

Act 3: The Beginning

Compiled by Al Limite Collective from theater artists, individuals, companies, activists all over the world to reflect on our present moment in 2020. We invite you to create micro-art pieces inspired by anyone's text in the document. Any art form, performance, visual, music, any length. Just please post on social media and tag us:

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#HomeatHome

#Covid-19

#TogetherApart

#VirtualPerformance

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#MicroArt

#OpenSource

Please always use #AILimiteLiminalArchive

Nathaniel Eras (Vertexx, Los Angeles, California, USA)

This is the beginning of song

-

Reka Deak: (Hungarian born, living in Prague, Czech Republic)

This is the beginning of SUN. With capitals: SUN. Or it is already begun? I am imagining
now Trumps head in a childish Sun... nothing optimistic

-

Georgia Inna (Athens, Greece)

This is the beginning of laugh dreams jungle e x p l o r i n g new new new new new wild
sexuality curiosity over my smart ass & small ego my silly face

-

SHADOW (Los Angeles/Brooklyn, USA)

This is the beginning of a new era.
An era of global structural change
Let it be transformative,
Let it be crazy and insane.
Let it be judicious and equal

Everything has been broken
Normal has failed
And the era of global DISCONNECTION is over.
We are now forced to be in touch with one another,
Without touching.
Will you still be there for me? Will I still be there for you?

Will we be there for others? Will the others be there for us?

This is the beginning of our times
Where we must give a shit.
So, GIVE A SHIT
And...GIVE A SHIT RIGHT NOW.

-

Cristoffer Traffon Marquez: (Tijuana, Mexico)

This is the beginning of transformation: destruction and reconstruction through creation; the Now seeping deep into our minds, our souls, our hearts, our bodies. All that is covered, now bare; all that was crooked now spirals out and in. This is the limit, the thread, the line, the border, the invisible rope that ties us in a web: every living and non-living being in still movement. The dance of new consciousness that sprouts in the ever-lasting moment among the chaos of a decaying civilization. Do you hear the **cries of hungry mouths** and dry lands in desperation? Ignore, insist and cease to exist. Act, listen and observe if you truly do care.

-

Husam Abed (Palestinian born, living in Prague, Czech Republic)

This is the beginning of authoritarian world.

-

Nyimbili, Kulije-ku-Suzyika- (from Zambia, now in Vienna, Austria)

This is the beginning of...
Of us thinking about starting afresh
Rethinking how we do things
Could there be a better way?
Is the planet better when we are locked up in our homes
Does it breathe better?

But when we say home, what is home?
Is home a privilege of a few?
Are we too narrow-minded in our definitions of what should work out right for all?
One size fits all, shall we?
Shall we dream of a world of equality and sustainability
Or maybe our dreams are just that, dreams!
This is the beginning of thinking about borders and what they truly mean
Or maybe there is really nothing to begin?

-

Thomas Walker (LES, New York, USA)

This is the beginning of social distancing and sheltering in place? Of masks? Of six foot choreography? We will all be refugees. We will be here forever?

-

Paulo Henrique Viel (Portugal)

Esse é o início de mais uma nota soprada à janela.

Todos os dias penso que vou morrer. Essa ideia me espreita até o meu último momento, quando a consciência se perde nas profusões de imagens que rodopiam ao ar como baleias recém lançadas para fora do oceano numa noite quente de mar calmo e luar descoberto.

Imagino como deva ser ver a vida se esvaír da sua própria substância, sentir a suspensão momentânea da sua camada mais sutil submergindo de sua toponímia e encontrar-se com outros olhos, os seus verdadeiros olhos, sem limite de alcance - tão entretidos com a derradeira realidade.

E quando por vício o dia vem e eu me dou conta de que não atravesssei, tanto desconsolado quanto satisfeito com o protelar do destino assisto da janela crianças que ainda brincam com a vida de seus velhos, sem saber, suspensos do chão. O tempo passou e eu segui morrendo. Passou por mim a infância de meus velhos e eu sigo vivo, suspenso no oitavo andar entre o céu que não voou e o chão que tampouco piso.

Todos os dias semeiam a vida em suspensão e a morte sem freios.

This is the beginning of yet another note blown into the window.

Every day I think I'm going to die. This idea lurks until my last moment, when consciousness is lost in the profusion of images that swirl in the air like whales recently launched out of the ocean on a warm night of calm sea and open moonlight.

I imagine what it must be like to see life drain away from its own substance, to feel the momentary suspension of its most subtle layer submerging itself from its toponymy and to meet other eyes, its true eyes, with no limit of reach - so entertained with the ultimate reality.

And when out of addiction the day comes and I realize that I did not cross, both disconsolate and satisfied with the delay of destiny, I watch from the window children who are still playing with the lives of their old people, unknowingly, suspended from the floor. Time passed and I continued to die. The childhood of my old people passed by me, and I am still alive, suspended on the eighth floor between the sky that does not fly and the floor that neither floor.

Every day they sow life in suspension and death without brakes.

-

Ileri Romero. (Ciudad de México, Mexico)

Este es el comienzo de sentir los hilos invisibles.

Cierro los ojos y de pronto siento una red de hilos invisibles que cubren todo mi cuerpo.

Sin saber muy bien de donde vienen y a donde van.

Una parte de mi se imagina que llegan hasta ti.

Los veo enredarse en tu alma, en tu risa.

Abro los ojos y los veo meterse entre la tierra humeda.

Pasan por el centro del mundo y salen en un lugar que aún no conozco.

Uno de los hilos llega hasta el mar, siento la brisa como si estuviera sentada en la arena. La red de hilos invisibles me conectó al mar y a ti. Me llenó de aire. Me refrescó con tierra de bosque.

Y así, enredada entre hilos invisibles, lo entendi.
Cerré los ojos y no estaba sola.

This is the beginning of feeling the invisible threads.
I close my eyes and suddenly I feel a network of invisible threads that cover my entire
body.

Without knowing very well where they come from and where they are going.

A part of me imagines that they reach you.

I see them entangled in your soul, in your laughter.

I open my eyes and watch them slip into the damp earth.

They pass through the center of the world and come out in a place that I don't know yet.
One of the threads reaches the sea, I feel the breeze as if I were sitting on the sand.
The network of invisible threads connected me to the sea and to you. It filled me with
air. He refreshed me with forest soil.

And so, tangled between invisible threads, I understood.

I closed my eyes and I was not alone.

-

Douglas Sebamala, Uganda

KAFIA

This is the beginning of a restoration for Ubuntu.

AXCEL

Ub-What?

KAFIA

Call it what you may. Rénxìng, Eda eniyan, Ubinadamu, Humanidad, De
mensheid... my people call it Ubuntu.

AXCEL

Humanité...

KAFIA

Yes Humanity. These unparalleled times have brought us back in touch that which has been lost, the true spirit of humanity.

AXCEL

I agree. I'd missed real human connections, back when people truly cared about me and talked to me. Back when other people other than oneself mattered.

KAFIA

I know the feeling. My mother just called me earlier to tell me she was worried about me. Hahahaha. me! Like how did that even happen? Can't remember ever having a real conversation with her before this.

AXCEL

The fact that we're debating how humans seem concerned about other Humans...

KAFIA

Axcel? How did we lose that shared concern for others? Had we forgotten just how priceless life is or what it means to be Abantu?

AXCEL

I dunno Kafia. Now that there's a price tag to life, everyone seems to have been reminded of its value. Just like you, my estranged cousins are calling me from their scattered closets across the world. I've been on zoom, skype and whatsApp, daily, for three months.

KAFIA

Speaking of closets, my gay uncle came out on social media and NO ONE criticized him for his sexuality. At all!? They cared more that he'd just survived a near death experience after being in the ICU for COVID 19.

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Katya Chizhayeva - (Ukraine / New Orleans, Louisiana, USA)

this is a beginning

of spring that is home. solid meals, feet on the ground, pleasure felt here. priorities are shifted to the survival, food, shelter, resources, warmth, sex, pleasure, soil. appreciating what i have now. appreciating those others i connect to now.

the beginning of the end for the country, it's finally coming home, the rotten fruit. the masks off, showing who everyone is. money game crushing. deep pause to really what's inside. great speed up to really see what's inside. if you had doubts, questions about what's important. listen now. listen where the love is coming from.

the beginning of changes. it will turn. we will all make a choice.

-

Joel Vences (Tijuana)

Pieza escénica.

A cada lado del espacio de representación, hay dos spots con una o varias personas en él. Si es escenario los spots se marcarán con luz, si se realiza en calle, los spots serán alfombra amarilla con bordes rojos.

Una de las personas se auto estimula y la persona del otro spot lo siente en su cuerpo, de las caricias a las cosquillas, de las cosquillas a los golpes, de los golpes al sadismo,

quien se golpea es inmune al dolor, pero no la persona del otro spot que está demacrada por el maltrato, toma fuerzas para impedir que lo siga maltratando la persona del otro spot, el juego de poder se invierte, hay una lucha por dominar, al final quedan neutralizados, salen de sus spots, se abrazan los interpretes y salen cada quien por un lado diferente.

On each side of the representation space, there are two spots with one or more people in it. If the piece is a stage, the spots will be marked with lights, if it is done on the street, the spots will be yellow carpet with red edges.

One of the people stimulates himself and the person from the other spot feels it in his body, from the caresses to the tickle, from the tickle to the blows, from the blows to sadism, whoever hits himself is immune to pain, but not the person from the other spot who is emaciated by the abuse, takes strength to prevent further abuse by the person from the other spot, the power play is reversed, there is a fight to dominate, in the end they are neutralized, they leave their spots, they embrace the interpreters and each one comes out on a different side.

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Brad Hamers (Portland, Oregon, USA)

this is the beginning of nothing
if we let it be

this is the (most recently exposed) beginning of many possible futures

a thought thought for the first time
the first mirror to become aware of itself

this is the beginning of being gaslit
being convinced that what we really want is to just go back to "normal"

if it can come undone in front of you
without you coming undone

our heart has been a crash
site with a million hits
we looked the bigger picture dead in it's crossed eyes

this is us pulling ourselves off a long rope
if we want it
enough

(if enough of us want it enough)

we don't just end ourselves
by ourselves
ever

no clean break
always a bit of bone left
sometimes confused as Hope
the Beginning of, hopefully, an ever ever changing norm

(a room filled only with tools you can use)

-

Hideo Kushiyama (São Paulo, Brazil)

Este é o começo do fim, o início do zero, das cinzas do que queimou, molhar, aguardar com a palavra resiliência, a semente imaginária. O começo de pequenos avanços, é o começo de conhecer a pausa. Resignificar as ausências, mover silêncios. É o começo de uma gestação, de um novo corpo, ressurgir a fé, o isolamento nos fez encontrar algo que não sabemos o que fazer, como, nem quando.

This is the beginning of the end, the beginning of zero, of the ashes of what has burned, wet, waiting with the word resilience, the imaginary seed. The beginning of small advances is the beginning of knowing the pause. Redefine absences, move silences. It is the beginning of a pregnancy, of a new body, the resurgence of faith, the isolation made us find something that we do not know what to do, how, or when.

-

Felix Metzger - (Germany)

This is the beginning of a new life, of a real interconnection. The smallest thing alive showed us the path: first of all we need to care about the self and each other. Let's leave the busy, other-directed life behind and dive into a mindful existence that never loses its awareness of the interbeing of everyone and everything. The more love we spread the more we receive, this is the lesson of contagion.

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Fransergio Araujo (São Paulo, Brazil)

Este é o começo de uma nova atitude!

This is the beginning of a new attitude!

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Salah Elboukhari - Moroccan Theatre Artist now in Spain

This is a bright start. The righteous land will inherit the good ones, who clean the media from liars and politics from deceivers, who will establish a system that is not democratic.

All the systems that claimed democracy were waging war, exploiting nature and eliminating man and animal

This is the beginning of a new dawn, where we must change our thinking patterns that were never in our favor, all this technological and scientific progress had to make our lives longer and our gardens more and the fish in the oceans more abundant, and the trees in the forests more dense, the atmosphere to become appropriate Clean, and the water reaches every home on every continent

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Cisne Paola, (Ecuador, now in Mexico City, Mexico)

Este es el comienzo de esperar lo que nunca llega al inicio del día, ni hasta en las madrugadas, a veces solo espero el sueño que la noche me provoca y que me hace relajar, viendo videos o hablando con amigos que se los extraña mucho. Se los extraña mucho a los helados llamados banana Split, yo no soy de postres, pero en estos días si se me antoja salir a comer algo delicioso que a veces deja de comprarse una prenda para pegarse un bocadito, pegarse un bocadito de estrellas y nubes, aunque sea un ratito.

This is the beginning of waiting for what never comes at the beginning of the day, not even at dawn, sometimes I just wait for the dream that the night causes me and that makes me relax, watching videos or talking to friends who miss them very much. They miss them a lot to the ice creams called banana split, I am not a dessert, but these days if I feel like going out to eat something delicious that sometimes stops buying a garment to stick a snack, stick a snack of stars and clouds , even for a little while.

-

Jessica Daugherty (Portland, Oregon, USA)

je suis le commencement
'ana albidaya
soy el comienzo
eu sou o começo
sono l'inizio
Wǒ shì kāishǐ
ya pochatok
ik ben het begin
ako ang simula
Watashi wa hajimaridesu
naneun sijag-ida
אני ההתחלה
eímai i archí

-

Alma Lowy (CDMX, Mexico)

Este es el comienzo de la restauración de la naturaleza.

This is the beginning of the restoration of nature.

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Heidi Mae Edwards (Grass Valley)

This is the beginning of a new way of thought.

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Adriana Portillo (CDMX, Mexico)

Este es el comienzo de una vida real, disfrutable, de un periodo de autocuidado y compasión hacia mí misma, es el comienzo de contemplar al otro y honrar su existencia y no sus etiquetas, es el comienzo de un mundo donde caminamos juntos y nos miramos a los ojos y nos damos cuenta que estamos vivos que es lo que realmente importa y que abriremos nuestras puertas juntos para salir no sólo del encierro sino del egoísmo, del egocentrismo, del sálvese quien pueda.

This is the beginning of a real, enjoyable life, of a period of self-care and compassion for myself, it is the beginning of contemplating the other and honoring their existence and not their labels, it is the beginning of a world where we walk together and look at each other in the eyes and we realize that we are alive which is what really matters and that we will open our doors together to get out not only of confinement but also of selfishness, self-centeredness, whoever saves himself.

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Trang Thai (Portland, OR)

This is the beginning of another day.

-

Stephanie Degreas (São Paulo, Brazil)

Writer's Point of View:

este é o começo de... uma impossibilidade real: a do disfarce. A crise escancara as máscaras em um ponto que não é mais aceitável tolerá-las. Não existe mais desculpa que exima os monstros das carreatas. Os alguns-vão-precisar-morrer-pela-economia.

Os saudosistas da intervenção militar. Os inocentes do só-querer-manter-os-empregos-dos-meus-funcionários. Os do isolamento vertical pelo bem da família, da sociedade e do umbigo. Elas e eles estão em carne-viva e fedida, mostrando o mais profundo de sua desprezível essência. E isto, eu espero, não sorveremos mais a partir de agora em pequenos goles no nosso dia-a-dia verde-dólar, quando o vírus for controlado. Por isso,--

this is the beginning of... a real impossibility: that of disguise. The crisis opens the masks to a point where it is no longer acceptable to tolerate them. There is no longer an excuse to excuse monsters from caravans. Some-will-need-to-die-for-the-economy. The

nostalgic for military intervention. The innocents of

just-want-to-keep-my-employees-jobs. Vertical isolation for the sake of the family, society and the navel. They and they are raw and smelly, showing the deepest of their despicable essence. And this, I hope, will no longer sip in small sips in our dollar-green day, when the virus is controlled. That is why,--

Point of view of Lockdown protestors:

este é o fim da esquerda. A hora que a gente sair nas ruas, fechar o Congresso e provar de uma vez por todas que essa quarentena é puro mimimi dos covardes – é isso mesmo, covardes, preguiçosos, vagabundos, que querem ficar em casa no lugar de trabalhar—a hora que a gente provar isso, não vai ter mais esquerdopata pra convencer o povo do contrário. Todo mundo vai perceber que essa histeria toda é teatrinho que eles estão fazendo pra me enfraquecer. Pra enfraquecer a gente, que é

honesto, que é família, que trabalha, que vai no culto, que quer que a economia ande. Então pra rua, pra rua defender a família, defender um novo tempo! Não dá pra parar:

this is the end of the left. The time we go out on the streets, close the Congress and prove once and for all that this quarantine is pure mimimi of cowards - that's right, cowards, lazy, vagabonds, who want to stay at home instead of working - the time that we prove it, there will be no more leftists to convince the people otherwise. Everyone will realize that all this hysteria is a theatrical thing they are doing to weaken me. To weaken people, who are honest, who are family, who work, who go to worship, who want the economy to move. So to the street, to the street to defend the family, to defend a new time! You can't stop:

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Elena Griggio (Venice, Italy)

This is the beginning of a shipwreck that's how we will go deeper
and we won't be afraid of water anymore

-

Miguel Rodriguez (Tijuana, Mexico)

Este es el inicio de un nuevo despertar para la humanidad, o una nueva organización social para aquellos que la primera descripción pudiese alejarlos por su acercamiento con lo espiritual. Ya sea que hablemos de esto en un terreno, social, espiritual o cualquier otro. Lo cierto y tangible es que necesitamos urgentemente de un cambio certero e inmediato para un mejor desenvolvimiento como especie. Este es el momento que estábamos esperando, es el punto de quiebre, es la señal que pedíamos. Estamos al límite de nuestra supervivencia, el límite entre dos caminos. Nos precipitamos hacia nuestra autodestrucción o hacemos colectivamente un cambio drástico e inmediato para lograr así, no la permanencia de nuestra especie sino su evolución. No podemos permitirnos ser los mismos después de atravesar esta travesía de muchas pérdidas y cambios.

This is the beginning of a new awakening for humanity, or a new social organization for those that the first description could distance them due to their approach with the spiritual. Whether we talk about this in one field, social, spiritual or any other. The true

and tangible thing is that we urgently need a certain and immediate change for a better development as a species. This is the moment we were waiting for, it is the breaking point, it is the signal that we asked for. We are at the limit of our survival, the limit between two paths. We rush towards our self-destruction or collectively make a drastic and immediate change to achieve this, not the permanence of our species but its evolution. We cannot afford to be the same after going through this journey of many losses and changes.

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Cypress Atlas (New Orleans, Louisiana, USA)

this is the beginning of
a new kind of community
rooted in care and patience
that no longer looks upward
pleading for survival, instead
we look around us, knowing
that here is utopia, waiting
to be activated

-

Ulises Anel (CDMX, Mexico)

Este es el principio del alivio, el principio del fin de las ideologías hechas a un lado por la realidad, el principio de la igualdad de las personas y la naturaleza, que se pregunta: ¿a dónde hemos ido?

This is the beginning of relief, the beginning of the end of ideologies pushed aside by reality, the principle of equality of people and nature, which asks: where have we gone?

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Maira Lana - Brazil (Superviventes Collective)

This is the beginning of... letting time take care of us, taking care of ourselves and the others with a sense of sacredness.

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Camarena Del Toro (Tijuana, Mexico)

Este es el comienzo eterno que apenas hemos decidido tomar.
This is the eternal beginning that we have barely decided to take.

-

Jane Park-Smith - (Los Angeles, California, USA)

This is the beginning of liberty

-

Mizu Disierto - Headwaters Theater, PDX

This is the beginning of...repair culture

-

Tanya Alexander- Poet/Actress (L.A.)

This is the beginning of...more presence, more gratitude, more awareness of physical space and more love for essential workers.

-

Cuauhtémoc (CDMX):

I really hope this can be the beginning of a new way of thinking about ourselves and our relationship with others, humans and non humans. This virus is showing us the economic inequities and they're impossible to ignore, I hope we can listen to them.

-

David Alex Campbell, from Rikers Prison, NYC

This is the beginning of too broke for aspirin, of in for a penny in for a pound, of maybe there is a path through the forest after all.

-

Monica Dudárov Hunken, Brooklyn NY

this is the beginning of a squatters renaissance. Foreclosed buildings will become your collective castles

this is the beginning of clear skies. when you can see the mountaintop you will always know it is there and can never go back to forgetting

this is the beginning of better pay for the mighty working class,

of all heroes and no heroes,

of an education revolution,

school in the streets, forest and field, children will learn from fairies, bears, drag queens and foxes

and we will listen to our inner voice and hear the poetry it has been spouting for hundreds of years that you never heard because capitalism stopped up your ears!

-

Dragonfly Wilson, Brooklyn, NY

THIS IS THE BEGINNING OF...

...new beginnings and its accompanying uncertainty.

...exponential apocalypse and armageddon anxiety.

...the quickening.

...the END.

-

SORNE (Morgan) Los Angeles

This is the beginning of..

A new age.

A new discovery.

A death of old life past.

Chelsea Rae Cole - Photographer/GraphicArtist, Salt Lake City, Utah

This is the beginning of a population catalyzing towards social change. Perhaps we'll learn preparedness isn't just about masks and vaccines and tests, but about fair labor, equal health care and stability.

-

Laura Diaz (São Paulo)

Este é o começo de... algo que não conheço, robinson crusoé.

This is the beginning of something ... I do not know, robinson crusoé.

-

Athina K (Athens)

PART 2: DYSTOPIA LAND

This is the beginning of another day in the Dystopia Land.

Ok. This is how it goes: Nothing special. I drink my coffee and I smoke my first cigarette of the day. I'm smoking a lot lately.

I look at the morning sky and I feel a nostalgic pinch in my heart for the old days I now hardly remember. I kinda feel like I'm becoming an agoraphobic, weird creature as the time goes by.

I don't know. It's just I prefer getting lost in my thoughts. So many broken thoughts and words..They're becoming a huge mess in my head. Every day, I walk like in my tiny room like a wild animal. Back and forth. With an empty look in my eyes. I look myself in

the mirror. Black circles from insomnia. Great...I cannot recall anything from my previous life. Everything is fading away day by day. Who am I, where am I, what I'm doing now.

Paranoia.

This is the new reality. No purpose. No goals. Sometimes, I hope that someone will find me and hold me tight. But everybody disappeared months ago.. They are trapped in their own cells somewhere far away. As for me? I managed to escape from the city. Before the general imprisonment. The only thing that has left is those old songs in my head. I used to sing a lot. Now I sing, dazed and confused, with a trembling voice before I close my eyes and sink to my nightmares.

Another day ended.

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Institute for Experimental Arts - Athens - Sissy Doutsio

This is the beginning of...our liberation front. We can hold each other's hand and pray for our salvation or pray for the end of this world. It depends how much strength you

have inside your lungs. It depends. I feel free then, now and after. The world hasn't changed.

The only thing that make me nervous is that I cannot see my mother. This the beginning of a new era. The era of love and compassion, may be yes maybe not. It depends how much we love mother nature.

Arthur Ban, Burundi

This is the beginning of a long journey...

This is the beginning of a deep meditation session that can bring back our souls in our bodies...

This is the beginning of this happy journey in which the human being goes back in reconciliation with their soul to exchange again rings and vow to stay together forever...

This is the beginning of a long series of exams to pass after this tough class we attended in mass...I am sure tomorrow we'll meet in restaurants, parks, bars, theatres, concerts, along the lake, we'll lay on hot sand, on wet or dry tree leaves, climb together freezing mountains, seat on rocks on the top of mountains...We'll eat and drink, we'll breathe together, we'll look again into one another's eyes as if it's our first time and say: "I missed you"!

-

Israel Rodríguez de Tijuana

Este es el comienzo de hacer las cosas por nuestra cuenta

This is the beginning of doing things on our own

-

Kelly Lamanna, Target Margin Theater

This is the beginning of...awareness and clarity. A new age of theater. Taking time for ourselves and one another.

-

Castleb Russell - Bay Area

This is the beginning of solitude.

-

Nina Ki, Korean American Playwright

This is the beginning of...

Hopefully, the revolution. Reform. Change. Greater equality. But at the very least, dissent.

This is the beginning of reconnection between humans; an opportunity to appreciate how precious we are in the face of some people we never give consideration and attention; those that have been taken for granted and replaced by our work, our hobbies, our travels, our experimentations, our silences, our distance,...those beautiful people, generous and loving creatures who have dreamt of our message, email or call for years because we were..."busy"...

-

Joel Vences (Tijuana, Mexico)

Este es el comienzo de ...Cuidarnos entre nosotros y cuidar a la Tierra. La pausa en las actividades humanas muestran el efecto positivo en el ambiente. Me distancio del otro, pero es por cuidarme a mí mismo.

El comienzo de éste distanciamiento social cultiva en nosotros ganas de volver a abrazarnos.

This is the beginning of ... Caring for each other and caring for the Earth. The pause in human activities show the positive effect on the environment. I distance myself from the other, but it is for taking care of myself.

The beginning of this social distancing cultivates in us a desire to embrace each other again.