

ICARUS AT THE BORDER: A Meditation on Monstrous Appetites
Created by Malcolm Purkey & Tavia La Follette

Daedalus- A stranger and an inventor. Father of Icarus

Icarus- Son of Daedalus and friend to the Minotaur

Tiresias- A transgender Shaman, an African doctor, who is blind, but can see everything

The Queen- Inspired by Pasiphae, of Greek Mythology. Mother of the Minotaur

The General- Married to the Queen. Rules the land

Freud- The founder of Psychoanalysis. Particularly interested in the poet and feminist, DH

DH- A poet. Exists in different moments of time and is the patient on Freud's couch. She travels back and forth from place to place, city to city and will take on the role of Pythia, Pancho Villa and/or a Mexican Revolutionary woman, and Coatlicue, an Aztec God. Possibly others

The Tribe

Puppeteers, singers, chanters, movers and dancers - Function as a Greek chorus, inspired by Satyrs and Nymphs. Tricksters, who help move things along, respond through song to what is happening and are part of the ensemble.

The Man- An airman. An addict. Half shadow, half human.

Puppets

Minotaur (4 stages: baby, teen, monster and heartless head), Born to the Queen from the Divine White Bull. He is feral and reveals the untamed in all of us.

Freud (a puppet operated by actor and possible puppeteers), father of psychoanalysis

Coatlicue (shadow puppet or projection), Aztec origin God-Mother

Poncho Villa (bunraku style puppet + actor), revolutionary/DH

Little Icarus (bunraku style puppet + actor), a toddler, a 11-year-old on the cusp of puberty up to the 20-year-old, played by actor

The Divine White Bull (shadow puppet or projection), Father of the Minotaur

The Percussionists

A group of musicians who support and compliment the action

IMAGE MAKING: Image plays a huge role in this piece and often sets up the aesthetics for the scene. The images leave a trace of an idea with the audience to ruminate on afterward, or to simply give information. Because *image* is passed between bodies, puppets, screens (a series of off-white cotton legs that allow bodies to pass through them) and even musicians, we have made indications where we currently envision the various designers might take on this role. We have marked these areas with two asterisks: **

We have also embedded real images to help the reader further understand what the playwrights are imagining.

SONG MAKING: In *PURPLE*, the playwrights have highlighted where we imagine the words are sung. The mainly is happens via **THE TRIBE**, but many discoveries will happen once in the room.

SCENE 1

Space

** video

As the audience enters the theatre, they are confronted with the sound of birds. First only one or two. Then more gather. The fluttering builds and then recedes.

The sound could be like the gentle lapping of the sea, or like electronic waves, responding to the shuffling of people as they find their seats. It has the quality of a conversation - secret messages passed from one end of the theatre to the other: observations, warnings, flirting and the marking of one's territory.

The stage is empty, but the screen suggests dusk or dawn. It is the magic hour and we can't tell if our sun is setting or rising – if the birds are waking or retiring.

Ancient singing, barely perceptible, begins to grown with the next ripple of bird waves. Like the birds, the chorus is hard to comprehend. Where are the songs coming from? In what language?

As the audience settles, the lights subtly change, and across the burnt orange, helicopter seeds begin to fall. As they spin, the voices grow to a crescendo.



THUNDER/Musical Crescendo

All goes dark as the audience hears the last spiraling helicopters fall to the ground.

Across the screen, in burning fire, the words –

EVERYTHING YOU ARE ABOUT TO SEE IS A LIE ...

The sound of chains is heard. Like the chattering and whistling of the birds, it comes from all sides. A crackling fire seems to grow behind the audience, transforming the screen.

Chains or music under the shadow play of Plato's cave

We become aware of shadows. It's as if we are the prisoners in Plato's Cave: historical repetitions and interpretations play out before us; mysterious forms and shapes dance in the space. The shadowy figures are designed to deceive.



THE TRIBE of nymphs and satyrs emerge from the shadows. Half masks and horns define their presence. Like some ancient Greek chorus, they sing a commentary. **STARTING NOTE after shadows fade: C**

THE TRIBE

(SONG OF THE GODS)

Gods have a will

Iron and steel Echo: The gods have a will, iron and steel

A monstrous will and way Echo: A monstrous will and way

Every day we lament (x2) Echo: Every day we lament (x2)

What do they want Echo: What do they want

Snatch us from the sky Echo: Snatch us from the sky

Building here, destroying there Echo: Building here, destroying there

ALL: Laughing as we fall

Transition Music, end after Man Exits

In a corner, barely visible to the audience, hidden under a pile of rubbish, and old army uniforms, THE MAN prepares to inject himself in the arm. It is not clear yet exactly what he is doing.

As he lays back we sense what he may be seeing.

*A dream of clouds, a deep azure sea and a blazing sun. **Begin thunder underneath projections***

SCENE 1a

Air field

***** video***

The PILOT, kitted in full fighter outfit, circa 1920, climbs into the cockpit of a prop driven plane. He prepares for take-off. Moments later he is up in the sky.

*Footage, browning with age, sets the tone. It is a style from an old US newsreel, played in a theatre. Reporting on the progress of the young nation. **Projections end, roll of thunder for Tiresias' entrance***

SCENE 2 *DAEDALUS' LABORATORY* ** wind up bamboo & wooden machines: puppet & set****

DAEDELUS the stranger, a man in his forties, is working in his laboratory, developing a Flying Machine. It is a basket attached to a tube with wing-like structures sticking out at various angles. A great twisted band is being placed inside the tube.

TIRESIAS, the prophet is standing there. A large formidable form. He is blind and feels his way around the space, touching this and that. He has a long carved wooden staff. Something useful to hit a snake or even two!

As we will find out, TIRESIUS is sometimes a man, sometimes a woman.

***ICARUS, a precocious four-year-old, here represented by a puppet, is playing in the corner, surrounded by an assortment of beautiful homemade wooden toys, images of medieval war machines.*

TIRESIAS *(turning out to the audience-CHANTING)*

Behold Daedalus, the engineer

I can feel him, right here

An artist perhaps, an inventor?

But Daedalus, my brother, who are you

When the secret crevices of your heart wakes you

Dripping in sweat, and drowning in your dream- terror

What will you unleash with your blind -made machine?

What hell will you unleash with your blind -made machine?

We have nothing in the future but dark and bitter pain,

And do we make this pain, for sure, for sure, we do

*There is an explosion in the studio and a shaft shoots to the vaulted ceiling. **LARGE BANG***

TIRESIAS What are you doing – you frightened me!

DAEDALUS I was somewhere else, Tiresias.
In my reverie, in the flame of my invention.
I didn't hear you. What secrets are you trying to share?

TIRESIAS I am a creature of the earth, grounded
You long for the sky, but you are blinded
A stranger, uneasy in this city.
You will be defeated
By your own blood- madness driven
I say this in sadness, we live here in darkness
Thrown in the world without a smit of guidance
With guile and deception, you pray to the sky gods
But they know your desire and your weakness
That boy, somewhere there, so young so innocent
is your weakness
He will bring you down

DAEDALUS If that is me, then what are you?

TIRESIAS I am a creature of the underworld,
I get my power from the lords of darkness
The gods love me, I have inner sight.

DAEDALUS You are nothing but their play thing. Tiresias the prophet! Their dangling
bit. Their dirty distraction.
Stop feeling at yourself and help me. Help me.

TIRESIAS What?

DAEDALUS Here.

Daedalus and Tiresias twist a large elastic band.

TIRESIAS You may think I am their play thing, but they give me my pleasures.

The gods are wild and truly peculiar.

DAEDALUS Tiresias, you are a man and a woman a woman and a man
At the gods' whim. Where is the pleasure in that?

TIRESIAS To wake up in the morning
And feel your chest, your chest split open, your heart pump and burst
Feel them growing
These mysterious shapes
Can any man want more?

DAEDALUS Hold still! You are meant to be helping.

TIRESIAS What is this thing?

DAEDALUS A flying machine. Twist!

TIRESIAS You are deeply unhappy my friend
And you don't even know it
Bound up in service to this monstrous city!
We wait. Forever at their beck and call.
The smarter we get, the more our people starve.
What will these inventions serve? Who are we trying to please?

DAEDALUS *(as they twist the great bands)*
Tiresias, you are a charlatan. A crook.
Forever with your thoughts and questions.

TIRESIAS Daedalus, don't underestimate me.
I have the gift of double vision.

DAEDELUS I have followed you when you climb your mountain.
Seen you lean into that dark crack, inhaling the purple smoke.
You have dreams and visions but they are false.

TIRESIAS They are not! They are true.

DAEDALUS You be careful! One day you will fall into that dark hole

and we will never see you again.

TIRESIAS You, my dear friend Daedalus, have no idea what is going on.
It is you who will fall into the darkest hole.

Trance music begins as Tiresias bends over.

Tiresias is suddenly in a trance, reminiscent of an African Sangoma. He shakes and wails in a magic tongue. Daedalus, half in jest, cowers in a corner.

ICARUS is aiming his arrow at Tiresias' buttocks. DAEDALUS crosses over.

DAEDALUS (Whispering)
Remember the angles, my boy, remember the angles.
Higher, higher, higher.
Now, pull, pull, carefully. Release! **A "ping" noise is heard.**

The arrow hits the mark. A great crescendo of percussion and DAEDALUS roars with laughter.

TIRESIAS yelps like a dog.

TIRESIAS Icarus, you little beast! Is that you? What are you doing?
You are trying to kill me off with your father's foolish inventions.
You little brat! What are we going to do with you?

Shifting focus to THE TRIBE of nymphs and satyrs who sing. They have been presences all along, in dark shadow.

THE TRIBE This little brat, this little beast
Three loves to hold and
Three loves to lose
Two fathers and an impossible love
Daedalus, with no morals, Daedalus, messes with thought
Daedalus, messes with science

DAEDALUS Science is neutral. It cannot be contained.
It does what it does and we must just serve it!

THE TRIBE Tiresias, the shaman, the story teller
The myth maker

The toxic purple smoke
through cracks in the earth
praying to Pythia and inhaling the fumes

TIRESIAS I am a prophet, I live outside time!
My visions are my visions

THE TRIBE and the little boy's love, the crazy beast,
the Minotaur
the savage in the sweet angel's heart
the brute,
the unleashed addict of ourselves

A musical crescendo Explosive entrance begins for Transition a breath after the last line.

SCENE 3 *The QUEEN and the GENERAL are in conflict*

QUEEN Not you nor all your armies of men have made me pregnant, what am supposed to do?

GENERAL My queen! We don't try hard enough. We have to find the right way to lie! There must be a new position we can try.

QUEEN You pump and you wheeze for what purpose? Not for pleasure. Neither mine nor yours...

GENERAL My Queen, you are too harsh...

QUEEN Just so you can get your little emperor that you need so desperately on the throne. Are you in such a hurry to die?

GENERAL You can mock, you can laugh, but we have a duty.

QUEEN Nothing we have tried has helped.

GENERAL Not all the medicine and the potions?

QUEEN No my general, not all the potions Tiresias can mix.

GENERAL Not the sacred words? Not the secret rituals?

QUEEN Not all the magic of your kingdoms.

Freud Music begins after “kingdoms”. It continues until D.H. enters.

SCENE 4 Freud’s office – a place of curious dreams puppetry and mask work**

Muted chanting and sound.

Freud’s magic carpet couch is rolled onto the stage by the TRIBE. The carpet is modeled after Freud’s actual couch, which was made out of a medical exam table, Persian rugs and pillows. Lying on the table is the bust of Freud himself, constructed of contrasting materials like wire, bamboo and papier mache. It is elegant, yet light, simply designed, but complex in its execution. Akin to the Parisian Metro entrances, by Hector Guimard. The head is oversized and takes up half of the couch.

A pagan ritual dance to the head takes place and one member is chosen. A male. He removes his pan mask and steps into the Freud puppet. The mask, like any threshold, transforms the actor from a forest satyr into Freud. He now is a big Freudian head that commands the stage. Freud’s head alone can double its height from 3 to 6 feet. Sitting on top of the bust and neck, the head has great gesturing ability and can rise and fall with excitement in reaction to H.D. soon to walk in.

THE TRIBE dance the dance of the MINK COATS and exit.

D.H. enters, hangs her mink coat on the rack, settles herself nicely into the Persian rugs that cover up the medical stretcher, elegantly draped and collaged with pillows, that transport it into a chaise lounge of flight. She is deliciously refined and moves with dignity, but holds secrets underneath her silks and linens. She has been here before and is comfortable. She represents women through all the ages. Freud, the human, settles in his chair, under the large iconic head.

FREUD You have dreamed a dream?

D.H. I have dreamed many dreams, Dr. Freud, you know that.

FREUD Do you wish to share with me one of your dreams, D.H? Perhaps one that sits with you excitably?

D.H. I have decided to travel through time. Using the ancient art of hypnotic sleep.

FREUD And does this excite you?

D.H. You know it does. Help me.

FREUD what do you need from me?

D.H. Hypnotize me. Hypnotize me!

FREUD You know I cannot. You know I have tried. It is a weakness. I accept.

D.H. So you have told me.

FREUD You have dreamed a particular dream? A dream you wish to share?

D.H. I have many dreams. Recurring.

FREUD The dream is the royal road to the unconscious.

D.H. You have told me that before, Freud. Do not bore me.

FREUD Ah.

D.H. **Trance Music.** I am at Delphi. At the sacred smoke. I am Pythia. I inhale deeply. I see my past and my future. **The music falters.**

FREUD You are a woman of all the ages.

D.H. But my feelings. I cannot get to them. I try to hold onto them but I can't.

FREUD You are looking for a gate way to another world?

D.H. I want to be at Delphi again. I want to be reincarnated. I want to travel through time. Backward and forward. At will.

FREUD Is it not interesting that no one is ever re-incarnated from a working person? A chambermaid for example. Or a chimney sweep. No. It is always Cleopatra. Or Julius Cesar. Or Perhaps Socrates? Something like that.

***Freud notes appear on the screen. Frantic impenetrable scribbles.*

D.H. You must help me. Help break out of this boring body! Hypnotize me.

FREUD I can't.

D.H. I give you permission.

FREUD I mean I do not have the capacity.

D.H. You are useless! Weak. How can the great man Freud not use a basic tool? Every two-bit doctor is hypnotizing women in every back street in Vienna.

FREUD It is a weakness I know.

D.H. I don't need men. I will hypnotize myself.

D.H. is able to hypnotize herself, a ritual, similar but far more modern and reserved than Tiresias. Like a 19th century participant in a Séance, she is a Medium – to herself. She “floats”

above the couch. **Trance music begins as D.H. becomes entranced, it continues underneath her speech.**

As D.H. describes what is happening, FREUD'S head is rising and falling empathetically.

D.H. I am floating above myself. A shadow or a reflection. I can see the shape of my own body, like a pulsing pyramid under burgundy silk. I am slowly undulating. Rising and falling, like breath, like air. I spiral in for a closer look at myself – I realize I am getting inhaled into the breath of myself. I am the spirit that is possessed and pulled into the body. It is clear that my only escape is back out through the mouth and I become the words that are spoken:

“I count the grains of sand on the beach and measure the sea; I understand the speech of the dumb and hear the voiceless. I smell the hard-shelled tortoise, boiling and bubbling. A sacrifice! Cooking together with lamb's flesh in a bronze pot: the cauldron underneath is bronze, and bronze is the lid.”

And with the word “lid” I am waking myself up.

FREUD A self-fertilization dream. A dream of the love of a woman for a woman.

*** More Freud notes. The lights go down and the silhouette of D.H. and FREUD and his couch blend into the similar shadows of Plato's cave.*

SCENE 5/ SCENE 6 *The QUEEN is on top of the mountain/ back at the citadel*

QUEEN Come to me... come to me... Can you not hear?

The GENERAL storms up and down.

GENERAL Where is the queen? Find me the queen. I need her now!

QUEEN A queen is calling. Why do you not respond?

GENERAL Why does she always disappear when I need her most? Must the armies leave tonight? I need some guidance.

The DIVINE WHITE BULL flies in, great white wings flapping, hovers for a moment, a looming formidable presence, then, indifferent, flies off.

QUEEN Why do you always come and then fly away? Do you not understand how I long for you, how I need you?

GENERAL Should the armies in a month? What has happened to the border control?

I need guidance!

QUEEN

My whole body is on fire for you. What must I do? Just tell me what I must do.

GENERAL

I need my queen right here. Right now.

Should the armies leave at all? Will declarations do it? Contracts? Can we scare off the enemy just with words? Where is my Queen?

QUEEN

Come watch me as I take off all my clothes. I am still young.

GENERAL

Where is my Queen?

*** Many beautiful images play across the scrim—video or light design*

The light fades.

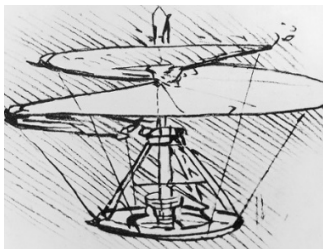
THE TRIBE/PERCUSSION *The voices swell and the percussion fills the space. Violent but rhythmic music swells as they transition, once Icarus sits down the music stops.*

Across the scrim in letters on fire.

To draw a line is an act of violence!

Scene 7 The flying machine

**** bunraku style Icarus puppet and set**



Tiresias is pontificating about Nature's forces, now and in the future.

TIRESIAS

If we are to understand flight, first we must understand the momentous power of the wind.

You, Daedalus, think you can take this wind, but it will destroy you in the end. The wind cannot be tamed.

DAEDALUS

Come Tiresias, I did not invite you here to be plagued with your tiresome words, I invited you here to help me master this damned recalcitrant machine.

Hold this, and try to hold your tongue.

TIRESIAS It is only a matter of time before the tornadoes and the hurricanes will wreak havoc on the earth.

DAEDALUS Stop talking and hold this. Don't move. You are moving. I need you to be absolutely still.

There! Get back. For the sake of the Olympian gods, get out of the way!

*There is a great crack and Tiresias jumps back. **There is a loud crack.***

TIRESIAS What are you doing!

Daedalus has pulled the lever. The great band turns and the basket slowly glides in a spiral up to the ceiling. Icarus is completely transfixed. He walks towards his father shouting and reaching.

ICARUS ME ME ME ME ME....!

Daedalus, adoringly, picks the little boy up.

DAEDALUS My darling boy, my sweet, sweet Icarus, are you not amazed at what your father can make.

ICARUS ME ME ME ME ME....!

DAEDALUS You want to fly in the basket? Come let's see if this machine can take a load?

The flying machine is guided down, the great band is recharged, Icarus is placed in the basket, the lever is pulled, and the flying machine charges up to the ceiling with much force.

Icarus howls with delight.

*Suddenly Tiresias falls into a trance, like an African Sangoma. **Trance music begins, sustained throughout***

TIRESIAS Your basket is not a simple amusement
no simple stories here
From this blind invention
comes the birth of flying metal insects
So useful to the generals and their armies

Creating great histories of war
in the name of gods they don't believe in

I can see them! I can see them!
carrying bombs in their bellies

Daedalus, bring him back down to earth and places the chalk and board back in his hands.

Your little mind is still forming, but soon you will understand. You have mind sharper than all I have ever met.

You are my sweetest little boy. My little genius.

Tiresias will teach you the arts, ancient magic. Older than his mysterious mountain.

But I will teach you science. The new science.

Now, tell me, which is more useful. I know you know.

On Daedalus' last line a sustained G note begins for the song to begin.

SCENE 11 **Queen's bedroom**

THE Queen paces up and down in a night dress. She is deeply distressed.

THE TRIBE *(A Song for the Queen)*

**The divine white bull
flies above.
Taunting. Calling.
The queen wants this flying bull
to take her. To have her.
She wants this more than life itself
She will throw everything away
to be locked locked locked in tight
with the divine white bull**

SCENE 12 **At the Oracle of Delphi** **** journey could be animated**

TIRESIAS is up the mountain. His face pressed to the sacred crack. The purple smoke curls up and he inhales deeply. A ritual he has performed many times before. He breathes and wavers, high on a journey of fumes.

There is a little trance music underneath for the Tribe's people to exit and Tiresias' smoking.

He lies back and has his special visions.

Tiresias comes to the ground with a THUD.

SCENE 13 **DAEDALUS in his laboratory with the Queen**

The QUEEN is with DAEDALUS in his laboratory. Young ICARUS is in the shadows. Hidden by some of his war machines. He wants to hear everything.

QUEEN You are Daedalus.

DAEDALUS Yes, Ma'am.

QUEEN Tiresias speaks very highly of you even though you are a stranger in the land. Perhaps he doesn't know where you come from. What you did there. That you are a man on the run. Crossed the border in the night.

But we in the palace know everything.

DAEDALUS My Queen. What do you want? Why are you here?

QUEEN Are you denying your past?

DAEDALUS It was an act of self-defense, your majesty. I had no choice. I had to leave.

QUEEN Our records show differently. But that is not why I am here.

DAEDALUS I don't understand.

QUEEN I need you fullest co-operation, do you hear me?

DAEDALUS I don't understand.

QUEEN Full co-operation!

DAEDALUS Yes, ma'am...

QUEEN And you are sworn to secrecy.

DAEDALUS Completely.

QUEEN And you understand the consequence for you, should there be a breach of trust?

DAEDALUS Your majesty, why are you here, what do you want?

QUEEN I need you to build me something.

DAEDALUS That is what I do.

QUEEN I am obsessed with the bull god. Hopelessly in love. I want to have intimacy, sexual intercourse. With him!

Do not look at me like that. Have you never lusted after something? Wanted something? Till you feel you are going mad.

DAEDALUS I am sorry Ma'am.

QUEEN Daedalus, you are an inventor. The government file says you are a genius. You have to build me a chamber.

DAEDALUS A chamber? What kind of chamber?

QUEEN I can't stop thinking of him. Day and night.

The only pleasure I can imagine is with this divine creature! It is my royal right! Men! Men have always failed me.

DAEDALUS

The flying white bull? Have you actually seen him? Describe him.

QUEEN

I climb to the top of the sacred mountain and I take off all my clothes and stand there. Sometimes I call out. Come to me.

When I am right at the top, I hear the great wind of the flapping wings, and I almost faint, but I hold myself together, hoping, wishing. That this time...

He flies right past me. His wings almost brush my face. And then he is gone.

He teases me. Sometimes he is a white bull with wings, sometimes he is half man, and sometimes he is a flaming rod.

I need you to make me a special invention. I need you to build me the rear end of a sacred heifer. A cow body into which I can fit. My private parts. Perfectly placed.

DAEDALUS stares at her long and hard. After “perfectly placed”, there is a chord heard of F#, C#, and G#, then the Tribe begins.

THE TRIBE *emerge and sing*

The stranger’s fired up

his fevered mind,

burns to invent.

The challenge, is always the challenge

Don’t think of the future

no good no bad

Just make make make

What size will it be, and how will she fit

Should there be a sexual scent

A sacred rutting stinking,

smell that cannot be resisted.

What size the hole and how much should it rock

What angle... what angle, what's always the right angle

Will the bull be deceived?

Above in flaming letters

WILL THE BULL BE DECEIVED?

THE TRIBES song is full throated. The drums roar and they arouse TIRESIAS from his visions on the mountain. He is shivering and shaking. His whole body is wracked. He is becoming a woman.

He pulls open the front of his garment and two perfect breasts burst forth.

She, Tiresias, cries out in ecstasy. There are drums and Mexican style music heard in this transition. It ends when Pancho Villa enters (not the puppet).

SCENE 14 The Village

****bunraku Revolutionary**

The MEXICAN REVOLUTIONARY, a formidable puppet, his arms outstretched to carry a dead child, moves to the center of the stage, operated by the THE TRIBE.

The Revolutionary (*petitioning the sky gods*)

You fly in with your death machines and shoot up the place to hell
simply because we want to live!

You leave the air smoldering and rotting
and we breath in this bloody ash.

This burning ash will purify the flesh!

I am everywhere

and nowhere

all at once

Where are you? You hide in your magical flying machines

But I see you. And I see through you and into the future.

My power feeds on your cowardice.

Gods of the Southern sky! I am calling on your witness!

The blood of the dead will nurture our warriors, and we will bring down
this brutal empire even if it takes 1000 years!

Our ancestors have the power of time.

The same music is heard as she exits, once the Tribe is in we hear a G and the Queen sings.

*The Revolutionary steps back and the figure of Coatlicue appears (puppet or projection** TBD). She does a whirling dance, on her own axis, her knives and her python figures tied around her waist, wildly flashing.*

SCENE 15 on top of the mountain **Projected Shadow Puppet Bull-God

In a ritualized procession, THE TRIBE wheel the rear end of a heifer into position. It is a great bamboo contraption, almost see through. All curves and elegant line. It also serves as a shadow/projection screen. THE TRIBE discreetly withdraw. The Queen steps in and snuggles into position.

QUEEN come come

The FLYING WHITE BULL-GOD cannot help himself. Is it the shape? Is it the sacred scent? He flies closer and closer and then, beside himself, he swoops in. He flies around her, moving closer and closer.

THE TRIBE **The queen crouched
at the top of the mountain
Full of a longing that she cannot understand**

**The queen wants this pure white bull
to fuck her fuck her fuck with her**

**She wants this more than life itself
She will throw everything away.**

The Divine white Bull is hooked. He flies in. The flying bull and the queen have intercourse in the sky. Perfect ecstasy.

On the screen

WE ALL WANT TO FUCK ...

Music begins, we hear that it is Freud again, it continues until D.H. is present.

The screen is enflamed - liquid – melting orange, yellow into white, almost sterile blue.

Blue rubber gloved hands, in white doctor coats descend from the sky. THE TRIBE sing godly notes as sperm is injected from a syringe to the egg safely housed in a petri dish.



SCENE 16 **Freud's room** **a place of dreams** **Mexico's Hidden City**

#2

Freud's couch is rolled onto the stage by THE TRIBE in a fast and efficient ritual dance. DH enters, continuing the ceremony of hanging her fur coat on the rack and settling herself into the Persian rugs as Freud waits.

D.H. Did you receive my post card?

FREUD Yes. You have been across the oceans. Who is this curious woman?

D.H. She is Coatlicue

FREUD Yes?

D.H. She is the Aztec earth goddess. Found in Mexico City, buried deep.

FREUD Aah ...

D.H. The Spanish! Build right over the old city, temples and all. A desecration! This was a sacred place, the birth place of all the gods! There is an act of sacrifice! And the world begins! In order to keep this ancient world alive, sacrifice must continue to be made.

FREUD And what did you discover?

D.H. I discovered that she will make a great addition to your little creatures on your sacred desk.

FREUD My old and dirty gods are of my own collecting. They are my most wise and *silent* advisors. It is an exclusive club.

D.H. Coatlicue was magically impregnated by a ball of feathers that fell on her. The Aztecs, like your beloved Greeks, were great practitioners of Augury.

FREUD And why do you think flapping and excitable birds should decipher the will of the gods?

**** As D.H. describes the following, Freud rises and goes into a trance—a dream is depicted on stage through a Coatlicue shadow puppet projection ** D.H. Trance music begins.**

D.H. (a trance chant) a skirt made of serpents.

A necklace made of human hearts.

hands there, and skulls.

feet decorated with bird claw anklets

and her breasts hanging low

from birthing humanity.

The patron saint to mothers

Who die in childbirth.

A loving mother she is.

And a devouring and insatiable monster.

Consuming everything that lives

to again give birth.

She is both the womb and the grave.

The trance music comes to an end.

Freud's head falls back down to gaze at the stars and he comes back from his own dreaming.

FREUD And is this goddess entering your dreams?

D.H. Why is it you claim you are not an artist? Dr. Freud? I think of you this way. Your ideas are a great and wonderful fiction.

FREUD I am a scientist. A biologist. A determinist.

D.H. Poets like myself, have to explain to old men like yourself how ideas and thoughts and images just "come to us". We are not responsible for them.

We can see Freud still in a trance

Very matter-of-fact—in order to wake Freud up.

D.H. I have been calling on Coatlicue to meet Pythia at Delphi. I have an altar by my bed, made of objects I collected in Mexico. I have created a shrine to act as a conduit for the two goddesses to meet!

FREUD Are they goddesses?

D.H. Do goddesses exist?

FREUD *(pulling himself full back into consciousness)* You know of course I am thinking of the serpents around the waist of your Mexican Goddess. And I do not have to explain to you what the serpent might represent.

D.H. Do we own our dreams, as the artist owns her work? Do we receive divine inspiration, enthusiastically, possessed by a god breathing into us? Or do we just disconnect--let it happen to us, like an addict, letting a drug consume his veins?

Are men different? Where does the dream end and the psychosis begin?

A percussive climax. **Militaristic music is heard, it carries on until the Tribe is fully present, then a small beat continues underneath**

SCENE 17 **The Palace**

The General is delighted. He is addressing his lieutenants.

GENERAL In this time of war and great difficulty, I have enjoyed nothing but your solidarity and support!

I wish it known that I have prayed, I have wept, I have ingested many magic potions. Tiresias the seer, the doctor, the sacred magician has saved this nation!

Today it gives me much pleasure to tell you all that a miracle has occurred. The line is secured! Our future is blessed.

My queen is pregnant at last! *(Cheers.)*

You know how long we have waited. Failure after failure. Trials and medicine. Probing and invasion. And now? Success! Tiresias, must be blessed as a genius. He predicted this day and now it has come. Our race will continue, blessed by the heat of the sun.

Tiresias is in a trance again. Again there is trance music, just during "Aaahh" (x2)

TIRESIAS Aaaahhh! Aaahhh! We take pleasure from the things we do not know. We cannot know this golden future that the generals promise and the world destroys us when we least are ready.

GENERAL Tiresias! Stop being like an old woman! Go to your mountain and smoke.

There is transition music heard, this lets The Tribe exit and The Man enter.

Scene 18 **FLYING INTERLUDE** **** Projections** **with THE MAN**

Lights reveal THE MAN again. The audience is starting to wonder if he is always there. In the opposite corner from before, barely visible to the audience, THE MAN prepares to inject himself in the arm. As he lays back we see what he sees. Similar to the psychedelic images that Tiresias saw.

Scene 19 **Daedalus' laboratory** **a warning**

TIRESIAS Daedalus! Don't you understand it is time to leave?!

DAEDALUS What are you talking about!

TIRESIAS You think we are settled, you think we are loved, you think we are invisible in this ugly city where anything can happen?

DAEDALUS We have contributed much.

TIRESIAS We are strangers. We do not belong here. Our origins are elsewhere. There is going to be trouble!

DAEDALUS You are tiresome with your continuous moaning. Go and find a massage in the market place. It will calm your nerves.

TIRESIAS They know who you are. One day they will come and find you.

DAEDALUS Who are they?

TIRESIAS Keep yourself to yourself. Do not meddle. This is a very dangerous place. At any moment the earth will swell up, split open and eat all its young. The fires will rage.

DAEDALUS I am a man needed, I am man consulted, I am a man recognized.

TIRESIUS You are a stranger, a barbarian! An infidel!

DAEDALUS I have the ear of the general and the Queen. Just leave me alone!

We hear the same Pancho Villa music as before, until she is fully present.

Scene 20 **Delphi/ Tenochtitlan**

Out of the darkness Coatlique emerges, projected onto the screen. She is a formidable presence, dancing and swaying. Her knives and her pythons swing dangerously. She is Pancho Villa's Delphi.

*Enter **PANCHO VILLA**, the revolutionary, larger and wilder than before.*

***TIRESIAS** is at the crack in the earth. The two pass the words back and forth amongst one another. These things are happening at the same time – but at different times—inhabiting one another.*

SCENE 22**The QUEEN'S Private Room**

Lights bring us back to Daedalus, arriving at the court, armed with desperate and dangerous looking calipers, large pliers and other instruments from a very different world. They loom on the screen above.

The Queen's Private Room, Daedalus examines her.

DAEDALUS My General. I cannot do this. A great travesty awaits. This child should not be born.

GENERAL What are you saying!

DAEDALUS It is my considered advice that it is better to abort now. We cannot go through with this.

GENERAL Are you mad? This is my only child! My first born!

DAEDALUS Sir, we cannot go through with this!

GENERAL I know who you are, Daedalus. My secret police tell me everything. They tell me you are the genius of this continent. They say you are the one.

DAEDALUS Sir, please listen to me.

GENERAL You have a son. Icarus. Your pride and joy. We have let him stay. Turned a blind eye.

DAEDALUS I beg your pardon!

GENERAL A life for a life. Either this child is delivered and lives or your beloved Icarus will die. Do you understand?

TIRESIAS is in a trance. A short burst of trance music is heard.

TIRESIAS Aaaah aaah.

Better all the children must die than this tragedy unfold.

Strange music is heard underneath shadows of chopping and cutting, then an A is played for the song.

Daedalus reluctantly sets to work. He cuts and he chops – the queen screams – and the creature is born. It has the head of a bull, the body of a male child, a thick tail and cloven hooves.

There is great consternation. The GENERAL is aghast,

TIRESIAS prays to the Gods and the courtiers howl.

THE TRIBE The sky splits in half

The god flies in and carries her up
Ugly, unnatural, screaming and screeching
New life is made
in blood, fire and flame
thrust and split and mated in heavens

TIRESIAS mumbles in tongues

GENERAL Speak English for god sake. Where do you think we are?

TIRESIAS Driven by desire beyond all reason, and flying in the sky, the Queen, as if she was nothing but a mating machine, took her pleasure with the Bull God.

Tiresias is reliving the moment. In a trance he sees the courting, the flying and the mating.

GENERAL This travesty, this monstrosity must be killed!

TIRESIAS The divine white bull, white as purist snow, is the father.
Kill the child at great peril.

You cannot murder this child, no matter its shape, no matter its form.

GENERAL This monster! This thing! Living in the palace. It must be killed.

TIRESIAS Nothing but locusts! Nothing but snakes! Death in the streets of the city.
The crops burnt out and the rivers dry! Starvation and bodies piled high.
No matter the shape of your heart you must love it!

The Queen rises up. She is covered in blood.

QUEEN I will love it with all my heart! It comes from me. It is made out of my blessed flesh. I swear on the sacred ring that ties us, and all your sweating pleasure and your pounding flesh.

You will love it to.

Otherwise you will lose me and all you have. You dare to threaten me and I will burn down the palace!

Very large percussive music is heard, it ends when the stage is clear.

There is a very large musical crescendo.

END OF PART I

PART II

Scene 23 THE TRIBE and their call

A TRIBE member enters and call out with a ululation. A call and a response begin to grow, but the responses come from different cultures. Like the Tower of Babel reconstructing itself and connecting the world of civilizations.

THE TRIBE's foreign words come together and begin to sing.

THE TRIBE (SPEAKING/ CHANTING)

Sit! Come! Lie Down!

THE GENERAL **Sit! Come! Lie Down!**

THE TRIBE (SPEAKING/ CHANTING)

The general tries to love the beast

Like a favored wolfhound

Rewarding it with chunks of red raw meat

The Queen sings 4 beautiful notes

The queen rocks it in her arms and sings to it

crooning to her own desire

Every hour of the day the monster doubles in size

Her lullabies and sweet words no longer work

As the monstrous beast grows, so does its destruction.

It does not mean to destroy

but bulk and weight make for havoc

The delicate pottery, the plates

and even the great marble statues to the gods are no longer safe.

Icarus, now a young man, whispers in the Minotaur's ear.

Only he can tame it.

Snorting and stomping and the banging of drums.

Across the screen... TAME IT!

Music is played underneath the transition.

SCENE 24**THE MAN tames it**

The stomping has awoken THE MAN and he arises from another section of the set, where he has been hiding. The man now in fatigues ritualistically, wraps his belt around his arm and injects himself. As he falls into his bliss, the words TAME IT fade.

SCENE 25**THE SOOTHING & THE MOUNTAIN**

It is night. Icarus finds his way to the Minotaur.

*Only Icarus is allowed near. He whispers in the Minotaur's ear, talking to it, singing to it, loving it. **The tribe enter and begin to hum and sing. Once The Man falls off the stage we hear a D note as Icarus and the Minotaur enter.***

ICARUS AND THE MINOTAUR (now human Icarus with minotaur as body & mask head)

THE TRIBE

**Icarus whispers in the ear
Of the awkward and lumpy minotaur
Not yet fully formed. His bull head twists and pulls**

**His bull head much too large for his body
A will to break a will to burst and break
Icarus sings and soothes, the monster falls asleep**

It lies there, lumpy and twisted

under the watchful eye of the [ever-loving boy.] (x3)

ICARUS Shshshhhhh. Don't make a sound. Not a whisper. Not a snort. Not a grunt. We are going for a ride. We are going to follow the foolish old man up the mountain. He has a secret and I want to know what it is. Come let me ride on your back.

*A movement sequence where the boy and the monster spy on Tiresias. They secretly follow him, see him lean into the crack and inhale deeply. They watch as Tiresias lies back and falls into a deep sleep. **There is a little trance music as Tiresias leans into his smoking hole.***

Icarus goes up to the prone body and prods. There is no response. A gentle kick, then more vigorous.

ICARUS Come my little beasty, snort in the old fart's ear.

The beast dance and snorts. Nothing.

ICARUS Try a bellow.

The beast dances more wildly and bellows. Nothing.

ICARUS This old man woman is out! He is dead to the world. Come let's see what this smoke is all about.

The boy and the monster find the crack and lean in. They inhale deeply. Soon they are giggling and snorting. Each madder than the other. Then they lie back on the grass and dream.

The projection fade as the scene moved down stage.

Once Icarus and Minotaur exit we hear military music begin to let the Tribe enter before the General speaks.

Scene 26 The Border ** projected images of migrants- caravans traveling over time

*The General takes a party of lieutenants, Daedalus and Tiresias and other members of the court on a tour of the borders. **There is the sound of military music underneath his speech.***

THE GENERAL We must conceive of ourselves as an Island. Isolated. Contained. Happy. But these borders will defeat us if we are not vigilant. We must take great care. Beyond these borders lie the barbarians- brutal, nasty, rough, dangerous. We must surely contain them! Destroy them if we must. I have instructed the best minds in our state to make their best inventions. These machines will fly with grace across the walls! Fire, burning arrows and dangerous balls of lightning will contain these terrorists.

They must be penned in as we WILL DO with the Minotaur. We must celebrate the great inventor.

Daedalus, your criminal records will be expunged from our files. You have served us well. You are one of us. **"Netting" music is heard and continues until Icarus enters.**

Projected images of migrants- caravans traveling over time

Scene 27 Daedalus' Laboratory A boy's love

Lights reveal the tribe cloaking the Minotaur with a net of thick rope, such as one may find in a 19th century ship. At the center of the Laboratory, covered, he bucks and howls and snorts.

Daedalus is hard at work. He is making the gates that will enclose the Labyrinth. At the rear, a gaping black hole.

ICARUS What is going on here. Why is my beloved beastly tied up?

DAEDALUS my duty...

ICARUS Tying up a dumb animal? You are disgusting.

DAEDALUS Don't you speak to me like that!

TIRESIAS The instruction is very clear. And it comes from the General himself. Your father must make a labyrinth, deep under the sacred mountain. Full of turns, enough to defeat the dumb animal's brain.

ICARUS Why? It must be free. I insist it be free!

TIRESIAS No, it will be able to run free under the earth but will never see the light of day again. If we wish to stay in this city, we obey.

ICARUS Obey! What is this word obey?

TIRESIAS If your father wants his record expunged, he obeys.

ICARUS If you must tie him up, tie me up too. I cannot stand it! What are you and your Gods, and your General and your Queen trying to do? He is a noble beast. A beast born of the world of the heavens. You are nothing but a mortal!

DAEDALUS What has become of you? Where is the angel boy I used to know? If you carry on like this, you are a stranger to me.

ICARUS We are all strangers. To ourselves, and each other.

TIRESIAS Such wisdom from such a young one.

ICARUS Why must we keep him tied up. It only upsets him more.

DAEDALUS Do you not understand anything! Our position is precarious. We must obey the state. And you must obey me. As for your monster, he will not even know he is locked up.

ICARUS Come my beasty. Only I know how beautiful you are. Come let me nuzzle. Let me run my hands through your great main of spikes.

The boy and the beast dance together.

Look how he dances. He is not a force for destruction. Only old people think this stupid thought. I am going to cut these ropes.

DAEDALUS Stop that! What do you think you are doing! Stop that immediately. Who do you think you are? You are a child! What do you know of the world. Everywhere we turn there is destruction. Everywhere we look there are traps that will take us to our death. Just listen to me! Behave!

ICARUS *makes strange melodic but guttural sounds. The monster calms down. When he is calm he has an awkward grace - dancing, charging, singing.*

ICARUS See father! It is not his fault he was born this way. Just look how beautiful he really is! And this is who I am!

Daedalus can see his son's power over the beast. Somehow Icarus has a way with the Minotaur. They are bonded.

DAEDALUS The gates are ready.

The Minotaur is suspicious. The gates are cranked open. They creak into place.

DAEDALUS Get the beast in. If you want anything from me ever again, get the beast in. Go in there with him—if you want! Lock in with him—if that is what you need. I don't care right now. Just get the beast in.

Icarus, reluctant at first, coos and the Minotaur slowly backs in through the gates.

Once the gates are closed we begin to hear Freud music again, it continues until D.H. arrives.

| Scene 28 | Freud's office | Chained |
|-----------------|-----------------------|----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------------|----------------|

| | | |
|--------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--|
| FREUD | I have read in the papers that the <i>Mink Coat Brigade</i> have chained themselves to the railings. Right alongside the Garment Workers in your beloved New York City. It seems you have magically conjured this mocking mink coat title into a lead story of the New York Times. Almost a parody. What do you think that will achieve? | |
|--------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--|

| | | |
|-------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--|
| D.H. | Don't be obtuse, Her Doktor. We are achieving it! The mink coat is a symbol. We are allies. We refuse to be attached to our husband's politics! We are separatists fighting for women's suffrage. For child labor rights. For a proper living wage. | |
|-------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--|

| | | |
|--------------|------|--|
| FREUD | And? | |
|--------------|------|--|

| | | |
|-------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--|
| D.H. | There is a shift! A large cultural shift. We are organized! All over the world, revolutionary women are chaining themselves to the railings of their monstrous governments. It is the business men and the authorities who are a parody of themselves. They shout. They spit. And they jeer, "Why are you locking yourselves to the railings? Are you not locked up enough already?" I ask you, who are these men who colonize their wives' bodies? Who raised these gluttonous oligarchs? | |
|-------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--|

Who are these muted mothers with clipped wings? The press is giving us both voice and flight. We will be voting soon enough and then we will see the change in action.

FREUD

Interesting.... *(he scribbles away at his note pad)*. And what are you willing to sacrifice for these rights? Your trips to Paris. Your mink coats?

D.H.

You think my resistance is a passing phase of my privilege? We are members of a not so secret society. We expose those who hide behind gold threaded sheets and religion.

This will have an impact on you too, Dr. Freud. Fascism is a fast-moving flame, and it must be fought with revolutionary fire. A revolutionary idea is as contagious and as dangerous as a secret.

The word "secret" is picked up vocally by THE TRIBE, who chant it through to the next scene

THE TRIBE

Secret, secret, secret

We hear noise as the Tribe continues to whisper secret, it ends when Icarus is asleep.

Scene 29

Icarus' Den

A boy's hate

ICARUS is lying in his bunk. The covers are pulled right over him. DAEDALUS looms over him.

DAEDALUS

Wake up! Wake up! What is the matter with you? Are you ill? Wake up!

ICARUS

Leave me alone!

DAEDALUS

You have been sleeping for 24 hours. You must be ill.

ICARUS

I am fine.

DAEDALUS

You are not fine.

ICARUS

I am.

DAEDALUS

(stepping in it) You have urinated in the middle of the floor!

ICARUS

Are you mad! It wasn't me.

DAEDALUS

Who else was it? You have stopped doing any of your duties. You don't talk to me properly anymore. You have given up on all your studies! You have given up on your inventions.

ICARUS

Maybe it is you I have given up on? Everything is so clear to you. Except when you want mud. Don't you understand, you are the one who needs to be caged?

DAEDALUS I know what you have been doing. You've been at the smoke. You have followed Tiresias up the mountain and you have buried yourself in the crack.

ICARUS It's not true. I wouldn't follow that confused monstrosity anywhere.

DAEDALUS I know you love him more than me. Yes, yes it is true! Don't lie to me.

ICARUS *(with the pillow over his head)* I am not.

DAEDALUS I abhor liars. What happened to the sweet boy I used to know? The little genius of the right angle. The inquisitive, loving boy. The boy of application. The mathematician in the making? Angles and calculations do not lie.

ICARUS *(finally sitting up)* You are the liar! I hear you and Tiresias late at night. I am no longer a child who dreams through your deceptions. I know I am nothing but an experiment to you! I have a blind old mad man for a mother and a homicidal weapon for a father. Well, your experiment has gone awry. And I have found truth at Delphi. She is my mother now!

DAEDALUS Don't you understand that stuff is not for children? It's for adults, and not every adult. Great minds, perhaps. Connection to the gods, perhaps. Tiresias and his kin, perhaps. But you! You are a punk! A child with a half-formed mind. A foolish punk trying to destroy himself!

If you carry on like this you will not only destroy yourself, you will destroy me! Get out of bed!

We hear Pancho Villa's entrance music once again.

Scene 30 **A revolutionary** **a folktale**

*** Most likely in a projection/animation possible shadow puppetry*

The Revolutionary, a Pancho Villa puppet enters, flying on the words of rumors and folktales. A web of sound.

PANCHO VILLA I do not fight for the poor. The poor can fight for themselves. I fight against the rich--which of course isn't at all the same thing. The fighting is the point. We don't fight to become free--to fight is to be free. Come take up your guns of freedom!

A note is heard (C) and music might continue underneath the song.

THE TRIBE *sing a song for him as they pass out weapons.*

Great chunks of metal. That is what the monsters want

Silver and gold

is what they came for.

Take these weapons of wisdom (x2)

We speak in the language of our enemy

Our other—across the border

Take them, take them. (x2) Use them wisely

The revolutionary and the Mexican goddess dance. The Goddess, a projection/shadow puppet, with her skirt of snakes, hearts, and hands—gesture in The Tribe for an ancient fertility dance with phallic guns.

*They whirl together madly and exit, leaving two tribe members alone on stage and in silence. Facing one another, they take off the other's mask. First to reveal the Queen. Second to reveal D.H, who repeats lines from Freud's office. **There may be music heard underneath as D.H. enters to speak with the Queen.***

D.H. (lovingly to the Queen) Coatlicue was magically impregnated by a ball of feathers that fell on her. She is the Aztec earth goddess. The birthplace of all the gods! A loving mother, she is both the womb and the grave.

The Queen and D.H. have a long and passionate kiss.

Scene 31

A Mother

The Queen insists on visiting her son and Icarus leads her into the prison cave.

QUEEN So. You are Icarus, the son of Daedalus. How can one so young, so vulnerable, cause such trouble?

ICARUS What trouble my Queen?

QUEEN Do not talk back! Such insolence. Do you not know you are in the presence of a Queen? I have frolicked with the gods.

ICARUS Your majesty commands only the greatest respect. To have known the Divine White Bull...

QUEEN Are you jacking with me?

ICARUS Never Ma'am.

QUEEN I need you to take me into the labyrinth. I need to see my son. I want to dance and cuddle. You will guide me.

ICARUS It will give nothing but pleasure, Ma'am.

Scene 32**The gods. What do they want?**

The minotaur now with full body, dances wildly –now a full puppet operated by THE TRIBE. The Tribe sing. The pitch for the song is C, it will play after Icarus' line to the Queen. There may be percussive stomping during parts of the song.

TRIBE Spring and the Minotaur runs wild
Wheat, barley, and green
Pushed from the barren earth
The Minotaur is aroused, excited beyond compare
He shakes the palace grounds
and all things there.

Tiresias appears as a large and distorted face on the screen.

He speaks with the voice of the DIVINE WHITE BULL.

TIRESIAS The monster must be placated. He is running wild. Spring makes him excited beyond measure. At the expense of the palace and all its people.

I have thrown the bones. Studied the flight of birds. The gods speak through me and cannot be ignored.

The monster must be fed the living flesh of children. Babies. There is no other solution to this terrible destruction. The Gods have their will and their way.

Tiresias speaks in the voice of the Gods

Do not sacrifice your own. Raid the villages across the border, steal the children and kill the mothers. Act in secret, always in secret.

Scene 33**A Laboratory and a Jail**

Daedalus is extremely agitated.

DAEDALUS These villages you want to raid. How can we do that? That is where I come from. That is my birthplace. Our homeland.

TIRESIAS That is not your home, you murdered a man and ran! You do not have a home there! Do they even remember you? Other than as a murderer.

Icarus and the Minotaur are back in the labyrinth. They sing and they howl. Icarus becomes like a bull and the Minotaur becomes almost human.

On the ground, at some distance, are two great and extraordinary wings.

Icarus wipes the monster's mouth. The Minotaur is now sleepy from feasting on the great meal Icarus has just brought him. Icarus goes to the wings, examines them for damage.

ICARUS Have you had enough? How many children can you eat? You have a monstrous appetite and that is fitting because you are a monster. I tried a piece but it made me feel sick.

Look at these wings. Innocent wings.

My father loves them. He says he made them out of the love of his boy and the genius of his soul. His is never happier than when he is inventing. He has no clue about the world. He has no clue about the world's needs. He has not one clue about me. His only begotten son.

His inspection is over and lays the wings down.

ICARUS It is with those great wings flapping behind me, that my body eagerly thrusts forward, gliding and diving. The wind's resistance allows me to launch myself—Fly up high. high then plummet, plummet and lunge with great suicidal ease as I pluck these babies from the village, picking them from their mother's arms, like fresh berries from a raspberry bush.

Icarus takes out a tooth pick, leans against the great beast, stares up the sky and begin to pick his teeth and clean his nails. It is now a moment of bedfellow confessions.

ICARUS He thinks I only live in his world. A world where we play in a minefield of half-finished sentences. But with you my, dear sweet monster, I don't even need words.

He snuggles into the beast.

I know I am meant to feel...

I know I am supposed to feel something, but I am dead. Perhaps I mean by that, I am absent...

Should I feel guilt? Remorse? Some idea of wrong? I have not a fuck of a slightest idea. Actually, I don't care one damn. When those children cry and squeal, I think of rats. Cockroaches. Unfeeling worms.

It is just part of the ritual that brings me back to you. To placate you. To love you. I wish I could feed myself to you. Then I could be inside you and we could live as one...

Little does my father know, that I serve you and not him.

He who screwed these four hooks in my spine and shoulder blades.

I showed him no pain for I knew the hooks and the wings would make him drunk with pride.

He will give me anything I want. I know exactly what to say. He is so vulnerable. He is so full of guilt. He will do anything to keep me out of his hair. He lives wrapped up in his own world. Of cold logic and his mad idea of science. He knows nothing of desire. Only cause and effect.

Again we hear Freud's music begin as the last line is said, it ends when D.H. enters.

Scene 37

Last visit with Freud; Female Flight

*** Images of bi-planes on fire*

D.H. has returned from Paris. She speaks with Freud on woman aviators, "Queen Bess" and the "Black Witches"

FREUD I see you have been in your beloved Paris again. Thank you for your letters. Very striking. These long poems about women and sex.

D.H. I have discovered I love the taste of a woman's mouth. The shape of a woman's body. When I am with a woman, I fly. I find my interior. My wound. I am complete.

FREUD (scribbling away) I read of your friend's death. So much accomplishment—all to come crashing to the ground at an air show.

D.H. She was testing a new aircraft. She is dead but I am still with her. Working on a long poem. I have taken my trances into transitions.

Since Bessie Coleman's death—I am haunted by flying witches!

FREUD Show me!

DH Freud. My darling, Freud. You are such an old man. What will you understand?

Freud I will understand.

(DH transitions) **Trance music begins and sustains underneath the entirety of her speech.**

DH

I am Paris. I am Queen Bess. I am learning to fly. My native land will not train me. Because I am black. African. Cherokee.

Worse than that. I am a woman. The Americans have chased me out. But these Parisians, they don't care. They find it thrilling. They dare me to crash or fly too high.

But actually, these people of Paris want me to succeed. They have a very romantic idea of themselves. They want to be out front. In the vanguard. Ever since their revolution they think of themselves as very special.

But I am the one who is special and their pride will give me the gift of flight.

Images of bi-planes on fire -visual transition in to Black Witches.

DH begins to speak in garbled Russian.

FREUD

Where are we?

DH

The question is WHO are we? *(transition)*

Now.

Now.

(DH is speaking in a very curious accent)

The wind is in my face. I cannot Inhale. I cannot exhale. The noise of the flapping canvas excites me. I am one with the rattling wood.

This is a different plane. A different place. The air smells of smoke and death.

I am in the Soviet air force. The men refuse to fly these old planes. They are small. Fragile. Old. Built in a previous era. Almost like toys.

But we, the women, love them. My sister in arms is behind me. Yelling at me in Russian, but I understand what she is saying. "Release now! Release now!"

I hesitate. My hand shaking. Like my thickened breath, I am choking on the act. I can see the young German soldiers—terrified boys, below me, scattering. Their voices rising to meet our dive.

"The Black Witches! The Black Witches!" they scream and scatter.

The Nazis can't detect us as we fly in low. Under the radar. We are riding the night's breeze. Silent and deadly. Female. Ghosts.

Whoosh... whoosh...

We are proud of our new name.

(singing in Russian) We, the Black Witches, fighting for freedom. Bombing the Nazis and they don't know what hit them!

Мы, Черные Ведьмы, сражаемся за свободу. Бомбить нацистов и они не знают, что их поразило!

(her singing brings them both back and out of the trance)

FREUD Why are you Russian? Why are you flying? Why are you a witch?

DH We are witches. We are gods. We are the doorway to the future, The doorway to the past.

Time is a sphere. Have you not learned that in our long journey together?!

This great war nipping at our toes will force the women, Russian or not, to swap mink coats for fight gear. The sacrifice is the art of the release.

The trance music comes to an end.

FREUD In my previous wild thoughts, I thought that love and desire and sex drove us into the arms of passion and life. EROS. EROS.

But now I have to acknowledge the terrible power of death. We are addicted to suffering. Addicted to sacrifice. We cannot be satiated. We put death before love. We put death before Life.

DH *(going back into the trance)* **Trance Music** I am traveling, I am leaving you.

FREUD I am tired. A great force of violence is engulfing the world.

DH I am travelling Freud, I am floating, I am flying.

*DH hypnotizes herself – and in so doing sets **Freud** into a trance. She is aware that this will happen and purposefully leaves her mink coat for him. **The trance music ends as D.H. exits.***

Freud wakes up to find DH gone.

FREUD. DH? Where are you? My poet friend? My time traveler? You have gone.

All that is left is her mink coat.

Freud puts it on and lays down for the first time on his own couch.

A series of sounds, funereal.

We hear “funeral” music as Freud exits, the music continues under the shadow play that is the Queen’s death. Once the shadows fade we hear a C as the Tribe begins to sing.

Scene 38 **The Earth Shakes**

The Queen, Icarus and the Minotaur dance a wild dance. They are all in love.

ICARUS The Minotaur dances with his mother. Excited beyond all reason, he gores her to death.

THE TRIBE sings for them.

You cannot kill off the gods
They seem to rise, rise, rise
No! Do not make them angry
But you can kill off Royalty!
Turn their palaces to wheat stores,
And their jails into piggeries.
Yes! Kill off damned Royalty.
Off with their heads (x8).

We hear funeral sounds again as the Tribe exits and the Queen’s body is brought on by Icarus. The sounds stop when the General enters with Tiresias.

Scene 39 **Fate**

Icarus brings the queen’s body back to the castle and lays it at the feet of the General. The general can hardly contain his grief and fall to the ground. Tiresias gestures for Icarus to leave-- Icarus takes flight.

THE GENERAL Arrest Daedalus! And Icarus must kill this murderous monster if he wants his father free.

Speaking to the wind

You Icarus. You! Who go in and out of this invincible labyrinth as if it is your private chamber, you must do the task. A life for a life. Your father will die if you don’t do your job properly.

What is this power you have over the monster?

To Tiresias You Tiresias, with your great insights. Your secret ways. You will ensure that Icarus does what he has to do. Bring back the head. Bring back the heart. Bring me something. Bring me proof.

Possible music support as the Queen is carried out.

Scene 40 **Icarus Refuses**

ICARUS Does my father really think I will kill the monster to save him? He is deranged. I love my beast. I am locked right in. Forever. If my father must die, he must die. Are you all mad? Killing everything that is beautiful.

TIRESIAS The Minotaur is not a thing a beauty. At least in the eyes of ordinary men. To you maybe?

ICARUS And to you. I have watched at you at the mountain. You too are like a beast as you desperately inhale your smoke. I have watched you as you try to dance. Your breasts out and flashing to the moon. I have watched you as you dance with my beast as if he was yours.

Tiresias, you want to kill something? Kill yourself! Cut your own breast off and then come back to me with such a request.

I am no more capable of killing this beast that lives inside me, than you are of the beast that lives inside you.

TIRESIAS I know that.

ICARUS And so?

TIRESIAS I know, my son. You are young and your will is to live forever. You think everything is forever.

Go!

Take your wings, bolt them to your back and fly. Get out of this god forsaken place!

I will concoct a story and meet you at the mountain's crack with the minotaur at dawn. Go!

Scene 41 **the MAN revealed**

The Man slowly disrobes himself. The airman's uniform comes off. He stands before us only in his underpants and an old-fashioned vest.

Crucifixion.

Scene 42 **The General is King**

Tiresias comes to the palace with one broken Icarus wing and box and places them at the feet of the new King.

TIRESIAS My general, my king, my emperor. My great commander, who believes he will outlive history. I bring you today the heart of the minotaur.

The General opens the box, wipes the blood from the heart upon his face like war paint and raises the box up into the air with a howl of victory.

GENERAL I commend the undertaker of such a great and difficult task. My heart lightens with this gift, Tiresias.

TIRESIAS War is not for victory calls in painted faces, nor historic tales blown by the horn of the instigator. One day, the slaughtered poets will come out of their anesthetized state and reach across the border to their brothers in arms.

GENERAL What is this? Your babbling madness again?

TIRESIAS It is only fate, my king. Like the bloody footsteps I will now, forever walk. When I left the great tunnels underneath the earth, with a red trail of godly ancestry following me, I found this.

Tiresias lays the broken wing at the king's feet.

Broken on the rocks. Near the great and turbulent waters. Broken wings crashed and washed up on the shore. Icarus is dead.

My general, I ask only this. Was all this worth it? For the throne?

Tiresias takes the heart from the box and dashes it to the wings, which now, without so many feathers, are clearly canvas prototypes of the bi-plane.

You will die, we all will die. And all this will be only a memory. A sordid nightmare—retold over and over again—at the whim of the civilization in which it exists, twisting and writhing to each leader's bottomless pit of monstrous appetite.

The general picks up his treasured heart and tucks it under his arm.

The General Tiresias, go back to your crack and smoke yourself sober.

If you were not protected by the gods, I would have you executed. And not at dawn, but in the middle of the darkest night.

Let us turn our thoughts to the future. Go and bring me Daedalus. I need him. I need him and his science to build me an invincible kingdom. Go.

The pitch of a D# will most likely be played backstage before the Tribe enters.

THE TRIBE

Everyone must die

It is only fair they all must die

The boy for his monstrous appetite,

The father for feeding it.

Tiresias must die for taking too much delight

For watching it all with an inner eye

And never saying no.

The general must die for taking too much delight,

In conquest and in killing

Everyone must die

All should die

Why not? (x16)

There may be percussion under the sounds of the “why nots” as the bull comes in.

Scene 43

The World still shakes

The “why nots” of the THE TRIBE’S singing turns into stomps of the beast.

The great decapitated head of the minotaur descends from the heights. It dances with the “why nots”, heart beats growing faster and faster to a crescendo.

Tiresias steps out to the silence.

TIRESIAS

The empty chamber echoes

Like a hollow pulse

like a phantom limb.

The minotaur lives on without a heart!

As humanity prepares to inhale the next god.

With one final breath, the mummified bulls head pulls back and blows out feathers-- into the audience.

-THE END-