

# The AI Limite Liminal Archive

## Act 1: The End

*Compiled by AI 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:*

**#AILimiteLiminalArchive**

*Follow us on Instagram and Facebook:*

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*Other optional tags:*

*#HomeatHome*

*#Covid-19*

*#TogetherApart*

*#VirtualPerformance*

*#theaterfromHome*

*#LockdownTheater*

*#MicroArt*

*#OpenSource*

***Please always use #AILimiteLiminalArchive***

**Ileri Romero (Mexico City, Mexico)**

Este, es el final de un yo.

Un Yo: Este, es el final de un yo. ¿El de... ese yo? ¿... de mi yo? ... de miles de yo. Tal vez muchos yo murieron... o están muriendo. Creo que el silencio y el caos mataron los yos que existían antes. Hoy los yos se convirtieron en hojas en blanco, en otros yos, en yos en construcción.

This is the end of a me.

An I: This is the end of an I. The one with ... that me? ... of my self? ... of thousands of me. Perhaps many of me died ... or are dying. I think silence and chaos killed the selves that existed before. Today the selves became blank sheets, in other selves, in selves under construction.

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**Elena Griggio (Venice, Italy)**

This is the end of the chapter, still I recognize the book;  
it's ours, it's like the sea.

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**Georgia Inna (Athens, Greece)**

.. This is the end of excuses / guilt / small life i can see clearly now

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**Jessica Daugherty (Portland, Oregon)**

This could be the end of our blind indenture. This could be the end of selling your clothing for your supper, this could be the end of accepting the written as rule. This could be the end of work as the global corporate structure demands it. Can we Stop working. Stop working. Stop working. What are we working for? What are we working for? What are we building? Whose building are we building?

This is the sudden halt of momentum built up by the people in Hong Kong, Chile, Catalonia, Lebanon, Sudan, Haiti....forced inside where it learns to adapt and bubbles.

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**Joel Vences (Tijuana, Mexico)**

Este es el final de ...  
pensar que estamos aislados, que el efecto mariposa si opera, es el final de una época  
donde la presencia humana requiere estar en persona, estamos abandonando nuestros  
cuerpos para ser más globales.

This is the end of ...  
Thinking that we are isolated, the butterfly effect operates, is the end of an era where  
the human presence doesn't require being in person, we are leaving our bodies to be  
more global.

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

This is the end of the man as a social animal.

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**Dragonfly Wilson(Bed Stuy, Brooklyn, USA)**

THIS IS THE END OF...  
...cognitive dissonance and residual beliefs in bullshit.  
...illusions of American exceptionalism.

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**Cisne Paola, (from Ecuador, living in Mexico City)**

Con esperanza, Cisne.

Cadáveres exquisitos con los miembros de mi familia justo a un mes y 3 días de  
empezado el encierro.

Este es el final de todos los ricachones que con esta pandemia todos somos iguales y  
todos vamos a sufrir. Esperemos que todo esto se calme para poder volver a nuestras  
vidas normales, aunque en realidad nada va a volver a hacer igual como antes tenía  
ganas de caminar de salir a todas partes. A todas partes que vaya siempre te recordaré  
como la mujer que dio sentido a mi vida, para seguir luchando porque me dio tres hijas  
maravillosas. Maravillosas las flores rojas que ya no recuerdo su tacto.

With hope,

Cisne.

Exquisite corpses with the members of my family just one month and 3 days after the  
closure.

This is the end of all the rich people that with this pandemic we are all equal and we are  
all going to suffer. Hopefully all this calms down so that we can return to our normal  
lives, although in reality nothing is going to be the same as before, I wanted to walk to

go everywhere. Everywhere I go I will always remember you as the woman who gave  
my life meaning, to keep fighting because she gave me three wonderful daughters.  
Wonderful, the red flowers that I no longer remember their touch.

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**From Katya Chizhayeva - (Ukraine / New Orleans)**

this is the end  
for far away futures. the famous mind galloping into distances.  
Gut-round hay, sprouting seeds this spring, a green shoot called home, in the dark  
swampy soil.  
end of guesses, second guesses. all illusions about who is valuable for what, who gets  
to live or die, be sacrificed. end of thinking we are not a herd, part of nature. end of  
hurry, rush, anxiety to be better, do better, win favors, succeed. end of separations.  
the isolated hermit can't live without the others.

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**Reka Deak (Hungarian born, living in Prague)**

This is the end of the world known from my childhood. Sara will never feel the smell of  
hay as I did for example. Not by her choice.

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**Douglas D. Sebamala**

This is the end of Life as we know it.  
Quiet DC streets, lonely New York Subways  
Solitary Eiffel Tower and tourism bans across the planet  
A deserted Great Wall of China  
Free drainage in River Nile from Kampala to Cairo  
Lions owning Tarmac in Masai Mara  
No hunting.  
Rhinos living freely-unpoached in Kruger  
No flight zones, Less Air Pollution, Clear blue skies  
Unemployment depression, amid an Unprecedented economic crisis  
And social distancing redefining Social Life.  
Corona just added a whole new meaning to the term globalization.  
Everyone Everywhere Levelled beyond class, race, wealth...  
The same fears, the very same symptoms and responses

Similar deaths undifferentiated by color, education, profession...

A single pandemic sweeping the globe

Corona the leveler.

Let me not catch you drinking Corona beer,

Driving the Corona

Or Christening your newborn, Covid!

Are you mad! That's the definition of "every sort of wrong"

Politically wrong, economically wrong, socially wrong.

A global reminder of the end of life as we know it.

The world on a single revolving slate

A uniform destruction of life

Brought together by death and disease

A new devil that has come to steal kill and destroy.

Where are we now? Who are we?

Where shall we be tomorrow?

Who will still be here when?

What if I'm the last man left standing?

What if you? What him-her?

What if?

Shall this be our extinction?

Or is it the beginning of an unforeseen end?

We're stuck in a Dark Abyss of an open slate.

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### **Cypress Atlas (New Orleans, Louisiana USA)**

this is the end of

the way our bodies

used to feel

so sure of themselves.

we are tuned in

to emergencies

of flesh and bone,

emergent seas

of water born

from open pores.

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**Adriana Portillo (Mexico City, Mexico)**

Este es el final de vivir dejándome de lado, de no tomar en cuenta mis tiempos, mis prioridades personales e íntimas, mi descanso, el final del pensamiento donde todo es más importante que yo y donde el trabajo es lo principal y no yo, como mujer, como ser sintiente, parte de este todo-universo.

This is the end of living leaving me aside, of not taking into account my time, my personal and intimate priorities, my rest, the end of thinking where everything is more important than me and where work is the main thing and not me, as woman, as a sentient being, part of this all-universe.

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**Maira Lana - Brazil (Superviventes Collective)**

This is the end of... beings ridden by demented minds.

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**Sissy Doutsio- Institute for Experimental Arts (Athens, Greece)**

This is the end of...our misery.

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

This is the end of...

The systems pretending that they have it all under control

They don't, they have never!

The cracks have been exposed and now we have evidence of what we have always known

This is the end of an era

An era where we follow blindly

We are now more aware

This is the end of all the pretense even though now we cover our faces

We must question what is not right

Are we in this alone?

Will the world now believe we are on this ship together?

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**Monica Hunken ( Brooklyn, NY, USA)**

This is the end of the war on terror.

The end of manufacturing foreign devils,  
that age old story we've heard for hundreds of years to lull us to sleep,  
sickly sweet lies; the cowboy dream of Good v Evil.  
and we have always been good and they have always been evil,  
plotting our downfall.

The end of crucifying "the other".

It was always us. It was always here, in the fabric of the system.

The end of US as superpower.

The end of the love affair of the leisure class  
the end of lawns and high rise condos.

Let the seeds and vines sprout throughout the city, overtaking Trump tower and  
swallowing into the soft damp earth, she is hungry and needs to be fed.

The end of the yawning howl of the untouchable billionaires

It is the end of zombie shoppers who have watched silently as an empire nation has  
cannibalized us, denying healthcare, food security, justice, peace.

The end of the war machine.

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**Nathaniel Eras (Vertexx, Los Angeles, CA, USA)**

This is the end of a spell

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**Ulises Anel (CDMX, Mexico)**

Este es el final de las moralidades individualistas, del dinero como cambio de lo  
importante, del poder cimentado sobre ideas, de las libertades cimentadas sobre ideas.

This is the end of individualistic moralities, of money as a change of the important, of  
power founded on ideas, of liberties founded on ideas.

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## **Stephanie Degreas (São Paulo, Brazil)**

Note \* I've answered the questions from two standpoints, my own and then tried to imagine what one of the pro-bolsonaro protesters (the ones who are against quarantine) must be thinking.

### **Do meu ponto de vista**

**Este é o fim...** dos fins. A ideia de término nesse momento, para mim, não parece dar conta de tudo que estamos vivendo. Mais do que do vírus, que provavelmente em algum momento será controlado, estou falando da primeira cerca, quando nós ainda não falávamos em línguas codificadas, mas arranjamos um jeito de dizer “isto é meu” e transformamos em concorrentes toda uma gente que poderia ser, em vez disso, companheirxs. O fim desse erro eu não enxergo ainda. Só uma consequência depois da outra, resultando agora, na prática, em coisas tão imediatas quanto dois milhões duzentas e quatorze mil mortes. Dois. Milhões. Duzentas. E quatorze. Mil. Terminei de falar e já estou atrasada na conta. E mesmo assim, quando tudo acalmar, eu acho que infelizmente o verde mais importante ainda será o verde dólar. O verde mais querido foi solidamente construído em cima de muitas mortes mais e menos imediatas — sem ponto de chegada. Apesar disso, eu acredito mesmo que—

### **From my point of view**

This is the end ... of the ends. The idea of ending this moment, for me, does not seem to account for everything we are experiencing. More than the virus, which will probably be controlled at some point, I'm talking about the first fence, when we still didn't speak in coded languages, but we found a way to say “this is mine” and turned everyone who could be a competitor into competitors. instead, companions. I don't see the end of this error yet. Only one consequence after another, now resulting, in practice, in things as immediate as two million two hundred and fourteen thousand deaths. Two. Millions. Two hundred. And fourteen. Thousand. I finished talking and I'm already late on the account. And yet, when everything calms down, I think that unfortunately the most important green will still be the green dollar. The most beloved green was solidly built upon many more and less immediate deaths - with no end point. Despite this, I really believe that—

### **O empresário da morte**

**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.

### **From the point of view of the Businessman of Death**

This is the end of the left. The time that 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 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 act that 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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### **Miguel Rodriguez (Tijuana, Mexico)**

Este es el fin de una estructura social disfuncional, basada en estadísticas y cifras. Los seres vivos somos más complejos y sensibles que cualquier cifra. El sistema capitalista de "mucho para pocos y poco para muchos" ha llegado a su fin. Por supuesto para que esto sea una realidad, es necesario la participación de todo aquel con una conciencia y sensibilidad desarrollada ante el panorama global actual.

This is the end of a dysfunctional social structure, based on statistics and figures. We living beings are more complex and sensitive than any number. The capitalist system of "Much for few and little for many" has come to an end. Of Course for this To be a reality, the participation of everyone with an awareness and developed sensitivity to the current global panorama.

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### **Zafeiria Mantzari - (Athens, Greece)**

This is the end of all excuses.

This is the end of ignorance.

This is the end of believing that one gets what one deserves. Or else you will get what you deserve.

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### **Athina K (Athens, Greece)**

PART 1:ENSLAVEMENT

This is the end of the world. Literally. At least as we knew it. The time has stopped and everything is frozen. It all happened so suddenly. I quickly took the plane and..i left you there suffering alone..Everybody is getting sick! And..you..You are so far away from me. Your eyes are haunting me the nights. I try to reach you but you disappear like a ghost. I feel isolated, alone and desperate in the darkness. I turn around in circles in my bed sweating and panicking. I tremble, I cry so much when I'm thinking of you. I'm trapped in a cage, the time is still and slow.

### Trapped

Without you I'm trapped in this black hole. We used to laugh, we used to make love, we used to hug each other, we were fearless..But now you disappeared in the fog. I don't know when I'm going to see you again, feel your skin against mine, feel your lips in my chest. This is the end of the world. I'm afraid of changes. I'm afraid of this darkness we are all surrounded by. I know you miss me too. But for our love.. Stay strong! Because love is a white light, deep in our souls. And this is a way of resistance. Take care. I'm going to meet you again when this will be over! I promise.

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### **Hideo Kushiya (São Paulo, Brazil)**

Este é o fim presença, onde o isolamento é uma ilha apontada pra dentro. É o fim do espaço, do corpo a corpo. É o fim da multidão, da estreita fronteira do outro.

This is the end presence, where isolation is an island pointed inward. It is the end of space, of melee. It is the end of the crowd, of the other's narrow frontier.

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### **Alma Lowy (Mexico City, Mexico)**

Este es el final de los abrazos y los besos en la boca

La gente no volverá a tomarse de las manos, ni a tomar del mismo vaso siquiera. Cada uno tendrá, de ahora en adelante, su propio juego de utensilios.

This is the end of the hugs and the kisses on the mouth

People will never hold hands again, or even drink from the same glass. Everyone will have their own set of utensils from now on.

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**Salah Elboukhari - (Moroccan Theatre Artist now in Spain)**

This is the end of life on Earth.

If this is not the end, there is a possibility that the end will be like this, something we have committed and everyone will pay for it, the capitalists there, the greedy, who make what we need and what we do not need, who deplete nature, water and air and destroy hope and love, who founded a system Fair in the exploitation of the people, who used science to make a tragic elimination of us from bombs and killing tools

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**Fransergio Araujo (São Paulo, Brazil)**

Este é o fim de um mundo como conhecemos!

This is the end of a world as we know!

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**Thomas Walker (LES, New York, USA)**

This is the end of large groups and mosh pits?, of participatory theater?; and of refugees? The end of forever?

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**Kelly Lamanna, Target Margin Theater (NY, New York, USA)**

This is the end of...living to spend money. A cycle has come to a halt. Do we jump back on the wheel or do we go somewhere else together? This is the end of tolerance for pettiness. And for bad theater.

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**Heidi Mae Edwards (Grass Valley, California, USA)**

This is the end of complacent apathy.

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**SORNE (Morgan) (Los Angeles, California, USA)**

This is the end of...

A paradigm.

An era.

A mind state.

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**Camarena Del Toro (Tijuana, Mexico)**

Este es el final de el momento cuando insistes en contar los segundos.

This is the end of the moment when you insist on counting the seconds.

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**Arthur Ban, (Burundi, Africa)**

This is the end of the beginning...

A time where the watch goes back to zero, a time where we don't forget what we have been fighting for, to what we've given our body, our soul, our total self and whose value is now meaningless...

This is the end of our arrogant and provocative speeches, our illusion that our security depends on how strong are our armies...

This is the end of the utopia of private comfortable lanes that some nations have  
virtually built in hard materials...

This is the end of the illusion that some of us are strong enough to save themselves in a  
boat crash in the middle of the ocean...

This is the end of this trauma from cell phones, newspapers, supermarkets, social  
Medias...

This is the end of this trauma due to the fear of tomorrow, the fear of the unknown,  
invisible, and unstoppable... That eternal concern about the air I breathe, what I touch,  
how distant I have to be to the other, whether I pay my bills or not, this eternal concern  
about the useless contracts, the job I have lost, the friend, the lover with whom I will no  
longer share the same good moments, ...

This is the end of all those frustrations and regrets that reduced me in nothing but a  
vulnerable impotent person lost and unable to find their way out from the mess the have  
fallen in...

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**Mizu Disierto- Headwaters Theater, (Portland, Oregon, USA)**

This is the end of...rape culture

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**Nina Ki, Korean American playwright**

This is the end of...

..illusion. The illusion that racism doesn't exist in America. The illusion that color  
blindness works. The illusion that we, as Asian people, are model minorities and that we  
can get by with our proximity to whiteness. The illusion that our healthcare system  
works. The illusion that capitalism works. The illusion that we elected a President who  
can take care of the American people. This is the end of the illusion that we are whole,  
when we are broken.

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**CastleRussell (Bay Area, California, USA)**

This is the end of capitalism.

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**Cristoffer Straffon Marquez (Tijuana, Mexico)**

This is the end of humankind corruption; whether we cease to exist as species or we turn on a new leaf, it seems obvious we are entering a new paradigm in which we will find ourselves as both children of the Earth and the Sky. We will finally remember our roots, plant the seeds, and grow or we will be ripped and tossed from the core out. If we are being kindly ushered or brutally forced into this change becomes a matter not only of choice but of assertive action. Whatever may it be, we give our lives back to the land and heaven that gave us birth. In the end, They will thrive!

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**Cuauhtémoc Lara Razo (CDMX, Mexico)**

I'm not sure this is an **ending**, sometimes it feels like but I'm not sure of getting the bigger picture. Everytime I see the news about Guayaquil or NYC I feel devastated, poverty is killing a lot of people, not the virus, capitalism.

Illegal immigrants with no health insurance and no job security can't afford staying home, in Guayaquil people dying on the streets and I just can't stop thinking about Mbembe and Foucault.

Staying home sometimes doesn't feel that bad, around this hour is so quiet around here, and sometimes I can feel it, the power of anonymity, the collective silence, can you feel it too?

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**Trang Thai (Portland, Oregon, USA)**

This the end of a day.

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**Soraya Broukhim (Queens, New York, USA)**

Title : Open delicately

Slowly I slithered  
Naga snake they called me  
Yesterday  
White feather they called me  
Today  
When you find such an angel  
One that stands out  
Hold it to your heart  
It will whisper sweetly and directly  
What you see.  
Justice for all  
Equality for you and me  
And love for those who love  
Not through a mirror  
Or a crystal (ball)

But simply eye to soul  
Wishing an eyelash away  
For a year ahead but more importantly Now  
Of purity , clarity and a fragrance of delicious magic  
What will they call me  
Tomorrow

-

**David Alex Campbell (Rikers, NY)**

This is the end of the Early Weird Years.

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**Brad Hamers (Portland, Oregon, USA)**

the end of emotional attachments to captors

begin with the page you've opened to  
(an invented flavor of hope)  
and (start to) tear  
from the top down

this is the end of one definition  
if our bad eyes can stay bent long enough

this is the end of an absolute,  
a new mirror  
the end of a fairytale coma  
hope to forget our training  
but remember the debasement  
to remove the most lower layer of you  
while attempting to rethink Structure  
and remain standing  
to question, continuously, one's own feat  
or the ground s , upon which it stands  
one weapon  
made to burrow  
under  
flesh and skin

This is the end of nothing  
if we let it be

to pull oneself out of the power outlet  
to turn off and unlearn its charge

the End of Norm

This is the end of Nothing  
If We Let It Be

-

**Leah Bachar (child of no nation)**

This is the end of the notion of an end  
It is our infinite apocalypse, always reminding us that soon we will have to begin again  
We cannot end it because we never started it to begin with  
It is the great threshold into another reality, one where we get to recreate ourselves  
A trial of humanity, the great gavel, the collective outcry that resembles the sound of an  
infant but also encapsulates the deadliest gasp.  
This is the end of that but not the end of us.

