

Quodlibet

Quodlibet (kwad la bet) n. (L, quod, what + libet, to please)
1.) a philosoph. or theolog. disputa. 2.) a whimsical combina. of familiar texts or melody(s).

Reticulate (ri-'tik-ya-lat; lat) adj.
1.) resembling a net; having veins, fibers or lines crossing.
2.) evolutionary change dependent on genetic recombination.
verb, 1.) to divide, mark, form a network.

Wick (wik) n. a village or a hamlet.

Produced by grid, ink. This piece has been written by avi wenger and is being performed by avi wenger and lucy van sickle.



set : jim martin
music/sound: brian kruman
vocals: emery early
john savchik
lucy van sickle
slides: tom fitzpatrick
lighting: jim martin
video: tara alexander
jim martin
tech crew: emery early
jack olsen
john savchik
art work: renee rosensteel
spinning machinery: gary baun
rigging & cable: john powell
electrical: eric marchbein

The Crew:
tim bianco
laura brosovich
curt debor
marcia dunn
steve feldsott
george geiser
nancy howarth
isis
john joseph
mary lescisin
tim ottie
jerry pearl
linda pretz
nick schapani
alan silverblatt
dan thornton

Quodlibet was first performed at The Brew House, on the southside of

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania,
on 2 March 1990. It was written and directed by Avi Wenger. Music and soundscapes were composed by Brian Kruman.

The Original Cast:

T.K., an archetypal element
Buffalo Bill, a mythic heroic character
Jack, a street person
all played by Avi Wenger

a sprite, an archetypal element
Annie Oakley, a mythic heroic character
Jill, a street person
all played by Lucy Van Sickle

the man was played by Kurt Debor

the 3 voice chorus consisted of John Savchick, Emery Early and
Ronnie Ruedrich

a 3 person percussion ensemble dressed Tex-Mex style: David
Wenger, Dennis Sullivan and Brian Kruman

THE SET: essentially the audience
three distinct environments were
audience. from the vantage point of a
mesa is stage right, covered by a beige
material, painted in soft prairie and
rising slightly to a split rail fence,
billboards of the american frontier; the
center and slightly left, rise more
peaks behind the audience, outlined by
lines while covered in a black nylon
material; the city, stage left, a lurid
defined by a cut-out relief of gotham
seating area. the city is painted in day-
black light. a large silver p.v.c. pipe
waste to a fetid pool beneath the city.
underneath, casting a luminescent
spills into a trash pile, which contains
things, a television/video monitor.
an american flag-banner connects the
mountains. underneath the banner sits the slide projectionist. to either side and a bit forward of
the projectionist are a pair of surreal bubbles made from pink insulation, covered in clear plastic
and lit from within. the mountains and the city are connected by a double high, single wide
scaffolding, from which the tech crew works. the scaffolding is covered in a thick orange plastic



forms the set.
created for the
performer: the
nylon landscaping
desert shades,
behind which are
mountains, stage
precipitously to
white topographic
landscaping
environment
city, rise from the
glo and lit by a
carries the cities'
the pipe is lit from
presence. the pool
among other

mesa and the
to either side and a bit forward of
the projectionist are a pair of surreal bubbles made from pink insulation, covered in clear plastic
and lit from within. the mountains and the city are connected by a double high, single wide
scaffolding, from which the tech crew works. the scaffolding is covered in a thick orange plastic



and lit from behind by a flashing traffic light.

extreme upstage right, against merging walls, is the desert, lit in red, an area about 100 square feet in size, pulsing with heat. upstage center, stage right of the city, is the prow- an abstract remnant of a once

proud viking vessel. this prow can also be viewed as an exaggerated penis. the playing area surrounding the prow is made of sponges covered by a luminescent material. in the darkness this area has an ethereal quality. smack down the middle of the playing area and dividing it equally, is **the road**, painted in black. a thick yellow dotted line marks its center. this road creates three playing areas: upstage of the road, downstage of the road and the road itself. in the downstage area are three green circles. throughout the piece, a spinning buffalo stand is moved from playing area to playing area.

Part One

SCENE: T.K. stands atop the mountains behind the audience, loosely draped in an apricot chiffon robe. his face is covered with a white stocking—holes for eyes, mouth, nostrils and bits of hair—a very organic looking mask, not unlike an oceanic organism. underneath the robe T.K. wears a white tyvek suit and white sneakers.

the sprite sits in a spinning chair, also adorned in tyvek suit and white sneakers. her head is likewise covered with a white stocking. her arms flail as she spins and every so often she utters a sibilant birdlike pronouncement. she spins until otherwise noted.

a man sits on a beat up old wooden chair. he is slovenly dressed in a suit and tie, stage right of the prow, about half way into the desert. he says nothing thru this entire section. his stare is vacuous. the chorus and musicians are located in the area just in front of the banner. action in part one takes place upstage of the road. characters are in position as the audience makes their entrance.

the audience enters the performance space through a tunnel-like environment, enshrouded by a fog. the ooze pit glows and smokes. a prologue tape, made up of snippets from the entire piece, plays during their entrance. the house lights are the black light of the city, the ooze pit light, the street lights above the billboards, which light the mesa area, and three lights within the mountain peaks, set at angles to one another, which light the topo lines. action lighting in this section should be luminescent, white, crisp. when the audience is seated, **Blackout**. the sprite stops spinning. T.K. begins.



long
long
long

—T.K. holds white scroll, a portion of the script written in hebrew. T.K. down zipline—

from the white cold
 cold dark nite
from the sea stained
 salt air vapor
from the chilled swirling
 curdy troughs
from the wet dripping
 dark sperm foam

hard, churning hard, hard, churning, churning...

—strobe flash. T.K. floats over the yellow line on the floor, onto the sponge covered area. he begins to unfurl from his robe in a churning, bird-like fashion—

stiff, erect, motile, churning,
furious, with strength gyrating
rhythmically churning
endlessly, churning endlessly,
churning, endlessly churning endlessly
churning...churning...churning...
swift...

—T.K. hooks the robe to the rigging of the prow—

there our lateen rigged knarr strode nigh;
there our lateen rigged knarr strode nigh,
hung with hard ice flakes,
with hail scour blistered with washed waves white against it
the ocean against its keel thrust,
hard, hard the stiff crust white foam drove
hard round the prow full round
crest the prow... the prow
the prow...crest the prow...

—T.K. moves to the ooze. he pulls colored strands from the ooze draping himself, as he utters these lines. he speaks in a thick brogue—

i love to reach within the ooze,
within the muck,
this yeasty milky slime.
to urge my fingers,
i desire my fingers
to reach within this fibrous scum,
this curdy spume, where.....
t'is where we've all come from.



—music—

we, aren't we sperm. the fibers, these fibrous strands, i love to coat
myself with these fibrous strands, wrap myself in this coat of
filaments, these twisted colorful sinewy strands—
they are my life.

i'm pleating with you,
i am pleating with you
let my people go.

i am driving myself crazy looking for who i am. digging furiously
within this dark, dank mulch, within this fecund earth saturated with
my sperm. i am within this fetid shiggy, this marsh. this is me.

i am covered with it...
is there a mind at work here?...
i can't feel it...
my cells ache...
i am not me yet.

—duet TK. and sprite—

the essence of the foam. the essence of the foam. we are from
the foam. our essence is the foam. i look out and see the
building blocks of all life.

—music ends—

nu, shakes hands with your shadow.

—T.K. throws green tennis balls at spinning buffalos. [tape. clock ticking]—
are males homo, analagous, homogeneous, homologous.
are males polygamous, or monogamous?

—T.K. headstand. {sprite} off chair. she performs a dance of mechanical movements, while speaking her lines—
i'm rooted to time {time}

but i don't know what time {time} is.
i don't know what time {time} it is.
i count the seconds {1,2,3,4}
but i don't know what that means.
i feel my heart beat, {thump-thump}
and i don't know what that means.

i am electric.
i generate erotic energy.
i spread my legs and sparks fly.
when i move the whole world moves with me, it is a dance.

—music up. T.K. and the {sprite}. she is back on chair. on “don't look...” slide of astronaut standing on the moon.
[tape of T.K.]—

the urgency of the fishes. the urgent necessity {don't look at the stage} of their giant leap forward. {it is happening this moment. it may not happen in another act. time expands. take yourself out of the picture. control is an illusion} it took practice, it took time [time] and time [time] again. {it took a million bucks to get the picture and now look at us. oh this business of creation} dust, dust unto dust, unto dust, just dust, as dust as dust as dust, is dust, dust unto dust, unto dust unto dust our particular place on this peculiar planet... appears. appears to me, {but it isn't} appears to be {but it isn't} appears... {you're not} and i'm knots about you. {an illusion masked in the form of matter}, when {matter's not}, matter's not. i'm at my wits end when matter's not... rom...here...[i'm floating, above the earth. thin, the atmosphere is very thin. i have grown large. i am larger than earth. i am larger than the planet earth. i am the planet earth. i am earth and earth is me.]

—using colored chalk, T.K marks an X. **Blackout**—

i'm moving to a new location.
i'm marking my spot. i'm marking my place well.

—chorus. in the darkness T.K moves to a new location- on the other side of the sprite—

meditate meditate
om
meditate meditate
om
meditate meditate
om
meditate
om

—[tape. 10 sec. of clock ticking] {sprite}—

{one minute}

—T.K. sitting cross legged. sign of the cross—
interesting meditation. time is only a figment of our
imagination. i have always been a proponent of thought
provoking meaning. as i think therefore... you know what i
mean. you know what i mean. yes. i know you know what i
mean. and therefore you aren't hearing things. yes it's true
there is more than meets the ear, here, there, everywhere.

—T.K. mounts rigging and hoists sail. chorus and musicians perform and the {sprite} accompanies. slides of water
against wall surrounding ship—

draf {draf, draf, draf}

draf {draf, draf, draf}

draf {draf, draf, draf}

the prow
forward...striden forward
to the sea,
to the sea,
plow forward
straken, straken, straken,
forward
strid...n forward
to the sea,
to the sea,
take this prow
{to the sea
to see...
into the sea
to see...
into the sea to shining
see...}



sails set	salt sea borne	forward bend
th' knarr	t'the sea	steer to the stern
stem a stierran	stem a stierran	forward bend
sails set	t'the sea	to see
a searchen	searchen	beaten
stem afore	stem afore	a stierran
stem afore	stem to breast	stem to stern
the ship	a stem	a descent
a strain	stem afore	stem afore
a strain	builds	a strain
builds	a strain	th' wind
a strain	upon a sea	stern to prow
the ship	timber	stems
the sea	timber	builds
this prow	stem afore	stem afore
timber	stern to prow	the ship
upon a sea	upon a sea	upon a sea
upon a sea	the sea	upon the sea.....

—three second freeze...**Blackout.** the musicians play as the set is prepared for part two—