

HITLER IN MY HEART

NOÉ MORALES MUÑOZ

Finalist

National Playwriting Award

Youth Category

Gerardo Mancebo 2008

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I've noticed that things
upon seeking their course find their emptiness

Federico García Lorca

Poet in New York

For Daniela Bojórquez

Note:

- [] imply the split of the dialogue on two planes: the fiction spoken and the fiction that surfaces in the characters' dynamic with others.
- → denotes the time a speaker takes to find a precise term for an idea; it indicates a pause, derived from a search.

I.- Schrapnel

*Le bonheur que l'on éprouve à aimer n'est pas, forcément,
lié à un amour heureux. Il est besoin d'amour.*

Edmond Jabès

Angoisse d'une seule fin

A, B and C are women.

- A: You would isolate his → thighs
- B: Those long, smooth, fibrous thighs, soft under the skin of your fingers but hard beneath your grip; they're what you would save for yourself, what you would possibly cut off and separate from the whole
- C: The incarnation of the soft/solid paradox
- B: The soft/solid paradox. [THOUGH I DON'T KNOW IF WE'RE REALLY TALKING ABOUT A PARADOX], one of the many in that man's...body
- C: He's...thin.
- A: Thin indeed → his build comes from the profession he's embraced since childhood, a display of muscles like those of the powerful and dim-witted buffalo, the buffalo known for their suicidal plunges into the abyss
- B: Which gives them the image of → sad animals
- C: He's also a sad animal in some ways
- A: Not sad now, but he's expected to be sad later...he's young
- B: He's not even twenty five
- A: Of course not: that's OBVIOUS, but no need to trust your eyes, since the information is there
- C: Information flows unrestricted; the facts belong to the public domain
- A: Because EVERYONE knows he's not twenty five, EVERYONE knows he's twenty two, EVERYONE knows EVERYTHING about him, because he's been in the public eye since he was a boy, a → runt
- B: A runt who nonetheless inspired certain expectations
- A: With undeniable talents, but also reticent and fragile which raised doubt in those who → provided everything he needed to succeed

- C: Those who *bet* on him
- A: You can't call it a bet. You can't call it a bet because those who believed in him would've abandoned him at the slightest hint of failure
- B: They would've left him without batting an eyelash...although with a sense of personal defeat
- C: They would've had no choice but to zip their lips, and flog the very backs they now turned towards that pathetic little runt
- B: They would've lopped off their tongues at the base
- A: They would have done this and that, they would have endured hot flashes, and endless sorrows, and still, they would have calmly abandoned him in a muddy field beneath a quivering August rain
- B: But his naked body is undeniable proof that none of that happened
- A: The naked body of a man who admires himself in a mirror → who *realizes he is admired* as if he were seeing himself for the first time
- C: As if his naked body were on the verge of tearing apart
- A: The penis is pendulant, still slobbering and blind, it hangs, shrunken after having inserted itself inside you with certain...apprehension
- C: A desperate eroticism...you'd also isolate that, separate it from the whole
- A: A madness → that you try to hide partly because of how you've been raised and partly because the image of his body has suddenly filled you with... the weight of its melancholy
- B: You feel like putting out the cigarette you're smoking while reclining on a bed with white sheets and letting your tears fall with a certain elegance
- C: But you don't do it

- A: You don't do it because you're consumed by two thoughts. One is of him looking at his body, and the other is your body next to his, he who is double and playing with his dangling penis in the mirror
- B: You cover your body from his which is so different than yours
- C: Besides the obvious differences of your gender
- A: Of course, *besides* the obvious differences [WHO THE HELL WANTS TO TALK ABOUT THE OBVIOUS], what covers you is → the contrast
- B: The contrast between his skin and yours
- C: His skin is equatorial, almost luminous, a skin that reminds you that this is an era of migrations and exiles
- A: A skin you would've never touched were it not for the global migrations of the past half century, which caused the biotype of the great cities to change and → gradually darken
- B: You wouldn't be looking at him, you wouldn't have him there, so close to you, were it not for the factors that led to our current geopolitical and → socioeconomic conditions
- C: His skin, his body, he is a walking embodiment of a diaspora
- A: Of a widespread diaspora
- C: Of the many diasporas that comprise one GREAT diaspora
- A: A continuation of the GREAT diasporas of biblical times
- B: Seeing him there definitely evokes → the migratory diaspora of the Cameroonians to Lavapiés
- A: The Romanians to → Camden Town
- C: The Albanians to La → Trastevere
- B: The Bolivians to → Ezpeleta

- A: The Indians to Meyerland, the Bengalis to Ibrox, the Koreans to Parc de Choisy, the Ecuadorians to El Raval, the Nigerians and Turks to Kreuzberg, the Portuguese to New Bedford, the Brazilians to Fall River, the Somalis to Brickwall, the Vietnamese to Holešovice, the Palestinians to Yarmuk, the Argelians to La Castellaine, the Mexicans to Pilsen, the Morrocans to Slotervaart, the Chinese to Jupiter → that unleashed flow, that sensation extended in time, that certainty of being linked to ancient traditions and rituals, that ancient heritage that peeps out in a certain trait, in a mannerism, in a habit, in a certain posture, in the peculiar accentuation of a syllable, everything that meets/converges/coincides in the naked body of the man who separates himself from his image and turns towards you as if he's experienced → an epiphany
- B: The epiphany of seeing himself for the first time
- C: He won't say it like that because his narrative abilities are → limited
- A: We should really [BEING RIGOROUS IS IMPORTANT] explain that his vocabulary is poor, his syntax is imprecise, his relationship with semantics is murky and → questionable
- C: No more than the average person, we should say; which may reflect the shortcomings of today's educational system
- B: It's obvious we're not talking about a statesman
- C: But it's not up to you to say anything
- A: You don't want to question him [DISCUSSING THINGS WITH HIM HAS NEVER INTERESTED YOU], you'd rather listen to those luscious red lips express whatever came to him after those minutes in the mirror
- C: Of course, after a tiny → circumlocution

- A: Because he can't say anything without first drawing concentric circles with language before diving like → a seagull into an idea
- C: He talks to you about Scandinavian civility
- B: He talks to you about the measures recently adopted by the Scandinavians to prevent car accidents.
- A: The Scandinavians, he says [THOUGH WE ALL KNOW HE DOESN'T SAY IT WITH THOSE WORDS PRECISELY] adopted measures that protect drivers who consume too much alcohol. They invented a special key. To ignite the engine, he says, the driver must first blow on the key which contains a sensor that determines whether he has exceeded the legal limit. If that happens, he says, the automobile won't switch on
- B: And the driver, staggering and confused, begins an erratic walk along a snow-covered boulevard
- A: Towards some vehicle that will carry him to the house he shares with his wife, an expert in Gestalt therapy, and the two children he had with her during seven years of a marriage as boring as the auteur films produced in those same countries
- C: He will walk along the edge of the boulevard, cursing, but without worrying because the drivers going by passed the key test with flying colors
- B: The test has a name, a colloquial name
- C: He doesn't say that. You imagine it
- A: Of course, [OF COURSE YOU IMAGINE IT] he doesn't say it, because he's saying something else
- B: Because now he brings up a dream
- C: The dream that just woke him up

- B: It's really a dream from the day before that he just → remembered, which came to him while he studied himself in the mirror
- A: An urban landscape, a city landscape traversed by crystal. Buildings, malls, residential homes, freeways, pedestrian bridges, all rarefied by this idea. A city made of crystal, a city conquered by frailty
- C: A fascist perspective
- A: More than fascist, misleading [NOBODY HERE WANTS TO TALK ABOUT IDEOLOGIES], a famous city that now hides its identity. A city that despite its beauty can't hide its fragility
- B: He speaks....in the dream
- A: They travel by the crystal crevasses while holding hands. They admire the translucent walls like a person dissecting a huge beast
- C: He stops...in the dream
- B: He stops to hold your face and mumble something → calmly
- A: You're here – he says in the dream – and nonetheless my bones already ache because of your absence. I ask myself if yours will ache some day
- C: You don't respond
- A: In the dream
- C: Or now
- B: You don't respond because the crystal cracks
- A: It's a slight movement
- B: Then, a rush to escape the imminent collapse
- C: The collapse of the organized lie which is the crystal city
- A: A rush - he says - filmed in slow motion in exasperating detail, which clearly means that the scene is cinematic and corny

- C: Evidence of the mental damage caused by his exposure to B movies
- B: The slow motion doesn't mean they don't escape, nor are their bodies spared the shrapnel, splinters, and daggers formed by the flying crystal
- C: Nor are their eardrums spared an attack
- A: The BANG stays in their ear like a looming torture
- B: Forcing them to stumble while they decide to turn or return, random choices in their frenetic race towards to salvation
- C: A mad rush away from the crystal's carress
- A: The scene may be right out of a b movie, of course, but that doesn't minimize its → aesthetic value
- B: You don't dismiss what he says because you're surprised by the description, by the precision of his story-telling, the force of his narration
- C: Perhaps he has a new relationship with words, perhaps he senses in that room that he paid with a credit card valid in more than one hundred and fifty two countries in the world, that he's finally mastered language
- B: I can't stop thinking about it, he says
- A: He can't stop thinking about what he said, what his words mean, what they expect in return
- B: About what he expects you to answer
- A: You can't stop thinking about it either. And you wish you didn't have to say anything
- C: Even though he doesn't expect you to say anything
- B: He's not going to say it [OBVIOUSLY], but his words create an expectation
- A: An expectation marked by silence

- B: Because the abyss is there. It's in the room and hovering like a predator
- C: You'd better not say anything
- A: You'd better not push the eloquence of someone who's never spoken so much and so → precisely
- B: Because those who inhabit their tongues once do so to silence others
- A: It's not that you know that; perhaps you → intuit it
- B: Because you cry
- A: And you cry even more when he smiles and offers you his bare shoulder to lean on and calm the spasms that ripple up and down your spine
- B: Making you to move like an expressionist puppet
- C: I know I'll miss you, you want to say, I know the distance will hurt, but my bones won't ache more later than they do now and I can't explain why
- B: Because no one has left. Because no one is absent
- A: You want to say this and more but you can't. What comes out of your mouth are only uncontrollable cries
- C: If he's made for film, you're made for television, more for → melodrama
- B: It's incredible how a man who gained worldwide fame for the virtues of his left leg, for his ability to destroy any machination used against him, for surpassing all enemy lines, has torn you down with a quaint little story
- A: He fires now as he fires in the field every seven days, only that his object in the bedroom is much more → weak
- B: You think that while you watch him dress with a calmness that makes you want to grab his curls and bash his head against the wall
- C: Or to ask him for some kind of → commitment

- B: Before *you* were the one who dismissed everything, *you* were the one who → chose certain options over others
- A: But you also know [IT'S OBVIOUS YOU KNOW, YOU CAN'T PRETEND OTHERWISE] that that's over, you've just witnessed an emancipation
- C: The emancipation of a body through words
- A: He asks you for a cigarette which you light immediately
- C: Although the effects of cigarettes on an athlete's body are well known
- B: The body you've enjoyed which now hides under an elegant uniform
- C: A uniform that defines him, a uniform emblazoned with a team logo he's kissed with brotherly devotion, a uniform that he's sweated to ecstasy
- A: An ecstasy shared by his fans, mainly [LET'S FACE IT] unemployed, underemployed, mentally challenged Momma's boys and drug addicts
- B: An ecstasy you pretended wasn't there
- C: Because you were interested in him, the sparkling aura that surrounds him, but not his success
- A: Perhaps your interest has wavered
- B: Predictable, given the differences between you
- A: But you did go to that room he rented, to enjoy his body as if it belonged to you, temporarily
- C: Though you know there's nothing beyond the temporary
- A: The truth is [YOU'D ADMIT IT IF YOU WERE HONEST], you don't want anything *beyond* it; you're safe in the → routine
- B: Because the meetings are becoming more spaced apart and each one is less → intense
- C: There's a growing → emotional bond

A: A strange bond which you → question

C: You question its morality

B: No, they're just ordinary questions

A: More than ordinary, practical: because you know it's going [LIKE THE BUFFALO] nowhere

C: You know everything is fleeting

A: Yet having nothing would be worse, and it would be worse still to only be there for → the glamour and your growing attachment to media exposure

B: You'd like to talk about all that, about your doubts and torments

A: But you don't say anything, you can't say what you want

B: Because you're focused on him as he leaves

C: As the red cedar door stamps behind him

A: Only now you notice that night is perched on the window

B: Only now you notice that your presence in the room has shrunk, that the space oppresses and → asfixiates you

C: Maybe you're starting to miss him

A: Maybe you sense [WHO KNOWS WHY, MAYBE BECAUSE YOU'RE A HOPELESS PESSIMIST] that you'll never see him again

II.- Tales

*Dead words. Dead tongue. From disuse. Buried in Time's memory.
Unemployed. Unspoken. History. Past. Let the one who is disease,
one who is mother who waits nine days and nine nights be found.
Restore memory. Let the one who is disease, one who is daughter restore
spring with her each appearance from beneath the earth. The ink
spills thickest before it runs dry before it stops writing at all.*

Theresa Hak Kyung Cha

Dictee

X and Y are men.

X: Only THIRTY MINUTES.

[To the rhythm of Guantanamera]:

Thirty minutes

Only thirty minutes

Thirty Minutes

Into the first half.

Y: We were THIRTY MINUTES into the game when the tragedy struck

X: We're sincerely/genuinely/ incontrovertibly → moved

Y: We tremble and sweat large and icy drops and we think our symptoms are only normal given the → undeniable MAGNITUDE of the event

X: Without a single doubt/ without fearing we made a mistake/ without any fear whatsoever that we're using too many words / we think we've witnessed one of the most → stupefying events of the last → fifty years

Y: Perhaps even more, if we can say that

X: Of course we can...and by saying it we're not ignoring the thousand and one extraordinary events this city has endured throughout its history

Y: Bombings, epic battles, conquests and reconquests; fratricidal struggles, wars against foreign enemies, planned and also fabricated conflicts

X: But also humanitarian gestures, inspiring and selfless acts, moments of unexpected philanthropy in this era of devastation and → greed

X: The contradictory spectrum of the human condition

Y: But never this

X: Nothing like this, nothing like witnessing a fall

Y: But hang on a moment: he seems to be responding

It's a crucial moment

it's a ZYCODEX moment

- X: It looks like he's coming back - for us, for the people, and of course, for his family
- Y: What do we know about his parents?
- X: Everything; we traced his family tree *back* for ten generations
- Y: A family with ancestry, with deep roots in this city, that now witnesses the drama and pain of one of its prodigal sons
- X: Without a doubt this is about ancestry and roots; we're talking about an emblematic family from the very best traditions of this → multi-ethnic city
- X: Let's think about traditional/fundamental/unchanging values such as a respect for work, effort, and of course, meager pay
- Y: His ancestors came from unimaginable regions, his ancestors arrived at our ports, their backs heavy with desolation and dishonor, and what did they find here but → a land of peace, a vast land of opportunity
- X: They came – his ancestors – from Caledonia and Bessarabia, from the South Asian and Jutland belt
- Y: All under-developed and depressed regions, but we don't care about any of that because he's → standing up now
- X: It seems his tribe's warrior lineage has re-incarnated in him and made him → rise
- Y: Not without some difficulty, we must note
- X: Not without filling our beating hearts with amazement

Y: Not without palpable tension clinging to the fifty nine thousand three hundred twenty two people who purchased a ticket, in addition to an indeterminate number of distinguished guests

X: And who now live this moment of pain and anxiety with us

Y: Let's not forget his parents

X: Who can forget his parents [IMPOSSIBLE TO FORGET THEM, WE CAN'T IGNORE THE PAIN OF GRIEVING PARENTS], we've now joined them in solidarity and prayer; and that seems to be helping him recover

Y: Our prodigal son – everyone's son, flesh of our flesh – he now stands on the same ground that saw him become a man

X: Is there important information we haven't covered?

Y There isn't [WE CAN'T LEAVE THIS OUT], we know that our boy is approximately five feet ten inches tall - his weight ranges between one hundred and fifty four pounds and sixteen ounces and one hundred and fifty four pounds and three and a quarter ounces – depending of course on his diet and mood - that his zodiac sign is Virgo; that his destiny is ruled by the very seventh moon of Saturn, which is why his temperament tends to be melancholic; that his blood type is O positive, unequivocal proof of his unbridled generosity and good nature

X: He fell again

Commentator,

Mr. Commentator:

*Could you do us the favor
of giving us the time?*

Y: THIRTY FIVE MINUTES AFTER THE HOUR and he's fallen again

X: It's truly/terribly hard to DESCRIBE what we're watching here

Y: He's being treated by doctors

X: A first rate medical team is focused on bringing him back to life

Y: What do we know about his father?

X: We know everything [OBVIOUSLY], employed in construction, forty eight years old, married our hero's mother in a second marriage under very - what some might call disgraceful - circumstances, three daughters, all three younger than our young man now being treated by a → defibrillator

Y: His heart should respond to the → electric shock

X: His heart should also respond to the fans' encouragement, those same fans who have embraced him during the good times and the bad, who catapulted him to an early but very well-deserved stardom

Y: Let's only remember what happened six months ago

X: It was exactly six months and three days ago, when out of his left leg – a privileged, extraordinary leg – shot a rabid meteor that pierced the goal defended by a towering and powerful German goalkeeper

Y: Actually the goalkeeper was a Berber employed by the Germans

X: They can't expect us to be PRECISE now [WE'RE OVERWHELMED, DAMNED IT], but what no one can forget, what is indelible is the trail of wind that tore through the box towards the goalkeeper who could barely focus on the bullet that became his team's death sentence

Y: Do you remember the look of resignation in his eye?

X: The look of someone who knew he had just witnessed a → miracle

Y: In fact, that's what we're waiting for now: a miracle, another one