

SHE THROWS ULYSSES' INTO THE ROOM...

A militant dissenter abuses her hostage from the US delegation while faintly aware of the audience surrounding her. This claustrophobic scene creates a space for radical introspection, defiant theatre and tactical conversations. With only a few props, two actors, one of who is bound and gagged, and a serious commitment to DIY politics, Insurgent Theatre refutes ancient dogmas found in Homer's *Odyssey* and examines the psychosexual underpinnings of empire and rebellion.

Contents of 2nd Edition, dated April 1st, 2010:

- Author's preface
- Chronology of influences
- Fully updated script of the play
- Afterward: On Artistic Transparency
- Company biographies
- Economic Report: Six months of touring

INSURGENT THEATRE

Praise for *Ulysses' Crewmen*...

"It takes guts to do work like this."
-Kurt Hartwig, SnapMilwaukee.com

"Intensely destructive and aggressively beautiful... Since the world has stopped listening to meek questions, this play screams."

-Peter J Woods, FTAM, Milwaukee, WI

"One of the most inspiring DIY tours I have ever encountered. Its execution is intensely captivating and provocative. What other play features an hour of harsh interrogation and pistol-whipping followed by remarkably constructive conversation with its audience?"

-Robert Inhuman, Realicide

"Strong stuff, strongly performed!"

-John Schneider, formerly of Theatre X

ULYSSES' CREWMEN



capitalist recuperation than the ambiguous and unclear compromises artists make in their content, message or presentation.

The earnings of our show are not the only indicator of post-capitalist economies. Indeed, we represent a tiny sample of the number of concerts, performances and DIY events offered for free or donation. Also, while on the road, we found a vast and diverse array of communities of resistance and anti-capitalist practice. There are infoshops, food not bombs and informal communes everywhere. The depths of our discussions, the number of collective houses, shared dinners and positive experiences with people living contrary to capitalist expectations were truly inspiring. These subjective experiences seem to contradict the less optimistic financial information. Perhaps the value produced and shared in post-capitalist communities cannot be reflected in an economic report or balance sheet. According to some thinking (Paolo Virno for example) this immeasurability is itself the strongest evidence of resilience and radical potential.

ULYSSES' CREWMEN

An Anarchist Play

by

Ben Turk

split with other performers, or the venue).

Getting \$3700 in small individual donations does indicate a decent presence of post-capitalist impulse, but it's not enough to sustain the project. In addition to the above compromised incomes, the theatre is not paying us. We've been unable to earn reliable incomes while traveling or for the short periods of time between tours. Thus, theatre has made us unemployable and we've been slowly draining our savings accounts to keep going. Also, we had to purchase and maintain a car in order to go on the road, which has been quite costly, and was mostly paid for out of personal money. This money was earned by wageslavery, which makes our participation in the project dependent on us having earned and saved up under the capitalist system.

We didn't expect any different. New economies cannot spring whole cloth from the old. Resources must be acquired before they can be communalized, and communalization has to be widespread and habitual before it will be a strong enough economy to sustain many projects, especially projects producing less necessary things, like our art and entertainment. This project was designed to fail, it could only really succeed in a thriving post-capitalist economy. The fact that we've kept it afloat with relatively little compromise gives us some objective idea of how far off such a post-capitalist economy might be.

Of course, we're also assuming that our problem is not artistic. It could very well be that our project is doomed because the show is either too difficult, has too unpopular a message, or is poorly executed on our part. There's not much we can do about this. We're doing the show we want to do the best we can, and as much as we hate compromising on the finances, compromising the show itself seems far worse. Indeed, precisely identified and financially transparent compromises seem far more resistant to

Ulysses' Crewmen was first performed on August 14th, 2009 at the Cream City Collectives in Milwaukee, WI, by Insurgent Theatre. It starred Kate Pleuss and Ben Turk. It toured the eastern half of the US from Sept 2009 - March 2010, including a performance at the G20 protests in Pittsburgh on September 24th.

Insurgent continues to perform this show on extensive DIY touring expeditions. A journal of these and other endeavors is available online at insurgenttheatre.org. If you'd like to see Ulysses' Crewmen performed, please contact us.

The author would love to support anyone interested in mounting their own DIY production or adaptation of this play. He's even got a few ideas and updates to include. Please contact Ben through Insurgent Theatre (insurgenttheatre.org) for more information. E

Established companies or profit-seeking producers interested in the play should also contact Ben. We might be able to work something out. It'll have more to do with your practices and politics than your ability to pay me. Any other productions will be opposed by any means available.

ECONOMIC REPORT: SIX MONTHS

We've been tracking the progress of our tours in full detail online, creating show reports for every performance, open spreadsheets and graphs of every dime we earn or spend and the occasional economic report to summarize and comment on that data.

We do not think touring theatre is going to bring the rev. What we think is that if the rev we want is coming, it will come riding in on a radical post-capitalist economy. We hope touring with theatre will allow us to demonstrate and test for the existence of the social norms and informal relationships constituting this radical economy. We hope to participate in the discovery of new forms of life, trusting that our successful participation, publicly shared, will encourage others to participate as well.

Touring theatre is not the full extent of our participation in radical alternative economies, it may soon be the least of our participation. We currently live in a forming egalitarian intentional community in Columbus, OH and are involved in the ongoing development of worker-owned cooperatives and other community resources in that city. We look forward to incorporating theatrical practices into these projects, and transferring lessons learned on tour to other areas of life.

After six months of touring, results are pretty poor. The tours have slightly more than paid for themselves, but only because we've made some compromises and are exploiting ourselves as unpaid laborers. We did manage to perform 64 of our 72 shows with fully voluntary payment. These shows earned over \$3700 of our income. The remaining \$2000 income came from a few large donations, a school sponsorship, merch sales and a few shows with strictly enforced door cover charge (which was often

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ARTIST BIOGRAPHIES

Kate Pleuss is a self-taught participant in Insurgent Theatre's productions. She considers Ulysses' Crewmen one of the most challenging things she's ever done. She does it to bring discussion about current relevant issues to places where they need to be, like infoshops, punk venues, and living rooms, rather than ONLY university halls. She's been doing this for a little over two years and has covered lots of ground, all over the country. She also enjoys writing short stories and splitting wood.

Ben Turk co-founded Insurgent Theatre in the summer of 2003. That year he also began the first outlines of Ulysses' Crewmen. Over the next six years he repeatedly put down this play to write, produce and occasionally act in others. Successful full length plays, all kinds of absurd one act festivals, wild theatre experiments and the first Insurgent DIY touring show Paint the Town were all self-taught lessons in every aspect of theatre production, from promotion and fundraising to set construction and lighting to playwriting, acting and directing. Ben looks forward to continuing to create radical theatre in punk basements, dive bars, classrooms, art galleries, alleys, bookstores, and any other autonomous space that will serve as a temporary performance venue, even the occasional black box theatre.

people in a room considering direct participation with our symbolic language. Untying Ulysses is a symbol of engaging with the global economic system.

This symbolic action, once resolved, is immediately followed by a request for direct economic activity. During the introduction to the play an hour earlier, we describe our production as an experiment in post-capitalist economics. We end by asking the audience to participate in this economy by contributing financial support to our efforts. Thus the narrative of the play is replaced by its symbolic language, which is then replaced by actual direct economic relations between us and the audience, that is, between producers and consumers. The act of making and presenting Ulysses' Crewmen thus seeks to resolve problems it's content raises.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

*"I'd rather die at sea, with one deep gulp of death,
than die by inches on this desolate island here!"*

Eurylochus' fatal reasoning in Homer's Odyssey

Homer's Odyssey contains two episodes of mutiny. The first –when Ulysses has his crew plug their ears, tie him to the mast, and steer the ship past the sirens– is a false mutiny. The crew is put into an apparent position of power, and ignores their captain's commands, but they do so at his request. This episode teaches us the lesson of rational restraint. We must limit our freedom now because we know temptation can make our desires and impulses untrustworthy. The second mutiny –when the crew eats Hyperion's cattle against Ulysses' commands– is a genuine mutiny. The crewmen make a rational calculation that death by starvation is assured, while death by the gods' wrath is only their captain's speculation, a product of his faith. When Homer frees the ship from Hyperion's isle and then promptly sinks it, killing everyone but the reverent (and miraculously unstarved) Ulysses, he teaches us the lesson of obedience to forces beyond rationality. For Homer, faith and reverence trump survival.

These lessons have persisted in many forms throughout western civilization and remain issues of ethical contention today. I see echoes of Homer's lessons in the rhetoric of both the religious right and modern liberalism. This ideological conspiracy allows us to believe that others' exploitation and slavery are at once the rocky part of their path to prosperity and a punishment for ignoring the graces of god. The people of "developing" nations must tie themselves to our profit-making machines today so that their descendents can at some future time share in the wealth we currently enjoy. This future time remains perpetually just over the horizon. In the meantime, missions of conversion pacify the

starved and dying. I abhor these lessons, yet I- and all who participate in or benefit from the global economy, am complicit in their brutal edification.

We live in an era where the best that representative democracy can produce is Obama's vague hope that the world civil war will be managed without disrupting business as usual. Today, protests and demonstrations are less a struggle and more an emotional outlet for the guilt of activist communities. Our every attempt to create alternatives is recuperated by "green" capitalism before we can find our legs. What can do we do in such a world?

The story of *ULYSSES' CREWMEN* explores one of many answers: insurrection! Kidnap the bureaucrats. Attack the empire, stop the machine by any means available. Make total destroy! Do it now! Pacifism is a lie. Hesitation is complicity. Hear the siren's song! Never mind those rocks. Listen!

This answer is certainly far more compelling than electoral politics or absolution through chanting and sign-waving. But it still leaves me dissatisfied. The production of *ULYSSES' CREWMEN* offers a second answer: our material methods and economic practices attempt to participate in the creation of a radically post-capitalist economy.

Will this economy find its legs, or should we dash toward the rocks? When approaching this question we must confront Homer's lessons of rational restraint and obedience to faith. We must stage a mutiny against both religion and liberalism, against the very roots of western civilization.

symbols emerge, and the audience is more aggressively included.

Specifically, a number of things happen during the second radio broadcast. First, the plot is again advanced in a background broadcast, this time containing information the audience hasn't already read. Second, the actor's identity kaleidoscopes as Kate portrays simultaneously: 1. our protagonist, 2. the spirits of dead revolutions, 3. inversions of Greek myths from the *Odyssey*, and 4. an actor still reciting her stage directions. This performance completely overshadows the exposition contained in the radio broadcast. We're no longer merely drawing focus away from dramatic or plot-based concerns, we're overtly dismissing them. Third, the audience is directed to not only focus their attention on the most symbolic level of the play, but to participate and actively read along with these symbols.

This moment of reading along is an exciting one for us, audiences are told to read the quotes of the dead revolutionaries, but they are not directed how to do so. Some people read aloud, others silently, and the play becomes an opportunity for audiences to spontaneously practice a sort of intuitive collective decision-making. Each individual is free to opt out or to participate and the volume and cadence of the statements is impacted by these individual decisions.

This active involvement by the audience foreshadows the very end of the play, where audience must either untie Ulysses' or walk out on him. Before this moment, Kate summons the symbolic focus to "transform" Ulysses. She turns him into "the global economy, sitting here in front of us" in the same way she has previously transformed herself into the various heroic identities. The play stops having anything to do with the fictional story of a captured delegate and instead becomes entirely about a group of

DIY movement a nascent economy and have concluded that its development offers a compelling alternative to political action. When we discard the play's dramatic and political content to focus on its production values, we present an example of this radical DIY economy as a solution to political dead-ends.

One component of any economic system is its mode of exchange. For example, under capitalist assumptions, access to seats in a theater must be purchased. Anyone lacking funds or too hesitant to pay must remain outside, even if that leaves half the auditorium empty. By capitalist logic, allowing these "free-riders" to take the empty seats would remove the incentive for anyone to pay for a seat in the first place and thus doom the production.

We function by a different logic. Everyone at our shows has the option to be a free rider, and yet enough of them voluntarily contribute to keep our production afloat. We have hinged our success on the presence of post-capitalist logic and habits. Thus, our production becomes itself evidence of social norms beyond cynical capitalist assumptions.

The play attempts to embody and communicate this shift from the political to the economic. Initially we emphasize the material conditions of our production. The actors talk freely before the show, arrange the set with audience assistance, and change into costume on stage while introducing the play. Kate recites her stage directions aloud, all technical apparatus and artifice, as well as fellow audience members are fully visible. The intention is not only for audiences to maintain objectivity rather than emotional dramatic connection, but also to make the audience aware of their own role and presence in the performance, which becomes key later on.

As the play proceeds, its political and formal paradoxes become more overt and irreconcilable. The plot and drama recede,

CHRONOLOGY OF INFLUENCES

Important ideas, works and events influencing this production.

It's 800 BC, Greece enters the Archaic age, the civilization unifies around the Greek alphabet, and the Olympic games. Homer writes *The Odyssey*, which advances a hero greater than his *Iliad's* Achilles. This hero, Ulysses, demonstrates two philosophical lessons: reverence to the gods (when he risks starvation by abstaining from eating Helios' cattle) and restrained rationalism (when he ties himself to the mast and hears the sirens).

2400 years pass, empires rise and fall, reverence and restraint remain dominant philosophies, almost entirely unchallenged until...

It's 1651, western civilization is in the midst of a huge transformation. Scientific revolution is underway, the enlightenment is just beginning, civil wars are common, and mercantilism gives way to capitalism. During the English Civil War, Thomas Hobbes writes *Leviathan*, which contains the radical notion that "whatsoever is the object of any man's appetite or desire... he for his part calleth 'good'; and the object of his hate and aversion, 'evil' ... there being nothing simply and absolutely so." This philosophy strips away the illusion of inherent values from the ruling class, reducing religious reverence to mere self-interest. Hobbes still distrusts mankind's capacity for rational action, maintaining the belief that even in the absence of inherent good and evil, we must tie ourselves to the mast of a powerful authority. *Leviathan* is burned. Incidentally, Hobbes also translates the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* into English late in his life.

It's 1848, a wave of revolutions sweep across Europe challenging the society born in the turmoil of the 1600s. These revolutions are violently suppressed, tens of thousands are tortured and killed.

Karl Marx writes *The Communist Manifesto* which exposes the inevitable and fatal tendencies of capitalism, and agitates for revolutionary change. Marx's builds on Hobbes' rejection of reverence. Proposing with "scientific socialism" the unrestrained application of rational organization to all aspects of political economy.

It's 1930, the great depression inspires ever more revolutionaries to embrace Marx's theory. Communist parties pursue revolution in almost every country, sometimes toppling governments and establishing nominally communist states. Bertolt Brecht writes *The Measures Taken*, a Lehrstucke (learning play) which demonstrates a level of merciless dedication to the revolutionary cause and "the classics" of communist thought. Communists have replaced Homer's principles with these rigid guidelines.

It's 1970, the revolutions of the 30's have predictably born fierce dictatorships more focused on protecting and increasing their power than in advancing any kind of post-capitalist system. Meanwhile, the capitalist empire expands militarily using "containment" of the communist threat as a pretext to establish friendly dictatorships throughout Latin America, the Middle East, and Southeast Asia. Heiner Mueller writes *Mauser* in East Germany, Brecht's homeland. *Mauser* is a direct response to *The Measures Taken*, in which a communist party executioner finds himself existentially inseparable from his gun, and the dedication required by "the classics" becomes a perverse self-destructing feedback loop. *Mauser* is censored in East Germany, not performed until 1975, where it premieres in Austin, TX.

It's 1987, the communist states are on the verge of collapse. Marx's theory is tarnished and rejected. Militarism rises during the Regan years, with American-backed coups in the Middle East and Latin America. Darrell Dobbs writes *Reckless Rationalism and*

economy? Where do identity politics and cultural defenses intersect with the class struggle or with each other? For example, how can fundamentalist religious militants and radical queers possibly fight together against their common enemy?

These questions underlie the central tactical question of Ulysses' Crewmen. All three tactics (symbolic demonstration, direct action, and revolutionary violence) conceive of the revolution as a result of exclusively political processes.

The play leaves us skeptical of such a conception, it suggests that politics are a disaster, an insoluble situation not worth entering into. Maintenance of the status quo is of course also worthless and intolerable. By the end of the play we hope the whole audience realizes we're all trapped within the same dead-end situation as Kate's character. At this point the play's demands become problematic: we demand action, while demonstrating the impossibility of action. The play's form also becomes problematic: a political play about the uselessness of politics undermines its own nature and purpose.

QUESTION 4: What can be done?

We can develop capitalism's replacement. We can withdraw from political action and devote our energies to the creation of radical economic practices, cooperative forms of life. The practice of such sustained radical alternatives offers advantages in every imagined eventuality. Such practice may help us pick up the pieces after capitalism's collapse, defend ourselves against monarchs, fascists and state socialists, or support our direct attacks against the capitalist system. The problem is how to develop such an alternative within the current capital dominated structures.

Radicals are facing this challenge. We've observed in the

reform, desiring instead radical direct action. She refuses to beg for concessions and instead seeks to physically attack and weaken the institutions of state and capital. That's the theory anyway. In practice, direct action usually takes the form of smashing windows, throwing stones at armored cops, and otherwise being a petty nuisance until you get arrested, post bail and thus refund the state for whatever damage you may have caused. It's hard to see such ineffectual actions as actually "direct" and not merely a different symbolic demonstration. They are merely a more emphatic, angrier sort of demand for change.

In Ulysses' Crewmen, we confront this problem. The anarchist here takes action that goes well beyond these weak direct actions, crossing the line into overt militant violence. Even this action is still mostly ineffectual. A replacement delegate is sent and the talks commence uninhibited. When hostage-taking proves ineffectual, it's very hard to see rock tossing and street fighting as much of anything at all.

In this way, the play challenges the anarchist community: either do something real, or drop this facade. True radicalism has no place at a G20 summit, where state and capital are well prepared for your attack. We're stating this because we are interested in how anarchists will respond.

This question of "something real" is increasingly complicated in today's world. It opens up a myriad of difficult questions. How does someone who materially benefits from the present system but suffers from less tangible maladies like "alienation" be revolutionary? How can a revolution succeed when the opposing classes are separated by oceans and aircraft carriers? How is the disenfranchised American service class going to unite with the emmiserated international oppressed? How are revolutionary models altered by the modern post-industrial

Heroic Reverence in Homer's Odyssey in which he argues that Homer's elevation of reverence over rationalism is a principle that should be re-introduced to our society. The colossal failure of communism has emboldened conservatives to reverse even Hobbes' rejection of inherent values, leading civilization back to its most ancient philosophical lessons. Afraid to look directly at capitalism, the western world tries to put the cloak of mysticism back on.

It's 1990, communism has collapsed, capitalism is now the unquestioned dominant system. Western civilization enjoys such opulence that political scientists optimistically describe the times as "the end of history". Wallace Shawn writes *The Fever* a play about capitalism's new shroud of mysticism, privileged ignorance, and the impossibility of real ethical action within the dominant capitalist system. Shawn's exploration of revolutionary ideology (or lack thereof) follows the tradition Brecht's *Measures Taken* and Mueller's *Mauser*. Incidentally, Shawn later writes a translation of Brecht's *Threepenny Opera*.

It's 1998, the largest boom in the history of capitalism, inflates the already bloated economy to catastrophic proportions. This boom is based almost entirely on speculation in technology stocks (as opposed to real growth or value creation). In the face of this boom, Refused write *The Shape of Punk to Come* a "sonic combination" that directly attacks capitalism. More importantly, Refused, in their music, their liner notes and their lyrics, celebrate the D I Y creation of hardcore punk not only as anti-capitalist rally cry, but as a revolutionary end in itself. The band breaks up shortly thereafter.

It's 2003, the tech stock bubble has burst, only to be replaced by the even more speculative and artificial housing boom. Western imperialism again aggressively expands its military operations overseas, this time replacing the "red scare" pretext with a "war on

terror". I also start writing the first drafts of this play, and producing other plays under a structure that eventually evolves into Insurgent Theatre. *Ulysses' Crewmen* aims to reverse Homer's lesson of the sirens, insisting we listen to the song and risk demise by navigating our own autonomy.

It's 2005, global capitalism perseveres, expanding growth through speculation, marching ideologically rightward, containing its discontents, and ruthlessly managing all conflicts. Amidst car fires in Parisian banlieues, a group of insurrectionary communists calling themselves 'The Invisible Committee' write *L'Appel (Call)* which, like a siren's call embraces the collapse of western civilization, hoping to dash the entire thing against the rocks and starting over.

It's 2009, the speculative economy has collapsed utterly. Technocrats and politicians scramble to rejigger monetary policy, explore socialist programs, re-animate Keynesian economics, and do whatever else they can to salvage the shambles of capitalism before the entire system dissolves. Meanwhile, I have finally finished *Ulysses' Crewmen*, and we now begin productions of the play as not only a call for the end of capitalism, but more importantly an experiment in capitalism's replacement.

QUESTION 2: Reform or radicalism?

Radicalism rejects current power systems entirely and understands reform as only a delay of these system's collapse. We can see that capitalism is doomed, the system cannot sustain itself and, left to it's own devices, it will quickly collapse. Unfortunately, reformers do not allow that collapse to happen. Making capitalism more humane or tolerable only secures it's continued existence.

There are some issues where radical ideology confronts reality. First, the ideology most likely to speed capitalism's collapse is not anarchism, it's libertarianism. Blind free-market policy making has always increased economic instability and if fully embraced will produce almost immediate collapse. Given this observable fact, a crafty anti-capitalist political posture is not to idealize left-wing revolutionaries, but to fake a libertarian pose and work for free unrestrained and doomed capitalism. The second issue is, this whole "destroy capitalism, no questions asked" reasoning only holds up when coupled with the belief that capitalism is the worst system imaginable. Unfortunately, it seems entirely possible that when the capitalist house of cards falls we'll find ourselves in a parochial war zone of neo-feudal mysticism, overt fascism or totalitarian state socialism. Reform might buy some time to help us avoid these results.

We are faced with a choice: ideological fakery and sabotage or cautious reform to delay the inevitable until "the right moment". This is a deeply unsatisfying choice.

QUESTION 3: Is direct action possible?

The protagonist of our story has rejected demonstration and

So, this production is certainly not simply advocating kidnapping. We are staging a dramatic example of direct action against the most visible institutions of global capitalism in order to ask a series of questions about anti-capitalist resistance.

QUESTION 1: Violence?

The play presents a violent situation, but one that is actually extremely common. The anarchist plan is to basically arrest and detain the delegate through the course of the summit in exactly the same way that the state arrests and detains thousands of protesters at every major political event. Thus concerns about the morality of the character's action seem quite absurd.

The play highlights and examines this absurd morality. Kate's character repeatedly quotes revolutionary thinkers on the subject of violence. Pacifism in an utterly and inherently violent society like ours is a meaningless posture. Driving to the "non-violent" demonstration in a vehicle fueled by oil is a violent act. Refraining from violence against the state amounts to a tacit approval of the state's violence against its enemies. This question of morally "right" or "wrong" action is a meaningless circular question that gets us nowhere. The play cycles round this moral cul-de-sac reaching a maximum velocity during the sexual assault scene. Victim/victimizer relationships and power inversions oscillate rapidly and uncontrollably.

We read this situation as an explosion of moral debate surrounding political violence. We'd like to see such debates replaced with an entirely tactical framework. If moral action in a morally bankrupt world is impossible, the most meaningful question is not *what is right?* it is only *what works?*

ULYSSES' CREWMEN

ARRANGEMENT:

A sturdy chair in the middle of the room. Audience on all sides. The audience seating should begin within ten feet of the central chair and on the same floor level. A wide aisle in front of the chair, narrower aisles directly right and left. An extension cord or power outlet on the floor somewhere in the first row of audience. House lights remain up, bright enough for the audience to read during the performance.

The actors hand out TEXTS on a half-sheet in lieu of a program before the performance begins. They introduce themselves and the production, discussing the production methods, while changing into costume in front of the audience.

The speaking character wears dark colored non-descript clothes and sturdy boots. She also wears a handgun. Ulysses wears a dull grey suit, very disheveled. He is bound, gagged and blindfolded. There's a black hood over his head and wax in his ears.

Once in costume, the actors exit the playing area via the main aisle. There is no black out, no curtain. The actors' entrance and first lines occur after the audience is no longer paying attention to them, without any introduction or warning.

TEXT 1 front side of the half-sheet:

TO BE READ BEFORE THE PLAY BEGINS

A member of the US delegation has been kidnapped. Police are currently out in force searching for the missing delegate and his abductors. The delegate was captured at the airport en route to the G20 trade summit. Similar actions were attempted around the world. This appears to be a decentralized global effort by a network of highly sophisticated terrorist groups. Sources say that the organizations are domestic anti-globalization groups, hoping to shut down the negotiations by kidnapping the negotiators. The possibility that they are operating--perhaps unwittingly, under command or in coordination with Islamic terrorist groups like Al Queda has not be ruled out. Only the attack on the US delegation was successful. A replacement delegate is already en route to the talks, which will commence on schedule.

Authorities lost track of the fleeing terrorists when one of them opened the back doors of their van and, in an attempt to halt a pursuing airport security vehicle, threw the car seats and other objects out of the back. This individual then fell from the vehicle and was struck by the pursuing car, damaging it so severely that the chase halted and the terrorists escaped. The fallen individual died on impact and the remaining terrorists of which there were at least three, escaped. They are armed and highly dangerous. Any sightings of the terrorists, their black unmarked van or other suspicious activity should be reported immediately. Do not attempt to apprehend or confront these terrorists alone.

and add suggestions to the crowd of valid but divergent responses the play creates.

In summary, the play is about pursuing a specific kind of anti-capitalist tactic until it ends at it's logical impasse. We hope that by starting at this impasse, we will help our audiences and our community better navigate a way out.

The initial premise of the play is that a decentralized global anarchist network has plotted to kidnap all the delegates to a major summit or global trade negotiation. Their intention is to sabotage the summit. They do not have demands. They do not intend to negotiate. They merely intend to hold the delegates, force the summit's cancellation and then release them. These are the given circumstances--the play's exposition.

While these events have never themselves occurred, we do not consider kidnapping government delegates to world trade summits a novel or unrealistic idea. It is a logical extension of one common goal of direct action: to prevent the summit from happening. If human walls in the street cannot prevent delegates from reaching the negotiation table, it takes little imagination to consider alternatively nabbing delegates at the airport en route. Our chosen plot takes the logic of direct action into an intimate setting where it can be analyzed and played out to it's eventual conclusions.

We publish and distribute this exposition before the play has started because we want the audience to be free to focus attention elsewhere. We then repeat it in a background radio broadcast because we want the audience to be conscious of their chosen focus. They can either listen to Kate's character or the radio, thus they begin to recognize their position as active participants in the show.

financial detriment, include reinforcing audience assumptions and emotional purges. We've seen the Dick Cheney puppets, heard the rousing slogans, and refused to buy the limited-run revolutionary posters. We recognize these works as a sort of release valve, reducing pressures that might otherwise be directed at actual power elites, not just symbols, puppets or actors playing them. Modern audiences are self-selecting, only leftists are going to come to a DIY venue to see a radical play. Rather than giving the radical choir simple images of our enemies, we hope Ulysses' Crewmen presents those audiences with a complex reflection of themselves.

Another pitfall of radical discourse we try to avoid is pushing people into actions we are not ourselves taking. Some of our loudest critics (while masked) have suggested that we ought to be "inspiring courage". They'd like us to help lure the masses with romantic images of insurrectionary vanguards risking their lives and prevailing against the system. We've seen these same critics anonymously publish and distribute outright lies about summit protestors terrifying or defeating riot police. First off, we don't want to recruit cannon fodder to absorb government crackdowns. Secondly, we're not interested in any revolution led by a vanguard. Third, and most importantly we're not inspired by simple romantic images and don't think our audiences are stupid enough to fall for this kind of manipulation.

Longer statements on this work in particular:

Ulysses' Crewmen is intentionally open-ended and widely interpretable. We are not sharing our ideas of the work here in order to cancel or abolish any other interpretation. Meaning comes from audience reaction as much as from artist intention. We are only sharing our thoughts to answer questions, clear up confusions

TEXT 2 backside of the half-sheet

TO BE READ ALONG DURING THE PLAY

TIRESIAS "Only by force can this dying world be changed, as every living man knows. It is not granted to us not to kill. At one with the will to change the world that will not be denied, we formulated the measures to be taken." – *Bertolt Brecht, The Measures Taken, 1930.*

ANTICLEA "It is estimated that one hundred twenty six million children work in the worst forms of child labor, including sweatshops, slavery, and forced prostitution" – *International Labor Organization, 2004.*

AGAMEMNON "We will turn our hearts into steel, which we will temper in the fire of suffering and the blood of fighters for freedom. We will make our hearts cruel, hard, and immovable, so that no mercy will enter them, and so that they will not quiver at the sight of a sea of enemy blood. We will let loose the floodgates of that sea." – *Vladimir Lenin – 1918.*

ACHILLES "I don't care if I fall as long as someone else picks up my gun and keeps on shooting" – *Che Guevara*

AJAX "The enemy found no weakness in you, we found no weakness in you. Now you are yourself a weakness which the enemy must not find in us." – *Heiner Mueller, Mauser, 1970*

[Stage directions in italics are to be read aloud by the actor, in her voice (distinct from the character's voice) while she performs them.]

She throws Ulysses into the room. Through here. Move! Shit... Get up. UP! Now oh... c'mon, c'mon, don't- *She drags him.* There! *She drops him.* Here. Now, stay. *She collapses into the chair.*

You... Okay?

Don't think you don't deserve this. Don't- *She pounces on him.* Do you hear me? Do you- hey, *she hits him* can you hear what I'm- you deserve this. You do. You- *she stops, stands up.*

Come on... Come on... get with the program. The plan. She recites: "Human life is not a commodity, figures, statistics or make believe" *Refused, 1998.* "Revolutionary spirit must always be present, revolutionary spirit must reveal itself. We must arm our spirit." *Fidel Castro 1971.* The plan: Check the perimeter. *She runs stage left, looks out a window.* Clear! *She runs stage right, looks out another.* Clear! *She runs to the door, looks out.* Clear! *She runs back to the stage, stops abruptly.* Restrain the hosta-

You- this wasn't the plan. *She crouches down near Ulysses.* You know, but now we- I need you to... I'm sorry, but you need to get in the chair. *She lifts him.* I need- will you please! *She drops him.* Goddamn it.

indulgent or even disrespectful. We don't think something as superfluous and petty as art has any place treating it's audiences this way, even if that's what audiences has been trained to want.

We hope instead to be clear, approachable and honest. If you've seen us perform Ulysses' Crewmen and felt confused or offended, we hope you spoke with us afterward. If you didn't feel comfortable or weren't able to speak with us, we owe you an apology. Sometimes the stress, exhaustion and excitement of performing (not to mention limits of time and space) make it hard for us to always be as open and available as we'd like at our performances.

Of course, a good play should communicate its intentions fully within itself, should manifest itself as an example of it's own content. For some audiences, Ulysses' Crewmen clearly succeeds in this regard. With others, we have been less successful. We offer the following as a poor substitute for the instances where these preferred forms of communication have failed.

Political art and radical discourse face particular challenges. Our approach to these challenges is informed by certain traditions and theories (Brecht, for example) but we depart from these influences in specific ways (rejecting Brecht's use of irony for example). We hope our play first, honestly reflects the conflicts and difficulties we all face in our daily lives and our attempts at action and resistance. Secondly, we hope to pick apart and make problematic the favored positions of our audiences and even ourselves. Third, we hope to expand our discourse beyond the performance of the play, creating opportunities for audience interaction and open discussion beyond the simple talk-backs provided by traditional theatre companies.

Pitfalls of political art we seek to avoid, often to our

ON ARTISTIC TRANSPARENCY

At this point, Ulysses' Crewmen has toured the US for over six months, we've done more than 70 performances, and are excited to be currently booking and planning at least 30 more. Our understanding of the play, and our audience's response have evolved over the course of these performances. What follows is an attempt to summarize and present readers with these ideas and evolving interpretations of the play. Much more information is available online at insurgenttheatre.org.

First, a brief statement of our general intentions as a theatre troupe:

Any discourse more involved than a shallow representation presents a challenge to its viewer. We like to think of our theatre work primarily as discourse, not art. We hope Ulysses' Crewmen challenges audiences by asking compelling open questions without bewildering them. We also hope to suggest interesting answers without force-feeding or coddling our audiences. There's a fine line to be walked between these two.

Unfortunately, we cannot deny that theatre, like zine writing, speech-making, or any other symbolic discourse does involve art. Indeed, there are aesthetic concerns in all activities. We try to keep our primary focus on the substance of our conversations and the insights we might provoke, not on the beauty or terror of our work, and we certainly refuse to play the easy role of "artist" within this society.

Specifically, we withdraw from the quasi-mystical and allegedly sublime in art. We refuse to fetishize the ineffable, the emotionally deep, the ambiguously ironic, or the 'true expression of an artistic soul'. Such things may be occasionally intriguing, but they are also often sentimental, emotionally manipulative, self-

Oh, fuck it. *She takes out the gun.* "Without armed struggle there can be no victory." *The Weather Underground, 1974. She presses it against Ulysses.* You know what this is? No. Shut up. Fucking stop it- fucking god, *She hits him with the gun.* FUCK! Oh shit. No. You- *she hits him again* God! You fucking bastard, you- *she points the gun at him* piece of shit, you- you fucking- It's your fault. She's dead- because of you, because we had to- you fucking- you... You killed her, and the rest of them, wherever they are- you did that- it's your fault. I wouldn't be here with- you wouldn't have to- this wouldn't- this- I- *she drops the gun* Fuck. Ella. Fucking reckless... Why the hell couldn't I- didn't I- I can't. Ella... I can't do this I can't- I can't. This... I... can't. *She cries.*

No. Don't... I am- *She points the gun at him again, cocks it.* I am going to untie your hands. *She holds the gun in one hand, works the knots with the other.* I am going to put you in the chair. *She puts the safety on and puts the gun away.* I am going to put you in- *She lifts Ulysses and puts him in the chair.* I will tie your wrists to the arms of the chair. *She struggles one of his clutching arms free.* I will tie your arms to the- the arms of the chair. I will not let you kick me. I will not let your hands free, I... will... tie... you...

She recites: "There's no way to be committed to non-violence in one of the most violent societies that history has ever created." *Bernadine Dohrn 1969.* "It is the obligation of every person who claims to oppose oppression to resist the oppressor by every means at his or her disposal. Not to engage in physical resistance, armed resistance to oppression, is to serve the interests of the oppressor; no more, no less." *Assata Shakur, 1984.*

She has fully restrained Ulysses, wrists and ankles, to the chair. "Revolution is the larva of civilization" *Victor Hugo 1848.*

She recites: Check the perimeter. Restrain the hostage. Check the perimeter. *She checks the perimeter.* Clear! Clear! Clear! *She stands in front of Ulysses.* Examine the hostage.

She shouts in his face. Can you breathe? Can you- shake your head. Can your breathe? Are you injured? Are you- Okay. Are you bleeding? Fuck. *She examines him.* You... You aren't bleeding. Are- *She touches his side.* Is this-? This is broken. Fuck *she inspects him gently* it's- I think it's only cracked, not... It's- there's nothing I can do about that. *She recites:* Breathing. Bleeding. Broken. Sedated. *She laughs.* Ha! Soiled? No. Thank God. Silent? Silent enough. Okay, hostage checked... Assess the situation. Amend the- well the situation is fucked.

Totally fucked. *She sits on the floor.*

Need more information. *She walks toward the door.* Do not leave the hostage. Fuck. *She looks back, looks out, looks back. Exits.*

She returns with a radio. Where is that fucking... here. *She plugs in the radio. She opens a channel to Hades, the land of the dead.*

[She tunes the radio to the following news program: ...lost track of the fleeing terrorists when one of them, now identified as Elpenor opened the back doors of their van and, in an attempt to halt a pursuing airport security vehicle, threw car seats and other objects out of the back. Another of the terrorists fired at their pursuer. This gunman and Elpenor then appeared to get into a dispute after which Elpenor fell from the vehicle and was struck by the pursuing car, damaging it so severely that the chase was halted. Elpenor died on impact and the remaining terrorists- of which there were at least three, escaped. They are armed and highly dangerous. Any sightings of the terrorists, their

oppressor and also, importantly, every victim. When she walks away, she's no more guilty than before she ever touched him. No more guilty than him, or anyone else here.

[She walks toward the exit.]

Can you- can you hear that? The- the song? *She attempts to navigate the siren's rocks.*

[the actor exits, leaving the entire venue if possible. Ulysses is alone on stage. The play does not end until the audience ends it, by untying Ulysses, or walking out on him as well.]

The heroes chuckle and shrug their shoulders.

What? No, I- *she looks over the land of the dead.* This is... everything is...

She unplugs the radio. No. That's not- this isn't. I am, I can...

She drops the gun in Ulysses' lap. You want this? Here. *She puts it in his hand* you- this is yours. You fucking built it, this- no, take it! It's yours we stole it but, it doesn't belong to me, it belongs to you. This whole fucking thing is yours! *She kneels in front of him.* Don't pretend to be reverent now, you fucker, take it! *She stares down the barrel* Do you want this? Is this... *She chuckles and recites:* "Shoot, coward. You only kill a man." *Che Guevara 1967.* Fuck you. Seriously, can you- do you want this?

She laughs. Ha! Fuck you. Who fucking cares what you want? *She takes the gun, holds it under her chin.* You want this. You don't get to pretend this isn't yours. You don't get to stay clean. You- you and your... everyone. Don't you pretend to value people now, you- you slaughter people like cattle every day. You all do. You never have the guts to put your finger on the fucking trigger, but... No. Not anymore, now you get to- this... this is for you!

She cries out puts the gun away and stands up..

Now you're just another victim. A victim like any other. A victim like every other. And I'm just another- another agent- a variable-figures and statistics, accounted for in the calculation of the political economy, the- the materialization of history. Another economic actor to be managed. A... delegate.

But now... *He is transformed. Now, he is more than that, now this is the global economy, sitting here in front of us. It is at once every*

black unmarked van or other suspicious activity should be reported immediately. Do not attempt to apprehend or confront these terrorists alone.

We will be continuing our coverage of the ongoing terrorist kidnapping crisis situation. If you are just tuning in now, Ulysses, a member of the US delegation has been kidnapped. Police are currently out in force searching for the missing delegate and his abductors, but this sudden storm appears to have stalled their efforts. Ulysses was captured at the airport en route to the new global trade negotiations. Similar actions were attempted around the world. This appears to be a decentralized global effort by a network of many highly sophisticated terrorist groups. Sources say that the terrorists are domestic anti-globalization groups, hoping to shut down the negotiations by kidnapping the negotiators. The possibility that they are operating- perhaps unwittingly, under command or in coordination with Islamic terrorist groups like Al Qaeda has not be ruled out. Only the attack on the US delegation was successful. A replacement delegate is already en route to the talks, which will commence on schedule.

[Meanwhile, she speaks, overlapping with the broadcast, such that the audience cannot hear and understand both, but has to choose which to focus on.]

She sees her fallen comrade. Ella? Ella... What- What can I do? How did you come here? Why? We could've- there had to be another way, and now I'm here, alone. I'm all alone here, I need you and- Why did you do it? Why did you even try? If you hadn't, then we- we'd have been caught, we would have just gone to prison. We could've- But now, instead- because of you- I'm here, alone. With him. Yuri and the others are- I don't know where they

are and you're dead. Why couldn't we have- why didn't you let us be prisoners? I... Ella, I don't know what to do!

You need to forget about me. We didn't want to be prisoners. If we wanted to be prisoners we would have done civil disobedience. Just broken windows and gone limp. We wanted to stop them, we wanted a real impact. Euylochus and the others are lost at sea. I had to try, we had to do something. You were yelling and shooting and I slipped. I heard a song and I opened the door. My neck was broken and my soul came down to Hades. You can forget. You can stop remembering me, listen... I'm gone.

Ella- I- I can't! Ella? *She turns off the radio. She forgets Elpenor.*

She sees Ulysses' hands. What's- are you? When did you do this? *She frantically loosens the rope.* I leave you alone for... Oh, god, your- *She reels from the blow.* Ah! Fuck. My fucking- *She staggers.* Goddamn it. *She watches Ulysses untie his other arm.* Listen, I don't- STOP! *She holds the gun in front of her.* I'm sorry... we... leave that on. Don't- *she stops.*

She waits holding the gun to touch his chest when he stands.

Sit down. I need you to retie your leg. It's right there. Tie it. Good. Okay, show me your wrists. Jesus. I... I don't... *she slides the ropes across the floor until they're out of his reach* I'm not putting these back on your wrists, but I can't- *she picks up the ropes.* I can't let you go. Not right now. *She ties the ropes together.* Just hold still. *She ties his arms at the elbows to the back of the chair* I'm sorry. I- Listen... I'm going to *she touches his hand* I- I want to get the- the blood moving again. *She massages his hand.*

I want you to- I don't know what to do now. You need to know this wasn't our intention *she massages his other hand* fucking obvious

died?

It is estimated that one hundred twenty six million children work in the worst forms of child labor, including sweatshops, slavery, and forced prostitution.

I know. Mother- *the corpses of one hundred twenty-six million children fill this room.* Ah! I... *she is crushed by the bodies.* But... but, I- *The other heroes approach.*

“We will turn our hearts into steel, which we will temper in the fire of suffering and the blood of fighters for freedom. We will make our hearts cruel, hard, and immovable, so that no mercy will enter them, and so that they will not quiver at the sight of a sea of enemy blood. We will let loose the floodgates of that sea.”

She picks up the gun, enraged. Who? Who am I- Who? I'm fucking- I'm surrounded. I've failed they-

“I don't care if I fall as long as someone else picks up my gun and keeps on shooting”

But I haven't- no. *She points the gun at Ulysses.* I'm here, now, I- Fuck what does shooting- What can I do? Shoot... I could just fire randomly into the crowd I- same fucking... Who am I gonna shoot?

“The enemy found no weakness in you, we found no weakness in you. Now you are yourself a weakness which the enemy must not find in us.”

Wait, I... *She confronts death.* Why? I didn't do anything. It was, the whole thing was pointless. Nothing. I've achieved nothing. I'd die for nothing!

Eurylochus, the apparent leader of the kidnapping terrorist cell, their hostage Ulysses has tragically died in a boat accident. Apparently he was transferred by his captors to a small tugboat in the harbor. The tugboat was en route to the terrorist's hide-out when tonight's storm suddenly hit. The boat was struck by lightning, started on fire and rapidly, inexplicably sunk. Harbor authorities were alerted but couldn't save the vessel. They didn't suspect the sunken boat was related to the terrorist crisis and didn't see Eurylochus and the other terrorists swimming ashore in the dark and storm. The hostage was left on board when the ship went down. Search teams are trying to find the wreckage of the tug boat, and Ulysses' body to verify his death, a process that may take days or even weeks. Searches of the city have been called off in the meantime. It appears this story has come to a tragic end.

[overlapping with broadcast, as before.]

Her mother approaches. Mom? What? Are you-? No. *She holds her sword over the blood.* No. No, no. That's fucking ridiculous. *She allows Tiresias to drink the blood.*

[she tells the audience to get out their half-sheets]

“Only by force can this dying world be changed, as every living man knows. It is not granted to us not to kill. At one with the will to change the world that will not be denied, we formulated the measures to be taken.”

What measures? I've taken- god, fuck I- can't you- why don't you have anything about fucking up? Huh? Yuri? Why aren't you here Yuri? Why didn't we memorize anything about- about regret or understanding or... or mercy?

Anticlea drinks the blood. Mom, why are you here? Have you

at this point. It's absurd to even talk to you but- *she stops, stands up.* Are you okay? Your hands- wrists, I mean, is there- is there pain? Or- is that better? What I just did- your hands... better? Okay. Listen, I need to make a decision and the- I should have shot you an hour ago. If things got this fucked up the exit strategy- the last resort, is to shoot you. *She recites:* “Sometimes if you want to get rid of the gun, you have to pick the gun up.” *Huey P Newton, 1967.* “When you kill 500,000 children in order to impose your will on other countries, then you shouldn't be surprised when somebody responds in kind.” *Ward Churchill, 2001.* But now I can- because I didn't shoot you like I should have, I can use you. As bargaining- negotiations. There's a chance- you're a- a diplomat, right? A delegate- what is that? It's a- you're a- a negotiator? Yeah. So you know...

I'm- I am going to- I'm taking this off. *She removes the hood*

[His face is strained, red, covered in sweat and snot. The bandana is partially askew, exposing one eye.]

Oh, shit. Don't- don't look at me. You don't want to know me *she fixes the blindfold.*

Okay, listen... I'll- *she removes the wax from Ulysses' ears.*

Listen. This was going to be something a lot bigger and a lot less violent. The protests at your summits weren't- there was no other option. If you won't let us participate or even protest then- then we'll shut you down another way.

Don't think that we- that I'm asking you for... anything. I don't need- You signed up with the worst empire in human history you should expect- there are consequences. Responsibility. Did you think you wouldn't ever... Didn't they tell you? There's a- a...

training, isn't there? There's fucking training for everything. A "welcome to the evil empire introductory course" right? Or are you all so blind- so fucking self assured that- that this information doesn't penetrate- that telling you all about what exactly you people do is- would destroy morale?

I don't need to justify myself. Alright, listen... This is how this is going to work. I'm- I've got questions and if you can't answer these questions, then- then- I just need to know what to do, okay? Okay. Did they know about us? Did your- You don't know? They didn't tell you? They had to know. That security should've been- There were twice as many- Yuri made sure, he knew- he said there'd be... huh, that's fucked up. You don't know. Do you see how fucked up that is? They heightened your security- they ramped it up and didn't even tell you. You see that? You see how much they care? You don't fucking matter to them. But, we... we stopped you. They sent a replacement, had the fucker lined up, they knew we were coming, they let us take you and- We didn't stop them, but we did stop you. Now, you- YOU aren't able to go do it, not this time.

You wanna know why. Do you? Yeah. It's the next part of this, where I expose you, how you're ignorant so you can feel innocent. Here it is, the UN: increase in global trade and reduction of tariffs, barriers, and transportation costs has caused a drastic increase in human trafficking, environmental destruction and gross inequality. That's it. What your job is, increasing global trade. And don't- don't feed me any bullshit about reform- about these being side effects, accidents. It's not a fucking accident. It's your job. You can't accidentally pay thugs to beat people into submission or accidentally orchestrate coups and train death squads. Yes, that's who you partner with in the fucking foreign service. That's the job you do. These people pay you to export the class struggle to somewhere that they don't need to look at so they can have their cheap shit.

I- I need to go- go back. There's always the plan. *She recites:* the perimeter, the hostage... examine the hostage... assess the situation. Assess- I- I'm... the situation has- there is no situation. What's the-? What- examine- assess the situation. Need- need more information!

She pounces on the radio. She reopens a channel to Hades, the land of the dead.

[broadcast as before]

Continuing coverage of the terrorist kidnapping plot... New developments. Police have captured the kidnapping terrorists, but the delegate, Ulysses, has not been found. The terrorists were captured near the harbor after the storm. They are refusing to cooperate with authorities who haven't released any more information about their capture. Journalists are standing by awaiting a statement from either the kidnapers or the police force. As far as the abducted delegate goes the police are at their wits end. They have requested more help from the citizenry. They think Ulysses may have been abandoned somewhere. The areas near the harbor are being searched, but it is possible that the delegate may be elsewhere. Please join the city-wide search to find and help this individual.

Ulysses was last seen at the airport wearing a grey suit. He is five feet nine inches tall, one hundred and seventy pounds, with blond hair and blue eyes. He may be wearing glasses, and is probably disoriented and possibly injured. Wait- a- a report...

A report has just come in: it appears to be breaking news about this story. Bear with me while we confirm the information... Yes. Yes, the police have released a statement... The terrorists have broken their silence and are cooperating with investigators. According to

monster. Yeah, show me! Look, look at me. Oh. Oh. Oh... Fuck!

[she collapses onto the floor at his feet. Pause. She finds the hood.]

Without looking at him, she covers Ulysses' face. Fuck. She adjusts herself. What did... oh... shit.

She touches Ulysses. I- no god fucking damn it! I'm just gonna... *She closes his pants.* Let me- I'm- fix this. Fix... I need to- to- I just...

She checks the perimeter. Clear... Clear... Clear... *she sees Ulysses.* Fuck.

I... what the fuck- *She recites:* "If there is no struggle there is no progress" *Fredrick Douglas 1857.* "There is nothing beyond the situation. There is no outside to the world civil war. We are irredeemably there" *The Invisible Committee, 2003.* "The passion for destruction is also a creative passion." *Mikhail Bakunin 1842.* Useless fucker. *She grows desperate.* "With the exception of capitalism there is nothing so revolting as revolution." *George Bernard Shaw.* Fuck. What fucking bullshit.

Okay. *She recites:* Check the perimeter. Restrain the hostage. Check the perimeter. Check! Check! Check! Examine... Examine the- *she presses the gun to his face* Breathing? Are you breathing? Nod your fucking head!! Are you- Are you injured? Bleeding? No. *She inspects him.* No... Are you- No. Are you bleeding? Okay. Broken? Sedated? Soiled? Silent? You... you want this? Do you- *she takes off the hood.* Do you want this? Nod your fucking head! You want this? You- do you? No? No? No. Fuck. *She lowers the gun.*

They know it. One hundred twenty six million children work in sweatshops and slavery, or forced prostitution. You know that. You know all about that. You and everyone else who just- just doing your job and just- you make that possible. You have to know it. What? You don't believe it? Doesn't fucking matter, you- by association, you- you all do that, every fucking day and we've known it since- since fucking Rosa Luxembourg, since Marx: "the profound hypocrisy of bourgeois civilization lies unveiled before our eyes turning from its home, where it assumes respectable forms, to the colonies, where it goes naked." Eighteen-fucking-fifty-three! Known it since then. Fuck. I don't need to fucking justify anything.

You- you wanted to look at me? You tried to- to look at me. C'mon, don't try and tell me you aren't... Here, look- look at me. What are you doing? Look! Don't look at me! Don't!! You fucking shit. I told you: LOOK AT ME!!

There... C'mon now, it's done. You've done it. You know me. You can pick me out of a crowd. You know me and all I want to do is- is to know you. Do you see how alone here we are? Here, we're alone- but now- look at me- now we're together... now you and I- we're not alone. Stop! Stop looking at me! You can't look at me. You fucking can't. Shit. What the fuck did you do? Why did you- He isn't allowed, he's... you fuck-up, you fucking... I- you- no, this is- this... no...

Fuck it. I can do whatever I want. You sell the labor of twenty seven million slaves. Billions from sweatshops. Hundred twenty six million children. You're shit.

So, who am I? If that's who you are? I failed. I'm part of a long tradition of fucking failure. We've thrown ourselves at your- your

machine- “on the levers- on the gears” so many times only to be fucking ground up and spat out and- nothing. It’s all so fucking commonplace and invisible that we’ve become clichés, tired, old clichés. Participation in your world is automatic, subconscious, inescapable. Everyone- the suburbs- the hipsters- the pacifists, activists- even us anarchist clichés, even if we don’t want to participate... we can’t escape. We can’t because it’s made necessary and pervasive. We live in the world you’ve created and can’t fucking live without participating. The trade relationships, geopolitical manipulation, the fucking regime change- you’ve empowered our enemies to justify our actions. It’s you- it’s fucking government... delegates- agents- like you who set all of this up- who make it invisible and inescapable.

Come on, you can see that. It’s exposed now we all see it. Don't you? You... You do?

This is- for you... guilt? A dark secret that you- you repress and you- that you... fetishize. That’s why you do it, so that you can secretly, privately punish yourself for the power you wield? Do you fantasize about what goes on in the factories you help finance and build? How you, expanding free trade, you also expand human trafficking. The fucking sex trade. Millions of children you get to vicariously rape nightly. Does that turn you on? Hearing me say it? Rapist.

Child rapist.

[She gropes his crotch, finds an erection]

Oh... oh shit! It is! It does, you- No- no, don’t! We’re... alone here together. This- this must be the ultimate fantasy for you. The consequences you dream about- your fantasy finally coming to pass. There’s no hiding. Not from me. I am your fantasy and now

you finally get your punishment. C’mon... show me. Show me, motherfucker. SHOW ME!

[She forces him to thrust his hips forward]

C’mon- Your punishment- role reversal. Eye for an eye, fucker. C’mon, you’re the little boy in the factory. If you don’t do what the foreman says, you die. Come on! If you don't show me... Here- yeah- here-

[She opens his pants]

You’re the whore with the rough John and a pimp who knows how easy you are to fucking replace.

[She hits him]

Fuck! Ugh! Here- now... You’re the little girl looking for work- for a visa- locked in a room- forced, on drugs to fuck strangers. Good. That’s right- now let’s- c’mon no, here- don’t make me hit you again. Just- alright... C’mon, show me.

[she forces him to thrust his hips forward again and stands back, looking at him.]

There! That’s right. Yeah. Look at me. Watch, watch me- These eyes on you, watching us- You loving this? You- look at me! You evil son of a bitch look at me! You- yeah, fuck...

She acts on her desire for power.

[she mounts him, touching herself and rubbing against him]

Oh fuck. Fuck. Oh... you dirty guilty piece of shit. You fucking