

THE CREATION OF THE NEW MAN
(A fanciful tragedy of four scenes)
by Florentin Smarandache

The Characters:

THE DOCTOR
THE MEDICAL ASSISTANT
THE SECRETARY
A SICK WOMAN
BONIFACIO
CRIPPLES (A, A', THE ONE-ARMED MAN, ROMEO, JULIET,
and THE SCENOGRAPHY MAN)
MAD PEOPLE
DEAF, DUMB, and BLIND PEOPLE

This is a cerebral play that underlines the pettiness of a person lost among things (of an unnatural size), and much more: lost among ordinary people.

The Scene	The Ward	The Characters:
I	"0"	- Normal People;
II	"1"	- The Cripples;
III	"2"	- Mad People;
IV	"3"	- The Deaf, Dumb, and Blind

The progression of each scene coincides the crossing from one ward to another, the characters are metamorphosing. The normal people become cripples, and are losing their minds, and are going deaf, dumb and blind.

SCENE I

A laboratory equipped with all the advantages of modern medicine. It appears to be a waiting room in a sanitarium, with four doors - one to either side of the stage and two against the back. The doors are marked in order, "0", "Ward 1", "Ward 2", and "Ward 3." The interior is dark.

Stuffed people. A "New Man" is kept frozen in a trunk made of glass. He is a specimen of new technology, and above him are pinned up revelatory advertisements and newspaper clippings.

Doctors and Assistants are dressed in black smocks, their faces cold and inhuman, and their eyes glassy. The patients are dressed in the striped overalls of the infirm. Both the patients and useless medical staff limp, though more so the former.

The Doctor, enveloped in frosty mist, is seated in an elaborate chair with his back towards the audience. Only the nape of his neck shows during the play, though his chair is stirring from time to time. He seems to turn himself towards the audience sometimes, but he gives up. Neither in the intervals, nor at the end of the play this actor does not show up for cheers. His voice is unearthly... synthesized.

The Assistant stands and sterilizes a large syringe.

DOCTOR: Please, take notes in the register.

ASSISTANT: Yes, sir.

DOCTOR: (speaks into the intercom) Next patient. (A knock at door "1." Enters a sick woman from the countryside, timid and limping.)

WOMAN: (pause) Good day.

ASSISTANT: Take a seat.

DOCTOR: (Speaks before she can sit) Who sent you, woman? What is the matter with you? (The Assistant prepares to take notes.)

WOMAN: I was... I was directed here from... from the District Sanitary Services... sir... with a letter of recommendation...

ASSISTANT: I'll take that. (He snatches the note from her sluggish hand and copies down the information into his register.) What's your name?

WOMAN: I've... I've no name. Not anymore... Mister?

ASSISTANT: Assistant.

WOMAN: Assistant. They've taken... taken away my name.

ASSISTANT: Age?

WOMAN: I have... no age.

ASSISTANT: Birthday? Address?

WOMAN: I have no... birthday... or address, Mister... Assistant.

ASSISTANT: Parents?

WOMAN: I... don't know them. Mister...

ASSISTANT: Assistant.

WOMAN: Assistant. I've... never had parents... never...

ASSISTANT: Any relatives then? Miss?

WOMAN: No, I... we're all relatives... or so they say... or taught us to say, Mister...

ASSISTANT: Assistant. Assistant! How many times must I tell you? (Pauses to calm himself) How do you get by?

WOMAN: I work. I...

ASSISTANT: But who are you?

WOMAN: I... ? I'm ill, Mister Assistant.

DOCTOR: She falls into the last category. She has yet to reach the Phase. (To the woman) What is it you want?

WOMAN: Mister Doctor, I want... that is, I'd like... (in a quiet voice) a sick leave.

DOCTOR: What is the matter with you? Are you not well? Have you felt better before?

WOMAN: Well, I'm... I feel... pain.

DOCTOR: Where do you feel this pain?

WOMAN: (Ashamed) I... I feel it... down there (bows her head).

DOCTOR: Down there?

WOMAN: (Nods) I feel pain when I'm... when we're playing... in bed, when Mister is pleasing himself.

ASSISTANT: (Becomes angry) Who, me?

WOMAN: No! Mister...

DOCTOR: Which Mister would this be? You are not being very

clear.

WOMAN: My husband... sir.

ASSISTANT: So, you're married! And yet you say you have no relatives!

WOMAN: I am... that is, no... I've not permission... I've forgotten... I'm not, Mister?

ASSISTANT: Assistant! Mind your words, woman.

DOCTOR: There is much work to do here, Miss. We have no time for games. Do you enjoy wasting time?

WOMAN: No, Mister Doctor, I don't enjoy... he enjoys...

ASSISTANT: What is the matter with you! Why do you hint such things about me? I've never done such things in my entire life. I am a sober man.

WOMAN: He... Mister Doctor... (The Assistant takes a threatening step forward) my husband. (Assistant sits, relieved)

DOCTOR: How would you contribute to the construction of our new Sanitarium?

WOMAN: So... I have a contribution. I don't get married... Mister?

ASSISTANT: Assistant.

WOMAN: No, Doctor... I'm already contributing... I don't enjoy myself, I... Mister Doctor, I... don't get ill... no.

DOCTOR: That is enough. So, you have pain. (Pause) Do you have any sexually oriented diseases? Syphilis? (She looks to the Assistant)

ASSISTANT: Why are you looking at me? He asked you the question! I don't do such things.

WOMAN: I don't know what Mister Doctor... What is that?

DOCTOR: (To the Assistant) Make her understand.

ASSISTANT: You told us you have pains in that part of your body (points to her vagina).

WOMAN: Yes, Mister...

ASSISTANT: That means you have Syphilis. Keep that clear in your mind.

WOMAN: Yes, Mister... I have Syphilis.

ASSISTANT: All right then, keep it in good health.

WOMAN: (Didn't understand his explanation) Oh, thank you!

DOCTOR: Put her in Ward Two.

WOMAN: (Confused) But Mister Doctor... I'm not sick.

DOCTOR: I make such decisions, Miss. (To Assistant) I believe you were told to do something.

ASSISTANT: Yes, sir!

WOMAN: (Struggling) I don't understand... Mister?

ASSISTANT: Never mind, you'll understand soon enough! (Take her into Ward 2 and returns. Arranges the syringes and phials before looking through the register) It's been a difficult day. One-hundred and eighteen patients. We're out of serum.

DOCTOR: No need to worry. We will procure more. Are there any other patients?

ASSISTANT: No, sir. The waiting room is empty. (The intercom sounds)

SECRETARY: Mister Bonifacio to see you, Doctor.

DOCTOR: (To the Assistant) His name sounds unfamiliar. (To

the intercom) Send him in, but do it quickly. We are in a hurry.

[There is a long pause, because Bonifacio wants to be waited for. The Assistant continues writing in the register and arranging medicine. The Doctor remains stiff. Bonifacio knocks at the "0" door and enters. He wears the bright clothes of youth. The Doctor recognizes him now. During the conversation that follows, the Ward doors will open and close of their own volition, as if ghosts or the wind crosses the room, but no one will pay them attention. The pulse of a beating heart, slow and rhythmic, will coincide with the Doctor's voice. The lights will flicker, like that of a lost soul.]

BONIFACIO: (With friendliness) Gheghe!

DOCTOR: (Coldly) Yes, Bonny.

BONIFACIO: (Wanting to embrace him) Gheorghe, I haven't seen you in such a long time.

DOCTOR: Please, I can do without the sentimentalities. Such privilege is not allowed here at the Sanitarium.

BONIFACIO: (Surprised) But our childhood together. Surely we -

DOCTOR: The times have changed, Bonny.

BONIFACIO: That may be so. Do you remember the time we were taking care of the cattle on the hills, when we played and hid in the bushes there? Or the nights we were sent to fetch water from the spring? Or the Sundays when our village would rumble with the laughter of boys and girls? We were losing our souls in such enjoyment. Do you remember?

DOCTOR: No, Bonifacio. When you enter this place, you forget everything.

ASSISTANT: The memories of childhood are of no use, Mister Bonifacio. They are noxious to us all.

BONIFACIO: What are you talking about, Gheghe?

DOCTOR: Do not call me Gheghe. In this place, for everyone, I am Doctor.

BONIFACIO: What's the use of this story, Ghe...Doctor?

DOCTOR: It is a long story, Bonifacio. You need years to grasp its meaning.

ASSISTANT: (To Bonifacio) I'll have your letter of recommendation now.

BONIFACIO: (Searching his pockets) The people from the District Sanitary Service sent me here to see the good Doctor, Mister?

ASSISTANT: Assistant.

BONIFACIO: Assistant. They made faces, as if they disliked my "behavior." As if I were a toy for them to play...a toy in the hands of children. (He finds the paper and gives it to the Assistant)

DOCTOR: You are an ignorant, my dear Bonifacio.

BONIFACIO: My dear friend -

DOCTOR: Don't "dear" me, nor call me "friend." I am no

one's friend, not even to you.

BONIFACIO: Honey?

DOCTOR: Don't "honey" me. Such sentimental words are not permitted here. They are out of date.

ASSISTANT: All of his papers are in good order, sir. (To Bonifacio) I see you have quite a long name: Bo-ni-fa-ci-o. Too long to be permitted. Have you any parents, family, any relatives?

BONIFACIO: Yes.

ASSISTANT: As you would live in another world.

BONIFACIO: Why? Is that not the usual way?

ASSISTANT: (Reads over the papers) Forty years of age.

DOCTOR: Too old for treatment, too late.

BONIFACIO: What kind of treatment, Ghéghe? Doctor.

ASSISTANT: Where do you live?

BONIFACIO: On Hope street.

DOCTOR: Look at him. Look at him!

BONIFACIO: Number 19.

ASSISTANT: Do sit down!

(Bonifacio takes a seat. The Assistant whisper to each other away from Bonifacio.)

DOCTOR: We must start from the beginning with him.

ASSISTANT: What do we do with him? He's as stubborn as a calf.

DOCTOR: He must be put under a permanent education, forced lessons. His will must be transformed into nothingness.

ASSISTANT: He will be hard to manage.

DOCTOR: I will deal with his treatment myself. First, I will make him understand, persuade him to deny his reality. In the mean time, prepare the first group of serum.

(The Assistant begins looking through the medicines)

BONIFACIO: (Worried) What are you doing there? I hope you don't -

ASSISTANT: Only a simple test, Mister Bonifacio. The treatment -

BONIFACIO: But I don't want to be the subject of any test, please!

ASSISTANT: Don't be afraid. You're neither the first, nor the last, patient we'll have.

BONIFACIO: I don't understand the connection between your other patients and myself. I'm not interested in your treatment, and that's all there is to it! Treatment? I wish you good luck with it!

ASSISTANT: On the contrary, you must be interested.

BONIFACIO: A man to be tested has no importance.

ASSISTANT: We have no intention of creating a precedent. Everyone is to be prescribed our treatment until the end of this decade. The patients will undergo a rapid transformation. You risk being alone, an outcast to be lynched by the masses.

BONIFACIO: I don't care. I prefer the freedom of spirit to enjoy the possibilities of this world.

DOCTOR: Let him alone for a moment. We will try this another way. (The Assistant takes away his medicine and instruments) Mister Bonifacio, the spirit merges with such a diverse matter that it cannot be identified anymore. As you well know, we are creating a collective of aspiritual beings. A collective! We work like a swarm, a family of bees.

BONIFACIO: A swarm is led by its Queen. You would have some personalities hailed greater than others when such is not needed. You would have loafers, too.

DOCTOR: No, it is not permitted for any one to gain notice, to have popularity, to stand out in bold relief or make himself known with any action but that of obedience. They are popular and not, all at the same time. We strive to create a new way of thinking for the world.

BONIFACIO: With infamy, paid emissaries and apostles of hate. We are too used to abnormal phenomena presenting itself as the norm. Our reality is painfully singular, this unnatural world bored with itself.

DOCTOR: The fragment exists to serve the whole. This is the clue of its reaching the edge of indivisibility. The individual has no right to enter History.

BONIFACIO: Even though they are the makers of History?

DOCTOR: We do not take into consideration the normal nor abnormal. We are emptying them of shape and content. The people become exempt from the effort of thinking, become nuts and bolts in the huge machinery of "the human society."

BONIFACIO: How?! (rests his head in his hands)

DOCTOR: It is essential to our creative ideology.

BONIFACIO: I can't believe what I'm hearing. It's a fantasy. Admit it! A solipsism, Doctor; your lesson has no content. An ideological winter comes over us.

DOCTOR: Try to understand, and you will grasp my meaning. More than that, the more we are criticized abroad, the more we become "tztz."

BONIFACIO: (Smiling) You're pleading...for the sake of pleading!

DOCTOR: Of course not. But if the objective reality is meaningless, the only one existing in the patient's mind, we press on the conscience. This, we have decided, is a necessity.

BONIFACIO: A necessity, which appears to me, to be of no necessity.

DOCTOR: We desire to create another model of human being.

BONIFACIO: (Bewildered) But...are these human beings mere bricks in your hands to build houses with?

DOCTOR: We are molding characters, toiling with them,

Bonifacio. Today, is our "golden age," the people peacefully accept the failure as a new kind of self-achievement.

BONIFACIO: This peacefulness is the sum of a prolonged malignancy.

DOCTOR: The people have been deprived of their feelings. And they are happy!

BONIFACIO: (Aside) We have here everything, but we have nothing.

DOCTOR: The man - collective, typified - all of them think alike. The notion of "I" as "subject" has disappeared.

BONIFACIO: (Aside) The victory of super-reality, the victory of propaganda against reality, Alain Besancon. (To Doctor) Well, Doctor, where then is the beauty of an album of all the flowers are identical, the same color, same smell? How would a zoo look if all the animals had nothing to distinguish them from others? This emulation, trying to be like someone else...we'll no longer be ourselves.

DOCTOR: The biological evolution will end its cycle with the model of this New Man.

BONIFACIO: A New Man...it's the absurdity against reason depicted by Shestov.

DOCTOR: The motion will stop. The Universe will become motionless.

BONIFACIO: Strange that you should speak to me about a kind of life that does not exist.

DOCTOR: Bonifacio, everything is uniform. There are no differences. The welfare of an individual depends on the welfare of the entire community - even if they, as individuals, fail. Look at their appearances. (He points to some in the waiting room) They are as alike as two peas in a pod: the eyes, the shape of the nose, the color of hair, their height and width, even their sex. The same monosyllabic words, "cra...pro...pi..." are spontaneous, uttered in an expressionless tonality. (Bonifacio produces a camera, but the Doctor blocks the lens) It is not permitted here. They are not allowed to see their own faces. There are no mirrors. They have no permission to write their own curriculum vitae, journey remembrances. Their journeys are organized only in the interest of the community. They are not allowed to write essays about life or death, no obituaries.

BONIFACIO: Men without faces...no identity allowed.

DOCTOR: of course not. They have their individuality, but it is a common one. And they have names as well, the same name: Gheghe. The women have this name also.

BONIFACIO: But, Doctor, that is a glaring infringement of Natural Law.

DOCTOR: Although, there is the possibility that the future will have no names at all, for any men. In the new age of development, what we live in now, one can

no longer speak of determination. A superior human race is taking place of the old.

BONIFACIO: Maybe...a homunculus.

DOCTOR: It is the communion with future. The people live exactly 50 years, only as much as they can work. Then, they die, not more than a minute under or over this age. There is no more old age. It has been invalidated. A pity we could not deal with childhood, as well. Such an unproductive period...

BONIFACIO: (Aside) They don't care a bit. (Points to the Doctor) If you live or die, you are but a worm for them. (Aloud) I don't want to intrude, Doctor, but are you inferring that you are progressing?

DOCTOR: Yes.

BONIFACIO: In that case, where are the necessary contradictions for dialectical processability of such progress? Since you affirm your society to be a uniform one, without difference, dull, flat, insipid, from where do you expect the ideas of prosperity to appear?

DOCTOR: Yes, our system is a sterile vacuum. But do not forget that it is built on the rotten inheritance of the past.

BONIFACIO: You look in disdain at the others.

DOCTOR: We do not look at them at all, neither from somewhere upside down nor from downside up. Simply, we do not see them. Why did people steal in old times? Why did they cheat one another? Why were there drunkards or long lines at shops? Because people had no confidence in the future and would buy anything. They were unsure of tomorrow, no matter what they earned for today. They desired to forget themselves and drank themselves into unconsciousness.

BONIFACIO: And you believe they have a future now? Do they have confidence as well?

DOCTOR: Bonifacio, you still do not understand. We have united the thesis and antithesis, the antonyms. We have only synonyms now.

BONIFACIO: Is there no resistance to your diabolical plans?

DOCTOR: Nothing of the kind.

BONIFACIO: Would it not be better to have resistance, something to fortify you in your fight? As the sociologist, Migai Botez, affirms: the subordination is a form of opposition of the people, and if it is so, if everyone is right, as an entire community, they are all mistaken. But is there any group of resistance against your ideology?

DOCTOR: Certainly not. Each person is both victim and his own executioner, their sincerity embraced by all. It is "Know yourself better by knowing others."

BONIFACIO: (Aside) If I don't know myself, how can I possibly know others?

DOCTOR: Beginning with this status quo, for instance, the notion of "value" is of no use anymore. The same for "nonvalue."

BONIFACIO: In other words, an interference of the being valuable, as shown by Bernard Henri Levi.

DOCTOR: Neither the notion of good or bad, beauty nor ugliness. There are no exceptions, and the rules are confirmed one hundred percent.

BONIFACIO: (Laughing) This must be the Country of Ugly people. They are the only ones who long to abolish the differences between themselves and the handsome. As well a Country of Nonvalue or Evil. This is happening because you're trying to make the most unacceptable and inaccessible country of all.

DOCTOR: You misinterpret, Bonifacio. I have already stated that all contraries have been untied. There is no more future nor past, only an everlasting present.

BONIFACIO: (Aside) The fortress of Immobile Time.

DOCTOR: A perception of Nontime, because we create an absolutely new human being.

BONIFACIO: A gruesome pedagogy! Humanoids without souls? You maintain illusions. Your new society is a collective psychosis...irrational beings. You provoke an illness of spirit.

DOCTOR: In any case, the people could never adapt themselves, could never fulfill with reasoning their hopes or expectations.

BONIFACIO: And now they fulfill them because they have none...

DOCTOR: You begin to understand! (Bonifacio paces, acquiring a limp) The people have nothing to dream of. Their dreams have no wish to be dreamed, leaving nothing to be imagined, nothing to be expected. We plan "a world of the future," a useful one.

BONIFACIO: One of monumental uselessness. (Sorrowfully) A closed, Utopian society, with silent and resigned people, a permanent fear of blood, fear of fear and entirely uninterested or interesting. Is it not so?

DOCTOR: See here, Bonifacio, we are promoting the Absolute Truth. We have exhaustive definitions which contain explanations for any problem. We are those who hold always to the truth.

BONIFACIO: As I know the course of human knowledge has no end, the absolute and exhaustive are relative. They're invented notions that limit that unlimited. There is an official truth and a true truth. Some problems, Doctor, as I can see, which are contradictory to your ideology, are omitted or are vehemently rejected.

DOCTOR: Bonifacio, we have a universal ideology in which selected ideas are imperatively necessary, propitious to development - to answer your earlier question. Mind now, everything is measured to the

millimeter. The people have a strict time table, a portioned and nourishing menu delivered in fixed intervals. We keep an eye on the intimate life of every person to insure no one be lured into sin.

BONIFACIO: But the patients, what do they say? Have you done any analyses?

DOCTOR: The sociological, anthropological, statistical analyses are useless as long as the results are already known. There cannot be any adjustments, disorders. The people have no needs, no preferences nor requests. We have weaned them of such things.

BONIFACIO: Oh, you nurse them well!

DOCTOR: They have no impulses, no ideas, no needs. They neither question nor answer.

BONIFACIO: So they're no longer themselves, alienated because of your treatment. They're charged with fancy faults. The ideals hold up to ridicule.

DOCTOR: A man neither loses nor gains anything. The spirit is diminishing itself already.

BONIFACIO: I know...I know, a blind subordination to some ideas, I know...and those who reject these ideas are declared traitors to the country, enemies of the people, reactionaries working for enemy foreign powers. Or are they put into sanitariums? These people are things that can only do what you set them to. They're manipulated, soiled, demolished - living, amorphous things.

DOCTOR: Our system is an eternal, motionless, immutable one. It cannot be changed.

BONIFACIO: You use subtle cruelty, moral assassinations...slow suicides...an epidemic of ideas buried in so many theories. The citizens are spoiled, their place and meaning in the world denied. The individual escape, one's own salvation, is out of the question. You have severed them in unity!

DOCTOR: I have already told you, we plan the pains and the happiness, stage the reality and the whims, cultivate the fervor for our truth. That is why everything is unanimously accepted!

BONIFACIO: Such unanimity cannot exist, even in political thinking. It exists only as something artificial or in tyrannical regimes. I am a supporter of the social relativeness. Edgar Morin has written, and I quote, "The enemy is into ourselves." And by inverting its meaning, you put persons into preventive arrest.

DOCTOR: There is no place for intellectuals like you, Bonifacio!

BONIFACIO: I see. Your arbitrary action -

DOCTOR: Not arbitrary! By chance, this society has no social stratum, no farmers, no workers, no craftsmen, no civil servants, no scholars. There

are only toilers, in stricto sensu. A collective identity: the people.

BONIFACIO: They will vanish into anonymity.

DOCTOR: No specialists. Anyone can fulfill a job!

BONIFACIO: And no one. So, there is a turn to the good account of dull mediocrity. You spread among your countrymen a spiritual torment, a national morbid psychology.

DOCTOR: To live for the community, this is the only reason for life!

BONIFACIO: That is to lose the self! They're deprived of personality, to use your own terms.

DOCTOR: Deprived of personality...Bonifacio, people reach a stage of having a common personality, the inextricable personality. An inflexible society. mental disorders would diminish.

BONIFACIO: Rather, their perception of real life would diminish, Doctor, as a camp for mental extermination.

DOCTOR: Their characters, typological features, temperaments? All are erased. Every person has the same name, they dress alike, have similar haircuts...and will all behave in a like society.

BONIFACIO: (Aside) A metahumanitarian behavior. They're the Chinese from Mao Tze Dun's time...worse.

DOCTOR: The brain is under an ideological fire during the day: speeches, meetings, plenary sessions, political reports, daily news, mass media. And during the night, while asleep, they are under the influence of magnetic recordings. Their thinking becomes identical.

BONIFACIO: As I see it, the relation between the living beings becomes that of those between living objects. The society will become a savage one. It's sociological gangrene. The creative spirit falls asleep forever. Man becomes a bird in a cage, his wings clipped for eternity.

DOCTOR: We are on our way to creating a general, irresponsible man. By interfering the cerebral waves with electrical waves, we can affect the psychomantic structure of the personality. When necessary, we can employ psychological weaponry or parapsychological energy.

BONIFACIO: Of course, you're changing the man into a computer. Press a button, and lo! He starts. It doesn't matter where, when or how. It's the transference of spirit from one man to another with the help of words. I quote from Sarmiento. People changed into worms or into monsters urged on. A crippled mankind has lost its identity. You're using collective illusions and hallucinations, a kind of mass hypnosis. You put into their minds the idea that they're living in Paradise, that their society is superior to all others in all

history, but this idea has no justification!
It's a mere intellectual somnambulism.

DOCTOR: You exaggerate the problem.

BONIFACIO: I exaggerate it in a simplistic way! Are you
the ones planning to manipulate human reason
and feeling?

DOCTOR: It is not quite so, Bonifacio.

BONIFACIO: You plan to defeat human reason, to quote the
title of Alain Finkielkrant's book. Isn't
that so?

DOCTOR: Our purpose is to create an independent spirit out
of substance, an independent thinking out of a
brain that thinks.

BONIFACIO: A thought already prepared.

DOCTOR: We are mastering their reflexes, directing their
souls to fight for peace, for the well-being and
understanding of all people of the world.

BONIFACIO: All these tags, the slogans and dogmas. It
looks like the useless chatter delivered at
the rostra. A mill to pound words. A typified
language as a liquid, seemingly harmless in
its depths, but strangles the human being
with a dull intellect. Am I right, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Our universe remains forever a black hole. A black
hole that absorbs everything, and so no human
being or object, not a beam of the sparkling human
mind, can avoid our powerful sphere of influence.

BONIFACIO: Your universe is a rather narrow one. Your
sphere is flat! Your patients are the Dead of
Tomorrow.

DOCTOR: We will separate our society, building a wall and
a ceiling of radiation to prevent the breeze of
ideas from abroad. We shall pave the floor with
rays so that no inner moans can be heard. Any
outside waves will be reflected, refracted,
towards other cardinal points. We promulgate a
gregarious truth, Bonifacio.

BONIFACIO: Your ideology has failed. There is no
Absolute Truth, as perfection does not exist.
There is only occasional truth. You make a
mockery of beliefs, distorting them, leaving
people to live in uncertainty.

DOCTOR: That is a natural thing, man. People are to be
taught to torture themselves, not defend...to have
patience, to subdue themselves unconditionally. If
they have nothing to love, they are more docile,
more present with abnegation. They will find use
in feigning life, to live in accordance with
established indications, to standardize
themselves, support their fellows and evade
reality.

BONIFACIO: Andrei Tarcovski said, Freedom is a question
of privacy, of intimacy.

DOCTOR: Indeed, we make them to feel themselves so.

BONIFACIO: Only in the appearance! because the people,
in their intimacy, will feel the injustice.

DOCTOR: We take measures to quiet them.

BONIFACIO: But Dostoievski said the quiet of a soul is suspicious.

DOCTOR: The people are starved, left thirsty and humiliated until they follow unconditionally, heart and soul. Those who are satiated would not look to me. They have no motivation.

BONIFACIO: I have nothing to say anymore. You are experts in terrorizing people. And, above all, you are...cynical. You're not interested in giving an abundance to the people. You have a very high sense of fiction, but you lack a sense of reality. You're creating an atmosphere of distrust and incertitude. You guarantee respect through human injustice.

DOCTOR: And yet, you must admit it is a kind of pacifist terror. I dare say, without the risk of being wrong, that terror is indispensable in mastering the masses.

BONIFACIO: How so! These are only schemes. Your establishment dominates people. You're intoxicated with power!

DOCTOR: We are far from that. Our patients are intoxicated with assignments, with turpitudes. We have educated them not to aspire to power, to leadership. So the power remains in our hands. We are free to decide over their will, to hold their attention, their preoccupations. In this way, we equalize them, level their differences.

BONIFACIO: A dictatorship!

DOCTOR: Ahh, but a necessary one. It will last forever and disappear. No one will feel it anymore.

BONIFACIO: A forced standardization in which the individuals split with one another. Until some years ago, people lived in a prolix semianonymity, but now, with you in power, the people are driven towards an absolute anonymity, a general paralysis, without any possibility of recovering. You maintain a collective psychosis. A Roman Senator once said: divide et impera. Do not forget that by insulating a man, you incite his greed for knowledge, his great curiosity to find out what is behind and before.

DOCTOR: In such a case, we will instill the feeling of being at large.

BONIFACIO: Yes, but only the feeling!

DOCTOR: Yes, only the feeling. The feeling that there is nothing of interest beyond. On the contrary, it is better to put in plain light only the blameworthy social conditions that exist abroad and only the positive ones existing in us. I do not speak of mysticism. The patients have become calm, resigned...

BONIFACIO: 'Til they reach the front of the door to delirium. A raving calm! You're bringing the people to unconsciousness, encouraging non-science, non-life.

DOCTOR: Our society is motionless and free.

BONIFACIO: And it accepts a thinking outside of thinking. Of course you promote a freedom of non-free expression.

DOCTOR: In any case, this also is a liberty, Bonifacio. The freedom of people to be deprived, oppressed, frustrated, enclosed.

BONIFACIO: You, Doctor, use the feeling of culpability in those who are credulous, the doubtfulness of man before the unknown, to impose your ideology.

DOCTOR: It is necessary to amplify the feeling of helplessness, the futility of man, his nonvalue, his vanity. You cannot master the personality by other means, Bonifacio!

BONIFACIO: So you don't promote personalities, consider them useless. More than that, you're afraid they can endanger the future of this society. Some disciplines, as in Astrology or especially Telepathy, the occult sciences are forbidden because their power could have political and military implications.

DOCTOR: Everything is organized, development homogenous and organic like a sports team...no hesitation, no surprise, no emotion. No laughter, no weeping, no hatred, no misunderstanding - to quote Spinoza.

BONIFACIO: of course, the policy of disdain for those who think or feel otherwise. Ultra-ideology, ultra-demagogy: this is the role of a curdled mentality, of the arbitrary, abusive, and unlimited political power of an authoritarian state.

DOCTOR: The contradiction between History and the Social group is an objective one. We like the order and discipline, Bonifacio.

BONIFACIO: A metallated order. You consider anarchy the phenomena you dislike. The lives of these people have been emptied of any sense.

DOCTOR: There are no more "people," only the "power of work." We do not say "annual leave" but "a period for recovering the power of work."

BONIFACIO: Like engines that must be repaired. Your people are like the dead, psychologically: without passion, no sense of success.

DOCTOR: They are permeable to our theory only, completely parallel to others. No longer are we in the Medieval Age, supporting nominalist thinking.

BONIFACIO: Nor a forced "generalism" like the primitive commune!

DOCTOR: They are not allowed to understand the world. That would do them harm. We have no more confrontations for ideas, instincts of self-evidence. In our society, nobody asks questions. There are no charges, the patients do not meet together and, above all, they do not get bored.

BONIFACIO: Individuals without any symbolism, not materialized and very materialized, kept in a

state of intoxication and spiritual deadly sleep; all an anonymous people.

DOCTOR: And because we have no infringement of law, we may consider that there are no laws. The streets have names nor the districts. Time is not measured, no time tables, programs and certainly no spectacular events.

BONIFACIO: There are only non-events.

DOCTOR: The events follow each other with the utmost exactness, a chaos in time. The people go in full consciousness to their deaths, with a smile on their faces. They can neither gain nor lose a dispute.

BONIFACIO: And this is the pure race, the New Man, from your propaganda. You're using the science of luring with such efficiency! You've perverted their identities, captivated their benevolence to receive your fanatical idealism. You've raised an irrational, artificial fear into their souls...a phobophobia. You've declared yourselves spiritual mentors.

DOCTOR: We are the spectators at a War of the Consciences, Bonifacio.

BONIFACIO: A War of the Lies, to provoke confusion among people, to intoxicate opponents while taking care to make credible false pieces of information, to keep the situation in a state of imponderability, a semireality. You've committed yourselves to an ideological offensive, to subversiveness, the absurd, the nonsensical. You're obstructing any developments, building walls of incomprehensibility.

DOCTOR: It is more important to have a broadcasting radio station than an atomic bomb or an intercontinental missile. It is enough to steal the minds of people, and after that, they will do what you command. Master their intelligence, and you can take advantage of it, submit it to -

BONIFACIO: But the conscience cannot be forced.

DOCTOR: of course not. But our people have no more conscience, so we have nothing to force. Moreover, we have no opponents. Medicine does our work for us, and still the mob cheers for us.

BONIFACIO: These are all forced festivities. You're cheering yourselves. Your literators are dedicating officialese hymnologies, render homage to the power, write circumstantial odes, shouts, yelpings, la-la-la...and are organizing choirs of paid cheerers.

DOCTOR: We teach our patients not to oppose, and they do not protest. There are no more "crises of conscience."

BONIFACIO: Oh! Poor people! If you can call them people anymore...They're waiting for their ill luck with serenity!

DOCTOR: No, please! Let me contradict you. When everyone catches the same virus, no healthy people remain to compare what with what. It lacks proof, and our people are considered a healthy people.

BONIFACIO: A nice "demonstration," worthy of your philosophism. It reminds me of a magazine published in France in 1876, Le Journal des Abrutis. A magazine for the senile, edited by the Society of the Blockhead, and their creed was (emphasizing) the free and compulsory blockheading of all mankind. They've even sent an official statement to the Senate, a program containing information about the Blockhead Institute. They were saying that "because getting senile, we reach the state of blockheadedness, we want to take advantage of this stupidity, make regulations for transforming it into a dogma that will serve the future. We have teachers, some senile old men that pester us with doctrine and the nonsense of our days. Let us step ahead on this luring, idiotic road. The more enormous the blockheading, the more unknown and inherent a happiness it will provide." And this magazine has been edited for a period of 16 years.

DOCTOR: There will be no time to become a senile or a blockhead. All of them will be alike, two peas -

BONIFACIO: But, if a man, being a "healthy" person, lives in a standardized community, he represents a risk of epidemic for all those who share the same structural state of mind. A mere flu becomes fatal. It would be better to be individualized, to aid immunity. The pure race you're creating will provide no alternative but itself.

DOCTOR: This is our intention.

BONIFACIO: As I've said, Doctor, there is the danger of epidemic, that they will all grow ill and die, your society falling to ruin. The artificial selection has its limits. There must be a large genetic variety! Some symptomology -

DOCTOR: On the contrary, we are continually testing exactly how to homogenize the genetic dowry of the Man.

BONIFACIO: And I presume that you want to insure your evolution of human species. How do you intend to create men of genius, Doctor, knowing that they are the ones pushing ahead your human society, creating progress. Doesn't it matter to you? Even now, if there are yet analysts, scientific research workers, academicians, they cannot realize themselves because they're crashed under the press of community.

DOCTOR: The general interest of the first plan. Without any discussion. We need no personalities. We do

not embarrass out lives with them. The mass of anonymous persons is the most powerful of personalities. We guide their reality, Bonifacio, corresponding with our ideological theses, a cooperation between the absolute and the relative, the eternity and the ephemeral.

BONIFACIO: The eternal speeches about "purity" and the "superiority" of your society which has promised a Paradise but realized a Hell.

DOCTOR: Any contradictions, antonyms or paradox of any kind will be eliminated. Everything will be perfect. There will be no more isolated phenomena, only general ones. There is only one program, beneficent or maleficient, in the osmoses. It has no importance. One single political target -

BONIFACIO: Oh! This verminous language! A bagatelle...it smears our souls.

DOCTOR: There will be no more questions of man, no expectation or initiatives. The conflict between the individual and society, between existence and transcendency, will have been solved once and for all.. The notion of "pleasure" will disappear, along with "aversion." Hedonism, no more. As it is written in the book! The common existence will replace any trace of paroxysm, affection, romanticism. There will be an eternal classificism.

BONIFACIO: You're talking our heads off with moral lessons better said with super-realisms. And so, we touch the cultural problem, Doctor.

DOCTOR: The culture is a drug with very inconvenient, lethal effects. In fact, Bonifacio, there is no culture, or more clearly, everything is culture. In any case, the notion of "culture" has had a vague denotation...until now.

BONIFACIO: In your world, this notion has suffered no dilution and now is completely ruined. Values have fallen into disgrace, and now they're minimized. Art critics have been paralyzed, an artistic suicide. There's a non-culturalization, a paraculture, an underculture...even an anticulture.

DOCTOR: You are incorrect, of course. We have no culture. We stress only on science and the technical knowledge, on building. Is it any good to compose and play music, to write poems, novels or paint, to carve, when everything is objective? There is no more subjectivity, do you realize that?

BONIFACIO: Probably no imagination, no fantasy nor creation.

DOCTOR: Of course there is. There is a continuous imagination. They write, they think, but only in the unique sense of our policy. We all love only what belongs to us. All trace of xenophylia or cosmopolitanism will vanish. There will be no more philosophers nor non-philosophers, barristers or prosecutors, geologists or cosmonauts. Everyone

can do everything and with the same degree of efficiency. They do think, based on the general schemata and its eternal validity.

BONIFACIO: So you're using dogma and schemata.

DOCTOR: We support ourselves on high ideals, on absolute ideals, in the kantian sense of the word.

BONIFACIO: Some minutes ago, Doctor, you've quite said that there are no more philosophers, yet you remind me now about kant, you speak of absolutism. Explain this.

DOCTOR: Kant is a symbol, Bonifacio, and "kantian" a mere word. We have taken over, from our ancestors, those assertions which give strength to our theory.

BONIFACIO: You've taken over what suits you.

DOCTOR: In the long run, life is guided by strict rules. We plan the leveling of society. School children are not permitted to have access to any knowledge but what is taught in class, no less either. The best children do not distinguish themselves from the laggards. They all have the same rights. Equality.

BONIFACIO: Utopian equalitarianism. And if, by chance, there does appear a slight difference?

DOCTOR: We shall correct it in due time. The guilty person would inflict himself with a penalty: autopenitence. They run away from themselves.

BONIFACIO: And you, the medical staff, you're conferring yourselves the privilege of truthfulness? This singtagma belongs to Michael Foulcault. Arthur Koelstler was right when he wrote of self-blame and oppressed people in a nervous depression, or the poet Emil Hurmuzeanu and victims forced to victimize themselves. Those persons are extorted, self-invented guilt, self-negation, self-denigration...autocrippling -

DOCTOR: First of all, we blame them. We break out in invectives against them, because one's own thinking proves to be heretical and untrue.

BONIFACIO: Even if it's not so? After all, this is the course of things. Antonio Gala's King asked himself, "Where will we get with so much, so much democracy...or what it is...you have to tell always the same thing to people. If you don't, they would get alarmed. So they feel themselves safeguarded. They are asking themselves, 'Who is watching...everything is the same as it was before.' And they go to bed."

DOCTOR: Their thinking is already inhibited by the majority.

BONIFACIO: What you encourage is "captive thinking" - see Czeslav Milosz.

DOCTOR: We strive to change mankind, beginning with inner thought.

BONIFACIO: To bring her through the door of

motionlessness and prostration. A general disorder of the mind.

DOCTOR: Human internal energy masters the behavior of people during their lives. We intend to capture this energy and supply the thermonuclear units or other equipment with it.

BONIFACIO: Man is ruining himself, biologically. A planned ruin as I can see, he dooms himself.

DOCTOR: This is an "ad hoc" sanitarium. One's opinion belongs to anyone else, without the most infinitesimal change. The patients are not allowed to answer questions. It is of no use. Examine carefully, Bonifacio, the anthropogenesis of the new human race!

BONIFACIO: You're running a society of objects against the peoples' interest. Your patients are like Metecs who lived in Antique Athena, stateless persons. You've reduced them to helplessness. Those guilty and innocent are judge alike. A general schizophrenic caused by the terror of History. You've theorized an ideological and technical malice. You've declared yourselves the champions of such a malice. But be aware of the power the powerless have! Man will confront your antiman, what you call the New Man.

DOCTOR: The Total Man.

BONIFACIO: Bloody Hell! You're inflicting trauma on mankind, frightening it. The man lost in the mob is like the mass-man described by Ortega Y Gasset. You're experts in the terrorization of people, in driving them to their knees. The Departments of justice are transformed into tools to repress political opponents. You're maintaining the mob in subordination, intensifying the psychological ideology, and that's what you intend to do with me...your treatment!

DOCTOR: Enough!

BONIFACIO: The charges of guilt become abstract, especially in the politically framed trials or when you choose a scapegoat for all the wrongs done by you as a result of economical, social and military failures, framing penal indictments, arbitrary arrests, postponed trials, interrogation under torture, compromising morally and politically opponents of the regime, perjury, intimidation of the people, open embezzlement or spoiling public property through state establishments.

DOCTOR: That is enough!

BONIFACIO: The political secret police has webs of informers to gather information, verify loyalties, to know the intimate lives of all people, their state and spirit. When the authority need the support of public opinion,

it frames political trials staged to the most insignificant detail, where the accused is so guilty that he is totally innocent! It suits you exactly what Friederich Spee wrote, and I quote -

DOCTOR: Please, no.

BONIFACIO: No, no, listen to me! "If the accused has an immoral life, that is a proof of his connection with 'the enemy of society,' but if he was a believer and had an irreproachable life, that means that he simulates, using his pioussness to prevent suspicion. If when he is interrogated, he shows fear, it is clear that he is guilty, but if he is convinced of innocence and remains calm, there is no doubt he is guilty, because the judge knows well that the defendant lies with serenity."

DOCTOR: Enough!

BONIFACIO: "If he is defending himself against the charges and justifies himself, this also proves his guilt. if he is horrified and desperate of the monstrosity of accusations, loses his temper and remains silent, this is a direct proof of his crimes. If he finds enough power to resist the dreadful tortures, that means that the enemy has fortified him, and he has to support a more cruel torture. If he does not resist during the torture, and he dies, that means the 'enemy' has given him some drugs with a later effect to kill him, to prevent an eventual confession and the disclosure of secrets."

DOCTOR: Enough! Enough I say! Your ideas are too biting, to caustic! Have a care, Bonifacio! We do not tolerate anything that does not conform with our patterns. We have conformed our views to the thoughts of our predecessors.

BONIFACIO: They're only prostheses for your crippled mind. They're but transplanted thoughts.

DOCTOR: The old concepts became obsolete. For instance: that of "maniheism" - antagonism between contrary terms.

BONIFACIO: Unlucky! The malice has won the fight, an everlasting malice, and so it is irrelevant.

DOCTOR: That is your point of view. For us, it is very profitable. We are annoyed by the influence of the old theories, about world and life. We do not admit but infallible phenomena.

BONIFACIO: They don't exist. You try to confer sacredness to a social system that proved imperfect.

DOCTOR: At least we tend towards the celestial bliss, the paradisiacal bliss.

BONIFACIO: So long!

DOCTOR: Each one is wealthy of the others.

BONIFACIO: And poor of himself.

DOCTOR: Only the truth is spoken.

BONIFACIO: Because you use the name of the truth when you lie.

DOCTOR: The contents of the notions of "national" and the "universal" are melted into one word.

BONIFACIO: (Aside) Imperialist theories. Nothing but mere trifle, a dull mob. A flood of ideological words. (To Doctor) I can see you've committed yourself to the repression and extermination of other theories. All your activities are the stagings of hypocrisy and authoritative rule.

DOCTOR: Your words are too bold. We look only for the dependence of the world on our philosophy and sociology. As in the Army, you know nothing; I teach you. You can do nothing; I help you. You have no desire to do things; then, bloody hell, I will force you to do it!

BONIFACIO: Sure! Your supercapability, a destructive intelligence. I wish, with all my heart, that your goals are never realized.

DOCTOR: We know everything, are centralizing all powers and all ideas.

BONIFACIO: I quote, "Those who pretend that they know everything and that they can do anything end by killing L' homme revolte" - by Camus. Those who pretend to know everything...know nothing.

DOCTOR: As proof that we do not resort to ideological reprisal, as you were saying, I do confess that we have abolished censorship.

BONIFACIO: That I do not believe!

DOCTOR: Because there is now self-censorship, and it acts with impeccable efficiency. In time, we shall abolish even the self-censorship. The people will soon have nothing to censor.

BONIFACIO: People changed into statistics.

DOCTOR: After achieving the ideal in life!

BONIFACIO: They have no one to live for -

DOCTOR: They are, body and soul, dedicated to the collective -

BONIFACIO: A subjugating love! So the selection of the New Man has already been done...on negative criteria. I know, to have no ambitions, to have not even a spark of intelligence, no personal opinion, restrained from popularity, docile, under an irrational fear...no political aspirations but, at the same time, must not manifest himself as an apolitical person.

DOCTOR: Their pain is a motive for joy. It has taken a long time to suit science with our new ideology.

BONIFACIO: Wasn't it the other way around?

DOCTOR: Daily existence is a monotonous one, in the good sense of the word. All days are alike. The menu is always the same. All things are common ones.

BONIFACIO: Abnormally common.

DOCTOR: There are no masters.

BONIFACIO: But there are plenty of subordinates.

DOCTOR: Words like "leadership" or "organize" have lost their meaning. No one leads, and no one organizes.

BONIFACIO: They've no one to give orders to. The fear, the anguish and belief are a means of domination. But isn't there anyone to lead at the level of nomenclature?

DOCTOR: That problem has a different character at this level. But, as a matter of fact, here is the same situation. The Doctors take turns at leadership, though the word is improperly used. It must be considered "in lato sensu."

BONIFACIO: (Aside) A totalitarian anarchy. (To Doctor) But you (points to some in the waiting room), the New Men, are crippled and deformed. Are you entitled to rule the world?

DOCTOR: You are wrong, Bonifacio. You see us like that, but we are the future.

BONIFACIO: People with crippled bodies have crippled souls as well.

DOCTOR: That is not true! You are different, you are the i-n-v-a-l-i-d. When we, the crippled, multiply ourselves into the majority of the world, then you, the so-called normal, will be put into sanitariums to make you healthy. (Some in the waiting room laugh wickedly, revealing long teeth)

BONIFACIO: They're mentally ill, (points to the others) out of their minds! They're not sound...

DOCTOR: Again, you are wrong, Bonifacio. It is in your imagination only. Conform to our standards. We are exactly as we have to be. Here, the notion of "mad man" is not used. You are mad because you do not share our behavior.

BONIFACIO: You're ill...of a complex...of superiority. But you, the New Men, are blind, dead and dumb...look!

DOCTOR: No, that is how you consider us. Those senses are useless, atrophied. Words for such notions will vanish from our vocabulary. There is no more taste, or more precisely, there is only one taste...the collective taste. We stress a Total Toil.

BONIFACIO: To say nothing about payment for work that's done. In older days, you worked all day and got nothing. Now you work day and night, even on holidays, all for the same nothing.

DOCTOR: The people have no need for language. They understand each other through signing. Our statements are received extra-sensorily, through telepathy.

BONIFACIO: You communicate through sloganism a so-called standard language, a "wooden language." You use a mathematic language, the integrals.

DOCTOR: Everything is cybernetically programmed: ideas, feelings, intimacy of the soul, natural phenomena, the calls to my Sanitarium for patients like you.

All these have life only in the patient's mind.

BONIFACIO: You use rationale to support an irrational struggle.

DOCTOR: We do not tolerate other socio-political philosophical system. Our demonstrations are organized by the same pattern.

BONIFACIO: It's my impression that the people aren't quite mute. They're merely forbidden to speak, to prevent them from complaining, releasing hidden pain...they're not quite blind or deaf. It's only forbidden to see or hear, so nonconformist ideas cannot reach them. You undermine their reason.

DOCTOR: Precautions have been taken, and they have been vaccinated against...foreign microbes.

BONIFACIO: In the old days, people were animated with good will.

DOCTOR: (Laughing) Only when it was supposed to have no will. We design them to be full of good will.

BONIFACIO: I'm sure, a good will in the negative sense!

DOCTOR: Now they are under an intensive, ideological treatment. They are quite exhausted.

BONIFACIO: You speak of the New Man, Doctor, but it's an anti-man and your society an antithesis, something resembling "The City of the Sun: created by Goetz, hero of the play "The Devil and the Good Lord" - by Sartre. The people don't know or understand themselves. They don't love each other. They're...cucumbers. If you morally kill these people, for who do you build this society? For stones? And what does it represent, a camp to put the spirit on trial? A guillotine for ideals? Sterile reasoning. This is a trial on the world's lack of knowledge. A renaissance of decadence. What a pity! A dying world in plain life.

DOCTOR: The notion of "I" will no longer exist, will be transformed into 'we.' The possessive pronoun will be abolished: nothing will belong to anyone as nobody possesses anything. Social individuals cannot and must not be original, or intelligent, or interested..or different from the others. Why should one lose time demonstrating in the streets? No, we encourage forgetfulness of the self...courage is discouraged.

BONIFACIO: Putting to sleep the spirit, Doctor. Ideas are monitored and translated as a psychological murder, a manipulation of the soul. This represents omnipotence in the New Man, but he's mere plasticine in the hands of an irrational authority satisfying its own thirst for power and domination. It's a "discreet" terrorism as the novelist Dan Petrescu write, a pain without torture and a paranoid delirium.

DOCTOR: Each person keeps a vigilant eye over the other.

In this way, they supervise each other, spy on one another. They treat themselves rudely.

BONIFACIO: The ontological apprehension determines a visceral paralysis necessary to this society, chaos flowering into a metalled order. The citizens, always stressed, flow in the streets with no time for egocentricity. Excessive organization leads intrinsically to disorganization, because "one cannot raise mountains without digging abysses," as Teilhard de Chardin said.

DOCTOR: Our people have built a History through suffering.

BONIFACIO: But they'll lose it to political uniformity, to monotony. (Pause) The notion of "people" is an abstract, though it looks concrete, just as the false notion of "representative" truly means "abuse of power." The people hear the unbearable presented as submission and have no ideals nor think analytically. Value has been standardized, with no differences at all. Totalitarianism takes the shape of nihilism, reciprocally, as a super ideologized ideology.

DOCTOR: The manicheist doctrine has no meaning for us, Bonifacio. We strive to create a system of "machine man."

BONIFACIO: As Rosa Luxemburg said, "Let me doubt it and let me think otherwise." No thesis has a value of itself for ever; nothing is without doubt. To think is to have the courage to be the minority. Instead of creating the New Man, you were better to create "Men - Men."

DOCTOR: We establish a balance between logic and illogic, a belief in the impossible - even if it seems to sound risky to you. If, for instance, a competition takes place and no one wins, every competitor wins the same number of points, reaches exactly at the same moment the finish line. There is a collective individualism.

BONIFACIO: Then, for what reason are they organized?

DOCTOR: We have to verify, from time to time, the level of ideologization and the politization of our patients for any troublesome effects. Imagine all soccer matches with tied scores, all points gained in the same moment. No shock, no suspense.

BONIFACIO: So you've eliminated the plot, the features of each character, the run of events; there's no more denouement.

DOCTOR: Bravo! (Bonifacio limps even more)

BONIFACIO: These are only logical suppositions -

DOCTOR: No, logic has nothing to do with it.

BONIFACIO: Oh, yes! It's the logic of the illogical.

DOCTOR: I have already explained that everything, to the last detail, has been planned. We can no longer discuss someone engaged in philosophical conversation, of current political opinion, cultural or scientific, in one direction or

another, because the mere archetypes of such notions no longer have content. No one is cultured or uncultured, neither fair-haired or brown-haired -

BONIFACIO: Neither...nor...

DOCTOR: It is useless to speak of bravery or talent -

BONIFACIO: Now, I know of substituting notions. Artists are discouraged, innovators too. Consumption is diminished to keep from 'engendering' society. It'd be better for you to cleanse your philosophy of policy and ideology, so, as Claude Brouiere has said, "The spirit is incommensurable."

DOCTOR: A twin people, neither metaphysics nor dialectics. The people do not cheat, but neither are they honest.

BONIFACIO: (Aside) A vulgar sociologism. These a metahistorical questions!

DOCTOR: You have to know how to draw nearer the varieties. We have leveled the valuables.

BONIFACIO: On the contrary, you are leveling them. Bad is taken as good. No one trusts anymore -

DOCTOR: And no one has any secrets hidden from others.

BONIFACIO: From your arguments, Doctor, warm and cold are alike, hero and coward, mortal and immortal; all are the same thing. (Begins limping again) So is it established in your institutional structures.

DOCTOR: Remember! There is no structure -

BONIFACIO: Unbelievable, Doctor! A society without structure! An entity without parts!

DOCTOR: Time has stopped. There is only an endless present. The past has been forgotten. The will be no future. I have made that clear to you until now.

BONIFACIO: In other words, a general amnesia...a state of spiritlessness ...political blindness...or "terrorism against the democracy," as exactly Francois Revel has thought. An ideological terrorism! After the sacrifices and the millenary struggles of our ancestors, we've at last reached misery and injustice, a moral genocide -

DOCTOR: No, friend, it is their own desire, a self-genocide, to use a neologism.

BONIFACIO: And in conclusion, you live from the three principles of time, space and motion.

DOCTOR: Not true. The people have stopped living. They are tired, only appear to be living.

BONIFACIO: Your concepts are so unclear to me, Doctor. I think all these ideologies, not only yours, are in their twilight, as Ferenados Gonzales Delamora asserted. The ideology is a mere trifle of a mental issue, a pseudo-idea, a failed political philosophy. It would be wiser to build an ideology without ideological theses, or a theory of

antitheories. Let us try to save what cannot be saved anymore.

DOCTOR: But, Bonifacio, you will see how quickly you convert to our ideology. I have a diagnosis for you now.

(The Assistant writes in his register)

BONIFACIO: What sort of diagnosis? I am not sick. I feel no pain. I feel well.

DOCTOR: And because you are healthy now, we shall put you in the Sanitarium. Everyone there is under medical treatment. Just as in the social state of justice, you are never entirely guilty nor innocent. Be aware of extremes, Bonifacio! Always seek between. Watch for the gray.

BONIFACIO: I have a feeling that you are the one now using extremes -

DOCTOR: Assistant! Is he recorded in the register?

ASSISTANT: Yes, sir.

DOCTOR: Let me sign it.

(Assistant draws near with register and pen)

BONIFACIO: Doctor, please, do not approve this! Do not put me in this Sanitarium!

DOCTOR: (Signing) Yes, yes...

(Assistant returns to his place and prepares his medical instruments)

BONIFACIO: Doctor! Gheghe!

DOCTOR: Yes, yes...

BONIFACIO: (To Assistant) It seems to me you have changed your mind!

DOCTOR: This is the only solution, Bonifacio. I have tried the impossible with you. You have raised more than enough problems for us. What would happen if all our patients shared your behavior?

BONIFACIO: (Shivering) Why do you force me to bear this treatment?

ASSISTANT: (Moving close with syringe) The collective wants it. The collective sent you here. You annoyed them. (Bonifacio stiffens as the needle enters his arm)

BONIFACIO: Only a small part...(Screams and struggles)

ASSISTANT: Only a little more...a little (Forces all the serum into his arm)

DOCTOR: He must go through the Phases.

ASSISTANT: Yes, sir.

DOCTOR: From now on, Bonifacio, your name shall be Gheghe.

BONIFACIO: (Laughing) Why?

DOCTOR: (To Assistant) Are you sure the serum was properly mixed?

ASSISTANT: 75%, sir. It may take longer to take effect.

DOCTOR: Dear, Bonifacio, your name is Gheghe. Do you understand?

BONIFACIO: (Sleepily) Yes...I understand...

DOCTOR: Put him in Ward One. (Supported by the Assistant, Bonifacio is lead to Door One. The Assistant opens the door) Wait a moment! We have been impolite! Let us wish our new Gheghe welcome into our Sanitarium!

ASSISTANT: Welcome, Gheghe!
BONIFACIO: Well...come...
DOCTOR: Soon, Bonifacio the opponent shall become a supporter, one of our believers.
ASSISTANT: We hope so, sir.
DOCTOR: Not "we hope," Assistant. It is assured. Go hoist the flag!
ASSISTANT: (Hoisting a black flag with an indecipherable white insignia) Shall I put on the national anthem?
DOCTOR: Of course! (The Assistant arranges a disk on the player. Sounds of The Funeral March, by Chopin, fill the stage) Ha! Gheghe, how do you like our anthem?
BONIFACIO: Yah! It...(Bewildered) sounds joyful...and stimulating.
DOCTOR: I am glad.

THE CURTAIN

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SCENE II

[Written on a board is: Ward 1.

The walls are inclined, uneven and painted in shades of black. Even the floor is uneven. The stage is split by a wall that does not reach the back, so people may pass freely from one side to the other. The right side of the stage is a gym for the daily dozen, the left the bedroom.

There are pictures on the walls representing disfigured portraits and slogans with disfigured faces. Broken hospital beds, painted black like the Assistant's desk and the rest of the furniture, are uniformly lined. The characters make ugly grimaces. Physically and morally, they are the bad people, horrifying things that try to transform into something other than what they are. All are lame: A and A' support themselves with crutches; the One-Armed Man is, of course, without a hand; Mute has only one leg but moves with a crutch like a kangaroo. Bonifacio enters physically normal but will leave with a terrible limp. He wears striped overalls from the hospital.]

A: (Pleased) I killed Gheghe. I stabbed a fork into him like an olive.

One: Which Gheghe?

A and Ap: Ghe-ghe.

One: (To A') Were you there? (To A) I regret that I could not being there to enjoy the deed. Did he receive any medical care?

A and Ap: Of course he did. He died from it.

A: (Laughing) I've prepared a bloody broth from it and invited our roommates to taste.

Ap: I've prepared a bloody broth from it and invited our

roommates to taste.

One: I would have liked to eat his soul. Could I have a bit of it?

A: We have put salt on his ribs so they shall keep for the winter, to have and swallow then.

Ap: We have put salt on his ribs so they shall keep for the winter, to have and swallow then.

One: You've proved a deep, humanitarian feeling. The Doctor may reward you.

Mute: (Clapping) Pro...pra...pri...

One: (To Mute) So, so, you're right. (To others) What does he say?

A: He says he cut off the dead man's ears and nose, that he likes eating cartilage. You do not understand the deaf and dumb?

Ap: He says he cut off the dead man's ears and nose, that he likes eating cartilage. You do not understand the deaf and dumb?

One: (To A') And, maybe, by chance, you know. (A' looks to A; both nod) (To A) There's only one more week 'til they send me from my job to the sanitarium. They transferred me here from Ward Zero. I've only just been given my first shot of serum.

A and Ap: We will teach you.

One: It would be better if you two didn't speak at the same time. It'd be better to speak one at a time.

Mute: (Gesturing) Cro...pri...di...hi...ri...

One: (Confused) Why, thank you!

A: A' will teach you.

Ap: A will teach you.

One: (To A and A') Thank you, thank you.

Mute: Ci...pi...ri...Pi...Ci...pi...ri...pi...
(One is bewildered)

A: He said he will give you a lesson in deaf and dumb himself.

Ap: He said he will give you a lesson in deaf and dumb himself.

A: Mute was not born deaf and dumb but has learned to be. He was helped by the assistants. The life has changed him. He came to this sanitarium three years ago and has learned how not to do many things. The Doctor is preparing him for the final Phase, to prepare him for society.

Ap: Mute was not born dead and dumb but -

One: Enough, enough! I'll learn everything by heart. Memory comes before intelligence. (To A) But you, which Ward are you from?

A: I am from Ward One.

Ap: I am from Ward Two.

One: Look. (To A') You're mistaken.

A: No, no. He is right.

Ap: He is...I...am right.

One: And why were you brought to this Ward?

A and Ap: We are the delegates who receive new patients.

Mute: (Nodding) Aha...aaa...ha...aaa...

One: (Surprised) You said he was deaf.

A: Here, the deaf hear only what is necessary. For the rest, hearing is forbidden.

Ap: Here, the deaf hear -

One: You repeat words like a parrot. Haven't you a mind to think for yourself?

A: He is my deputy in our hierarchy.

Ap: He is my superior in our hierarchy.

One: You'll intoxicate me with your twin phrases.

Mute: (Stomping) Hri...dru...nru...

Ap: Repetition is the mother of learning, or so the Latins said.

One: A little late! (To A) And which program for spiritual education have you prescribed?

A: (Laughing) The program has already begun. We have reached the second part for today.

Ap: (Laughing) The program has already begun. We have reached the...

A: (Whispering) The second part of it...

Ap: ...Second part of it for today.

One: (Pointing to A') This idiot is annoying me. He's like a broken disk...a monkey!

A: Everyone protests the same in the beginning, but in time, they grow used to it.

Mute: Cri...pi...hri...Spri...tri...

One: To hell with him. Shut up!

A: It is not possible. He is doing his job. Otherwise, he would be dismissed.

Ap: It is not possible. He is doing his job. Otherwise...I should be dismissed. I am doing my job.

A: Mute also protested once, but it was in vain. He spoke proudly of himself, philosophically. We have cured him once and for all. Look at him now, how happy he is, without pain and carefree. This is a school of happiness, a happiness we wish to teach the world. But first, we must lure the experts and scholars to our side.

Ap: Mute also protested once, but it was in vain. He spoke proudly of himself, philosophically. We have cured him forever...

One: Enough, I know the speech. (Imitates and points to Mute) Look at him, how happy he is, without pain and carefree. But weren't we born to suffer pains? Isn't it better to be aware? Isn't that our proof, that we're aware of the future? We wish to teach the world, but first...How! Have you muted him here? You rascals!

Mute: Mi...pi...hri...pi...

A: (With admiration) He is as innocent as a child. But you, One-Armed Man, you are progressing, and that is no joke. I need no more A's!
(One begins to limp very badly)

Ap: But you, One-Armed Man, you are progressing, and that is no joke. I need no more...A's...no more...
(Enter Bonifacio)

BONIFACIO: Good...day...sir...
(The four burst into a sinister laughter, then suddenly stop)

A: He said, "Good day." Look at him! he does not know
there is neither day nor night anymore.

Ap: There is neither day nor night anymore...

One: What an addled brain!

BONIFACIO: Good...da...hi...Long liv... (Bewildered)
I...Please...forgive me...

A: Look at him!

Ap: Look at him!
(A laughs loudly and stops. A' stops momentarily)

Mute: Cro...po...pri...Cra...po...pri...
(Bonifacio makes steps to leave)

A: What a frightful figure!

Ap: What a frightful figure!

One: (Points towards Bonifacio's feet) He isn't at all
normal.

BONIFACIO: On the contrary...maybe you're the abnormals!
(They all laugh and stop suddenly once more)

A and Ap: Did you hear what he said?

Mute: Sri...mi...go...sri...ni...go...

One: I think he's out of his mind.

BONIFACIO: No...you are!
(Again they laugh, then cease at a signal
from A)

A and Ap: Did you see?

One: Let's pay him no mind.
(Mute touches Bonifacio's feet)

Mute: Na...ne...ne...no...nu...na...ni...
Na...ne...ni...no...nu...na...ni...

A: This blockhead will laugh at us later!

Ap: This blockhead will laugh at us later!

A: You ugly man!

Ap: You ugly man!

Mute: Nu...uuu...u...

One: You ugly man.

BONIFACIO: You...handsomes! (Laughs)

A and Ap: We are the delegation that receives new
patients.

BONIFACIO: I'm no...any kind of...of...patient!

One: What a smiling creature he is. And a cripple, too!

A: And a cripple!

Ap: And a cripple!

BONIFACIO: Who, me?!

All: In any case, we are not!

Mute: Be...si...ho...Bo...ri...he...
(The four slap their hands and feet. Bonifacio,
frightened, goes to a corner)

One: What a plight he's in!

A: You maimed man!

Ap: You maimed man!

Mute: Mi...uuu...mi...

BONIFACIO: Me...Why do you care about me?

A: You, why do you care about us?

Ap: You, why do you care about us?

One: He's a cripple...and hideous!

BONIFACIO: I am not at all a cripple. I can walk...I can
walk faster than any of you.

A and Ap: He is not well. Poor fellow! We must cure

him.

BONIFACIO: You're the cripples!

One: Do you see anyone like you here? Look around!

A: So, that means you are maimed. You are the cripple.

Ap: Therefore, you are the cripple. That is to say, you are not like the others. Remember that!

BONIFACIO: Okay, you are right...as you say. But leave me alone. Leave me as I am.

A and Ap: Leave him as he is! That is not possible, comrade. We must cure you.

One: He tried to trick us.
(Mute produces a large hammer)

Mute: Ci...o...ci...an...Ci...o...Ci...an...

BONIFACIO: Oh, no! No...No!

One: (To Mute) Thank you for the tool.

Mute: Ha...mmm...er...ha...mmm...er...

A: You will be grateful to us forever!

Ap: You will be grateful to us forever!

BONIFACIO: Oh! No! (Points to the hammer) That's Okay.
(One strikes Bonifacio's knee with the hammer and cripples him. BONIFACIO is now like the other patients)

Bonifacio: (Screaming and in pain) You're scoundrels!
(Tries to fight back)

One: Take it easy, take it easy! We're trying to make a man out of you, to change you into the Man of tomorrow, for our society.

A and Ap: And so the New Man has been hardened.

One: Instead of being grateful to us, you raise your hands against your teachers!

Mute: Ci...o...ci...o...ci...san...

A: Happiness comes after rough pain!

Ap: Happiness comes after rough pain!
(Bonifacio, crying, begins to limp very badly)

All: Bravo!

Mute: (Clapping) Mi...ar...ar...Be...ar...ar...

A: Now you are like the others.

BONIFACIO: So! Crippled?

Ap: As a cripple, you are like the others.

A: All of them are twisted, and none. Or the inverse. Maybe!

BONIFACIO: Quotations from the Doctor's thinking...

A: Now he is a different man!

Ap: Now he is a different man!

BONIFACIO: (Aside) Oh! They've squashed me. My head is buzzing...

One: Stroke his knee. Drive the pain into his head!

A and Ap: he has lost consciousness.

A: He has...

Ap: He has...

A: ...lost...

Ap: ...lost...

A: ...his conscience!

Ap: ...his conscience!

One: Hey, you! No more will you quote from Besoncon, from Kessler. (Laughs) From X or from Y!

BONIFACIO: My head is buzzing!

One: Have you forgotten them all? (Laughs) Philosophy? Ideology? Science? Politics? (Speaks without laughing) Ha, ha, ha.

Mute: (Near Bonifacio's head) Zz...zz...zz...

One: I don't think he knows his own name anymore.

BONIFACIO: Oh, my name is...oh...my head!

One: What did I tell you?

A and Ap: Think well. You know everything exactly as it is written in the book. From now on, you can complete some tasks.

Mute: Ci...ci...cii...Co...Co...

BONIFACIO: My name is Bonifacio!

A: You are wrong, old man!

Ap: You are wrong, old man!

One: Tell it to the mute!

BONIFACIO: I'm not wrong!

A and Ap: He is making fools of us!

One: You're trying to trick us!

A: Here all patients have the same name.

Ap: (Echoes) ...the same name!

One: This name, Bonifacio...it doesn't sound familiar to me.

BONIFACIO: Bonifacio. Now, does it sound familiar?

A: Shut up! Shut your mouth!

Ap: ...your mouth!

One: It's forbidden to become famous here.

A: Did you not hear?

Ap: You will hear no more!

A: Do you not see?

Ap: You will see no more!

A: Do you not feel?

Ap: You will have no more soul!

A: Do you not think?

Ap: You will think no more!

A: Do you not see the truth?

Ap: You will never see the truth again.

Mute: Gr...gr...gr...Gs...gr...

A: Mind, your name is Gheghe! Did you forget the Doctor's advice?

Ap: Gheghe!

One: Ghe-ghe. To hell with Bonifacio. Come on! What do you expect?

BONIFACIO: How?

One: See here! Say "Bonifacio, to hell with you!"

BONIFACIO: Bonifacio? Okay..."Bonifacio, (pushes aside One) to hell with you!"

Mute: Gr...gr...Sr...gr...gr...

All: Ghe-ghe! Ghe-ghe!

(Bonifacio covers his face with his hands)

One: Mind your thoughts!

BONIFACIO: Okay, but when you wish to ask someone to come to you, how do you call him?

All: Ghe-ghe! Ghe-ghe!

Bonifacio: And how do you know that another patient will not come?

One: That doesn't happen! The one who's called recognizes his own name by tone of voice. The

tone makes music. After all, it's of no importance which one comes. It's all the same.

BONIFACIO: How so?

One: Because they're all equals, all made men, up to our standards. One can do just as well as another...in anything.

BONIFACIO: You've made that very clear.

A: No more explanations. They are forbidden in the sanitarium. (To Bonifacio) Now, what is your name?

Ap: What is your name?

BONIFACIO: I've the same name. Bonifacio.

A: Are you out of your mind?

Ap: ...your mind?

One: Unfortunately, I don't think so. (Strikes Bonifacio's head with the hammer. Bonifacio falls and cries into his hands)

A: Now, once again, what is your name?

BONIFACIO: Bo...(One raises his hammer)...Ghe...

Mute: Gr...gr...Gr...gr...

Ap: What is your name?

BONIFACIO: Ghe...Gheghe.

One: Now, it's all right. But it's taken you a lot of time to grow wise.

[Enter Assistant with medicines. The patients form a line. Bonifacio pauses but gets in line, too. The Assistant calls roll, all the same names but with different intonations.]

ASSISTANT: Gheghe!

A: Yes, sir!

ASSISTANT: (Gives medicine to A) Take two pills before each meal. (To others) Gheghe!

Ap: Yes, sir!

ASSISTANT: (Gives medicine to A') Also two pills before meals. (To others) Gheghe!

Mute: Pi...pi...pi...

ASSISTANT: (To Mute) To the ultraviolet rays.

Mute: (Hopping on one foot) Di...di...di...

ASSISTANT: Gheghe!

One: Yes, sir!

ASSISTANT: Your test was negative. You may aid in the treatment. (To the others) Gheghe! (A strained moment as Bonifacio looks around him) Gheghe! (The others nudge Bonifacio) Gheghe!

BONIFACIO: Ye...yes, sir!

A: He is the new patient.

Ap: ...new patient.

ASSISTANT: Pay attention! Next time, you must be more attentive. You must respect Sanitarium discipline.

BONIFACIO: (Shouting) Yes, sir!

ASSISTANT: Prepare yourself for testing. Have you taken the spiritual anesthetic? (Bonifacio looks confused) It is administered by needle into the spine.

BONIFACIO: The...no...no, I haven't...

ASSISTANT: Lie down on that bed, face down.
(Bonifacio hesitates. The others force him down)
BONIFACIO: I'm...I'm not...no...There's no virus! No microbes!

[The Assistant produces a long needle and injects it into Bonifacio's spine. Bonifacio screams and jumps up from the bed when released.]

ASSISTANT: And now for the gymnastics. (The patients form a line and walk to the gymnasium section of the Ward) Long jumps! Begin! (The cripples jump about in grotesque movements, some with crutches) Short jumps! Whoever jumps the shortest shall be winner, the champion. We appreciate jumps for their shortness. (A and A' fall over each other in the sand pit) Bravo! Take these two for example. (A and A' nod, waving their crutches in approval) Here in the Sanitarium, we do not encourage jumping, be it quantitative or qualitative. Only jumps in one place are permitted...pay attention, Gheghe!

Mute: Di...di...di...

ASSISTANT: Not bad, Gheghe. More practice would do you well. More exercise!

One: I strive as well, Mister Assistant.

Assistant: That is bad, Gheghe!

BONIFACIO: I...beg your pardon...

ASSISTANT: As punishment, do it again! (Bonifacio runs, stumbles and falls) Excellent! Why di you not do that the first time? Maybe you could break one of your hands...or the other foot.

BONIFACIO: I'm trying, Mister Assistant, with all my soul.

ASSISTANT: I see. A little too late. (The patients form a line again) Now, gymnastics on the floor. (A and A' do pirouettes with their crutches and dance to gruesome music) Satisfactory. Who is to practice on the horse or bars? (Pause) Gheghe and Gheghe! (One and Mute do very common exercise, falling from time to time) Nicely done, Gheghe. (To Mute) You too. (One and Mute bow. Bonifacio attempts to climb a rope) You are a patient-problem for us. The New Man we create is supposed to lack a climbing desire. The shorter your climb up, the more learned you show yourself to be. (Bonifacio climbs down then tries again) Good. We encourage climbing down, because it helps the growth of harmonious and healthy human bodies. Athletes inure themselves that way, grow accustomed to the hardships of life. (Bonifacio fails again and again but continues to try climbing) Everyone is destined to fall from a higher and higher

place, with increasing frequency. The climb is of no use, is only an illusion. (Bonifacio has climbed half way. The Assistant threatens with his finger) Look at him! Shame on you! (To One) Help him not to climb. Gheghe, help Gheghe fall sooner. (One releases the rope from its hold. Bonifacio crashes to the floor) A humorous fall! Both of you deserve to be mentioned in the daily report. Form line! (The patients get into line behind the Assistant) Now, prepare for the psychological exercises. Forward! To the sleeping room!

[In the sleeping room, the patients sit on their beds and put on earphones. The Assistant places a disk, on which the Doctor's voice is recorded, onto the player and puts his earphones on the desk for the audience to hear.]

PLAYER: Medical Advice: The New Man. The New Man, produced in large numbers and properly packaged in suitable wrappers that ensure good preservation (Bonifacio smiles). It is advised that all who have medical prescriptions should have this delivered to them. Request it at your local drug stores. (The Assistant consents with his finger) The New Man is a phial consisting of 10% watery solution and .1 g/ml calciubromide. It should be taken three times per day for one week.

BONIFACIO: The time! He said that time must be stopped, that time might no be measured anymore.

PLAYER: ...or capsules consisting of 0.3 gr bromizovalerianburee. (Bonifacio laughs to himself) ...or dragess, 0.05 g; forte, 0.005 g; mitehydrochloric acid of metilpirperidiletimetiltiofenotiazine. (The patients grimace and make faces of wonder) Therapeutical influence: a central tranquilizer, slightly hypnotic and anticonvulsive, antisensitive, antitoxic. It equilibrates the cortical processes of excitation and inhalation...

[The Assistant stops preparing syringes and boxes of medicine to put on his earphones. After a period of silence, he puts them back on the desk.]

PLAYER: Analgesic, antithemic, antifester and antiseptic actions. The analgesic influence is comparable to the influence of amniophenafona, and it obstructs the transmission of pain impulses at the subcortical level.

BONIFACIO: Ah! He tries to fool the senses...hoax you...no cure at all...

A: Silence!

Ap: Silence!

ASSISTANT: Does anyone have objections? (Lowers the volume on the player)

One: Oh, no! I was just saying that -

A and Ap: We fully agree with what was said.
BONIFACIO: I don't agree -
Mute: Di...di...di...
ASSISTANT: Since you agree so fervently, let us hear it again. (Adjusts the needle on the player and turns up the volume)
Player: ...of the brain. Indications: The New Man is to be taken during nervous hyperactive states and intellectual stress; sleeplessness, indispositions due to an excess of alcohol, tobacco or coffee; epilepsy, spasmophily. Also, during acute maniacal restlessness, senile tremors, delirium, parkinsons, any kind of meningocephotic syndromes and is useful as pre-narcotic medication and intoxication, with inhalations of colinsterozin or organophosphorous compounds.
The New man is taken in large doses, by pill or phials of .025g, in cases of severe depressive states of mind, psychometrical states of restlessness and excitability (During the speech, One stretches himself indecently on the bed), states of confusion, schizophrenia, hallucinations, exo- and endogenic psychosis, neurotic manifestations. The New Man cures during sleep (A and A' doze off) and increases the potency of narcotic and sedative post-operative medication; used also for pre-medication of narcosis, obstretical analgesic states, zosteriene, neoplazic and thrigeminalic algias, etc.
Injections (Bonifacio is startled) are indicated in the special treatment of acute states of psychosis and psychoneurosis, when it is impossible to administer directly to the bones. The small dose pills of .002g are suggested for: Psychological states of hyperactivity or semantical diseases, states of anxiety which coexist with infectious diseases, light depressive states, cenestopatia or hypochondirc reactions; Psychotic tendencies with anxious preoccupations (A and A' have fallen sleep), phobia and excessive tiredness, psychological lability, cutaneous allergies, difficulties in concentration, disturbance of behavior (Mute yawns loudly like a dog);
General indications and dosage administration: We recommend a strict individualization of the New Man posology, beginning with small doses, exploringly, and then to useful doses depending on the historical and geo-political conditions existing in each sanitarium.
It may appear as a manifestation of the young (Assistant points to Bonifacio) as a phenomena of reinfectiousness which requires repetition of treatment. It is compulsory to draw patients' attention to the fact it stains red their excrement and clothes. In order to increase the

pace of affects in the process of creating a New Man, it is advisable from the start to administer large doses.

In this respect, the most adequate are phials of .06 grams. In the majority of cases, this has proven enough of a dose, .12 to .18 grams or two to three phials, obtaining a thinning of angina crises. For neurotic disturbances, it is advisable to use two phials of .12g each until gotten rid of.

BONIFACIO: (Laughing) Gotten rid of what? Of the capsules or the disturbance?

ASSISTANT: (Hesitant) Both, the capsules and the disturbances. It does not matter.

BONIFACIO: What a huge flat-cake of a speech!

Player: ...The amelioration may be maintained with smaller doses. Trouble or side effects:
Generally, the New Man is well tolerated. (Mute cries) There have been recorded some rare cases of local allergic reactions, cutaneous rushes and general cases or anaphylactic shocks.
(Bonifacio roars with laughter while Mute continues to cry)

One: Psst! You! Do not quarrel!

Player: If someone is suspected of hypersensitivity or allergic to alphachineotripsine, it is advisable to test further with nitradermic (Bonifacio becomes serious) injection of 1/10 the dose normally administered. Following shots should be observed for a local reaction.

[The patients are snoring in solemn rhythm, some whiffing like drums and others groaning like bugles, for a long period of time.]

...the allergic reaction may be prevented with a previous administration of antihistamines. The treatment of shocks should be done with intravenous injection of Oxygen adrenaline and a corticosteroids. A sensation of nausea may occur in some cases (Bonifacio begins to vomit), followed by spillage. Sometimes there appears a state of drowsiness, due to rapid increase of dosage...

ASSISTANT: (To patients) Yes...yes...

(The patients approve with louder snoring)

Player: ...in accordance with the intensity of adverse reactions or in case the treatment is stopped during the process of creating a New Man.

ASSISTANT: (Applauds) Yes! Excellent advice!

(The patients wake up frightened, then applaud too)

Player: Standardization: N.1. 844-69+FR VIII. As for the conditions of keeping him closed, my esteemed audience, the New Man may be stored in a barren, closed cool place, kept away from light, warmth and, of course, of foreign influences.

[The disk ends. The Assistant stop the player, and the patients take off their earphones.]

ASSISTANT: How did you like the lesson?

A: (Rubbing his eyes) A profound thinking.

A_p: (Rubbing his eyes) A profound thinking.

BONIFACIO: Rubbish!

One: (Yawning) Sweet...especially the end, when we woke up.

Mute: Psr...pres...(sighs)

ASSISTANT: (With tenderness) I understand you, Gheghe!

One: (Stretching) An interesting lesson.

A: Very.

A_p: Very.

One: Interesting.

BONIFACIO: Nonsense! We were all asleep!

ASSISTANT: Oh! Gheghe! Even if you were apparently sleeping, your subconscious was working. You've learned unwillingly.

BONIFACIO: And what did we learn, if you please?

ASSISTANT: There are things you learn to know, Gheghe, and there are things you learn not to know. (Bonifacio smiles) But only be yourself, be manipulated by them. (Bonifacio becomes serious)

One: About the behavior of the New Man, Mister Assistant?

BONIFACIO: About this, I have heard myself the end.

ASSISTANT: (To One) Be more specific, Gheghe!

A and A_p: (Raising their fingers like school children) The creation of...the New Man...

Mute: Si...di...di...

ASSISTANT: Mind yourselves! The Doctor gives you inestimable advice. He gives prescriptions with undoubted results regarding the preparation of patients for becoming New Men.

A: I know!

A_p: I know!

ASSISTANT: And what do you know?

A: A preparation recipe!

A_p: ...A recipe.

ASSISTANT: What kind of recipe?

A and A_p: The preparation of the New Man:

You take the white of an egg, four spoons of castor sugar and lemon juice. The white is stirred well and a clean wooden spoon, though a pestle works better, then the castor sugar is added. Everything is vigorously rubbed until it becomes a suitable viscous homogeneous paste. The some lemon juice is added.

The New Man is used to adorn cakes and medals, though more sugar is needed for the latter. Then you fill three quarters of a paper coronet, cutting a small piece from the peak, and drive the coronet over the cake,

lightly pressing it to let down a thin thread
of icing. You may do all kinds of lines a
stripes and figures...

(Mute jumps around like a monkey)

BONIFACIO: What idiots!

ASSISTANT: Where did you learn this?

A: In the dining room.

Ap: ...dining room.

ASSISTANT: I remind you that the only acceptable
preparations are the prescriptions of the
Doctor!

A: It is paraphed.

Ap: ...paraphed.

One: It is not!

A and Ap: It is!

ASSISTANT: I know nothing of this, but is the Doctor
against it?

A and Ap: He is not.

One: He is.

BONIFACIO: I'm in a madhouse! Until you come to a
conclusion, I'm taking a nap!

ASSISTANT: No! Not until the origin of this recipe is
investigated, (He writes in a thicker
register) which I shall render to the Doctor.
You, Ghéghe, go to the artistic rehearsals.

BONIFACIO: What does that mean?

ASSISTANT: Art is outrunning society. So, you must
create literate works of art which reflect
the realism of our society, the level of life
-

BONIFACIO: (Aside) Of death.

ASSISTANT: Of the patients, the way each person is
realizing himself through others -

BONIFACIO: (Aside) So, his realization isn't in himself.

ASSISTANT: The general advantages of our society -

BONIFACIO: Which are, in fact, disadvantages for
everyone as an individual. (To Assistant) I
am not a writer.

ASSISTANT: Then it is recommended you recite, sing or
cheer for the society.

BONIFACIO: Even if I don't like it?

ASSISTANT: In that case, all the more!

A: (Raising his hand quickly) I can recite a poem!

Ap: Me too!

ASSISTANT: Let us hear it. I am listening, Ghéghe, to
both of you.

A: A poem.

Ap: A poem.

A and Ap: "Oh! A green leaf and a peanut!
The lad is ploughing with the tractor,
And he is gobbling figs,
And he flings the plate."
(Mute jumps like a rubber ball)

ASSISTANT: A funny poem and done with affection.

One: I know a variant of it.

ASSISTANT: Which?

One: After gobbling the figs, which were imported from

abroad, and after flinging the plate to the outskirts of the field:
 "The peasants are frolicking on the field,
 And they are eating sweet cakes!"
 They have to eat something sweet, haven't they?

ASSISTANT: How affectionate!
 (Mute is full of agitation, plucks
 Bonifacio's sleeves and murmurs something
 into his ear)

One: Mister Assistant, Mute would also like to recite a
 patriotic poem.

ASSISTANT: Of course, of course!

Mute: (Bows to the ground)
 Buzz...buzz...Bzzz...bizz...bzz...bzz... (Bows
 again and takes his place)

ASSISTANT: Extremely suggestive. Now, poems no longer
 need words, only gestures. (To One) But you,
 Gheghe, well, you were already organizing an
 artistic brigade of amateurs.

One: of course. We're rehearsing a play. "Rome and
 Juliet," by Shakespeare. I am the director.

ASSISTANT: And where are your actors?

One: Backstage.

ASSISTANT: This is a good opportunity, especially for
 new-comers, to show a fragment into modern
 interpretation, in accordance with the
 aspiration and the mentality of the New man
 we are creating - the New Man of the future.

BONIFACIO: But the future, as already said, no longer
 exists.

One: We're trying, Mister Assistant, we're rehearsing,
 but the actors haven't memorized their parts yet.

ASSISTANT: Never mind! They may read them. Have you
 given them the text??
 (One becomes the Director)

Director: (Using a megaphone) Please! Romeo and Juliet
 to the stage! The painter, too! (The scene
 painter and then Romeo and Juliet come from
 off stage) Immediately, mount the Capulet's
 Garden scene.

Painter: What about Juliet's balcony? Mister Director!

Director: And the balcony too!
 [The scene painter mounts some panels, helped
 by other actors. The patients obediently take
 their seats in the theater. Mute hops with
 joy until the Director quiets him.]
 We'll play Act II from Scene II: the
 declaration of ardent love between the two
 characters. Here they are (Introducing them):
 The lovely actress, Gheghe (the sick woman
 from Scene I), to play Juliet and the great
 athlete, Gheghe, to play Romeo. (Applause)

(Romeo and Juliet have maimed hands and feet, and their
 faces are eaten by leprosy, full of warts and awful wounds.
 The audience will have a clear view of their hideousness.
 Spotlights will follow the characters, their ugliness and

infirmity. The show must provoke feelings of pity and sorrow, while at the same time creating aversion and disgust, a nausea to the point of vomiting. It is intended to be a crippled love, a truth that every male chimpanzee has the right to a female. Romeo will try many times to climb the balcony but will fall each time. When he succeeds, he will lovingly caress Juliet's warts and kiss her for a time...but the balcony will break and fall beneath them.)

[They read their parts. The gong strikes three. "Act II, Scene II from Romeo and Juliet." The patients applaud. The gong strikes again for the end of the fragment.]

ASSISTANT: Oh! How beautiful was their love!
BONIFACIO: But you've done away with the affection!
ASSISTANT: A sparkling rehash of the play. (To One)
Congratulations, Gheghe! The play has been excellently adapted for the claims of our new society.

(Romeo and Juliet bow to the patients - Romeo sober, Juliet smiling sweetly.)

SCENE III

Written upside down on a label:

WARD 2

Inside is another label:

"Here are received only madmen"

[The walls of the Ward are inclined in queer obtuse angles, as well as the ceiling and floor. The beds and Assistant's desk are strange, trapezoidal shapes, all painted black. At the head of each bed are green stalks with grapes. An olive tree grows from the carpet, and a black cat is chained to its trunk. On the desk is the register, now very large, and a statue with a beard glued to its chin. On the back wall is a message written with stained tears: "The Lamentation Wall." On the black painted walls are white spiral designs, like those from psychology magazines, and drawings with mysterious symbols. A few madmen, forced to wear medical overalls, are here. This scene takes place in a corner of the stage, lit by spotlights. Scenes III and IV are to be frenzied, the characters possessed by devils.]

(The Assistant brings Bonifacio into Ward Two. The stage is dark, only their words heard.)

ASSISTANT: As you can see, the future is ours.
BONIFACIO: I can't see anything. It's pitch-black!
ASSISTANT: There is nothing to stand in our way anymore.
(They knock over objects, make rattling sounds)
BONIFACIO: But, there is...I can feel, these are cans, bowls, metal soup tureens...or what the devil they are!
ASSISTANT: My dear enemy! We will get rid of all

obstacles.
BONIFACIO: Mister Assistant, how do plan on succeeding
in managing yourself through such darkness?
ASSISTANT: We are going ahead full sail, towards a
historically great aim!
(A rattling of chains and mewing of a cat)
BONIFACIO: Go ahead! Go ahead!
ASSISTANT: Easy! Follow me. Attention! Pay respect to
those who deserve no respect!
(They run into the olive tree)
CAT: Miew...miew...miew...
BONIFACIO: Oh, you have a tree in the room!
ASSISTANT: Of course! Oh, an olive tree...we are
struggling for peace...oh! oh!

(The lights come up. An iron grate stands between the
audience and stage, forcing them to watch between the bars.
A madman with a scar around his hand rushes to report to the
Assistant.)

Madman1: Hail! Hail, you electric bulb dear! My inner
devils are pushing me out of here!
ASSISTANT: Wait a minute! Where is it you want to go?
Madman1: I'm coming back from where I haven't gone yet
(releasing the cat). I'm going to work with the
cat. It's black because of the soot.
ASSISTANT: Pay attention. Do not kill the cat.
Madman1: Me? Mister Assistant, I'll only wash it.
BONIFACIO: (Annoyed) Who is...this mister?
ASSISTANT: A madman who is on duty in this Ward. There
are two of them. The other one is at the
helm.
(A light falls on Madman2, seated in a chair
with a steering wheel in his hands. The wheel
is fixed to the floor.)
Madman2: I'm leading our society on a shining road.
(Imitates the sounds of a car)
BONIFACIO: But they say this society has no leaders.
(Aside) Organized alienation)!
ASSISTANT: The society leads itself, by itself, on the
basis of creating general laws, Gheghe.
Madman1: (Returns) The cat has died!
ASSISTANT: hey, you! What did I tell you? cats are not
clothes to be washed.
Madman1: But, Mister Assistant, it didn't die when I washed
it. It died when I twisted it...when I twisted it.
(Cries) What will we do now? Who will miew for us
now?
ASSISTANT: (Head in hands) Formidable!
BONIFACIO: (Perplexed) What about these stalks of grapes
at the head of each bed? Why are you
cultivating grapes here?
Madman1: What kind of question is that? What an idiot!
(Bonifacio grows pale) Why is it necessary to
plant grapes on the hills? You want us to get full
of thistles, to sweat at the top of a hill? We can
very simply raise our hands and pick grapes here.

Ha! Ha! Ha! (Forced laughter)

Madman2: (Pulling BONIFACIO's sleeves) Get out of my way! Otherwise, I'll step on you. What? Are you deaf, or are you dumb?

ASSISTANT: Unfortunately not...yet!

Madman1: Are you a turkish man?

Bonifacio: No.

Madman1: And why not? You!

BONIFACIO: Because I'm not. (Getting angry)

Madman2: Don't laugh, you...

Madman1: (To Madman2, referring to Bonifacio) This bloody knob has never been on Jupiter or Pluto!

BONIFACIO: Where?

Madman1: Gheghe! Do you know what Pluto looks like?

BONIFACIO: Who?

Madman1: Pluto? (Pause) Pluto looks like Pluto.

BONIFACIO: It only looks like it? Isn't it identical?

Madman1: They are alike!

(The two madmen laugh themselves into convulsions)

BONIFACIO: I don't know why you mock me. (Smiles) I've done nothing good for you.

(Enter Madman3, dragging a slipper by a rope)

Madman3: Greetings, fellow madmen!

Madman1 &

Madman2: We greet your greetings!

Madman3: What do you do?

Madman1: Not so well as you. What do you want us to do?

Madman3: To grow bored!

Madman2: Not a chance! Soon, after twelve minutes, we'll give you a great sign of affection.

Madman3: But, Gheghe, how is he getting along?

Madman1: So and so.

Madman3: And the other Gheghe?

Madman2: Comsi comsa.

Madman3: That means it's okay. And this Gheghe?

Madman1: This Gheghe? Badly...very badly.

Madman3: That means it's all right. If all the flies would make honey, then honey would be found in the backside of a bitch.

Madman2: This Gheghe is in too good a state of health.

Madman1: And so what, am I guilty?

Madman2: But where are you going in such a hurry?

Madman3: To the devil, to have my hair done!

Madman1: I wish you good luck! Pay attention. Have your hair combed to the left side.

Madman2: I've looked for you in Ward Three.

Madman3: Of course! You're always looking for me where I'm not. Be sure to let me know when you come to see me. I'll stay at home. (To the slipper) Come on, come on! You little dog! Come on! Bubico! behave yourself, Bubico! Come on...co...me...on!

BONIFACIO: What a nice little dog you have! Is it trained? Will it bite?

Madman3: What on earth! Are you mad? Can't you see it's a slipper?

BONIFACIO: (Bewildered) Yes! Please, forgive me. Sure...it's a slipper.

Madman3: No, it's a dog. Don't you hear him barking? Ham!
ham! Ham! (Bites Bonifacio's shoulder)

BONIFACIO: Aaa! Mush! get away, get away! Aaa!

ASSISTANT: You will go rabid, Gheghe. A rabid dog has
bit you!

BONIFACIO: (Thoughtfully) Which of them was the dog, the
madman or the slippers? Aaa!

Madman3: Allow me to slap your face. Once! (Slaps
Bonifacio)

BONIFACIO: What did he say?

ASSISTANT: Why only once? What is a few is not enough
and what is too much is insufficient.

Madman3: (Slapping Bonifacio again and again) Are you angry
yet?

BONIFACIO: What am I supposed to do?

Madman3: I beg you, please, get angry! Don't force me to
force you!

ASSISTANT: A quarrel without a fight! I do not like this
at all. (To Madman3) Come on! Teach him a
lesson!

Madman1: And me too! Mister Assistant has slapped me
twice...with the belt.

Madman3: (Takes Madman1 by the collar) You rascal! (Hit
Bonifacio then takes Madman1's collar again) You
idiot! (Again hits Bonifacio and takes the collar)
Come on! I'll beat the life out of you! I'll give
you a bloody beating!

BONIFACIO: Please! I beg your pardon...Mister Madman!

ASSISTANT: No pardons allows! (To Madman3) Show him what
you have learned.
(Madman3 demonstrates his knowledge of
martial arts)

BONIFACIO: I'm tired, Mister Madman!

Madman3: Really! Then I'll beat you tomorrow at a quarter
to three.

BONIFACIO: (Slowly) I agree, but let me go now.

ASSISTANT: The beating lesson, Gheghe, is not yet
finished. (Points his finger) Come on! Each
of you with his drilling clothes.

BONIFACIO: What kind of lesson? And what is the
timetable for beating?

Madman3: Every day in the morning, with a five minute
break. Mister Assistant has to rest himself.

BONIFACIO: I see. The medical staff does not spare any
pains to impose this break on you.

ASSISTANT: Of course! We stress a discreet, spiritual
beating. Clubbing the body humiliates the
soul. This is done with a certain amount of
art. Education comes first, not training.

BONIFACIO: Is that so? The art means...beating! (Madman3
hits Bonifacio with some karate chops) Ooo! I
hit my head against the bed.

Madman3: No, no. It was the bed against your head!

ASSISTANT: Ssst...Quiet!

BONIFACIO: But I'm in pain!

ASSISTANT: Please, do not feel!

BONIFACIO: But the wounds hurt! (Pause) Allow me to cry,

please!

ASSISTANT: (Affectionately) Of course, I beg you! But do not cry here.

BONIFACIO: Why not?

ASSISTANT: Lamentations, complaints, repentance...all are forbidden. These are listed as manifestations of dissatisfaction with our society and have a bad influence, giving birth to dissidence. Go to that wall, in the corner. It is called "The Lamentation Wall." (Bonifacio lays his face against the wall and cries for some time. A profound silence) Okay, the Lamentation lesson is finished for today. I beg you, top it!

BONIFACIO: (Stops suddenly) The lamentation lesson? How many times a day do you lament?

ASSISTANT: Very often. Doing so and proceeding gradually, the patients grow used to suffering and become immune to any kind of torture or maltreatment. Crying becomes a mechanical act and can be mastered. You must live as though you did not want to live.

BONIFACIO: A Hell of a Paradise. But why do you confess this to me?

ASSISTANT: Because I do not trust you!
(Enter the leprous woman from Scene I)
Let me introduce you to Miss Gheghe, who was out in the Sanitarium about the same time as you. She has grown accustomed very quickly. She has become a movie star and has married three times. Now she is going to marry again for the fifth time.

WOMAN: I'd like to be worshipped by my fans, to be deified!

ASSISTANT: That is not permitted, my lovely lady!

WOMAN: I would beg you...Mister...

ASSISTANT: Go on! Beg me!

WOMAN: I implore you, give orders to the audience to surround me affectionately, with passion.
(Madmen begin to surround her)

ASSISTANT: What is this? Each of you loves what the other loves? How are the Doctor's prescriptions observed? Liberation! His recipes?

WOMAN: I'm in love, Mister Assistant!

ASSISTANT: But why? Did anyone oblige you?

WOMAN: (Looking at Bonifacio with admiration) Oh! What an ugly man he is! (Moves to kiss him)

BONIFACIO: (Dodging out of her way, in horror) Don't, Miss Hussy!

WOMAN: I am not a hussy! (To Assistant) Haven't you transformed him into a New Man?

ASSISTANT: He is progressing, but it is harder with him.
(Tries to hypnotize Bonifacio) You have fallen in love with Miss Gheghe, have you not?

BONIFACIO: (Without pause) Oh, yes! (In disgust) Of

course! What beautiful feet she has! (Pause)
 As a gazelle...(Pause) A crippled one...I beg
 your pardon, you are so...(pause) wicked!

ASSISTANT: (Angry) We will discuss this later!

BONIFACIO: Mister Assistant, I have lost all
 expectations of this New Society.

ASSISTANT: (Threatening) Be sure, we will find them for
 you!
 (Bonifacio runs into Madman4, who is seated
 on the floor, fishing with an angling rod and
 a wash bowl)

Madman4: (Singing) "Early in the morning, the anger is on
 the lakeside, and with his finger, he gets a worm
 from his backside." (Repeats)

BONIFACIO: Who is this crazy one? (To Madman4) So, you
 think you'll find fish in the wash bowl?

Madman4: Yah! Yah! You never know. A man must try.

BONIFACIO: Yes, of course. The New Man!
 (Nearby, Madman5 is seated upside down,
 painting a canvas on an upside down easel)

Madman5: In the evening, it was supposed to be ready for
 the picture, which I begin tomorrow.

BONIFACIO: Okay...strange...But why do you stand like
 that, upside down?

Madman1: He's so silly that he stands upside down.

Madman5: Are you blind? Can't you see the picture I'm
 painting, that I also paint upside down?

BONIFACIO: So, why don't you just turn over, right side
 up?

Madman5: Because it's reflected in the water. I swear, on
 my life, never to die if I am alive!

BONIFACIO: I wish you had a mad...hit!

ASSISTANT: You are right, Gheghe, this madman is a
 painter of genius.

Madman1: Really? I doubt that he has four hats to say
 anything about his testicles.

BONIFACIO: Painter of genius, soldiers of genius,
 imbeciles of genius.

Madman5: My pants flutter at what you speak.

ASSISTANT: In our Sanitarium, everything is pleasant,
 agreeable.

BONIFACIO: Except beauty has become ugliness, normal the
 abnormal.

Madman5: As for me, all these are flutterings just like
 that. (Move a little and falls onto his paint
 cans)
 [The spotlight switches back to the olive tree,
 where stands a phone made of twigs]

BONIFACIO: I beg you, Mister Assistant, allow, me to
 call home. Is the phone in good repair? My
 family has had no news of me...

ASSISTANT: The phone is in good repair, but it does not
 work. We will repair it. Have no
 expectations.

Madman1: Repair it! Yes, this I can make not so, no more!

ASSISTANT: No doubt. You are a capable madman. (To
 Bonifacio) I promise you, Gheghe, that I will

not allow you to phone. You may have great confidence in me. Unfortunately, this overcomes my incompetence as an Assistant.

BONIFACIO: I would confess to this phone all the good deeds I have ever done. (Raises the receiver and puts it back on the hook)

Madman1: Our Sanitarium is a Paradise!

BONIFACIO: A paradise full of devils.

ASSISTANT: (To Madman1) I wish you all go to the idiots and cowards. Execute!

Madmen: Who are we supposed to execute?
(The spotlight focuses on Madman6, where he's climbed atop the statue. He put shaving cream on the statues face and begins to shave it)

BONIFACIO: What...What are you doing up there?

Madman6: I'm shaving its beard. Don't you see how hideous it looks? It's the Poet Hero. He was an Emperor.

BONIFACIO: And a madman, too! The Emperor of mad people. But I remember he had no beard!

Madman6: What do you know! Since he died, his beard has grown down to his elbows.

ASSISTANT: In any case, our patients are shaved and share the same haircuts.

BONIFACIO: Who are you?

Madman6: The Barber from Seville. Since I've been in the Sanitarium, I haven't seen the statue shaved once. What sort of example is that for future generations? (Begins to sing and whistle: "Figaro! Figaro! Figaro!" Bonifacio grows exasperated) Hey, comrade madmen! Come and help me!
(Others arrive and try to bring down the statue)

BONIFACIO: "Comrade" madmen! Keep your temper!

Madman6: Keep it yourself!

BONIFACIO: Why is there such an uproar?
(The madmen laugh)

Madman6: On the devil! Nero needs to go to the latrine and relieve his nature. Put your hand here and feel how swollen his belly is. (Bonifacio feels an aversion) He hasn't relieved his belly in two thousand years. He's stinking the air in our asylum.

Madman1: (Referring to Madman6) He knows because he's our official writer of slogans. He's supposed to start writing a novel soon. He's perfecting his stylistic inaccuracy.

(The spotlight returns to the olive tree, where two parrots sit on branches. One bird is green and the other red. Madman7 climbs up the tree, passes the green parrot and takes the red)

Madman7: Ha, ha, ha...I've got it! I'll cut its neck in the evening, and we'll eat it.

BONIFACIO: Why didn't you take the green one? It was closer to hand.

Madman7: It wasn't ripe, Gheghe. Do you like green apples or green gooseberries?

ASSISTANT: Cute! Cute!

BONIFACIO: And what do you have in mind for the green
 parrot?

Madman7: I'll wait until it ripens. Autumn is at hand.

BONIFACIO: (Aside) He's waiting for the parrot to ripen!
 (To Madman7) But...yes, you have knowledge
 of...proper breeding. That is to say, of
 different growing -

Madman7: I'm the greenest of them all. (He climbs up on a
 branch and waters the olive tree's roots from
 above) I water this to make it grow.

BONIFACIO: I know, I know! You want its fruit (points to
 the parrot) to become...ripened.

Madman7: Hey, madman, go see a doctor! Where have you ever
 seen a watered tree grow birds? Do you have
 maggots in the head?

BONIFACIO: Who, me! If you water the tree...the parrots
 gain nothing...normally.

Madman7: How's that? You're completely out of your mind!
 How could they not benefit? The tree buds, puts
 forth leaves that the birds and caterpillars feast
 on. (Bonifacio comes near the water and Madman7
 stops watering)

BONIFACIO: Why did you stop watering?

Madman7: What? Do you think me a fool? You could pull the
 spout and drown me, make me fall.

BONIFACIO: That thought never crossed my mind.

ASSISTANT: What are you thinking of?

Madman7: We, the madmen, are precocious.
 (In front of the stage is a huge chair and a
 dwarfish table)

BONIFACIO: Who sits in this chair?

ASSISTANT: God.

BONIFACIO: On the devil! It looks like the one the
 Doctor sat it. And this table?

ASSISTANT: Saint Peter!

BONIFACIO: Why! I don't think we've entered into
 Paradise.

ASSISTANT: It is exactly as you say. You'll soon realize
 that.
 (Madman2 climbs in the chair. Madman1 puts a
 recorder on the table)

BONIFACIO: And those, why are they here?

ASSISTANT: Do you not remember? When you came into the
 Ward, you ran into them.

Madman2: I am the God of this Ward.

ASSISTANT: He is a great orator.

BONIFACIO: And he?

ASSISTANT: His partner.

Madman1: Saint Peter!

 (Silence)

ASSISTANT: You will attend a fundamental lesson on
 rhetoric. It will be ceremonious enough!

BONIFACIO: Don't say!

Madman2: (Addressing Bonifacio) Esteemed Wardmate!
 This visit of friendship you pay to our Ward is
 carried on in a perfect unity and with a unanimous

determination to do everything it takes to fulfill, in the best conditions, the established objections regarding economical and social development and the program of building our society and the formation of the New Man.

BONIFACIO: (Aside) He's growing hot!

[Pause. The others forgot to clap. Bewildered, Madman2 applauds himself. He points to Madman1 and that one starts the tape with recorded applause. Madman2 bows to the audience. The other madmen mime applause but they visibly don't touch palms. Madman2 instigates the audience to clap, too.]

Madman2: In this period of hospitalization, a period of profound renewal, we'd gone through a long way of brilliant realizations in all economical and social fields which have fundamentally changed our Sanitarium's look, and we've created a large and democratic background that ensures the effective participation of the people to manage all fields of activity, of the whole society.

BONIFACIO: Your mind isn't worth a cent!

(The tape plays with stormy applause)

Madman2: The debates that have take place until now could be characterized be respectability and by a critical and autocratic tracking of the complex problems of the construction of a new society in our country and the human situation.

BONIFACIO: I feel a headache coming on.

Madman2: We pay, with this occasion too, our highest homage to our heroic and glorious Sanitarium, which has always kept up, hoisted the flag of our plight against oppression and exploitation and for defending the patients' supreme interests and for the definitive victory of new social relations and for building on our Motherland's fields the greatest and most humanitarian system which has ever been known or will ever be known to mankind.

BONIFACIO: Horsefeathers! This is all horsefeathers!

Tape: Long live Gheghe! Long live Ghe...ghe!

Madman2: One may assert, full well-grounded, that the applied therapies constitute a powerful manipulation of democracy in our Sanitarium, in promoting peace and the welfare of the world. The brilliant objections of the economical and social development of our country, in the coming three years and in perspective, claims a powerful intensification of the work in all fields of activity.

BONIFACIO: I can feel my temple and forehead twitching.
I feel them cracking!

Madman2: All is necessary for the complex internal conditions, but especially in the international ones, to ensure unflinchingly the realization of our programs for the general development of our

country, its raising new steps of progress and civilization, to be aware of the entire world's destiny.

BONIFACIO: The dog grows old because of long roads and the madman because of his care for others.

Tape: Gheghe! Ghe...ghe! Ghe...ghe! Gheghe the Fearless!

BONIFACIO: I have a headache. Those empty words poison me.

ASSISTANT: Why do you not applaud?

BONIFACIO: I beg your pardon...I've forgotten to applaud...

ASSISTANT: At least shout for!

BONIFACIO: Shout...for what? Beyond any doubt, I drank no lye.

ASSISTANT: You too, shout! (Spelling) Gheghe the Brave or cry out Hurray, Hurray!

BONIFACIO: (In a hoarse voice) I can't shout. I've got a hoarse...sorrow in the elbow, that is, I mean, a sore throat. I have tonsillitis from the currency.

ASSISTANT: We will operate, open your soul. We will administer more ideological perfections and infusions. (Injects Bonifacio)

Madman2: We must understand well that in all fields and areas, without any exception, it's required a spirit of responsibility, order, discipline, to put above all the interest of the Sanitarium, the interest in welfare of the people...

(Applause from the tape)

...to act in all direction, using all the political, educational and cultural means of our society, cultivating the love and devotion to our Sanitarium to the interests of the medical staff, to the creation of the New Man having an advanced morality and advanced attitude towards our work and society.

BONIFACIO: It is a pity for the feet that bears a mad head.

(More ovations from the tape)

Madman2: ...we do so that the medical staff may fulfill permanently and in the best conditions their historical mission before the entire nation, leading the whole Ward on the road of creation, a new and free (points unwillingly to the iron grate) and prosperous life.

BONIFACIO: Outrageous lies. When God wants a man to be lost, he takes away his mind.

(Ovations from the tape)

Madman2: It is also a necessity, in order to step ahead into a superior stage, to Ward Three, to improve the ideological and political and educative activities for creating the New Man, (The madmen shout themselves hoarse with cheers. The entire stage is lit) to transform the individual conscience into a huge force, to organize the activities in all fields and sectors of the economic and social life.

(More ovations)

BONIFACIO: Nonsense! If I mind the madmen, that means
I'm more out of mind than they are.

Madman2: ...for collaboration and peace with all the
nations of the world, for a brighter life.
(An uproar of hurrahs)

BONIFACIO: Oh, my head! I can feel it crouching,
falling...

Madman2: Triloo...tribe...trile...tribe...crocodile...
(Repeats again and again, faster, heartier,
accentuated more and more nervously)
(Ovations from the tape)

BONIFACIO: Bloody hell! He's got sclerosis!

Madman2: Cri...cro...cra...pi...si...Cri...cro...cra..
.pi...si...
(Hurrahs from the tape)

BONIFACIO: (Tense) I'm going out of my mind! I'm going
crazy! I've got maggots in my head. It comes
to me, walks on the walls. I'd like to throw
myself out the window. (Pause) It seems a
godfly stings all those in the Ward. Am I in
my right mind? I am thick-brained, and I am
going more and more crazy...
(Bonifacio begins to cry)

[The end of the orator's speech is a long series of
inarticulate sounds. The lights drop. Madman2 and Bonifacio
can still be heard in the dark.]

SCENE IV

A label on which is written Ward 3

[The play continues on only a quarter of the stage, on the
back part of the left side. The characters will move only in
this abandoned, immutable, shocking space that has the
appearance of a concentration camp. The rest of the stage is
faintly lit, full of people made of paper and plastic, wood
and marble - vide Andrei Wayda - of sponge and glass. Some
wear handcuffs and some are chained at the feet. The
abnormal characters grow from a dead theater, impersonal but
magic.

A singular theater.

(?) women, Siamese, sculptures, skeletons with the
heads made of pictures (sculpture pictures, vide Archi{?}).
The spotlight creates the illusion of wood with long
shadows. Some statues have their eyes covered with scarves.
There is a pedestal without a statue. At the end of the
play, Bonifacio will climb onto it as a pattern of the New
Man. There is another statue, upside down, with the pedestal
on top of it.

The scenery is gradually lighted by spotlights, with a
brighter light shining on the empty pedestal. The walls of
the Ward are painted black, and barbed wire covers them.
There are windows in the elliptical, semicircular, parabolic
and a number of other shapes, and through them can be seen
the heads of policemen in military hats.

The Ward, in a oval shape, has a narrow door on the right side. The walls are of a roundish shape, leaning towards the outside and inside of the stage. The beds are elliptical and swollen at the heads. A round, stretched flag.

A delirious scenery. One can perceive gruesome laughter and unusual whimpering. There is rubbish on the stage, and useless, irrational objects of bad taste are arranged in good order. Much artificiality.

The mouths of the patients have disappeared (something glues over their mouths), and their faces are painted black. They have a passive and gruesome appearance, humped and paralyzed, hypnotized as if in a trance, sleep-walkers, nameless. They all have crutches for support.

The Assistant has two mouths. He wears an exaggerated (tall) sanitary cap. Their motions are grotesque. The woman looks like an Erinyes, having her hair in disorder and plaited with snakes. Posters with rhythmic and rhythmicless slogans:

"The New Man is full of happiness,
And he is dancing in madness!"

or

"To create the New Man into the bread field,
The reliable sons for the future of the country..."

There is also an iconography to idealize the New Man, statistics, plans, commercials. The Assistant's desk is a bowl with wild weeds and a concave, anamorphized mirror. Up on the wall is a copy of "The Conqueror," by Magritte. Frames without canvas. At the head of each bed is a portrait of a patient. Leafless books, with only their covers.

An improvised orchestra: stringless violins and guitars, cracked drums, a piano or organ without keys, an uncorked and unspellbound flute. A static scene.

A coughing concerto, then the singers laying in their beds, turning their musical instruments. Among them are some puppets of two meters high. The Assistant, using his desk as a stand, is conducting with his scalpel and makes the sign for all to stop.

The orchestra congratulates each other, then someone plays a nostalgic piece of music at the piano - for instance, Robert Schumann. The paralitics begin a hat dance, hopping and yelling - some of them into chairs and wheels, others with their crutches; old, curved-footed women dance hilariously. The orchestra stops playing, but the dance goes on without the yelling.

Then modern music, a mixture of jazz-rock, chamber music and hillbilly songs. Now the cripples dance the tango, waltz, etc. It's compulsory for the woman, to be in the middle of the protagonists.

The Assistant conducts the dancing. A blind, mute soloist babbles out a broken microphone in the uttering accomplishment of the others. An endless, "Tir...la...tir...la...tit...la...tir" surrounds the backstage.

The music stops, but the Assistant goes on conducting. After two minutes, a scratching disk is heard which repeats in the unison the same musical fragment.

There comes a knocking at the door.
Bonifacio comes in.]

Left Side: (Rhythm of drums and knocking)
 Ta - rum - rim ta - ta - ta
 Ta - rum - rim ta - ta - ta
 Ta - rum - rim ta - ta - ta.
Right Side: Hurray!
 Hurray
 Hurray!

[Repeated four or five times. The knocking changes into applause, more intensive, then rarely, then breaks. Sometimes there are applause from one side, then from the other, as the Assistant points.]

Those who are clapping their hands out of rhythm or are refusing to clap are menaced. Bonifacio moves his lips. The audience can't understand what he says because of the chorus or cheers and applause.]

ASSISTANT: (Speaking with two mouths) Welcome to the last Phase in the creation of the New Man. I am conducting the folk-music orchestra consisting of all inhabitants.
Tape: (With Bonifacio's voice) What's going on here? I fear that there is a reverse order: the time comes for man to transform himself into a monkey.
ASSISTANT: Enough. Do not think in a loud voice. (Shoves a gag in Bonifacio's mouth) Please! Now, your lecture may continue.

[Bonifacio whimpers through the gag and makes pathetic gestures like an orator. The Assistant nudges and pushes him among the orchestra, near the woman. The he gets off the stage.]

In the meantime, there is some fidgeting on the stage: a blind man is reading an upside down newspaper, two blind and dumb men are communicating in Morse code.

They are all gathered in a circle. They take from the drawers flat cakes and garlic (a penetrating garlic smell in the theater). They swallow the food in gluttony, bottles of champagne are opened with loud pops, and they all drink. The Assistant comes from backstage.]

ASSISTANT: (Looking in his register) Ah! The bowing lesson...Let us start from here (points to a blind, dumb and deaf man).

[The patients understand his gestures and the motion of his lips. They line up in from of the Assistant and bow down to the ground before stepping piously back.]

ASSISTANT: Hunch your shoulders more! So! Sure...Do you not hear? Now backwards. So...sure...sure. More practice. (Some of them take puppets and force them to bow) To your place, blockhead! (Reads from the register in a hoarse voice)

The sanitary staff expresses their unflinching determination to act in the future, by complex treatments, to ensure the triumph of irrationalism, the policy of non-cooperation, of dependence and peace. (Long applause. Puts down the register)
Now. The kneeling lesson. Of course, we are getting closer to the finish. The pills and injections have the expected influence.
(Eccentric laughing) "Kneeling Lesson." Do you not hear? Deaf and dumbs!

[The patients utter animalistic sounds, unwilling to answer. Each patient comes before the Assistant's desk, kneels with his head to his elbows, kneels again and stands up...until the Assistant commands "stop" or "enough" or "it is sufficient." The woman kneels less, and Bonifacio, who is always last, repeats the motions of others.]

ASSISTANT: To commit ourselves solemnly, that through our entire activity we will serve with all our force the New Society, the sanitary cause, our marvelous Sanitarium, in order to create a better and more righteous world, to create the New Man (points unwillingly to the puppets), master of his fate.

[Enthusiastic applause, loud cheers, the patients continue for a long time in honor of the doctors and the sanitary assistants, for their wonderful Sanitarium. They cheer:

We'll work with the shovel!
We'll toil with the trowel!
To create the New Man,
Long live Mister Doctor!

ASSISTANT: (Puts down his register) You oxen fools! What do you know? You cannot hear, you cannot see, you cannot speak. Nothing! I have forgotten! The political economy lesson. Come on, enough! Because it is the last hour. Come nearer, you men! (Places fresh hide over each patient's head. The hides dry and tighten, shrinking the skulls of each patient.) Modern therapy. The last stroke of style!

[On stage can be heard fragments from Madman2's speech, recorded on disk. It resounds from the backstage faster and faster, then slower and slower. A concert of snores begins, conducted by the Assistant.

Bonifacio, now a sleepwalker, wakes up and enters into the other three quarters of stage. He climbs onto the empty pedestal, into the New Society. He is dressed in a suit made from newspaper. He stands stone-still, becoming a social object.

- END -

August 1987, May 1988