

# 1.) In Which The Soul is Sent to Bed Hungry

*FROM BACK OF HOUSE: HUMBUZZ F#7*

ARISTOTLE (*very old and hunched over, in a BRITISH accent*)

Only living things can be fed. (**SOUND OF FIRE**)

All living things have souls.

All living things have souls.

(but barbarian souls are charred coal)

all living things have souls

all living things have souls

(but barbarian souls are charred coal)

The soul has the power of eating. Only living things can be fed, all living things have souls. Hence, the soul devours coal.

*(Aristotle's beard grows into long tongues, etc from the arms of the fish behind the boxes)*

The psychic power of the soul, which we are now studying, may be described as that which tends to maintain the power of eating.

It's Being is dependant on eating

To continue to continue the soul must be fed.

If deprived of food, living things must cease to Be.

All living things have souls

If the soul is not fed, the living thing will cease to Be.

***the refrain [why/striking] begins***

The process of devouring involves three elements:

(a) the food

*(a fish)*

**SOUND EFFECT**

(b) what does the feeding

*(a worm)*

**SOUND EFFECT**

(c) the hunger to feed;

*(a man)*

**SOUND EFFECT**

Only the soul, in our world, can be all three

*(a fish)*

**SOUND EFFECT**

the body has that soul in it,

*(a man)*

**SOUND EFFECT**

so in this case does the food itself.

*(a fish)*

**SOUND EFFECT**

But the body can not be all three. The body can not be free.

*SOUND overlaps musical refrain:*

*a gravely electronic chord and then a nasty pop,*

*like wax in the ears when landing in an airplane.*

*Several more, slightly less offensive pops follow,*

*like old fashioned weaponry far off.*

We must recall that all food must be capable of being digested, and that what produces digestion is warmth and that is why everything that has soul in it possesses warmth.

***the MUSIC and FIRE overwhelms old Aristotle and carp, coming out from behind the boxes, sing:***

CARP chorus:

**Why do we keep striking (at the baited hook)**

**Why do we keep writing (a debated book)**

**Why do we keep striking (at the baited hook)**

**Why do we keep writing (a debated book)**

**Why do we keep striking (at the baited hook)**

**Why do we keep writing (a debated book)**

**Why do we keep striking (at the baited hook)**

**Why do we keep writing (a debated book)**

**Are we a product of it, or is it a product of us?**

**Do we have teeth so that we can eat it or do we eat it because we have teeth?**

**Why do we keep striking (at the baited hook)**

**Why do we keep writing (a debated book)**

**Why do we keep striking (at the baited hook)**

**Why do we keep writing (a debated book)**

*BUCHNER steps up onto the triangle of boxes. He is sweating feverishly. He is carrying a dead fish like a baby. The CARP make a large circle in front of BUCHNER.*

***When Buchner clears his throat it echoes.***

*Buchner defends his thesis*

*BUCHNER SPEAKS IN A BAD GERMAN ACCENT His time and place in the minds of the audience is revealed. )*

BUCHNER

I receive my doppelganger, wet little fish of the German Confederation in new costume, spangled and trinketed, barbarous beard still knotted with resin and dew, I introduce him to you. He knows, that many things are yet to come. Many things are about to come. For each individual this is the case. Where does the psychic-logical consciousness of this come from?

***(Coughs (echo))***

Claim: collective desire for growth overpowers the individual's desire to remain small and simple, residing under the stairs with his collection of snail shells after the escargot has been sucked out with butter. He wants to stay, but the wind has blown the door open. Ehehehehehe-

Nature is a hungry force, demanding to be fed with change, which is synonymous with complication, yet it is the collective rhythm of the masses, grabbing in the same simple direction, which creates nature's whole movement. The fish strikes at the same baited hook, and it is the mindless hunger of science, philosophy, and medicine to search for explanations and then gorge themselves upon them. Ehehevo—

*(Releases breath, can't say it)*

Claim: nature is the hunger for which the food of knowledge is created. There is a pattern to everything. Nature demands mindless misunderstanding from individual men and mindful ignorance from mankind. *(release of breath)* But there is a pattern: THE PATTERN OF HUNGER.

*(The Carp begin to close in on BUCHNER)*

Claim: Any piece of this pattern may illuminate the whole by its example.

Men and fish share cranial structures, and cranial nerves, which control his senses, muscles, and thought. Thus, men share the three second memories of barbus catfish and a hunger for the baited hook. And so, by studying the cranial nerves of these fish, we may learn about the cranial nerves of man, for as we have learned from the Greeks, most of all Aristotle in his *De Anima* all in nature is allegory to man: His knowledge. His soul. His madness. His wars. His death. His sex. His hunger. His scarred throat, tongue, and lips.

Gentlemen,

***(Echoing Cough)***

May I present to you, *On the Cranial Nerves of the Cyprinus Barbus L*, or Barbarian Catfish. A treatise in two parts, partie descriptive et partie philosophique.

**F# DOMINANT 7<sup>TH</sup> MUSICAL VARIATIONS ON THE MAIN THEME BRING IT IN**

CARP (*lifting Buchner down*)

**Are we a product of it, or is it a product of us?**

**Do we have throats so we can swallow or do we swallow because we have throats?**

**MUSIC CONTINUES IN RHYTHMIC FORM**

CARP 3:

*onscreen, in an interview. Documentary-style screen citation says: Schoolmate in Giesen, GERMAN ACCENT:*

Frankly, we did not care for this Georg Buchner. He always had the expression of a cat in a thunderstorm. He always let slip tawdry phrases, and tried to get others to agree with him. Was he shy? No. He was a little bastard.

**MUSICAL TRANSITION**

**Bm / E / D / A**

**E7**

BUCHNER

Grounds

CARP 3

On the grounds that

ALL CARP SING:

**Amaj7**

**F#°**

**Brutal expectations lead to lethal reactions**

**B°**

**E7**

**To the facts of the future when they arrive**

**Amaj7**

**F#°**

**It's been a long time since Aristotle wrote**

**B°**

**E7**

**Yet on his Ideas, we still Float**

**Amaj7**

**F#°**

**We rest on the edge of a Modern age**

**B°**

**E7**

**And so must judge life with a Modern gauge**

BUCHNER

**Amaj7**

Shakespeare re-enacted Ceaser to express anxieties  
Regarding authority and paternalism in the polities

CARP 3

E7

**Let me be more concrete  
Even Ceaser may be too aged  
Let us use the example of Napoleon  
and perhaps his defeat**

**MARCHING NOISES  
BOOTS CRUNCH ON GRAVEL**

**Pause, then pick up  
tempo to match marching of boots!**

BUCHNER:  
Ah Napoleon, sehr gut!

**Amaj7  
I am conscious of the verge  
F#°  
Barely repressing the urge  
B° E7  
To slip into a state of prediction  
Amaj7  
And write out facts disguised as fiction  
A+**

Let me be more concrete

**PAUSE until next scene**

BUCHNER and CARP 3  
This argument to complete

CARP 2 onscreen *Schoolmate 2*:

He had a wide forehead like a hammerhead shark, moonplate eyes mostly eclipsing the whites. A habit of shaking with nerves when challenged. A childish way of humming as he carried pitifully small bunches of red and white flowers...

## **2.) In Which Napoleon is Defeated**

Intro: **C#m Bm / A F#**

BUCHNER

*(with a small bunch of flowers)*

E C# b5

My father loved Napoleon

F# E

Dum de dum yes he did

E C# b5

He lived in such oblivion

F# E

Dum de dum yes he did

C#m Bm A F#

My father took part in the revolution

He invented for Napoleon

**CONTINUE  
MUSIC 1X**

CARP 1

*(pausing midswim, a monotone:)*

a cylindrical porcelain filtering funnel that has a perforated plate on which the filter paper is placed. He created it to allow liquids to be filtered more rapidly through the use of suction; the Buchner funnel funnels more rapidly than gravity alone allows; his father too was an impatient and hungry man, that is the point of this story...

BUCHNER

E C# b5

I read the way the classes clashed

F# E

Dum de dum study hard

E C# b5

I read about the laws they passed

F# E

Dum de dum study hard

C#m Bm A F#

I read about the heads they gashed

E C# b5

At Waterloo he stood up tall

F# E

Dum de dum yes he did

E C# b5

Yet Napoleon felt hard the fall

F# E

Dum de dum yes he did

C#m Bm A F#°

My father I know was a cannibal

**KEY CHANGE TO G ON THE F#°**

**G** **E b5**  
I have become accustomed to the thought of blood  
**A** **G**  
Dum de dum yet (I am no guillotine)  
**G** **E b5**  
I have become confused about the greater good  
**A** **G**  
Dum de dum (yet I am a citizen)  
**Em** **Dm** **C** **A7**  
I have become accustomed to the mud  
**Em** **Dm** **C** **A7**  
I have begun to think, I can get used to anything  
**Em** **Dm** **C** **A7**  
E'en the weight of my father's body upon my wings  
**A+**  
Let me be more concrete.

**SONG IS OVER**

**BEGIN VARIATIONS IN D TO MARCH TEMPO**

My mother was peeling tomatoes for a stew  
My father was practicing surgery on my sister, for he had been a surgeon in the army and he knew  
not to grow rusty in case he was called out again.  
I came in,  
Oh it was an ugly afternoon  
I had been writing a play, hiding the pages in my underclothes until I felt covered in stiff scales.  
My father took me aside and told me

CARP as ERNST BUCHNER

*(GERMAN ACCENT)*

In the old battles on national soil

Soldiers fired into air

Or not at all.

We know this from casualties reports

too low to believe true

If everyone did their duty shooting.

In a brigade there would be one hungry man

Bright bereted

unafraid

Who could aim and put a bullet through

The breast of a man's jacket

Growl and take a pull of chaw  
And aim again and shoot again  
As if at pulled clay pigeons

Lined up behind this glorious one  
The other men would crouch on fresh turned turf  
And pass their rifles up to him  
Reloading each as he  
Threw them each back empty.

BUCHNER:  
My father said

BUCHNER, ERNST  
You embarrass me  
Weakness  
You embarrass me  
History  
You embarrass me  
Facts

*Throughout this little pre-recorded section, a sample:*

Never invite nature into your home  
Never invite nature into your home

PAUL (*recorded*)

These are the Grounds: Napoleon "The Hungry" (*with finger quotations*) Bonaparte.

**SILENCED**

ALEXIS (*recorded*)

The Warrant? Napoleon won his battles when backed by the spineless public  
But when he grew too powerful, he fell under the unification of a coalition with nations  
And though Bavaria once welcomed him with open arms  
They join-ed hands with former enemies in Austria to protect their children from his charms  
In 1813

SALTY (*recorded*)

Georg Buchner is born October 17, 1813 during the battle of Leipzig, in which Napoleon suffers a mighty defeat at the hands of the Austrian Alliance...

*Throughout this little section, a sample:*

Never judge a man by the time of his birth  
Never judge a man by the time of his birth

BUCHNER

...Were I Brutus...Hey! Such damage I would do betwixt your ribs Ceaser...

*(BUCHNER chokes on a bone. He coughs silently while*  
**recorded coughing booms.**

*CARP rush to help)*

BUCHNER:

Grounds: The quality of Napoleon is quite unlike the freshness of fish. Judgment is difficult, the social tongue with its many taste buds, if you will.

ALEXIS:

though Napoleon killed the republicans and hung them up like meat in a smokehouse  
and the Coalition killed Napoleon for releasing into beds the body louse  
We're still not privy to the political freedom that we've fairly won  
our trials and tribulations have but barely begun

(my father and your father and his father and our son's father loved him)

Oh Napoleon, you've already become a symbol in your feathered hat  
How did you expect to survive your own time with a reputation like that?

(my father and your father and his father and our son's father fought in some  
strange war)

After the battles have been played out with poorly calibrated rifles and easy-to-aim fists  
Between evolutionists, royalists, catholics, revolutionaries, little boys who just like to throw rocks, and  
Corsican nationalists

In the Grand Duchy of Hesse we've still got laws  
That prohibit us from handing out materials for our cause

(my father and your father and his father and our son's father have physical and  
psychological scars)

## **MAIN THEME IN C# THIS TIME**

PAUL

we keep on expanding upon our miseries like  
insisting on keeping a pet swarm of mosquitoes

*CARP jump up and glump mosquitoes*

PAUL

As Danton:

MIKEY

*(As Danton):*

Where self-defense ends, there murder begins. I don't see any reason that compels us to keep on killing.

PAUL:

As Robespierre:

BUCHNER

*(As Robespierre: )*

The social revolution isn't finished. Anybody who goes only halfway with a revolution digs his own grave. The aristocracy isn't dead yet. The vigorous, wholesome power of the people has to completely replace the wholly degenerate class. Vice must be punished. Virtue has to triumph through the Reign of Terror.

*(drums crash)*

ALL CARP (pre-recorded?)

**Why do we keep striking (at the baited hook)**

**Why do we keep writing (a debated book)**

**Why do we keep striking (at the baited hook)**

**Why do we keep writing (a debated book)**

**Are we a product of it, or is it a product of us? Do we have tongues so that we can taste it or do we taste it because we have tongues?**

### **3.) In Which Being a Human Being and Being in Time Interferes With Revolutionary Nature**

**MINNA VARIATIONS  
THROUGHOUT  
Bm / E / D A / A**

BUCHNER

You see my dear brother Ludwig, You see Pa, you see mama, I'd like to be the great one. I'd love to ride a white pony into the snow, live in a bearskin tent and eat sausages for breakfast off a stick. The steam would rise, and the brooms of the treetops would sweep clear the grey skies, oh I'd love to give orders, lips and eyes wide, and walk right over the corpses of those who had died! I'd love to build a fire, as the night came upon our camp, wrap myself in felt and fat to ward against the damp, and then the men's voices ringing out in laughter, while the ponies stamped melting snow to mud, sniffing the patches of frozen blood...In fact I feel that it should be me somehow, perhaps I am destined to be great, perhaps I am meant to revive the liberties owed to men by the state

But I know, it's just nature talking through me, manifest as madness, as bloodlust, as rage, and the fact that I am conscious of my position as a part of nature's violent cycles and demand for change, I become despondent, and my rage shifts

And my very muscles rebel: You embarrass me panic, you embarrass me violence, you embarrass me hunger

*(MINNA JAEGLER enters, FRENCH ACCENT)*

MINNA

What are you mumbling about, lodger?

BUCHNER

Pardon moi madame, je suis malade

MINNA

votre Français est terrible

BUCHNER

il est meilleur quand je ne suis pas malade.

MINNA

I read your notes on anatomy's relevance to man's will

GEORG

Well this is your father's house, I suppose you had a right

MINNA

Your argument is rather poor, have you not read Comte? His *Plan de travaux scientifiques nécessaires pour réorganiser la société* might be just what you are looking for.

Listen, you're using claim, grounds, warrant, proof, and conclusion as your argument claim?

Compte calls for a clearer form Georg—can I call you Georg?—it's a bit more complicated but I'm sure you could wrap your head around it.

GEORG

In a nutshell?

**Switch to "To Touch"**

**Bm 4 bars, E 2 bars**

**The singers will hum in a round**

MINNA:

First seek an explanation quenching animistic thirsts

Your thoughts will be emotional in theological bursts

Combining these ways of feeling, the spiritual sources of facts

With the metaphysical stage of thought Comte called abstract

You will eventually find connections between patterns, words, and acts

Positively right

Positively wise

Positively completing

Scientific social queries

ALEXIS

**Bm**

**To touch is to know**  
**The mind is too slow**  
**E**  
**To touch is to know**

MINNA  
But never neglect, Georg Buchner my friend  
The power of religious ritual, that which can transcend  
Praying at dinner perhaps a hanging after lunch  
The certain churchyard insult that deserves a punch  
Emotion Comte conflates with Faith  
And emotion adds a ripeness and a depth  
To scientific intellect  
And makes a society more healthy and correct

PAUL  
**Bm**  
**To touch is to know**  
**The mind is too slow**  
**E**  
**To touch is to know**

MINNA  
But the stages Georg  
Of engagement  
The stages Georg  
Of inquiry  
Animistic, theological, then metaphysical  
These are the stages in a nutshell

IN UNISON  
**Bm**  
**To touch is to know**  
**The mind is too slow**  
**E**  
**To touch is to know**

GEORG  
*(attempting to clear his head)*  
**Bm**  
**Minna Jaegle I must share**  
**The opinion of Voltaire**  
**E**

**That all religions prevent scientific position  
Based on ignorance and superstition**

MINNA

**Bm**

**It's not the religious that are most important**

**E**

**It's the role of emotion that is fully ascendant**

GEORG

*(working hard to shake it off)*

Emotion...Minna, Descartes believed in dissection of animals...

MIKEY

*(lazily, drugged)*

**He taught us that pain is a lie**

**G# VIBRATO!!!**

BUCHNER

*(struggling)*

The mind does not follow the laws of physics unless we force it to do so

Accept nothing as true unless it is so true that you will never have a reason nor a particle of sand to doubt it

PAUL

*(drugged)*

**But that too is a lie**

**G# VIBRATO!!!**

BUCHNER

*(breathily, confused)*

Divide up each problem into as many parts as possible and dissect each

But that too can be a lie because how will we then see the sum of the parts?

Think in a formal order, beginning with the most simple thought eventually reaching the top stair of knowledge most complex

ALEXIS

**But this too is a lie**

**G# VIBRATO!!!**

BUCHNER

no thought is more or less complex than any other

Make conclusions and connections so complete, and worldviews so general that one can be certain of omitting nothing.

BUCHNER WITH ALEXIS

**But this is a lie**

**G# VIBRATO!!!**

BUCHNER

Something is always missing!

(BUCHNER passes out, Minna tends to him)

MINNA

(sweet)

**Amaj7**

dort schlaft er

**F#°**

dort steht er

**B°7**

là il se dort

**E7**

là il se tient

**Amaj7**

**F#°**

**B°7**

**E7**

Je ne peux pas décider s'il est endormi ou éveillé

**Amaj7**

**F#°**

er wird geisteskrank

**B°7**

**E7**

rien n'est plus important que l'amour

**Amaj7**

**F#°**

**E7**

nichts ist wichtiger als Liebe

**Bm**

**E**

I would burn in hell but for him

**D**

**A**

I would burn in hell for him

**Bm**

**D7**

With soft lips that curl and long sharp teeth of pearl

**G**

**G/A**

**B7**

**D7**

My lungs get shallow and my mind begins to whirl

**D**

**A**

When I'm around him

**Bm**

**D7**

I wanted a man who would never breach a contract

**G**

**G/A**

**B7**

**D7**

Dissect things like daddy and report on the facts

**D**

**A**

But I am going crazy with the lack...

BUCHNER

**Bm**

**E**

I would slit my throat but for her

D                    A

I would slit my throat for her

Bm                                    D7

With the white hands of a lady and the flat feet of a baby

G                                    G/A                    B7                                    D7

My skin crawls near her and the sweat pours from me

D                                    A

When I'm around her

Bm                                    D7

I wanted a girl who would do what is right

G                                    G/A                    B7                                    D7

I can tell she's the one by the letters that she writes

D                                    A

But this is a constant fight

**BUCHNER and MINNA**

Bm                                    D7

I wanted a lover who would never breach a contract

G                                    G/A                    B7                                    D7

Dissect things like daddy and report on the facts

D                                    D7

But I am going crazy with the lack...

A

Of a sexual act

*(BUCHNER in his sleep)*

**AN EVIL CHORD OR TWO  
(VIOLIN PUNCTUATES NEXT)    B°**

*(calling OFF)*

Yes Daddy, I have finished sweeping up *(laughs)* No that must be new dust. No, that must be new dust. I just cleaned all of the dust. I just cleaned up all of the dust. *(laughs)* you sound so worried, why can't you just relax, why go chasing off after that bloody horseman riding the invisible steed of future? *(laughs)*. You make me feel like a little egg in the middle of a big floor and there's a dance going on! You make me feel like someone the size of a flax seed, drifting out in a snowstorm, calling out to the snowflakes but they can't answer because they're melting, and the whiteness is unbearable.

**WE PLAY VARIATIONS ON THE MAIN THEME IN G# UNTIL END OF SCENE**

MINNA

He writes to me from Giessen:

*BUCHNER unscrews a lightbulb. He is in another world.*

BUCHNER

Dear Minna my love: "For the last few days I have taken up my quill every other minute but found it impossible to put down a single word. I have been studying the history of the Revolution."

**pizz. G#**

**Prouve-moi que tu m'aimes encore beaucoup en me donnant bientôt des nouvelles!**

## **In Which the Enlightenment Shines into the Pupils and Blinds a Blue Eye**

MINNA

I can't stop reading his letters over and over, he's not the kind of man who scents his paper, but I imagine the smell of him coming from the thin ink, how sad he must be, to water down his ink.

How hard he must be working, until the writing slants down at the angle of exhaustion, It's just some writing on an old piece of paper and it tells the story of something that I can't quite...pinch with my two dry fingers.

So often sick, Such feminine hands

**BRING IN THE CHORD PROGRESSION**

**pizz. A 2 bars Bm7 2 bars**

**You embarrass me, hunger. You embarrass me, weakness, You embarrass me, Love.**

ALL (*rising*)

**"Life/ is but/ an absurd wrestling match/  
we fight/ against/ an iron rule...**

MINNA

**You embarrass me, hunger. You embarrass me, weakness, You embarrass me, Love.**

ALL

**...which/ we can /at best/ perceive  
but which/ we can not possibly/ master.**

GEORG

**This is a suicide mission, a game with a king who cheats at cards**

MINNA

Georg writes

**switch to arco.**

MINNA and GEORG

**"I would not dream of bowing and scraping before the plumed horses or lackeys of history."**

**ALL**

**"I train my eyes to get used to the sight of blood, but I am no blade of the guillotine." I leave it to others to make my choices clean...**

**PAUSE**

**MINNA**

And I write back

**BACK TO BEAUTIFUL MUSIC**

**Bm**

**A tin cap**

**F#m**

**For a tin head**

**Bm**

**A funnel for**

**F#m**

**He bled and bled**

**Bm**

**D**

**There was no staunching the wound**

**Bm**

**F#m**

**No need for bandages**

**Bm**

**D**

**There was nothing left to do**

**E**

**But philosophize**

**A**

**And come to surmise**

**Bm**

**That medicine as we know it**

**F#m**

**A7**

**As come to an end**

**D**

**A**

**Anomie my friend, anomie**

**Bm**

**F#7**

**Normlessness before the storm**

**G**

**D**

**Bm**

**Apology in advance my friend**

**E7**

**A**

**For disruption of your manifestos...**

**Bm**

**A tin cap**

**F#m**

**For a tin head**

**Bm**

**We laid him out**

**F#m**

On linen sheets

Bm D

In his face a darkness passed

Bm F#m

On his lips spittle dried

Bm D

There was nothing left to do

E

But say goodbye when

Bm

Heroism as we know it

F#m

Has come to an end

Bm F#m

A tin cap for a tin head

Bm F#m

A funnel for he bled and bled...

Bm D

I know there are thoughts I can't yet grasp

E7 A7

And thoughts I have that others pass

D A

Anomie my friend, anomie

Bm F#7

My neighbors seem like strangers

G D Bm

Apology in advance my friend

E7 A

For disquieting your simple mind

BUCHNER

D A

Anomie my friend, anomie

Bm F#7

Normlessness before the storm

G D Bm

Apology in advance my friend

E7 A

For disruption of your manifestos...

PAUL (*student*)

He made very little sense, and stared about him as if expecting to see a ghost. While lecturing, he would sometimes stop suddenly and stand in silence.

BUCHNER

Dear pupils! Do not be distracted by my youth! I have indeed obtained a doctorate in comparative anatomy from the esteemed gentlemen's society of the university.  
Now listen carefully for I will only be here once.

**Before you see the tray and on that tray a fish  
Listen to my direction, make your incision, vomit if you wish  
You should be ashamed  
If your parts remain unnamed  
Make your marks on the paper, make sure you're not remiss**

**This is the cortex and lower down there is the heart  
If you haven't cut yet, this'd be the time to start  
You should be ashamed  
Your parents can't be blamed  
I will do my best to teach you, laws of nature impart**

**Imagine if you can, on that tray a man, where you see gills, he has only throat  
Where you see tail, he has feet, but otherwise students, take good note  
You should be ashamed  
If the corpse looks merely maimed  
Your duty to the sciences is duty to mankind, attention devote**

**You should be ashamed  
You should be ashamed**

## **In Which the Society for Human Rights Attempts to Publish *The Hessian Courier* and Buchner Searches for Phrases in a Haystack.**

BUCHNER and WEIDIG (Paul)

**O o stroke stroke mighty oars  
Pull our vessel through the whirlpool  
Stroke stroke mighty oars  
Use some royal bones for fuel**

BUCHNER

Friedrich Ludwig Weidig and I are writing *The Hessian Courier* to awake the peasants from their restless slumber. It is a pamphlet urging uprising and I know I expect men to find the truth in it

WEIDIG and BUCHNER

**O o slice slice mighty scythe  
clear the fields of my forefathers  
slice slice mighty scythe  
harvest grain for your brothers**

*Onscreen: A woman eats something bloody without much relish.*

BUCHNER

My friend Friedrich Ludwig Weidig believes as many men before him have and many after will. That when peasants make decisions based on information of the liberating kind Their choices will invariably reflect a kind of philosophical goodwill. And that their liberation will follow soon after this shift in mental and emotional truth is combined.

**MUSIC**

**MAINTAINS RHYTHM DURING THESE CHARACTER BITS**

BUCHNER and WEIDIG (*old lady carp tries to join in them becomes disgusted*)

**O o beat beat mighty heart  
of the righteous progress drum  
beat beat mighty heart  
we'll hammer out our kingdom come**

CARP 1

Here I sit, a little old lady carp, knitting a cap to keep my fins warm in the winter. I do not wish to be disrupted by the gnash of bones and spikes, I thought the wars were over, I thought the soldiers had come home. I'm happy to be safe and warm, cuddled by the silt, created by the rotting brains of all that we once killt. (killed)

WEIDIG + BUCHNER

**O o stroke stroke mighty oars  
Pull our vessel through the whirlpool  
Stroke stroke mighty oars  
Use some royal bones for fuel**

BUCHNER

I found Friedrich Ludwig Weidig, the Christian, I had the courage to reach up and clamp onto to the bait with my own mandibles

But Weidig, though also brave, wants merely to inspire those who struggle

WEIDIG and BUCHNER

**O o slice slice mighty scythe  
clear the fields of my forefathers  
slice slice mighty scythe  
harvest grain for your brothers**

CARP 1

I am a young lady carp who dances every night in a pair of yellow stockings. I am more beautiful than any other young lady carp you have ever seen. My feet tap the stage so tenderly, you imagine my fingertips traipsing just as sweetly up your spine. Once I fell in love with a revolutionary who wore some kind of hat. He wanted me publish all of those old manifestos I have hidden in my lingerie drawer. I said, what for?

Nobody reads manifestos anymore. All they want is a kiss and a cuddle from a good whore. And that's what I'm good for.

WEIDIG and BUCHNER

**O o beat beat mighty heart  
of the righteous progress drum  
beat beat mighty heart  
we'll hammer out our kingdom come**

CARP 2

I am a little boy carp, who was born after my father raped my mother while passing through her town. He was one of Napoleon's peons, and I have his hat, which he left behind on the rocking chair. Someday when I'm old enough, I'll destroy it in a furnace, and the heat of the fire will cleanse me of his dirtiness and the shame of my existence but mine is an old tale and only grows more unbelievable as time goes on and as locks for doors become more and more technologically advanced.

BUCHNER

*(in a hysteria)*

**We brandished it and passed it out but garnered no respect  
And now I ask this question, yes I must admit**

ALL

**When you have iron you have bread  
This is what Blanqui said  
François-Noël Babeuf  
Urges us to shout "enough"**

BUCHNER

*(speaks, naturalistically)*

I left my sweetheart to come here. I left the safety of Straßbourg, walking on pins I came back here to the Grand Duchy of Hesse, Gießen, and found what, another chapter in the tomes of abuse and tyranny  
I AM DISGUSTED

But before I could even finish sweating and spitting myself into sickness, I want to see the age of trains...

*Buchner in a coughing fit: the words spatter, are recorded into the music*

"t-t-t-t-t-trainwreck"

ALL

**O O DRAG DRAG MIGHTY BONES  
DRAG THE CROSS THAT YOU MUST BEAR  
O o drag drag mighty bones  
turn yourselves away from prayer**

*(A Storm of leaflets)*

**MUSIC REACHES CRESCENDO**

*( fish slow down until they are in slow motion. Onscreen there is animation: a fish conversation, a political cartoon.*

# In Which Weidig Meets His Maker and Buchner Escapes to Darmstadt

**SOUND: an uncomfortable buzzing, as if someone's left the toaster on but it doesn't have any toast in it.**

MINNA

I have begged him to come back to StraSbourg, it just isn't safe in Giesen, and perhaps not even in Darmstadt. I fear he's confused the body politic with the bodies of individuals. He's supposed to be a medical student, not a revolutionary. And he is not well. He is never well.

**START WITH AUFHEBUNG BASS**

**PART WHILE VIOLINS HOLD F#7**

BUCHNER

But when they came for us, Friedrich Ludwig Weidig would not go with me, he would not flee.

He would not run away from the warrants for our arrest that meant our certain death, though they caught him in a church, begging asylum on a pew. And so I speak of him in past tense, for he is in prison now and he will die there, he is in prison now and he will remain there...

CARP (*softly singing*)

**His head will float to the surface like a toy boat but not break it**

**STOP**

BUCHNER

I got a letter from his wife just the other day.

Written in blood, and though I have grown accustomed to blood, this letter's contents made me shudder with remorse and revulsion that convinced me that I myself live still. She wrote that Friedrich Ludwig Weidig is tortured every day by drunken bourgeois prison guards with mustaches and elks horns and metal gloves and monocles, and that he is barely recognizable as a pulp of a man now, and that he considers suicide... See, I understand these words, but the fact of it escapes me. You embarrass me facts, with such clear clear eyes, such strong strong tongues, and yet, you are clear and ghostlike, I can't hang on to your sleeves, your words shift and murmur like the wind through the trees...

ALEXIS as PROFESSOR CARP (*documentary interview, onscreen*)

He was always hanging around with characters, fools I call them.

CARP (*softly singing*)

**His head will float to the surface like a toy boat but not break it**

MIKEY (*recorded*):

February 19, 1834, through Bavaria a railroad is begun from Nuremberg to Furth. It is built by the Königlich privilegirte Ludwigs-Eisenbahn-Gesellschaft

BUCHNER

I didn't realize... I-I-I didn't realize.

MINNA

Dear Minna

"Man has been baptized with words of damnation of which 'must' is one. The saying 'Woe unto the world because of offences! For it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh' [Mathew 18:7] is horrifying. What is this power within us which lies, murders, cheats? I don't want to follow up the thought but I wish I could lay my cold and tortured heart upon your breast!"

The wind blows in and deposits silt on the white quilt with the poinsettias on it  
I wash the glasses three times a day first rinsing them with lye soap and then with clear water and then drying each carefully with a piece of your old shirt. Remember when you stayed with us? I used to see you hunched over your papers, your hair damp with sweat and concentration.

Georg! It's only natural to want to rise above what you know, but what if you break through something, and you feel like you're falling, and night seems like day, and day like night, and the patterns turn into scars on the flesh of a running beast, and you're chasing chasing and can't rest and your breath runs out, and you collapse, somewhere in the forest Georg, somewhere in the mountains, somewhere in a field where the grasses obscure your body, and blow ever so gently in the breeze, and I can't find you? Aren't you afraid of becoming disconnected? A Romantic gesture lost in the frenzy of limbs?  
If my words are a swarm of staples, I'm sorry. If I said something that scares you, or something you had to look up, I'm sorry. I am afraid of choking you, I try to be more like you, but the pressure makes my bones buckle and stab out at awkward angles, which can also be less than pretty.

BUCHNER

Dear Minna (*drawn out sound*)

"Greatness is but an incident, the dominance of genius but a puppet-show.

"I feel shattered by the ghastly fatalism of history. In human nature I find horrible uniformity. In social life, an inescapable force which is given to everybody and nobody. (*and together:* )

The individual is but froth on the crest of a wave.

(*BUCHNER begins cleaning up his dinner, putting all in a box, packing. He is putting rubber fish into more cardboard boxes. He is wearing coattails.*)

(*he is coughing. With each cough something bursts.*)

*The fish are a spinal column)*

*The fish in the background,.*

G#7

**Why do we keep striking (at the baited hook)**

**Why do we keep writing (a debated book)**

**Why do we keep striking (at the baited hook)**

**Why do we keep writing (a debated book)**

**Are we a product of it, or is it a product of us?**

**Do we have hands so that we can grab it or do we grab it because we have hands?**

BUCHNER

*(frustrated)*

We grab it because we have hands. We grab it because we are people and people have hands.

*(The chatter of rain, rain, it is early spring)*

## **PART TWO**

### **In Which Woyzeck is Hanged**

**AUFHEBUNG BASS PART STARTS IN D**

CARP + MINNA sing

**Georg Wilhelm Friedrich Hegel don't leave us,  
we were just about there**

**We're just about to understand why the world isn't fair**

***Aufhebung, Aufhebung,***

**Here comes the man in the iron lung**

PAUL

On approaching the mirror an ordinary man

Perhaps someone with an especially long attention span

***Aufhebung, Aufhebung,***

**Here comes the man in the iron lung**

MIKEY

He finds himself lost when faced with the Other

Confused if it's his own self or his twin brother

Some kind of doppelganger in the fading dusk

Leaves him dried and fragile as a cornhusk

Suddenly feeling cold and unsure about reality

Self-consciousness separating from social morality

***Aufhebung, Aufhebung,***

**Here comes the man in the iron lung**

ALEXIS

He has a choice as his obsession deepens

His fear either hardens or it softens

He must engage in a battle for command

Only one of him can survive to understand

Although, they walk a razor's edge

For if one should die they will never gain true self consciousness

The ideal final act is one the other should suppress  
The failure is negation, success is supreme sublation  
Death is avoided by one or the Other's submission to a kind of slavery  
It's up to you, and your social and emotional bravery  
The master is the master because he doesn't fear death  
And the slave more than anything fears a final breath

**Aufhebung, Aufhebung,**

**Here comes the man in the iron lung**

PAUL

However Hegel goes on, this fear on the part of the slave  
Is crucial as he travels on to the next dialectic phase  
The master and the slave must one another recognize  
They are not happy but they at least can realize

**Aufhebung, Aufhebung,**

**Here comes the man in the iron lung**

MIKEY

There are no real humans where there are no masters and slaves  
When this relationship ends it will be the end of our days

**Aufhebung, Aufhebung,**

**Here comes the man in the iron lung**

**Georg Wilhelm Friedrich Hegel don't leave us,  
we were just about there**

**We're just about to understand why the world isn't fair**

**SLOW DOWN  
AND**

**FADE**

WOYZECK

An Hegel's last words were: "I only ever met one man who understood me, and he didn't understand me"

*(Canned laughter)*

*(Buchner enters an Inn, there are warm yellow lamps, and large mugs of beer.)*

BUCHNER

dear sir I am cold and wet

I ran for seven hundred miles and then I caught a coach but the coach was made of sweat

I could do with a drink

I'm so thirsty I can't think, do you think, you could buy me a drink?

WOYZECK

I suspect that you're a scholar, I suspect you're a doctor. You know what I find strange? This time of ours.  
Here we are, after Hegel knowing all about the processes of thought, the mind's contortions, and its trials.  
Yet about the brain, we know little. We still dissect animals as Aristotle directed, to learn how a man

makes choices, to learn how a man loves, how a man feels. What can a corpse teach us about this? Does this seem useful to you? Don't you think we should be analyzing living men? Making theories about their living ways?

BUCHNER

Listen you, you are not a very educated man. You don't know about the grabbing of a man's hand. Aristotle! He!

ARISTOTLE (onscreen)

But we must now distinguish between what is potential and what is actual. We can speak of something as 'a knower' either (a) as when we say that man is a knower, meaning that man falls within the class of beings that know or have knowledge, or (b) as when we are speaking of a man who possesses a knowledge of grammar; each of these is so called as having in him a certain potentiality, but there is a difference between their respective potentialities, the one (a) being a potential knower, because his kind or matter is such and such, the other (b), because he can in the absence of any external counteracting cause realize his knowledge in actual knowing at will. This implies a third meaning of 'a knower' (c), one who is already realizing his knowledge-he is a knower in actuality and in the most proper sense is knowing.

WOYZECK

Come now, you're the filthiest rich man that I have ever seen. Even I know where the head rolls at night.

BUCHNER

The brain is an organ of sense, like every other. It reaches out for the textures and colors around, the wet, the dry, the red, the black. And it reacts. It is nature. It is revolution. It is death.

WOYZECK

I believe that man decides what he does, and that his decisions are constructed by his experiences. He should not be hanged for his mistakes, for his mistakes belong to all mankind, who force him to eat peas and fuck in plain view.

BUCHNER

Your stupid kindness appalls me.

WOYZECK

Your eyes never blink, don't you have a better Claim? Men such as yourself always have claims, but they are always based on what others have said before. Reach out man, reach out for something in the future.

BUCHNER

Right now I am sick of claims, sick of arguments, sick of reaching out into nothingness.

***A violinist strolls the stage, playing SOLO [G / F#]***

WOYZECK

Come now, haven't you seen what the masons do? They have already finished the foundation, as round

as a mouth, stones like loaves of unbaked bread, a faerie circle. And what do they plan to build? I'll tell you, a tower so tall it will see into the future. Then none of us will make mistakes, we'll be able to see the implications of our actions.

BUCHNER

But you must have heard sir, they're rounding us up

WOYZECK

Well sir you'd better run then, if you are able...I for one like this town, and my wife is pregnant with my child.

BUCHNER

How do you keep your face so cleanly shaved at a time like this?

WOYZECK

Ah! I am a barber sir, and a soldier. Every morning in the mirror I'm afraid I'll slit my own throat, but it hasn't happened yet.

BUCHNER

God, you are a barbarian.

WOYZECK

That's the same "oh me" I cry out every day sir, down on my knees in the garden, Oh god what is this world I live in? as the snails make trails around me. I am a mountain and they are the wandering kings.

**MIKEY**

**BRING IN REST OF BAND**

**Documentary:**

Concepts run in the gutters before they sell in the stores  
Mangy mongrels chew on them, they're whispered between whores.

MINNA

A bum pens a poem, describing a certain feeling  
But in order for this concept to be more generally appealing

ALEXIS

It must be impossible for the powerful to push aside  
It must be difficult to ignore and the truth to hide

BUCHNER

Listen I will tell you a story about all people, and this applies to all people, I know because I am a person, and every person is entitled to tell his or her tale without interruption.

WOYZECK

Is that so? See, I was under the impression that we were under the oppression of a thumb.

Did you not just say so yourself?

BUCHNER

**Yes but the thumb, is connected to the hand, like the old rhyme goes  
is connected to some nerves, which attach it to the brain, and the brain knows.  
The brain is connected, but I don't know to what yet  
The brain is as connected as life can get.**

## STOP WOYZECK THEME

MIKEY

### **Documentary:**

Attributed then to a single man it must be  
Concrete to touch and easy to see  
A concept can float around underground for years  
Until it manages to stick in the relevant gears

*Buchner lays out his knives and fish to feed the masses*

WOYZECK

I am not brilliant sir, but I could swear that this is a story of a man with a "gnawing worm" as Hegel has called it.

BUCHNER

Those of us with eyes which don't blink are angry.

WOYZECK

First, there is an idea, then there is the way the idea manifests, but if the idea can't be made to form itself into something worth grabbing, it disintegrates again into ash.

BUCHNER

Dear sir, this cycle can be found in the body of a carp, it's circulatory system goes around and around in one loop, from brain to tail and back again. It allows the fish to survive but it makes him forget every three minutes what he's come for.

WOYZECK

In confidence though sir, do you know what frightens me? The connection theory is a good one, but it just isn't reassuring, you see

**Yes but the thumb, it controls the hand, as if it thinks it knows  
It's connected to some nerves, which attach it to our God, but now science shows.  
That God is just a man with a giant hand  
And now I'm afraid He is mine to command**

BUCHNER

Ay! This is so close Goethe's *Urbild*, the simple pattern that governs all:  
**2 bars of Am6**

BUCHNER and WOYZECK sing:

**Am6** **Bm7**  
What if while you're sleeping your hands creep out?  
**E7** **Am6**  
Tiptoe up your belly, no time to shout  
**Am6** **Bm7**  
The fingernails they whisper and comfort you  
**E7** **Am6**  
Your hands have learned to grab and strangle too

**E7** **Am7**  
Remember when you saw them for the very first time?  
**E7** **Am7**  
They were small and chubby, you were only nine  
**E7** **Am7**  
You realized that your brain could control what they did

**D** **E7**  
But can you control what your brain does, kid?  
**Am6** **Bm7**  
What if while you're sleeping your hands creep out?  
**E7** **Am6**  
Tiptoe up your belly, no time to shout  
**Am6** **Bm7**  
The fingernails they whisper and comfort you  
**E7** **Am6**  
Your hands have learned to grab and strangle too

**CONTINUE UNTIL NEXT SCENE**

BUCHNER

*(twisting into a kind of thing that hacks and chops with a big butcher knife, trying to catch the Woyzeck fish)*

**AMERICAN ACCENT**

Hey! I want to learn everything I can about you man, I want to know how your brain works man, how can you hold on to your job man, doesn't it drag you down? Doesn't your lack of a set of balls gets you down? I'm not so self-centered that I can't see what a drag you are, man, you need someone to liberate you, sing of you, or you would love to be Napoleon, huh man?

*BUCHNER is carried off screaming ONSCREEN an animated Woyzeck is hanged.*

Warrant! Relevant warrant!

## **In Which the Rebuttal Chokes the Fisherman**

BUCHNER (recitative)

**A b5**

**D #11**

**The term nociception refers to the detection of noxious stimuli by the nervous system.**

**Peripheral nervous receptors we call nociceptors, sense stimuli and report to the central nervous system where motor responses are initiated and the sensation of pain is perceived.**

**Some fish species have nociceptive neurons analogous to those found in the human brain.**

**This means only that they're capable of sensing noxious stimuli; not the psychological experience of pain.**

*(lightbulb up on Buchner alone dissecting a fish. He is hungover)*

BUCHNER

*(muttering to himself)*

Rebuttal: The red of the dawn is the same as the red of the evening.

Rebuttal: If this is the case, as it is, from ashes we come and from ashes we shall return, there is no cycle. It is not a Will of Nature at all. Progress vs. Nature. I predict that what burns shall light the way for the future.

BUCHNER and CARP (with the backup of an electronic choir)

The world sleeps. What will it take to waken. Or will it sleep forever under scientific cover, only dreaming...

I feel myself drifting further and further away from what is real. I have found some hiding places but they did not comfort me...

**Am** **E7**

**I have no analysis of this**

**Am** **E7**

**I have no analysis of this**

**Am** **E7**

**I have no analysis of this**

**E7** **Am**

**and I know I am not dreaming...**

MINNA

*(entering like a ghost)*

**Am**

**A**

**Something like the smell before the very first frost**

**Am**

**A**

Something like a shiver caused by a future lover

D#11 Am

Existent anticipation

*(she watches him pull a long red string like guts out of a fish)*

CARP 3

I call it "anxious constipation"

BUCHNER

JUST

BASS AND DRUMS

A b5 D #11

I don't have the words to describe this feeling

A b5 D #11

Historical awkwardness and ectothermic fire

A b5 D #11

"By day with my scalpel and by night with my books"

A b5 D #11

A fat gnawing worm in my chest like barbed wire

the carp flip A b5

the carp flop D #11 / Eb #11

B

Cranial nerves are any of several nerves

E

Any several nerves where the brain ends and the pain begins

B

F#

They say every nerve is rooted in every brain, and every brain is rooted, rooted in a larger

B

nerve

B

Cranial nerves are any of several nerves

E

that arise in pairs from the brainstem reaching to the brain

B

F#

B

They say the nerves, connect to the brain, through tiny, tiny openings in the skull.

B

Reptiles, mammals, and birds, have 12 pairs of nerves,

E

And the fish and the amphibians each have 10.

B

C#

It is the former of these, the subject of my treatise,

F#

To be more concrete:

B

B9 FANFARE OUT

THE BARBUS CATFISH!

MINNA

Georg?

GEORG

Minna!

MINNA

You've returned.

GEORG

Yes

MINNA

So. You are back to your medical research yet again. Both of our fathers will be proud of you.

BUCHNER

It is not for our fathers that we work, but for our children.

*(MINNA smiles tightly)*

MINNA

*(Calling Off)*

Yes Papa! I did do the dishes. I certainly did, if you don't believe me, check the cupboards yourself. Of course I dried them.

Welcome darling.

*(they embrace stiffly)*

MINNA

Es reicht wie die Eingeweide der Fische, so zu sagen, ist eine Untertreibung!

Saying it smells like fish guts is an understatement

CARP 3

**VIOLINS GIVE A B, BEGIN**

**Barbus was a barbarian, shuffling round on a riverbed**

**Barbus was insomniac, hypochondriac, often he was left for dead**

BUCHNER

What?

CARP 1

**Barbus was a slippery thing, Barbus was, a cannibal**

**Barbus was a little less, than what we call an animal**

BUCHNER

Speak louder Miss Jaegle, my ears are full of brains

MINNA

I said, le dire sent comme des poissons que les entrailles voici dedans une sousestimation.

BUCHNER

"I have grown accustomed to the sight of blood!"

*(a loud sawing)*

BUCHNER

Prove your love to me by sending me some news, how can you stand so close to me? I reek so strongly of guilt.

CARP 2

**Barbus was a barbarian, shuffling round, eating lead**  
**Barbus was not invincible, when he fell it was on his head**

MINNA

In a little room, in a little cottage, in Straßbourg, Ich habe auf dich gewartet, aber was bedeutet das Warten?

And now you are here Georg, but you spend so much time with these fish. It would be an understatement to say that you are obsessed with these fish. How can you expect to hide yourself in their yellow bellies? How can you expect to find something in all the gory tangle behind the mind?

BUCHNER

Backing, I give additional support to my claim by answering antagonistic queries:  
The results have been correlated to results from previous studies in other species.

MINNA

Es gibt keinen Unterschied zwischen Menschen und anderen. He can't face his own stupidity.

BUCHNER

Claim! I believe that my results are more important than any of the other results from the studies done previously.

MINNA

Es gibt keinen Unterschied zwischen Menschheit und Lebewesen anderen. Mankind is no different from any other species. He sees his own stupidity in the mirror but he doesn't recognize that it's a reflection.

BUCHNER

What I can prove is that my results prove that the barbus fish can be used to prove

MINNA

wir sind genauso wie die Ziegen, die Biber, die Kaninchen, die Drachen

CARP

Barbus was often in the closet! He was often under the sofa! He was often sitting so close to the girl he had a crush on and he didn't remember her name!

MINNA

Unable to tell each other apart you know, wir sind genauso wie die Esel, die Schweine, die Hunde, die Eulen, die Affen

CARP 1

**Barbus**

MINNA

**Die Katzen**

CARP 2

**Barbus**

MINNA

**Die Schafe**

CARP 3

**Barbus**

MINNA

**Die Kühe**

CARP 1

**Barbus**

MINNA

**Die Fische! Die Fische, die herum im Wasser, ohne Sorgfalt und in keinen Gedanken schwimmen**

**Fische erinnern sich an alles**

**They keep striking and striking**

**die Fische schnappen und schnappen**

**Sie Beißen an, sie Beißen an**

*(shouting/singing)*

**Until their mouths are ripped to shreds**

**their scales all frayed and flaking**

**Their eyes are glazed, fins are shaking**

**Yet they bite the hook, mistaking it**

**For food....**

## **In Which A Storm Approaches and Then Lets Loose**

CARP:

Aaaah

(anomie my friend, anomie)

***(acapella, in rhythm but spoken)***

This is the winter of 1835, in Galapagos Darwin is staying alive, this time is most important, who is living

who is dying

Who is writing, who is lying

More than ever now through the winter of 1835  
We're unsure of the facts that have informed our daily struggles  
It's the hard and simple science we're trying to revive

#### CARP/MINNA

In New York City, the well known astronomer Sir John Herschel's name is stolen  
For a series of articles about the moon and its inhabitants  
This false Sir John claims in six well read articles  
That on the chunk of rock and ice that ORBITS the earth  
There be beavers, bison, unicorns, and wing-ed humanoids

#### CARP

**(a key up, a little more sung)**

This is the winter of 1835, in Galapagos Darwin is staying alive,  
this time is most important, who is living who is dying  
Who is writing, who is lying

#### MINNA

Halley's Comet reaches it's perihelion  
on November 16<sup>th</sup> is the closest to us and our bulging eyes  
commonly known as the Star of Bethlehem this comet brings slavery and  
war to the Chatham Islands

#### CARP

**A Bm C#m D**

**A ->**

**A a a h            this is the winter of 1835, in Galapagos Darwin is staying alive,  
this time is most important, who is living who is dying  
Who is writing, who is lying**

#### PAUL

1936 is a leap year starting on a Friday...  
This year, the trail of tears begins for the Cherokee  
In the same month, Copernicus' *De revolutionibus orbium coelestium* (On the Revolutions of the  
Heavenly Spheres) is removed from the Index of Prohibited Books.  
It tells the tale of the motion of the earth...

#### DARWIN (onscreen)

My seasickness has subsided somewhat. I have not yet met John Herschel who will increase the  
pressure on my suspicion regarding mockingbirds specimens collected on different islands. The  
specimens seem to be different, yet also the same. How does this relate to their time apart? Is it possible  
that they have literally "grown different" over time? A kind of revolution? Or evolution?

#### BUCHNER

Does the hand grab because it can or can it grab because it's a hand?

KATIE:

If you ask a monkey about his grandfather he's sure to tell you that he was a good man.

ALEXIS:

If you ask a whale about her lunch that day she's sure to tell you it was grand.

PAUL:

But ask a carp what he sucked up from the mud on the riverbed...

ALL CARP:

Do you remember what we were just talking about?

KATIE:

You see, I know that I could avoid...

ALEXIS:

If only I could...

PAUL:

No, wait, have I been here before?

KATIE:

I'm certain that I heard that...

PAUL:

What was the name of that thing?

KATIE:

Was it on the poster that I've seen around town?

ALEXIS:

Or was it gossip that I heard going around?

PAUL:

I can't believe that I didn't write that down!

*Buchner is writing at his desk. He hears a voice calling:*

**STORM SOUNDS**

DARWIN

Oh, God help me, God help me, God help me, God help me

*Buchner struggles towards him across the deck*

BUCHNER  
Sterben Sie?

DARWIN  
(BRITISH ACCENT)

What? Oh God oh God

BUCHNER  
Are you dying?

DARWIN  
Yes, yes, I do believe I am. (*as introduction*) Charles. Charles Darwin.

BUCHNER  
Georg. Can I help you in any way?

DARWIN  
No sir, but listen, something is gnawing not only at my stomach in these winds, but also at my mind...and at my heart.

BUCHNER  
What is it? Some kind of worm? Have you swallowed something nasty that you thought was only a worm?

DARWIN  
Oh God

BUCHNER  
Here here, don't you want to go down into the cabin?

DARWIN  
No no, down there it smells like vomit and...rotten meat...and wet hair, I can't...I can't breathe...this is terrible. What bloody good could my being here do?  
I'm stranded and homesick and have contracted the flu

PAUL and ALEXIS and KATIE  
(*loudly sung*)

**A Bm C#m D            A ->**

**A a a h            this is the winter of 1835, in Galapagos Darwin is staying alive,  
this time is most important, who is living who is dying  
Who is writing, who is lying**

DARWIN and GROUP

**This journey is too much for me, there's something I must say  
It's incredibly important to the way we live today**

**It's time after all, to remember who we are  
I have the dreadful feeling that we haven't come that far  
Like apes we pound our chests and work to gather food  
We've invented simple tools but they are rather crude**

DARWIN alone

**but creation as a single act, creation in a week  
my friend if theories are pots, this one has a leak.**

**DARWIN + ALL**

**It's time after all, to remember who we are  
I have the dreadful feeling that we haven't come that far  
It's a perspective that we lack, too little information  
That causes us to struggle in this darkest situation**

ALL

**A Bm C#m D**

**A ->**

**A a a h this is the winter of 1835, in Galapagos Darwin is staying alive,  
this time is most important, who is living who is dying  
Who is writing, who is lying**

BUCHNER

Then what Charles?

DARWIN

I don't know. I just can't quite figure it out yet.

BUCHNER

But please sir, I don't mean to insist, but I have had a funny feeling too. It started out as a chill at the base of my spine, and it climbed up my spinal column like a small monkey with very cold little hands and feet, and now it rests, at the base of my brain, tangled in a nest of cranial nerves, pulsing like a cold heart. My dear Charles, forgive me if I press a seasick man overmuch, but I need to know your theories please. They seem as you brush across them, like a faint memory of something I already know, something that's driving me mad, do you understand?

DARWIN

You want to know if the hand grabs because it can or if grabbing forced the hand to try?

BUCHNER

Yes! I am very curious about the differences and similarities between men. What is a man's place in society? Is he meant to be there? Is he less intelligent and therefore suited to a certain lack of freedom? How did we get this way? We can discover this through anatomy I believe, discover the sources of man's

emotions, and why he acts in such and such a way.

DARWIN

I'm not a politician you know

CARP

**A Bm C#m D**

**A ->**

**A a a h this is the winter of 1835, in Galapagos Darwin is staying alive,  
this time is most important, who is living who is dying  
Who is writing, who is lying**

*The CARP have almost entirely run out of breath*

BUCHNER

Claim: Knowledge creates growth through the digestion of nutritious facts. Digestion is change, time knots and tangles ropes not the opposite, therefore time is complication. Although! This complication cum digestion for growth may only occur collectively! An individual alone who seeks to swallow Jonah, as a whale beaches itself and rots on the shore, will go mad. He will tangle and become untied and the tides will wash him from the rocks, where he barely holds on with his ground-down gritted teeth.

BUCHNER and DARWIN

**It's time after all, to remember who we are  
I have the dreadful feeling that we haven't come that far**

BUCHNER

**Charles you will find a part of it**

DARWIN

**Georg you will die**

BUCHNER and DARWIN

**Nature doesn't make mistakes  
She doesn't ever lie**

**G#m**

**Eb°**

**In every creature lies the secret, we just don't know what it is**

**G#m**

**F#m**

**No matter which animal you choose to dissect**

**G#m**

**Eb°**

**The way that it's wired will make you reflect**

**C#m**

**You'll nature respect and then detect**

**G#m**

**Eb°**

**The process that defines survival elect**

**G#m** **Eb7**  
You'll find that all species they interconnect

**G#m**

*Storm is over.*

*DARWIN is gone.*

*BUCHNER ENTERS with a lightbulb on a cord.*

BUCHNER

**G#m** **Eb°**  
In the air all around me are future ideas

**G#m** **F#m**  
That will resolve once and for all what is currently driving me mad

**G#m** **Eb°**  
Is there ever a resolution?

**C#m**  
Sometimes a revolution of a rock that turns up worms to be used for bait

**Eb7** **G#m**  
It's so difficult to wait

*(there is the sound of the French Revolution)*

*(Buchner speaks to himself as if chiding a child)*

BUCHNER

what is one blue coat for my baby? What is one boiled hand for my honey?

When shots ring out, where will you be? Clutching your papers, under the bed?

Rebuttal: You will get used to the sound my friend

Rebuttal: You will get used to what happens then

You've grown accustomed to warm waters...

*(BUCHNER's Angry Death march)*

MINNA

*(sweetly)*

**PIZZ. G#**

**Prouve-moi que tu m'aimes encore beaucoup en me donnant bientôt des nouvelles!**

BUCHNER

REASONING and DETECTION

Require INSPECTION

Nobody can tell you OTHERWISE

Otherwise it's unwise to SURMISE

KATIE + MIKEY

**G#m** **Eb°**  
All of these inscrutable proofs like tongues lapping at lodgers

**G#m** **F#m**

And talons unsheathed  
G#m Eb°  
This sprays from his glands and that takes in his hands  
C#m  
The seamstress waiting for that perfect prick  
G#m  
Oh the punishment of living  
Eb7  
I am not sick

PAUL  
G#m Eb°  
I wish my ears could take up the cloth and pray  
G#m F#m  
Like an old thief whose children have all run away  
G#m Eb°  
The clouds part like the lacy mantle of a lady  
C#m  
Eyes in the mantelpiece lick  
G#m  
Oh the punishment of living  
Eb7  
I am not sick

ALEXIS  
G#m Eb°  
The hills and the mountains of the alps are growing  
G#m F#m  
Bears pad over lichens and pull large beetles from their holes  
G#m Eb°  
Footprints indicate the foot  
C#m  
But what inside mechanism makes it tick?  
G#m  
Oh the punishment of living  
Eb7  
I am not sick.

*BUCHNER gets up, he is a lecturer again, cradling a dead fish. He is very very dirty.*

**CONTINUE PROGRESSION THROUGH THIS**

BUCHNER

**Dir sirs. I have no desire to die. Why is this?**

I have made claims, **I have given you grounds for these claims.** Though I am young and often ridiculed for my idealistic tendencies, I am concise.

I am as clear as the fact that water when frozen becomes ice.

It was Aristotle who wrote:

Actual knowledge is identical with its object, thus knowledge is a fact.

**Shakespeare was a revolutionary, just read *Julius Ceaser*, the second act.**

Aristotle wrote

**potential knowledge is in time prior to actual knowledge,  
and potentiality is a kind of tricky reality**

but in the universe as a whole it is not prior even in time.

Mind is not at one time knowing and at another not.

When the oven is fueled, yes it may get hot

You may think of heat as you see this oven in the kitchen

But the potentiality of that won't fry up your beef

When mind is set free from its present conditions

it appears as just what it is and nothing more:

a small sac of grey guts

This alone is immortal and eternal and without it, nothing thinks.

**BEGIN MAIN THEME IN G#**

Can we see ourselves in floating history, as if our tiny bodies are suspended in a clear vial?

CARP chorus:

**Why do we keep striking (at the baited hook)**

**Why do we keep writing (a debated book)**

**Why do we keep striking (at the baited hook)**

**Why do we keep writing (a debated book)**

**Are we a product of it, or is it a product of us?**

**Do we have teeth so that we can bite it or do we bite it because we have teeth?**

*Onscreen the words:*

"We do not suffer too much pain, we suffer too little; for through pain we join God. We are death, dust, ashes. How can we complain?"

**CURTAIN**

24