

Dear Violence:

It has been some time.

I know

Since last

**It was in the house. In the heat. Interior garden. Cement Tiles. Blinds. Mahogany.
Where I grew up I can still see. From under the chairs. Carved. Still.**

I see the eyes,

so big for the face,

**the head, so big for the body,
the head, so big for the body**

**later in life you lose those proportions.
later in life you lose those proportions**

I see the eyes,

**so big for the face,
so big for the face,**

**the head, so big for the body,
the head, so big for the body,**

you lose

I see the arms maybe the remembrance of other arms or those same arms in the arms of

arms

remembrance

arms

same

arms

another

Children running.

In Violence.

Yes, in you. My hair disheveled by the sun.

A love letter.

My shirt

Open

My skin is on your skin. And in your mouth. And on your torso. And on the other side
of . And in Things that

Looking for veins in the ferns.

My eyelids looking for a place in your flesh supple enough for them to open.

My eyelids looking for a place in your flesh supple enough for them to close.

A place in your flesh with sex enough for them

A place in your flesh with peace enough for them

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Dear VIOLENCE

When the house has been broken When once we have said Pass
time

Pass The people Praying to no At that precise

Translating Translating Everything. Translating
m o m

The rapidity. Friendship. A book on wounds. Insertions. Tensors. Tendons.
e n t

With the family present. There were blueprints on the skin. (I touched the ink) This
I touched the ink. unflinching absolutely

sweet nothing. Finding the desert. Constructing remains. Of old men. Who passed.
Burnt. Completely. Yes.

These white walls. Serving. Kissing the reversible skin of Pregnant.
Yes. ligaments malign

How many mirrors in your house? How many dull knives in your house?
Some gods are lost.

How many numbers to water and numbers to oil? How many mother of pearl hooks?
Others are misplaced.

When the house has been... When the house... I say When... And Premonitions.

you must beware of; for they are not gentle, not people whom a stranger dare approach. Then you will come to the River Insolence that well deserves its name, but do not cross it— it is not a stream that can be easily forded— until you come to Caucasus itself, the highest of mountains, where the river’s strength gushes from its summit. So you must cross its peaks, the neighbors of the stars, and take the road southward until you reach the man-hating Amazons, who one day shall live around Thermodon in Themiscyra where Salmydessus stands, that rocky cape, hostile to sailors, stepmother of ships. The Amazons will set you on your way and gladly; you will reach Cimmeria, the isthmus, at the narrows of the lake. Leave this with a bold heart and then traverse the channel of Maeotis, and hereafter for all time men shall talk about your crossing, and they shall call the place for you Cow’s-Ford. Leave Europe’s mainland then, and enter Asia.

When you shall cross the channel that divides Europe from Asia, turn to the rising sun, and cross the sun-scorched plains, that waveless sea, until you arrive into the Gorgon land and the flat stretches of Cisthene’s country. There live the ancient maids, children of Phorcys: three swan-formed hags, with but one common eye, single-toothed monsters, such as nowhere else the sun’s rays look on nor the moon by night. Near are their winged sisters, the three Gorgons, with snakes to bind their hair up, mortal-hating— no mortal that looks on them shall still draw breath— this is the garrison I tell you of. Hear, too, of yet another gruesome sight, the sharp-toothed hounds of Zeus, that have no bark, the griffins—beware of them!—and the host of one-eyed Arimaspians, horse-riding, that live around the waters that flow with gold, of the River Pluto: do not go near them. A land far off, a nation of black people, these you shall come to, men who live hard by the fountain of the sun where is the river Aethiops—travel by its banks along to a cataract where from the Byblin hills the Nile pours its holy, healthful waters. This river shall be your guide to the three-cornered land of Nilotis, and there, by fate’s decree, there, Io, you shall find your distant home, a colony for you and your descendants. If anything of this is still obscure or difficult, ask me again and learn clearly: I have more leisure than I wish.

IO [chanting] Eleleu, eleleu! It grabs me again, the twitching spasm, the mind-destroying madness, burning me up, as the gadfly’s sting pricks like fire; my heart in its fear knocks on my breast. There’s a dazing whirl in my eyes as I run out of my course driven by the wild winds of maddening frenzy; my tongue ungoverned babbles, the words in a thick muddy flow crash into the waves of hateful ruin without aim or sense.

EPODE may the eye inescapable of the mighty gods not look on me with desire.

[III. Ocean and Memory]

[This text is pasted and read by the computer: **The Chorus composed of the daughters of Oceanos, bearing some stylized representation of wings so that their general appearance is bird-like, enters.**]

[I drink water. I pour water over myself.

I take my shirt off.]

[With assistance, I lie on the ground, shirtless, face up, in the middle of the stage, eyes open.

Over and behind me, video of the original staging of “Prometheus Bound”(2001), myself more than 20 younger and able.]

[Tentative segments to be shown: -The beginning of the play (a replay from the past of the same actions just performed in the first minutes of the initial section of letters to MIGHT and VIOLENCE) -A segment in which I activated the audience as a Chorus through prompts in different languages]

[Activation of the audience to trace (draw/write) freely while watching the videos and watching me watching the videos]

[IV. AI Chaos]

[I ask one of my assistant collaborators to read me a story. A story is read, maybe the ending of the tragedy, while I’m lying down. I pick words of the story, verbalize other words that come to my mind. Some of the words are used as input for an AI text generator that creates narration (projected). Words can also be used by an assistant collaborator to write a story of his own.

This writing is also projected side by side with the other.]

[This part progresses as an interweaving of different texts (written by AI, by my assistant-collaborators, by the audience, spoken by myself) each of these generations feeding from words from one another, handwritten words turning into drawings. The proliferation of fictions eventually is thematically transformed into a discussion about the performance itself.]

[The ending is a dissolve of the multiple actions.]