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THE END OF THE WORLD SERVICE

Post Disaster Rooftops EP03
Bodies as Infrastructures
The End of the World Service
Musarc nella Terra del Rimorso
Taranto, 27–29 Maggio 2022

Libretto written by the ensemble members of Musarc on the occasion of *The End of the World Service*, a performance part of Post Disaster Rooftops EP03 programme 'Bodies as Infrastructures'. First reading, Museo Diocesano, Taranto, Venerdì 27 Maggio 2022.

I

TIN AND LOUD

we just want to walk, in the sun, in the small of the sky

WHINE IN STATIC

let us at peace, in the walk, in the gentle stomp

METAL-LOUD

let us at peace, in the walk, in the gentle rush

TIN AND STASIS

we just want to walk, in the light, in the small of the crack in the dust

WHINE WALKER

in the walk, in the gentle rushing of feet in the dusty metal

STATIC AND LOUD

we just want to walk, in the sun, on our feet, on our face

WHINE WALKER, TIN

let us at peace, in the sun, in the walking rushes

LOUDER IN LOUD

we just want to walk, gentle stomp

WHINE IN STATIC

let us at peace, in the walk, in the gentle rush

TIN AND STASIS

in the light, in the small of the peace

TIN AND STASIS

let us at peace, in the walk, in the gentle rush

WHINE WALKER, TIN

we just want to walk, gentle stomp

STATIC

in the light

WHAT DO WE WANT?

No more choir!

WHY IS THAT?

We are tired of singing

BUT YOU HAVEN'T SUNG YET!

We are being asked to sing in Italian.

WHAT IS WRONG WITH THAT?

We are not Italian.

WE WILL BE IN ITALY.

But they understand English better than we understand Italian.

THEN THEY WON'T BUY US ICE CREAM

You mean gelato.

THERE WE ARE, YOU SPEAK ITALIAN!

But is it gelato or gelati?

YOU CAN SING IN ENGLISH IF YOU LIKE

But where's the fun in that?

THERE IS NO PLEASING YOU.

How do we get there?

BY PLANE.

But can't we take the train?

IT TAKES A VERY LONG TIME.

How long?

ALL DAY AND HALF THE NIGHT.

But think of the landscape.

YOUR HOTEL WILL BE CLOSED AT MIDNIGHT.

We can sleep on the beach and have an early morning swim.

SOME CRAZY ITALIAN WILL STEAL YOUR MUSIC.

What about our wallets and the door code?

I CAN SEE DISASTER COMING.

Pericoloso Sporgersi.

WE SHOULD ALL GET ON THE PLANE.

Then we can practice our music.

AND CATCH THE SAME BUS TO OUR LUXURY APARTMENT.

Fantastico, Bravissimo, Andante, Piccolo, Fortissimo
on the Rooftop spazi urbani non convenzionali.

BUT

BUT THEN

An Instruction

STANDING IN THE PIAZZA,

YOUR CLOSEST NEIGHBOUR'S STOMACH IS RUMBLING,

It hungers for the deviants that we are keeping in
protected spaces –
prisons, asylums –

YOU EITHER HAVE WHAT IT NEEDS,

OR YOU DO NOT.

If you do not have what it needs,

You still have a choice:

Keep looking (for what your neighbour's stomach needs),

Or run away,

Or stay where you are.

NOW YOUR OWN STOMACH IS SPEAKING,

You either have what it needs,

Or you do not.

BUT HOW WILL YOU, OF ALL PEOPLE,

KNOW WHAT IT NEEDS?

You turn your head and take in the stickers on the closest pole:

'Ideology-free Zone'

You sit down.

At least you have that bag of taralli.

Munch munch. Nom nom.

How did I get here?

Passing through.

Fallen through the cracks.

Oh, we all fall down the cracks in time.

There's something that attracts us.

Now, just have a drink. Relax ... and tell your story,

Set your scene.

Well ...

I looked around: the figtree roots were arching overhead.

Staircases running skew and slant. A kitten calmly led me

Through the grinning gaps, the underflow, the clouded reckoning;

An insolent geometry of places in between.

In the stone rooms of the souterrain I saw her,

perching high

Upon a three-legg'd stool beside the bar, as she began

to scry

A large martini (dirty). Through the cold and cloudy brine she saw

The shapes of things to come; that might have been; that never

were. The floor

Gave up a little groan: it quaked and crazed. And, with a

gentle hiss

There came a scent of damaged sanctity, of flowers of

the abyss.

She lit a laurel cigarillo as she scrutinised the ground

And fiddled with the mussel pearls about her neck,

and frowned:

I read it like a fire-jagged scapula, she said.
The cracks in anything are where creation's birthed and bred.

Now, you can ask me what you want: I'll give it to
you straight.
But whether you can hear me right – well, that's all
down to fate,
Katabasis, and giddy luck, and curlicues in time ...
(and whether some bright butterfly flaps somewhere
down the line)
So come by chance, or not at all – the angles and the folds
Will find your way for you. We all arrive by different roads
And soon must rove again and fall towards our little star
To live in hope of finding where the differences are
That help us to hop off the carousel, and sleep the sleep
Of pearly dreams and palindromes, and echoes of that deep
And dark delight.

(a small meow)
So, quickly now...

III

Un orizzonte, blu sopra blu sotto.
In mezzo, uno di fronte all'altro: l'enorme sistema meccanico o
Fabbrica del Ferro, e due funi parallele, tese a vista da sinistra
a destra. Grappoli di cozze appese alle corde, come bucato nero
sotto il sole.
Le cozze sono nere e appese alle corde e sembrano guardare
l'orizzonte dove sta la Fabbrica, sola, gigantesco cane
addormentato.
Le onde del mare rispondono.
Le cozze aggiungono un'opinione in primo piano.

Tornando all'orizzonte, all'improvviso, lì davanti al mare c'è una
fila di persone, vestite di nero, donne e uomini, in piedi fianco a
fianco.
L'ultimo di loro, cade, come un frutto maturo dall'albero.
Il suo vicino si china per sollevarlo ma lotta, spinto giù dal peso
dell'amico.
Anche il terzo nella fila fa la sua prova: aiutato dagli altri cerca di
contrastare la gravità, aggrappandosi alle braccia e piegandosi
e così via, mentre una sorta di movimento si forma, a spirale,
attorno al perno del primo caduto.
La linea d'uomini continua così, finché il primo caduto riesce,
finalmente, a rialzarsi da terra.
Il gruppo, ora simile a un nastro nero dalle molte gambe, esce
dall'orizzonte, come una cosa sola.

La Fabbrica resta.
Un gabbiano passa veloce e urla qualcosa.
La Fabbrica risponde.

Altre galassie si uniscono, come vesciche nere che rompono il
cielo,
commentando la solitudine della Fabbrica.

Le onde del mare rispondono.
La Fabbrica resta, immobile, come un cane gigante che dorme
all'orizzonte.

Nature's music has no existence outside things. The various apertures, pipes, flutes, all living beings together make up nature. The 'I' cannot produce things & things cannot produce the 'I,' which is self-existent. Things are what they are spontaneously, not caused by something else. Everything is natural & does not know why it is so. The 10,000 things have 10,000 different states, all in motion as if there were a True Lord to move them – but if we search for evidence of this Lord we fail to find any. (Kuo Hsiang) Every realised consciousness is an 'emperor' whose sole form of rule is to do nothing to disturb the spontaneity of nature, the Tao. The 'sage' is not Chaos itself, but rather a loyal child of Chaos – one of P'an-Ku's fleas, a fragment of flesh of Tiamat's monstrous son. 'Heaven and Earth,' says Chuang Tzu, 'were born at the same time I was, & the 10,000 things are one with me.' (Bey, H., The Autonomous Zone)

IV

Why Texas text alright instruction I To get off the plane alright something approaches the state of music why to Texas text all right and instruction like how to get off the plane all write something that approaches the stated music right at Texas text all rights and structure like how to get off the plane all write something that approaches the stated news right to Texas texts alright transcription like how to get alright something to purchase the state text text instruction blackout get I'm sitting to purchase the state like how to get a train Purchase of state Texas texts description like how to get something writer Texas text all right instruction like how to get off train alright something that approaches the state music all right to Texas Tech stalwarts instruction how to get up or write something that approaches the state of music up writer Texas test all-white instruction out cannot blame or write something approaching state of music right attack this text right instruction I could about to get up select right Jackson #construction back out to get registered all

In an elevator

1

Their exchange of women and wealth happened in an elevator,
 In point-of-time-and-place, over the displacement pull,
 More or less a point of convergence, a ferment, a taxonomy even,
 Mega distrust of progress, for it disembodies and incapacitates,
 For it happens again, and reeks and heaves, does it not,
 And makes us blind, meek and mean:
 For it will appear that we are moving with time,
 As numbers light up, floor after floor,
 And obsolete Marxists enter and leave,
 And hang from one horse or another,
 Over there, I will have you over there,
 And lick and swallow some news,
 And piss and shit the data display,
 Where all, all news is staged, and is a way for them
 To get it out there, like a map of the city,
 As an aerial, a thin and wiry flesh, to be had for debate,
 When the world is yet in its making in everything we do

2

Before we knew it, we had written it down
And at the ninth mass there was a storm
We came as tourists
We looked upon ourselves with contempt
For everything we knew lies covered
Under a layer of snow and aeroplanes

A dialogue between an iron factory talking to herself (left), and a a choir bastardising the city in a series of mad laments (right)

1

Area dell'insediamento,
 Calcolo geometrico
 Calcolo logistico

La gru è precipitata in mare

Misplaced
 Misplaced
 Raw material
 Ready to hand

Arriva Arriva
 La stagione dei Riva
 Arcerol-Mittal
 Arcerol-Mittal

Profano
 Mundano
 Silenzio
 Tabu!

Primary Sector
 Sector secondary
 Sector tertiary sector!
 Infernal Tectonics!

'Their fathers don't matter,
Our machines are
Made of sunshine;
Nothing but signals,
Sections of spectrum!'

What a Greek Victory,
What a sign of trickery,
This iron dog
Sleeping along the coast
Hiding adultery, murder
Poisonous defeat!
Weight their hearts
With a plume,
Stars of Libra!

My root is
The strongest loss
Lost in the smoke
Long time ago

Visitors come and go
Thoughts of Errantry
Turns of History

And for ONE
Such as me,
Where do I turn?
Where's my rest prepared?

Busy seagull,
No time for sorrow!

Were I
An infant,
Like the Great ocean

Were I
A pauper!
Like a billionaire!

Were I
Quiet
Like the thunder!

Were I
Lustreless,
Like the sun!
By what Goliaths
Was I sired,
So giant
and useless?

2

A Hole !
Out there!

All entities were fragile
In the Age of Asymmetry,
Including myself,

Sail your boat
Over bones of dead!

Trapped mussel
Forgives the net

No bird soars too high
With his own wings

Imagination!

Metaphors!

Nothing like I took them to be!
Slowly, though
A transit lounge was built,

On actual Earth

A Universal Machine,
Assemblage of assemblages
A Great Acceleration

Orders of magnitude,

Yet everyone here until about
A decade ago
Missed the bigger picture

Hiroshima,
Nagasaki,
Plutonium!

And I,
That's me,
Now scooped from the inside

Uncanny place to be,
still...

The more I know myself
The stranger becomes
The often first person I'm in

... Imperative!

Things are no longer working
The way they should
In their purposes or intents

1784

The steam engine
Was a good idea
Indeed

No, 1945

But we have issues
One issue
Indeed

Well Climate has always
Been ... changing
I read it on books

At the End of Day
Where's the light
When the fridge is closed?

Possibilities!
Things themselves
(Like me, by the way)

everything made of mind
Is ... crying now!
Like sprinkles on cupcakes

So what, which?
I sleep at the switch
Burying the world of nullity

On Earth

Flagrante Delicto

Of human

Possibilities

And YOU!
Biggest THING on Earth,

A sleeping FAT IRON DOG!

Will be
All the way
Down

A Motel room in the middle of Indiana, NIGHT TIME, the room is DDR style, including its color palette. Thoughts are manifesting through my face and my expressions change every three seconds even if I am alone. Don't know what it means to be alive to be honest, I just had a possibility to travel to Russiaville and I refused. What the heck is going on with me? I should change the water to this bouquet now. It stinks. I wonder if Joanna is still keen to go to Walmart tomorrow. Got to sort out the bowling set for the kids.

'There is a crack in everything.
That's how the light gets in.'

Scene

Look at your hands.
Look at one of your hands.
Find its cracks.
Find its smaller cracks.
Does light get in?
Imagine light gets in.
Imagine it getting in.
Burgling your hands.
Reinforce your fortifications.
Keep the light out.
Look up.

Scene

Stone walls.
The walls have gaps.
Strip the gaps from the wall.

Scene

A large gap, large enough for a standing crowd.
The sky can get in.
Don't let it!

Scene

The gap narrows to a couple metres between buildings.
A guy playing Jesus is smoking a cigarette
flicking ash onto the ground.
He's talking to his buddy,
His buddy is not in costume, probably a techie.
They are part of the landscape.

IV

- 1 iMessage doesn't work. not sure why. I just receive textless texts.
- 2 Hello! This is Doug. The dancing tonight is at Swing 46.
<http://swing46.com> 349 W 46th St, New York. NY 10036
- 3 Lukasz and I are coming to Barbes. Paolo too maybe.
- 4 Yeah, I had a feeling that place wasn't gonna work ... Maybe it's easier for you if I come catch you there, no? Otherwise I'm in the train at Union Square stop ... xx><xx
- 5 I can be there soon ...
- 6 Hi Thank you for your application to join our summer casual events team. We will be starting interviews soon but we just wanted to let you know you've been shortlisted. We look forward to talking to you then and hearing more about you. In the meantime, please could you send us your email address, and followtche link below to book in an initial zoom interview at a time that suits you. <https://calendly.com/klayteam22/15m> If you have any questions please feel free to contact me directly or call our office on 02037008xxx. All the best, Michael
- 7 I am sorry, which application?
- 8 I am planning my next week ... Can I assume you are not free next week. Well it's a quite simple yes or no answer right? :)
- 9 [22/02, 14:46] Lisa G: Sending someone to find your bow
- 10 [22/02, 14:46] Lisa G: Now
- 11 Damian can you come upstairs? Table 8 needs to pay with vouchers

- 12 Heya, Thank you for being free and keeping the dates.
Apologies but unfortunately I'm going to have to release you from tomorrow.
Production have had to cut numbers. I am aware you been booked for quite a while, and I totally understand but unfortunately.
Please keep any other dates booked.
- 12 Click here to confirm the cancellation
- 13 Ok. Let me get to it. This storm crap is keeping me busy
- 14 www.elledivine.com Elle Divine.
Should also say I'm learning *leaning towards that name and possibly transitioning in the future. Weird life. Best wishes, Josh

IV

WHAT DOES THE SKY DO AT THE END OF THE WORLD?

It carries across it a trickle of clouds. It brings in the storms and empties again. Sometimes there is a dark plume. It does what it has always done.

WHAT DOES THE SEA DO AT THE END OF THE WORLD?

It washes over our chosen animal friends, who are our sustenance, and so we try to save them.

WHAT DO YOU DO AT THE END OF THE WORLD?

We go to work and tame the land.

Or think we do.

Sometimes we are bored.

Sometimes we wage war against each other.

Sometimes we congregate around the baking and breaking of bread, and at ceremonies auguring life-to-be. We dance and decorate ourselves in hope, even at the end of the world.

We do what we have always done.

IS THERE SINGING AT THE END OF THE WORLD?

Yes, there is singing. About the end of the world.

