LIKE A NEIGHBOUR IN HUNGER. THEY WORKED PATIENTLY ONLY IN THE STRUGGLE AGAINST THE OPPRESSORS, THEY WERE TOLERANT ONLY TO THOSE WHO DO NOT TOLERATE EXPLOITATION, TO THOSE WHO WERE TIRED ONLY OF INJUSTICE. THE ONE WHO KICKED THE CHAIR ON WHICH HE RESTED UNCOMFORTABLY, WHO BURIED HIS PLOW DEEPER IN THE EARTH MORE THAN ANY OTHER BEFORE HIM, THE DISGRUNTLED MAN, THIS WILL BE OUR TEACHER IN REBUILDING COMMUNITY. THOSE, HOWEVER, WHO CHOKED TO EAT DISHES FULL OF PROMISES WILL SEE THEIR STOMACHS RIPPED OUT. AND THEIR CORRUPTED BONES BEING BURIED THIS IS THE SAME AS WASTING A HANDFUL OF DIRT.”**

## Individuation:

Technical and collective Process in which each person is constructed as a unique and irreplaceable being. The individuation process is incompatible with socialization contexts where individualism dominates, since those prevent the individual narratives from being subscribed into more comprehensive collective narratives, where they could find complementarities and broader meanings to individual experiences.

## Deindividuation:

Denial of individual freedom to build as a unique and irreplaceable being. The deindividuation is mainly a result of domination strategies that, by imposing economic and financialist policies, meet in instrumentalization of human beings the perpetuation of its hegemonic power. These strategies lead in particular to the massification of individualism, hyperconsumption and progressive degradation and precariousness of life.

## Concert:

(v. *Grande Dicionário da Língua Portuguesa, Porto Editora, 2004*) 1. Act or effect of concerting; 2. A musical performance given in public with a substantial number of performers; 3. Consonance of instruments or voices, harmony; 4. music and orchestral genre in which one or more soloists dialogue with an orchestra, with a musical discourse guided by consensus and expressive confrontation, always revealing the virtuosic qualities of interpreters; 5. Combination; pact; agreement; 6. Orderly disposal of the parts of a whole; order; arrangement; 7. Comparison; Confrontation.

## Disconcert:

(v. *Grande Dicionário da Língua Portuguesa, Porto Editora, 2004*) 1. Lack of concert; 2. Disarrangement; 3. Disorder; confusion; trouble; 4. Dissonance; 5. Detuning; 6. nonsense; 7. Discord.

# (De)Individuation (Dis)Concert for Bernard Stiegler

**Actor:** José Eduardo Silva

**Musician 1:** Albrecht Loops

**Musician 2:** Henrique Fernandes

**Musician 3:** Gustavo Costa

## .Intro

*Music 1. Anonimia and specatators entrance.*

*When the doors open, the musicians are already playing. The safety curtain has not yet risen and the light is faint, just enough so that the spectators find their places and the musicians can be perfectly identified. After everyone has entered and the musicians finish their theme the light goes to blackout. The musicians remain on stage.*

**.1**

*Punctual Light as to announce the entrance of someone, but no one enters. There is an abnormally long waiting time. Then the actor enters. There is a dialogue, but only one side is expressed in words. The actor moves towards the audience, maintaining a dialogue as if with someone in front of him, but the answers come from the musicians in the form of music, on his back. These assumptions continue throughout the following scenes.*

**Actor:** "I did it..

I've waited.

I could wait with patience, calmly ..."

**Musicians:** Musical answer: A

**Actor:** No, what I felt was...

**Musicians:** Musical answer: C

**Actor:** But I thought...

**Musicians:** Musical answer: A2

**Actor:** I didn't think...

**Musicians:** Musical answer: A1

**Actor:** ... the way you are putting it.

**Musicians:** Musical answer: B

**Actor:** Sorry.

**Musicians:** Musical answer: A1

**Actor:** I wasn't thinking in the sense that I was lost in my thoughts and I forgot to enter. This is my life, this is what I do.

When the light came on, I decided I was going to come in, but I felt

That a longer breathing time was required

So, I took that time, before entering.

I thought that would be fine.

That's what I was about to say I thought: that I thought it would be fine.

If I hadn't been interrupted...

**Musicians:** Musical answer: C

**Actor:** I didn't have the...

**Musicians:** Musical answer: C2

**Actor:** ... the slightest intention of sabotaging your work... I know where I belong!



**Musicians:** Musical answer: B

**Actor:** Sorry.

**Musicians:** Musical answer: AB

**Actor:** ...Eu não tinha essa intenção...

**Musicians:** Musical answer: C2

**Actor:** Sorry...

**Musicians:** Musical answer: C2

**Actor:** Sorry.

**Musicians:** Musical answer: B

**Actor:** No...

**Musicians:** Musical answer: C3

**Actor:** ... I know...

**Musicians:** Musical answer: A1

**Actor:** I have no trouble whatsoever in doing this work...

**Musicians:** Musical answer: C1

**Actor:** No, I like doing this work...

**Musicians:** Musical answer: A3

**Actor:** No, no it's nothing like that... I don't want us to change places...

**Musicians:** Musical answer: C4

**Actor:** ... I'm not a bright person, nor do I want to swap roles with you. I like...

**Musicians:** Musical answer: C

**Actor:** Of course Money is importante. I apologize.

These last few days haven't been easy for me... my daughter has been ill...

I apologize.

**Musicians:** Long musical answer: ABAC1 / doom / ABABBBB

**Actor:** But I want to do it. Please, let me do the...

**Musicians:** Musical answer: C1

**Actor:** ...do my work.

**Musicians:** Musical answer: C2

**Actor:** I know the value of my opinions. I know what a privilege this is

But it hadn't always been like that.

I can perfectly understand what you are asking me

And I can do it just like you've asked me...

But I need

A bit

Of space.

## 2.

*The actor gets out. Black out. The scene of the entrance is repeated. Lights up. The actor enters. The theme 3. Cam-vo dao constante, is being continuously played. From this point on, there is a sequence of inputs and light changings as if the actor was consecutively interrupted in his action and had to restart the scene.*

*The actor leaves stage. Blackout. The entrance scene is repeated. Lights up. The actor enters. (Time).*

**Musicians:** Musical answer.

*- The actor leaves. Blackout. The entrance scene is repeated. Lights up. The actor enters. (Time).*

**Musicians:** Musical answer.

*- The actor leaves. Black out.*

**Musicians:** Musical answer.

*The entrance scene is repeated. Lights on. The actor enters. (Time).*

**Musicians:** Musical answer.

*The actor leaves.*

**Musicians:** Musical answer.

*Black out.*

*(Pause).*

**Musicians:** Musical answer.

*Lights up in fade in.*

*(Time).*

**Musicians:** Musical answer.

*Music 3. Cam-vo dao constante, stops.*

### 3.

*Repetition of the entrance scene. Lights up. The actor enters. The text begins very quietly to become progressively more dominant during the following scenes, as in a motivational session for companies selling cosmetic or dietary products.*

**Actor:** I did it

I've waited.

I could wait with patience, calmly.

I was waiting (pause) till the lights were up.

Till I could see the light.

I've walked towards the light, calmly,

Till I felt the lights on my face,

Till I was glowing.

I looked around.

I tried, but I also failed.

I had to fail loads of times so I could be the best.

I needed the dark.

I needed light

And dark,

To learn and see what I couldn't see before.

Many times I fell, while walking.

I needed to fall so I could learn how to stand.

In order to stand many falls are needed.

Not everyone knows how to stand up.

But not everybody deserves to stand. Isn't that right?

Of course that's right.

It was difficult at first.

It was very difficult. Because I was refusing to see what was right in front of my eyes.

It took me too long to refuse what I have learnt during childhood concerning freedom, equality, fraternity, that crap they sell us once we're born.

But I ended up understanding what a speech is. I've learnt the function of it.

I had to learn how to distinguish between reality

And the speech we made on it.

Because the things and the speech are not the same,

Just like speaking is not the same as writing.

As we speak, the things we are saying can be changing all the time. It is alive, it's free. While we speak we can be absolutely free because everything is possible: we can say, do and create almost everything.

"I am the most important person ever".

And from that moment someone says it, from that moment on,

If he/she believes in it with all strenght,

Other people will believe it too.

And if many people believe it, that person will

Indeed,

Become, even if only for a fraction of a second,

The most important person ever existing.

But is that enough to be true?

What's the point of it, anyway?

If someone thinks that's a lie, I can explain it better:

I am the most important person that has ever existed, to my puppy's point of view when I give him a biscuit.

And that's it. I rest my case.

Truth is: "all animals are equal,

but some animals are more equal than others".

And that is why we need to give a special attention to written words.

The words we listen to are not secure because they are alive. They can be changing all the time.

But written words get stuck.

They become reliable.

They become really true, when we take their life away.

This proves that we can only absolutely believe in what is already dead

And we shall never rely on what is still alive.

This is the great principle.

But the difference between life and death

Is nothing more than a short period of time.

We get to think about this

**Musicians:** Musical separator 4. Falhar até conseguir, similar to television program.

**Actor:** I've acknowledge all of this, after I've signed my first contract and I'm about to tell this short story in three simple lessons.

I had just finished my studies,

With success. I've send dozens of applications

And, after a while, I had an answer.

It was a temporary work company and they were requesting my services for two months. These days it would be considered a sort of internship, except at the time they were willing to pay my services.

It wasn't a big deal, but there was nothing else available and so I gave it try.  
I've listened to the conditions, accepted them and gave them my word. But suddenly my word was not enough.  
Everything had to be written down.  
That made me wonder.  
My word was not enough not even for a two-months service?  
But, here we go, my words had to be written down, because if they were freely in the air, they could eventually take off.  
I rememeber thinking at the time that it revealed lack of confidence. "So, they want to work with me but they don't trust me?".

I still haven't had normalized the "lack of confidence" – in fact, most of you were hadn't either.  
Still it's intriguing that, nowadays, what I fail to understand is how is it possible that the universal idea of "trust" is not yet considered an abject aberration.  
How is it possible to trust in things in constant change?  
To trust in words? In persons?  
Not even they trust themselves. Isn't that right?  
On top of that, it was a company that would hire me from another company. Of course it was not personal.  
They distrusted me as they would distrust anyone else. In the end, isn't that what defines brotherhood? United by the great mistrust we have of each other.  
Isn't that right?  
I signed the contract. That was the best thing to do,  
That was my first lesson.

**Musicians:** Musical separator 5. Nunca dei ou aceitei qualquer desculpa.

**Actor:** I was lucky.  
My first job was in an accounting of a multinacional company,  
Except they didn't need me for more than two months.  
I couldn't really understand why. I was good at it,  
But such a company willing to hire me – a noone – and only for two monts? Yet I took the chance without arguing.  
Everything was going well, till the day – almost at the end of the contract – my numbers were all wrong. I panicked.  
I looked for the error, searched, checked, and checked again, but the accounts did not match  
And I could not figure out why.  
Between entries and exits of money that day there was a difference of exactly 990,703. One million euros. It was as if he'd gotten a kick in the teeth, with a golden boot,  
because there was basically a million more.

Out of the blue, the balance indicated a million more,  
But it was both impossible to understand how that could have happened and where that million was if one wished to lay hands on it.  
Pure magic.  
And I didn't know what to do.  
The easiest thing to do was to disguise the accounts.  
Since one couldn't reach that million and it wasn't missing, it was better to disguise it as if it never exited.  
But I've decided to assume the error, instead.  
I reported the problem,  
I confessed my disability to explain what had happened.  
I suggested,  
That maybe with a wider investigation that million could be found.  
"It could even be redistributed by the company's employees" – I said.  
"It would make them believe there are such thing as Santa Claus after all".  
The result was: they listened to me, shook their heads and never spoke to me again.  
At the end of the contract, the boss called me to inform that there would be no renovation and just when I was about to say that I tottaly understood, he just hung up.  
But I still thanked him for that.  
It was my second great lesson.

**Musicians:** Musical separator 6. Sonhar em grande.

**Actor:** Only a few "temporary jobs" later I could explain such "mystery".  
I know what you are thinking: "He confessed the problem, he was honest, acted in a correct way!" Right?

Wrong.  
The most correct way to act in that case was to hide the accounts.  
That was the expected of a beginner like me given the size of the issue: cover it up and pretend that nothing had ever happened.  
If only I'd done that we would all be friends,  
Maybe they could even renovate my contract  
And we would be living happily ever after – just like in the most beautiful love stories.  
Especially the person whose bank account was loaded with that million.  
Right: there can be no doubts  
That million  
Loaded someone's account  
Someone who knew very well  
What he/she was doing  
And this was my great third lesson.

## .4

**Musicians:** excerpt begins 7. Pastiche.

**Actor:** You have to learn how to play this game.

Like it or not, more and more life becomes a game and the world is a big board, in the form of a pyramid: above we make the rules and below we follow the rules. And everybody gambles life. Even unwillingly. Yet, the real beauty of it all is that we are almost always playing unawaringly.

It's all a matter of rules. It's a matter of making everyone believe, sooner the better, that you have to live by the rules, even if you don't understand them, and most of all, without questioning them.

To change the rules it takes to reach the top.

**Musicians:** Music 7. Pastiche, stops.

**Actor:** (*Aggressive, as if an extremist at a rally*).

the moment we discover that money is the source of all good, we are asking to be destroyed (...).

Do we want blood, whip, and weapons?

– or do we want dollars?

You make your choices.

There are no alternatives.”

**Actor:** (*Returning to the explanatory tone*).

The sentence is not mine. It's by philosopher Ayn Rand, as you know, but the essential here is to make it clear that the Money is what keeps us in touch with freedom. And there is no alternative. To put this at stake is a waste of time.

**Musicians:** Sampler: horn from entrance.

**Actor:** Question is: who wants to reach the top? Who wants to make a million euros?

**Musicians:** Sampler: applause, ovation.

The rules are very simple: (*Musical drum roll*). Rules are made on the top of the pyramid. (*Musicians major chords: G/C*). The goal is easy: one needs to reach the top of the pyramid. (*Musicians major chords: G/C*). It's a very simple method: go by the rules and everything will reach the top.

**Musicians:** Sampler: videogame music.

It's just like a videogame,  
The only difference is that here it's really our life that's at stake.

It's a hard game to play, because not everybody will make it.  
A lot of people will miss the train: but that's just natural selection.  
That's how you tell strong and weak apart.  
(*Videogame music stops*).

The weakest will not survive  
And only then will each one discover his sacred destiny on this earth.

**Musicians:** Major chords: G/C

**Actor:** A million euros! But not everyone will be able to.  
This is the game. Who wants to win a million euros?

**Musicians:** Sampler: applause/ heart beat/ sound of stress.

**Actor:** (*tension arises*). Who is willing to be better than everybody else?  
Who is willing to be more competitive, more entrepreneur, faster, more seductive, healthier, stronger, more intelligent, more sweeping,  
More resilient than all the others?

Each person in this room is a competitor.  
A potential winner that needs to get out of our way.  
An enemy we need to have the courage to eliminate, if we want to win.

Let's face the rules,  
Fearless.  
We shouldn't fear more than fear itself.

We know the risks, but the gains can supplant them.  
The proof is that I succeeded. And I give my word,  
That if you meet all the rules, if you try hard,  
If you direct all your energy to win  
And believe it with all your heart,  
You too  
Will succeed.

**Musicians:** Sampler: heart beat fades out

I made it. If you can't make it  
It's because you didn't put enough believe in it.

And now, luck is on: make your bets!

**.5**

**Musicians:** Music 8. Sapatos de camurça tigrados.

**Actor:** (*Addressing the audience while walking by the seats. The tone is tender. The management of this scene as well as the respective questions should be improvised and will depend on the responses given by the spectators. Still we leave some suggestions and guidelines regarding the purposes of the scene.*)

How much is your life worth in euros?  
(*Assumption of right answer: it's worthless!*)

Would you like your life to be worth a million euros?  
(*Right answer: of course!*)

When?  
(*Right answer: now!*)

What are you willing to do to get a million euros?  
(*Right answer: whatever it takes.*)

34

And does it take?  
(*Right answer: be better than all the rest*)

And yet it will only happen if you believe it with all your heart.  
We know the risks, but the gains can supplant them.  
The proof is that I succeeded. And I give my word,  
That if you meet all the rules, if you try hard,  
If you direct all your energy to win  
And believe it with all your heart,  
You too  
Will succeed.

(*Music 8. Sapatos de camurça tigrados ends*).

I made it. If you can't make it, it's because you didn't put enough believe in it.  
And now...

(*At some point, the actor breaks off. He leaves the act abruptly suspending it.*)

**.6**

*Dialogue between musicians. The words should be chosen by the interpreters.*

**Musician 1:** (*He makes comments, as if he were the author or superior in everything that happens in the show*). What's going on?! Where is he going? (he speaks offstage). Who do you think you are? Cristiano Ronaldo?  
You must be thinking this is a commercial for a shampoo!... (*Towards other musicians*). Well, that's fine. (**Loud**). Shall we go on? (*The musicians agree*). Let's then see the order of music, shall we?

**Musician 2:** It's only one.

**Musician 1:** (**Snappy**). I know it's only one. But there are several themes in the same music, right?

**Musician 2:** Kind of, it's a...

**Musician 1:** ... well then, from the beginning (**Commands**). Blackout! (**Pause**). Whenever you like.

(*Dark. Lights up. Music. Dialogue with music 9. Vozes inferiores*).

35

**Musician 1:** (**Interrupting**). - That was late. (**Pause**). It was late. (**Pause**). Couldn't you feel it? (**Pause**). Couldn't anyone feel it was late?!

(*Music 9. Vozes inferiores, starts again.*).

**.7**

**Actor:** (*Offstage, talking to someone, the musician maybe. The actor enters progressively. The scene goes on as a dialogue, only a part of it is audible. The interlocutor should be performing as being present, however, invisible. These are approximately the answers that were not verbalized in the dialogue of initial scenes*):

It's late. (**Pause in the music**). It's late. (**Pause**). Couldn't you feel that? (**Pause**). I'm asking if you couldn't feel it was late?  
You couldn't? You can't feel when you're late?  
Don't you have a self inner time that dictates the exact moment when it's too late? (**Pause**).

Well,  
Maybe you shouldn't be here.  
(**Silence. Respinse Time**).

- Oh you gave it a thought!  
But you're not here to think. You're here to do!  
That's why you can't find the right moment: because you're thinking.  
And what are you thinking about?

*(Silence. Response time).*

Now you're saying you didn't think... but just a while ago, you thought!  
Which sense?

*(Silence. Response time).*

Which sense? *(Pause).*

*(Musician 1 initiates a continues theme by the guitar - music 10. Vozes interiores).*

If you had not been interrupted ?! Let's see: here you are giving opinions as someone who doesn't know where to stand... *(He repeats it as he had been interrupted)* as someone who doesn't know where to stand. Silence!  
You pig!

36 *(Silence. Response time).*

It's easy.  
You're not here to think, you're here to do.  
You're here to do as I say, because that's what you're paid for.  
And I want only to know if you have something to say, if I ask you so. In case you don't know this, you should. Because that's your job. And if you can't think like that, You don't deserve being here,  
Sabotaging my work...  
*(He repeats it as if he was suddenly interrupted).* ... Sabotaging my work!... Pig! *(Short pause).* I hadn't just finished what I was saying! *(Pause).* You Pig!

*(Silence).*

Maybe you don't mind.  
Maybe you don't mind not doing your work.  
Because your job is not giving opinions, your job here is to do what I say...  
'cause you're a nobody, with no opinion whatsoever. *(Pause).*

Maybe that's enough for you.  
Maybe!... You'd rather be at my place. Is it?

Maybe that's what you want... to be at my place, saying what is to be done...  
And put me at your place doing whatever you asked me to.  
*(Snappy).* Look me in the eyes while I address you!

*(Resuming the speech).*

... No, but,

Maybe you're right. Silence! *(Pause).*

Maybe you don't want this job. Maybe you don't need the Money they'll pay. Or they would have paid. Is that it?...

*(As if he didn't let someone speaking).* ... Maybe that's it!

Maybe you don't need the money. Well, a lot of people do, you see! A lot of people would kill to be at your place. *(Pause).*

But maybe you don't need the Money. Or maybe my proposal is not to your liking so that you deign to do your job - the work they pay you to do! *(Pause).*

Maybe you're right. *(Pause).*

Maybe it would be better if you were at my place and I was at your place and you could do anything that would come to your mind.

Maybe your opinion would add something to this damm world we live in, really something with a meaning.

Something that would touch us all.

Something that would help us to build a better world. That would help us to be happy.

Something that would illuminate us - just like you are right now, so that you could give answers to main problems of human kind, that spread like a cancer. Like, for instance when a bank goes bankrupt, because "someone" was too greedy and couldn't understand or didn't want to, that in order to be absurdly rich, he/she made miserable thousands or even million of people.

Ruining millions of lifes

That feel and love and suffer just like him/her.

And even so, he/she couldn't hesitate doing it.

Maybe your opinion would help us cuting by the root those tumors

Before they spread out and kill us all.

*(Pause).*

Your "opinion" could bring all of this. But...

You know what?

We'll never know.

We'll never know if that would happen, because that's not what we are doing here. Because you've got no money to do whatever you like. *(Pause).*

If you want to be paid, then you have to do what I say it is to be done. *(Pause).*

37



But maybe you're not willing to do your job.  
 You don't need to be here, if you don't wish to take your place.  
 I understand. (*Musician 1 stops playing music 10. Vozes interiores*).  
 So? How is it going to be?  
 Shall we call another person?  
 Or, you'll be doing your work,  
 As I'm saying,  
 At the right time? (*Pause*).

Pig.

## .8

(*Intermediate Scene*)

*The actor jumps as if to mark the time. Theme 11. Terrivelmente vazio. The actor jumps until exhaustion, when he is exhausted he falls to the ground. From the remnant of the music begins to emerge the theme 12. Se tudo for coisa nenhuma.*

## .9

*Theme 12. Se tudo for coisa nenhuma, being played constantly.*

**Actor:** I know I have to let the light in.  
 I know I have to wait longer.  
 I know I have to enter on time.  
 I know I cannot make a sentence as if it was a sentence.  
 Or nobody will feel my sentence.  
 I know I can't do anything right.  
 I know all of this will be only right at the exact moment you tell us so.  
 At that point it will be perfect.  
 Because we mustn't think.  
 Because allowed to have an opinion.  
 Because we don't know how to exist.  
 We don't wish to feel and we don't know how to do.  
 We can only follow the rules.  
 Go by the rules.  
 That's what we are good for.  
 We need time to be ruled; otherwise we won't make poetry happen.

## .10

*The theme 12. Se tudo for coisa nenhuma, goes down and bass goes in... Theme 13. Trabalhar para poder trabalhar. The actor sits down and rests talking on the microphone.*

**Actor:** Of course Money matters.

I work all day long. Every single day. Here and there and always looking for something else to do.

Meanwhile I have to invent time to do the shopping, collect my daughter, take her to see her mother, take her to the doctor, pay for the bills, and if I have something unexpected – some troubles with taxes or Social Security – it's a chaos.

When the night comes I am exhausted and even so I can't sleep.

I can only think of the bills that are still to come and what else to do. I take a pill, turn the television on, and try not to think about anything.

I feel empty, frustrated, but the pill starts working its ways and I finally go to sleep.

And then, the alarm clock starts it all over again.

I leave the house. I pretend everything is just fine. Just like everybody else.

I say good morning. I smile till it hurts my jaw. I talk about the government, the crisis, the refugees, the islamic state, previous night football game.

I know I'm privileged.

I know that I live above my possibilities, but what I feel

Is that I have no chances.

Where have I failed?

I played by the rules.

I did everything I was told to do. Everything.

I studied.

I graduated from university.

I did an internship.

I started to work.

I got a loan.

I built a family.

I bought what I was told to buy:

A house,

A car,

All appliances,

Every toothpaste and soap and shoes and clothes and perfumes of the brands magazines were advertising – which make us unique and original.

I followed the rules

And I was fired.

And then rehired

And then fired e rehired again and again fired.

I've changed my profession as many times as they were needed to survive.

And now everyone I meet is a threat.

I live in the horror of being replaced,  
The horror of failing,  
Of not being able to pay,  
To commit some illegality, to be caught. To lose my freedom.  
But am I free?

Am I free if I cannot do any of the things I want?  
I have no choices.  
My only choice was to throw myself off the window,  
Abandon my daughter,  
Leave my wife in the hospital,  
Maybe she would never wake up from the coma and ignored my cowardly act.  
Sometimes I envy her. I know it's horrible, but I thought of this more than a thousand times.  
At present, the meaning of freedom is no more that this,  
Flying for a few seconds until I smashed to the ground. Just die and stop being a slave.

Because I am a slave  
to the bank,  
to the people I work for,  
I'm a slave of my inability to understand any of this, of finding a way out. And when  
I look around I see only slaves.  
I see the same weariness, the same despair, the same fear in the eyes.  
We are slaves.  
Full of fear.  
We are slaves because we fear  
And we are afraid because we are slaves.  
We know that we are weak,  
We fear each other,  
We accept to be controlled,  
manipulated,  
We let others to think for us,  
Let them say what to do.  
We try to be disposable  
Objects.  
Like the things we buy and then throw away.  
*(Question to the same entity to which he addressed at the beginning of show)*  
Because our life is worthless.  
Is it? Our life is really worthless?

*(The last sentence can be a climax, shouted for the audience. The phrase should echo throughout the room).*

**Musician 1:** *(Resuming his previous role as if he were the author or holder of hierarchical power in the show):* Have you let it all out?

**Actor:** I apologize.

**Musician 1:** That begining is always very bad! *(Pause)*. You really just can't do what I've asked you to, can you?

**Actor:** Yes, I can.

I'm sorry. Of course, I can, I'll do my best...

**Musician 1:** *(Loudly. With a command voice)*. Well, then, from the begining, give your best!, if you please!

Whenever you're ready.

.11

*Blackout. Lights up. The actor enters with the light. Text begins without microphone, the platform of musicians goes back on stage very slowly. The music 14. Dolça, fades out also very slowly, farther and farther away.*

**Actor:** I did it.

I've waited.

I could wait patiently. Calmly.

I had to wait till the lights were up.

Till I could see the light.

I walked calmly into the light till I was completely illuminated.

Glowing with light.

I looked around.

I searched. But I, too, failed.

I had to fail to be able to be better.

I needed the dark.

I needed light and dark so I could see what I couldn't before.

While walking, I often fell.

I needed to fall so I could get up.

You have to fall many times so you can stand up.

Not everybody knows how to stand. Not everybody deserves to stand

When I learned the meaning of liberty, equality and fraternity. That made sense to me

And it unwillingly

Got into me.

It became part of me.

And even when it became obvious that the speech was better than reality

That still made sense to me. Especially when I was surrounded by other people.



I remember the people who passed by the house, to tell, in a very low voice, things about the revolution. I felt inexplicably happy.  
But sometimes just being there, even in silence, was enough reason to be happy.  
On the other hand, since I was little, being alone caused me a very hard to explain Anguish.  
As if I lacked something.  
Maybe that's what love is.

Much has already been said about love, but my first concrete memory of it has to do with a girl named Dulce - which means "sweet" in spanish.  
I remember going to see her.  
Her house was on a huge estate, where she lived alone with her grandfather and mother.  
Everything seemed big to my little eyes.

One could perceive the passage of many lifes there, but now there was no soul to be seen. Everything was too big  
And everything was like rotting.  
The house was dark,  
Cold  
And its interior  
Darkened by decades of the smoke of a huge fireplace, which was the only heating source in the place.

But once we got there, I could only see Dulce. There was nothing else around.  
And I was almost always finding her in the same scenario,  
At the entrance to the great stone hearth, always smokerier than lit,  
There she was,  
very white,  
at her mother's lap,  
crying.  
The mother was trying to comfort her or feed her  
And everytime she saw us she usually began to cry  
Because Dulce  
was always sick.  
I have never met such a fragile and pale creature in my life.  
Her mother despaired because she spent her life from doctor to doctor without anyone being able to find a cure.  
Dulce was like a princess from a long-extinct kingdom.  
No subjects, no inhabitants,  
Where the last bit of life  
Was rotting,  
slowly,  
Nobody was able to do a thing.

The only thing we could do was to be there  
And by being there, we should try to make believe that death was not coming to get us.  
So, there I was,  
Powerless,  
Confused.  
I was by her side  
Very certain  
That she wouldn't be there for longer.

And when we finally left that seemingly cursed place,  
She was coming with me,  
Inside my heart,  
Inside my thoughts.  
In a way that was very hard to explain, but I could never forget.  
Maybe that's what love means: "never forget",  
That apart from us, there is someone else in the world.  
It may be only one person, but in fact there are millions of other beings in the world who would stand by us just to help us warding off death.  
People that might even take us home if we were found shivering out in the street and ask for nothing in return.  
Maybe that's what love is:  
Asking for nothing in return.

## .12

*(The music 14. Dolça, that was fading, at this point stops completely).*

A million euros.

One million euros,

Diverted from a company's account to someone's account,

It's an everyday banality. Several times a day,

To a very restricted group of people.

The rest of us, we live so well

We cannot do without anesthesia.

We spent hours on the phone,

on computer,

In front of the television,

Most of the time engrossed in nothing worth remembering.

Being thankful to time passing by, without having to think about things.

Anesthetizing the frustration of feeling that we are alone and do not have the strength to change absolutely nothing in this world.

We let life pass as if it had no value, in our increasingly small and insignificant

Sole

World

Under anesthesia we obey,

we work,

As children we receive a salary, as if it were an allowance with which we go shopping.

We buy that item that an ad has promised to change our lives for the better.

It would solve all our problems,

The unfulfilled wishes -

That it will make us happy.

But after we get that first kick out of it, frustration comes along

Because it was only another phone,

Another computer,

Another dress

Or another pair of shoes

afterall.

That emptiness could never be filled that way, but we try again.

One more purchase.

A new feeling of satisfaction.

A new frustration and so on.

As a heroin man who would do anything to get the next kick,

We obey,

We play the game,

We deceive whoever we can

We wheep when we're caught

We ask for pardon and excuses

And we regret till next time we're caught.

These are the rules

And we obey the rules.

We believe that one day we will be the ones

Up there,

At the top of the pyramide

Dictating the rules.

We will finally cease being slaves and enslave everyone else.

Because there is no other way, is it?

We'll reach the top

Or shall we make part of the seven million who couldn't make it?

I just wanted to be free.

Hold my daughter when I get home.

To have more time to spend,

To be there for her

Always.

Help her to endure the burden of growing up in this world.

Not having to run from task to task all the time. Not having to see an enemy in everyone I meet, in everyone I like, a hindrance.

I would like to relearn how to live. (pause)

In the few moments I can stop,

Sometimes I close my eyes and just wonder.

I imagine I'm sitting by the river.

I imagine the sun is shining.

The water is fresh and you can feel a light breeze.

I start imagining how it would feel to get into the running water.

What if I was the river water?

If I didn't stop before any obstacle,

If I was always running,

Running continuously towards other rivers.

What if all people were rivers, always on the move?

Millions of beings made of the same substance constantly meeting and leaving everywhere in the world.

We all run in the same direction untill we fall into the same sea.

And once there,  
We all go back to separate ourselves into millions of water steam particles in the atmosphere.  
And into millions of water drops falling back on earth  
And again we gather in millions of rivers.  
Making a single world in constant action  
Pulsing  
With no ending.

But then I open my eyes and everything starts all over again.

**Musicians:** Musical answer C2

**Actor:** I apologize.

*(Blackout).*

The End

Porto, March, 1st , 2016



# Anexos Musicais

**Albrecht Loops**

Músico 1, Guitarra eléctrica, samplers e voz

**Henrique Fernandes**

Músico 2, Contrabaixo eléctrico

**Gustavo Costa**

Músico 3, Bateria

**José Eduardo Silva**

Voz e texto

## Anexos Musicais

### Temas

1. **Anonímia** (intro, início de uma desindividuação)
2. **Vozes superiores** (tema principal, vozes que vêm de cima/vozes mais agudas num coro)
3. **Cam-vo dao** (marcial diluído, nomes de duas lutas de artes marciais vietnamitas misturadas)
4. **Falhar até conseguir** (grande lição 1, frases célebres de grandes empreendedores)
5. **Nunca dei ou aceitei qualquer desculpa** (grande lição 2, frases célebres de grandes empreendedores)
6. **Sonhar em grande** (grande lição 3, frases célebres de grandes empreendedores)
7. **Pastiche** (jazz genérico, genérico, nome de um álbum da banda casino-jazz The Manhattan Transfer)
8. **Sapatos de camurça tigrados** (rockabilly, do nome blue suede shoes, com tigresa)
9. **Vozes inferiores** (dub, vozes que vêm de baixo, vozes mais graves num coro)
10. **Vozes interiores** (solo guitarra, introspecção, caguei para o que o encenador está a dizer)
11. **Terrivelmente vazio** (saltos, depressão)
12. **Se tudo for coisa nenhuma** (drum and guitar, adaptado de uma frase de fernando pessoa, depressão)
13. **Trabalhar para poder trabalhar** (baixo melancólico, quase a sair da depressão)
14. **Dolça** (dulce, significa doce em catalão, no texto é em castelhano)

52

## Anexos Musicais

### Respostas musicais

The musical notation consists of ten staves, each representing a different musical response. The staves are labeled A, A1, A2, A3, B, C, C1, C2, C3, and C4. The notation includes various musical symbols such as treble clefs, key signatures (one sharp), time signatures (9/8, 10/8, 12/8, 4/4, 2/4), and musical notes (chords and single notes).

53











