

Isaac and all the things he doesn't understand.

The critique of pragmatics

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“The challenge of modernity is to live without illusions and without becoming disillusioned.”

Antonio Gramsci

*“Daß ich erkenne, was die Welt
Im Innersten zusammenhält.”*

Goethe, Faust I

JUBILEE: How must you begin?

ABDIEL: Start.

ISAAC: I was called Isaac. My father had a big company. Meat products. From breeding to slaughter. Half of Europe lived on his sausages.

ABDIEL: Until now.

ISAAC: Foot and mouth disease.

JUBILEE: All animals are dead.

ISAAC: They're clearing away the dead bodies.

ABDIEL: Animals and people.

ISAAC: A lot of people have eaten infected meat.

ABDIEL: They get yellow blisters, with underneath these wild flesh that gets rooted in the nervous system, you get spasms and after a week it is over.

JUBILEE: The government has tried to intervene.

ISAAC: But too slowly.

ABDIEL: A lot of people dead.

JUBILEE: Animals too, not just pigs and cattle, but also birds, rabbits, insects. The worms ate of the carrion, the birds ate the worms, the dogs licked the dead birds, a circle that creakingly shrivels.

ABDIEL: It went very fast.

JUBILEE: It was meant to be.

ADIEL: How many people would have died already?

JUBILEE: I think we had better count who is still alive.

ISAAC: I live...

ABDIEL: Me too.

JUBILEE: Well, me too then.

(Film: Isaac, Jubilee and Abdiel step on an empty train, they ride in an empty compartment, through an empty landscape)

ISAAC: Dear father. I come to you. For the first time. I speak to you for the first time. I know that you are my father. As I say that you are my father then you are my father. I say. That I want. That you. Are my father. Do you hear me ? Father. It's time for you to take your place.

You know nothing about me. And what do I know about you? I went to private schools, then Universities, in Switzerland and England. Where were you all that time? How could I know what I must do? Now, it's almost too late. You are sick now, just like the hundreds of thousands of others and you are the source. Foot and mouth disease. That you are the contamination is logical. No foot could ever step on your tail; no mouth could ever cast you forth from its lips. You are the dominant riddle. "Confuse and conquer", dirty emperor. You sprayed me onto this planet and as if that wasn't enough you took from me every possibility to understand that. You did take care that I could learn and I did learn, a lot, at your cost, and yes, I do know now from which material the secrets of our economics and our law are constructed. I even graduated in economics and law, but I don't understand it. I understand nothing. Father, I would like you to explain to me how things are really are. And that you explain to me what I must do. Because I don't know. I don't understand. Father, listen to me, I talk to you, will you kindly now finally start to exist? Father, I would love to love you.

ABDIEL: Isaac, you really speak another language than us.

ISAAC: I do not speak another language.

ABDIEL: Maybe he's already dead.

JUBILEE: Maybe he has never lived. I don't have a problem with that. I'm an orphan and I know that I am an orphan.

ISAAC: Ok, maybe I do speak another language, but that gives you no right to say such things.

JUBILEE: Isaac, some things are perfectly simple to understand, it would be good for you, if you would just then understand: I am an orphan.

ISAAC: Everyone who is alive must have a father and a mother.

ABDIEL: Well, now that is indeed correct, Jubilee, you've just said that you live, so then you have to take a father and a mother with that.

JUBILEE: I can live perfectly well without father. Because my assignment is clear: I'm his maid, to serve is my calling. That has been so from the day I was born till the end of my days. Because I know that I don't need anybody to tutor me. I am from the freedom freed.

Has he ever told you how it has come to be that I'm his servant?

ABDIEL: I don't believe that we've spent a lot of time on those sort of things, have we honey?

ISAAC: I would like to tell you. My father was active very early on in China. One day a mountain had to be dynamited so that a wide high speed road could be laid to his factory. He found a partner. A trustworthy, courageous, wise man whose wife was about to give birth to a daughter.

JUBILEE: My father is a reflection in a mirror that cast down his own windows. He doesn't exist anymore than does light that slips through a door and doesn't cease anywhere, as does my father also know how to stop ceasing.

ISAAC: No, no, your father was a contractor, and he worked for my father. He hacked a tunnel through the mountain and laid the dynamite himself.

JUBILEE: My father is the detonation of something that doesn't exist. At his best he's emptiness on a horse

ISAAC: No, no, your father crawled on his hands and knees into the shaft, laid the explosives, and at the very moment he was about to connect the two fuses, his colleague cried out, „Congratulations! You have a daughter!“. He was able to steady his hands but couldn't hold back one tear of joy, and it is said the salt of this tear made the explosives go off. Mountain gone, father gone. Your mother died of grief. My father adopted you, little orphan child. That is you, Jubilee. The little, yellow, sacrificial animal. You were entrusted to me. You had to become my maid but you became my sister.

JUBILEE: Your father has saved my life. He's also my father.

ISAAC: And we have to make sure we find him before he dies.

JUBILEE: Abdiel, I'm Isaac's sister, but I'm also his maid.

ISAAC: At the private schools, at the Universities, she was always by me. She is the best servant I could ever dream of, and though she never studied, her work as my assistant is first rate.

ABDIEL: And I must say that you're very good at cleaning.

JUBILEE: Thank you very much.

ABDIEL: Only, it's a shame that I don't like it when something is clean.

JUBILEE: I can also make things dirty if you just ask me to ?

ABDIEL: I can do that myself.

ISAAC: Angel, we've moved on from all that. This faffing and carping, this nagging and pinching, we've left this behind us. I have already laid your head in my hands and I have called you Angel. The days of rowing and fighting and bitching and biting, it's over, we are preparing ourselves to appear before our father.

ABDIEL: He calls me angel.

ISAAC: And she gave herself up to the word.

JUBILEE: Congratulations. If you want I can let your father and your mother know that you're an angel now, so that obviously you've just turned out fine.

ABDIEL: Shut up about my father and my mother.

JUBILEE: I just wanted to help.

ABDIEL: What do you know about my parents ?

JUBILEE: I only know what you say, I only do what you say.

ABDIEL: Here there will be nothing said about my father and mother, nothing.

JUBILEE: Okay.

ABDIEL: I don't have anything to do with them anymore.

ISAAC: It is already four years now since she ran away from home.

ABDIEL: And it has been two years since I have been called angel for the very first time, by you.

ISAAC: The train station of Zürich, it was late. I had been working all day in the library and I was on my way to the airport. I was supposed to fly out that night, the following day I had a lecture in Oxford. It was warm.

ABDIEL: It was cold.

ISAAC: It was the middle of August and scantily clad girls were walking around the station.

ABDIEL: I was no girl anymore, I was a cat.

ISAAC: I was going through my notes in the station buffet.

ABDIEL: He was following me with his eyes.

ISAAC: I was working on the development of a mathematic schema. I was to present it the following day. An algorithm that explains the process by which every economic system is threatened, life threateningly by a sacrifice. I had an axiom that made clear the real impact of a sacrifice on an economy. Regardless how radically undermining, how fatal and life threatening, in the long term, the economic system becomes immune to the sacrifice. The consequence of this is that mutations, new forms of

sacrifices, come into existence which repeatedly attack anew, again and again the economic system. And what is now apparent? Instead of undermining and fatally destroying the economy, the sacrifice virus forces the economy to reinvent itself anew. This itself anew inventing economy forces at its turn again the sacrifice virus to mutation through which it is able to attack the economy again, through which it adapts to it again, reinvents itself again until the next mutation of a sacrifice presents itself. The deadly, fatal, radical sacrifice appears to be the lifeblood of the economy. The vitality of the economy is thanks to the terror of the sacrifice which tries to destroy it. And without economy there would be no emergence of the radical, illogical, sublime, hersenschorsscheurende schoonheid of the sacrifice.

ABDIEL: He nodded very clearly in my direction and I thought I might earn a little cash. I have always been very selective. Viruses in this line of work are a plague. It is surprising how soon you get used to it. He offered me a drink.

ISAAC: There came a beautiful wounded girl to stand next to me and asked if I would buy her a drink. I offered her a glass of tea.

ABDIEL: You made a sign and you offered me tea with rum. You asked what a beautiful girl like me was doing in the station district. I said: I'm standing guard here. What for you asked? I said so that one day the moment would come that there will be giving without a bill. You asked how long have you been waiting like that? I said already 24 years. But only in the last four years has it become clear that in my village in Bavaria that time would not come. So I put on my boots.

(Jubilee gives her her boots, she puts them on.)

I said: "bye papa, bye mama. I'm going to light the fire on the shins of the stars."

ISAAC: And then you began to sing.

ABDIEL: (sings "why don't you try to do without him, why don't you try to live alone, do you really need his power for your passion, do you really need his crown for your throne, do you really need his love to be a man, why don't you make it on your own...")

JUBILEE: Meanwhile in Oxford I was waiting in your office for you. I had prepared the PowerPoint presentation, and bought you a new packet of pencils. You were always punctual. And suddenly you didn't show up. There was a light panic. You always notified me. After three days you still hadn't give me any sign. I was called to the rector, he asked me what I knew, I was just as desperate. He said that he was quite fond of you, and that he expected a lot of you. He agreed that I would go and look for you.

ISAAC: The first thing I did was to throw my mobile phone into the lake in Zürich.

And then I kissed you, and then we got onto a train without knowing where to.

JUBILEE: After two weeks we found each other at the station of Naples. You've called me from a phone booth, at the foot of the Vesuvius, you said that from that moment on you really knew that I was your sister.

ABDIEL: He was so happy to see you.

ISAAC: And since then we have been travelling, two years, the three of us, inseparable.

ABDIEL: Nobody asked us anything, nobody told us anything, everything was possible, everything was allowed. We've slept in barns and in Hiltons, we've smoked and fucked, danced and slept. Istanbul, Berlin, Stockholm, Andalusia and the steppes: the whole world was an empty hole and we spun around and around in it like a dancing dervish.

ISAAC: Until we stumbled over the dead bodies.

ABDIEL: We lived off the money from father.

JUBILEE: But father we never saw, he didn't ask anything, he didn't say anything.

ABDIEL: An eye blinding, generous eclipse.

ISAAC: But since he is dying now, we can't beat around the bush anymore.

ABDIEL: He appears when he disappears.

JUBILEE: If you say so.

ISAAC: I do say so yes. And you will say so too.

JUBILEE: How must I do that?

ISAAC: Say after me: "Father, where are you?"

JUBILEE: "Father, where are you?"

ISAAC: Say: "Father, I miss you."

JUBILEE: "Father, I miss you."

ISAAC: "Father, Say to me what I must do?"

JUBILEE: Father, say to me what I must do. Isaac, Abdiel and I have been travelling a long time. We've arrived here now.

ISAAC: Where is here?

JUBILEE: Here, in your house in the valley.

ISAAC: Good, we are here, in his house. This is the ante chamber.

ABDIEL: Do you really think your father is here?

ISAAC: I know that he would come here if he needed rest.

ABDIEL: Where is he then?

ISAAC: Patience, Angel, You have seen, when we arrived: this is a big old house.

JUBILEE: I call this a castle.

ISAAC: It is a castle. And maybe father is lying here to breathe his last breath. Say after me. You as well Abdiel: "I have been looking for you in every crack in the sky. Say after me! Every crevice in the soil I have touched"

JUBILEE: That's not necessary for me.

ISAAC: Do what I say! I have heard your silence, I have seen your disappearance, but we need you.

ABDIEL: Jubilee, do what he says.

ISAAC: You as well Abdiel. Speak to him. The pus is running through the streets. We can't go on like this.

ABDIEL: But the plague is not our fault.

ISAAC: Oh yes it is. Yes we are a part of this noiseless economy which caused this plague, whether you like it or not, we are a part of this bigger picture. Let's at least be a brave part. It is too late to turn our backs on it now.

JUBILEE: But you don't even know where he is.

ISAAC: He must be here.

JUBILEE: If you say so.

ABDIEL: Hush honey, maybe you just need some sun on your face.

ISAAC: The sun hasn't been here for more than a thousand years. This house lies in a valley. And no sun can replace my father. We need his voice. No sun can compare to his rays.

ABDIEL: Honey, we had it so good the last years. Why can't we keep on wandering around like we used to? Sing songs, gently make love, living from the heavenly lick?

ISAAC: Because the rules of the house that we live in and the moon sick logic of our economy has lead to this hideous plague which randomly and without justification carries off people suffering to their deaths.

ABDIEL: Oh baby, you were crazy about the sun. You had left your worries, your books and your career, darling, you loved the sun. We have been so incredibly happy, we can go to Hong Kong today? And then Mongolia next week?

ISAAC: We were having fun. We were not happy.

ABDIEL: Oh dear baby, I know that isn't so. And I know what you need. As soon as you see the sun you'll start to sing and you'll forget your father.

ISAAC: Here is no sun.

ABDIEL: That can be helped. The technology is nothing.

ISAAC: The technology has caused this plague. The technology has lead to the slow death of my father.

ABDIEL: Oh Jesus Christ... Jubilee, you stay with Isaac? Sing him a lullaby. I'm going outside. I will make sure that here tomorrow morning the sunlight will fall here for the first time. Through that window. Bye honey, sleep tight.

JUBILEE: (sings) (it becomes dark)

ISAAC: Father, I have betrayed you, I have denied you. How could I expect you to care for me, if I didn't care for you first? Please, father, forgive us, let us come to you. Help me, the more I speak to you the more it becomes clear you are here. Father, throw open that door, and come as I come to you. Hear me, see me, turn these poor words of mine into the neck of a swan that will elegantly, as if a dagger, pierce our heart. Let us then start the new life. The new life. I don't understand this one.

JUBILEE: (sings) (they sleep)

(Abdiel returns walking on tiptoes)

ABDIEL Is he sleeping?

JUBILEE: I think so.

ISAAC: No I am awake.

JUBILEE: Where have you been?

ABDIEL: I have climbed up the mountain.

ISAAC: Are you crazy, it's freezing outside.

ABDIEL: Honey, tomorrow morning you will wake up with the sun on your face.

ISAAC: How? What have you done?

ABDIEL: Would it please you?

ISAAC: What happened?

ABDIEL: I have climbed up the top of the mountain.

ISAAC: It is pitch black.

ABDIEL: Yes. And tomorrow morning it will be lighter here than it has ever been.

ISAAC: Have you seen father?

ABDIEL: Tomorrow morning you will wake up in the sun

ISAAC: I don't want any sun. The sun just makes the dead bodies rot faster.

ABDIEL: Here in the house there are no dead bodies.

ISAAC: How do you know that? Have you seen or heard my father?

ABDIEL: Maybe I have heard him, yes.

ISAAC: What did you say?

ABDIEL: Would it please you?

ISAAC: Where is he, how is he?

ABDIEL: I don't know that.

ISAAC: But did he say anything?

ABDIEL: Maybe he did.

ISAAC: No maybes. Yes or no.

ABDIEL: No.

ISAAC: Then what did you wake me up for?

ABDIEL: Suppose that I have seen your father, what would you want that he says

ISAAC: But you didn't see him?

ABDIEL: I asked you what you would want that he says.

ISAAC: That he receives me.

ABDIEL: But maybe he's so sick and contagious that he can't receive you anymore.

ISAAC: Then I want him to tell us what we must do.

ABDIEL: And if he would have said what we have to do, what do you think it would be?

ISAAC: I think that he would want to see a sign of our unconditional love for him. I think that he would want a sign that we are breaking with our false past and are willing to live in the light of the Goodness, the Beauty and the Truth.

ABDIEL: Don't you think baby, that such big words will cause even more misery? Such a thing is inhuman.

ISAAC: Exactly, I think that he would demand from us a sacrifice.

JUBILEE: Isaac, can we keep it calm, people have been harassed enough, every body here walks around with foot and mouth disease and the ones who can't walk are hanging in their last rattle.

ISAAC: He would demand a sacrifice that renders all other sacrifices redundant, because once we have performed our sacrifice, we will be free. After this sacrifice of ours father can die in peace. Then we can live without father, then we can live without

understanding, without knowing. Still, we will continue to grope our way to the blind spot which burns the Goodness, the Beauty and the Truth into our bodies.

JUBILEE: I don't understand any of that.

ISAAC: Follow me.

ABDIEL: Now? It is ice-cold outside.

JUBILEE: And dark.

ISAAC: Put something warm on. We leave immediately.

JUBILEE: I can't feel my feet anymore.

ISAAC: You are not the only one.

ABDIEL: Three weeks, that seems like three century's, and here nothing is changed.

ISAAC: Everything is changed.

JUBILEE: We have changed. If after what we have done we would still be the same, then we would be like these walls of granite.

ISAAC: And we are made flesh and blood.

ABDIEL: You don't have to say that to me anymore.

ISAAC: Abdiel, come, Give me the signs that we have prepared! AH! For this, my beloved, for this my tongue is slithering as if it were the last snake! When this is done, no more sacrifices will be needed. Give it to me!

ABDIEL: With pleasure.

ISAAC: Father, accept this. We have heard and understood what you asked of us. And we did it.

We three, father, we have prepared this for you. Take your time, but come, appear and take this from us. Jubilees, wipe your mouth, come here, and speak to him.

JUBILEE: I feel a little bit queasy.

ISAAC: Come here! Say to father what you have done!

JUBILEE: I ... can't I think...

ISAAC: You executed it beautifully; you can be proud Jubilee, Oh timid flesh!

ABDIEL: Let her be Isaac, what do you want, ask it from me.

ISAAC: Speak to father and say to him what we have done.

ABDIEL: Please Isaac, do we have to do it now?

ISAAC: We have come this far, we can now simply go further.

ABDIEL: Father, three weeks ago I've asked Isaac, that if you would say something to him, what would that be, according to Isaac. I didn't know that Isaac's answer would lead us to the situation where we find ourselves now.

I don't know how it has come that I've gone so far.

I love Isaac He has taught me what unconditional love is. His eyes are so big, I've found my home in them, my place to stay forever leaving. It is as if a tear of a for-him-crying and for-him-loving angel has got into his eyes and washed away his frame. His eyes are so big that he constantly has vision of the borders of his own perspective.

He sees the borders with what he doesn't know and with what he doesn't understand.

Although he knows more than half of Oxford, he gives himself up to the simple existence of the things. Give him a fork and he falls for hours under the spell of the why, the how, the wherefrom and the whereto of that simple piece of split iron.

Everything for Isaac is a wondrous riddle. And I've totally fallen in love with that boy of yours. But it seems to be harder than I thought to live like Isaac, without understanding, without a grip on the littlest thing or the slightest action. I remember once, Helsinki, we were standing on the platform of the subway, rush hour, we walked against the direction of the stream of people, suddenly he stood still, I pulled on his sleeve, 'Isaac we're standing in the way', but he didn't move, he watched the people who were streaming past him, I stood and watched him. I've never, never seen eyes like his as they were at that time. He stared at the sea of people, and his eyes seemed to be a leak in the sea of not knowing.

ISAAC: Abdiel, don't go on about me, you have to speak to father and say what we have done for him.

ABDIEL: That's only possible by talking about you honey. Father, when I asked Isaac what it would be that according to him you would ask of us, his answer was this...

ISAAC: Say it!

ABDIEL: ... I can't bring myself to say such a thing.

JUBILEE: I'll say it. You said that if father would say something to you, than he would tell you this:

Isaac, Abdiel and Jubilee. You who don't know. Who wander and guess. I'm dying. Take a pillowcase. Take needle and thread. Sew onto it in blue letters: 'Father's death pillow'. I want that you leave with this pillowcase. Immediately. The only way for me to die in peace, is when I can lay my neck perfectly on this pillow. Only there my last place can be. The tension, the regret, the pride and the homesickness will forever float from my knuckles, because they will feel bone on bone that what happened is what must have must happened.

ISAAC: Precisely! And what did we have to stuff the pillow with?

JUBILEE: We had to go to the old Jacob.

ISAAC: And have we been there?

JUBILEE: Yes, we have been there.

ISAAC: And why did he send us to the old Jacob?

JUBILEE: Because father has loved him a lot. Because Jacob was his master. Jacob is a scientist and philosopher: he has decoded the formula of all living flesh. A formula wherein the truth is taking place so he says, the event of the truth. The old Jacob captured it. And his biological and chemical knowledge helped father to perfect his meat.

ISAAC: Indeed, but why did we have to go to the old Jacob?

JUBILEE: I assume, because the knowledge of the old Jacob had been implemented by your father, and that that implementation has partly lead to the outbreak of foot and mouth disease.

ISAAC: And?

JUBILEE: We did it.

We had been travelling for a week. He lived in a house by the sea, far out in the countryside. Surrounded by books and manuscripts, we arrived there by foot, unexpected. He knew of the terrible plague of foot and mouth disease that covered the whole continent. We said that we were sent by father, he welcomed us warmly and kindly. An astonishingly beautiful man. Then we said what father, according to you, wanted. I don't want to tell any further.

ISAAC: You must!

ABDIEL: I will go further. Father also sent us to Rebecca.

ISAAC: But what did we do at Jacob's?

ABDIEL: If you want me to go on you have to let me speak. You heard your father say that we had to go to Rebecca. She lives in a loft in New York. Your father would

regularly sleep there during his business trips. She is a gorgeous woman. Probably the most celebrated opera singer of today. The clarity of her voice would polish a piece of plastic into a diamond. The public who would attend a recital of hers would be humiliated and excited down to their bottom of their existence. The glassy protective skin that people would let grow upon their souls would break as crystal under her singing. Her music is merciless and she is untouchable. She can give birth to the ultimate beauty; every living creature which hears her is lifted up out of his enslaved existence and soars above his own possibilities. Her music breaks open, turns men and women into screaming horses who jump over their own limitations.

ISAAC: And why did we have to visit her?

ABDIEL: Because she might have been the source of the plague of foot and mouth disease. When your father heard her, he lost every sense of pragmatics. He wanted the absolute beauty as he experienced with her, always and everywhere, and he made decisions in his meat company, which not only the pigs and cows couldn't deal with, but also himself and his colleagues. The whole headquarter has been drunk on beauty, brutally, screaming and working on the implementation, the transplantation of the ultimate beauty but this time into the meat industry. The consequences are lying dying in every lousy street.

JUBILEE: Her apartment was awe-inspiring, spacious. She let us in, a little arrogant but very welcoming.

ABDIEL: When she saw you she got tears in her eyes, she said you so much resembled your father, your eyes, the way you opened a door for a lady.

ISAAC: And I asked of her a sacrifice, a useless contribution, a sign.

JUBILEE: She thought we would continue speaking in terms of fairytales and metaphors.

ISAAC: But my scissors cut short all those fairytales and metaphors. I told her, one can't keep on singing and fabulating, instead one must perform a deed, one must present an unawaited present, a sacrifice, a deed in which imagination and reality become one in one heartbreaking moment. I told her so, but she was not so impressed by my words, that reality and imagination are only one snip away from each other.

ABDIEL: And then she started singing.

JUBILEE: And she didn't stop anymore.

ABDIEL: Even when it was over she kept on singing.

JUBILEE: But then she already couldn't anymore.

ISAAC: Very good Jubilee, and say now to father what we have with us.

JUBILEE: I am still quite queasy.

ISAAC: Do what I say!

ABDIEL: The third week we had to go to Jonas, a child.

ISAAC: And what a child: an innocent boy of eight with laughing almond eyes.

Everyone spoke of him as of a little saint.

JUBILEE: He was the heir to the biggest media company in the world, the richest and most influential empire of the whole planet. The most powerful telecom and media conglomerates would fall into his still small and playful hands.

ABDIEL: Your father and his father regularly enjoyed culinary evenings in Toscana. They knew their power, they knew their responsibilities. While consuming white truffles they wished that the next generation would not only perpetuate the power that they had built but finally use it for the good. They couldn't undertake those concerns as well. If there was any time left at all they preferred to spend it on a chateau Latour from 1986. That has a better aftertaste than the sharp clarity of generosity.

JUBILEE: That little happy boy, the future magnate in who so many people had placed their hope, appeared to be a true good human creature. He seemed to be naturally close to the goodness. Jealousy seemed to be a luxury product for him for which he didn't have any need. It was presumed that if he would be in charge of the empire, then kindness itself would finally find its place in the world.

ABDIEL: The father saw his son climbing into moral sophistication. The tenderness and generosity of the little boy was bittersweet for the father, a mixture of pride and humiliation. The meat of your poor father was too weak. He wanted to be as good as the son of his friend. He didn't want to wait anymore until the next generation would be in charge. He wanted to make his meat better than it was. He hot headedly started to improve his meat, but not he nor his sheep's and cows could cope with it. Foot and mouth disease was the result.

ISAAC: Precisely! And Jubilee, here we go now: father said to us to take the pillowcase....

JUBILEE: We did that.

ISAAC: And as he asked us to, we took needle and thread and stitched on it the words:

JUBILEE: "Fathers death pillow."

ISAAC: And what else did he say?

JUBILEE: That this is the only security that he can give us. And that only when he can perfectly lay his head upon this pillow can he peacefully fall asleep. Because only like that – he said – he will be able to feel, bone upon bone, that what has happened must have happened.

ISAAC: The future freed...

JUBILEE: We had to go to Jacob, Jonas and Rebecca and cut off their lips.

ISAAC: Bravo!

JUBILEE: And from every foot we had to cut off their big toe. And we did that. We had to collect the lips and toes in his death pillow, and thereon he would lay his head, and fall asleep.

ABDIEL: We sat on the sofa at Jacobs, the three of us next to each other, the old Jacob in front of us. When we said what we were coming to do he grew silent, he was not surprised. He didn't say anything. He looked at us. He stood up. He went to the kitchen. We stayed seated. We heard a suppressed scream. A second one. And then we heard loud crying, he couldn't press his lips together anymore, stumbling he came back to the room, heavily bleeding, and he gave us his upper lip, his bottom lip, his left toe and his right toe.

JUBILEE: Rebecca started singing. She didn't want to. But she also didn't resist. I held her tightly by the shoulders, Abdiel held her legs. The aria with which she filled up the room slowly turned into a shapeless sound.

ABDIEL: We filled the pillow, put it in the ice box, and we ordered a taxi to the airport. Half a day later we stood on the driveway of the villa in Toscana.

JUBILEE: He sat on a children's tractor.

ABDIEL: The servants were setting the table in the garden. He drove in circles on the sand. I kneeled down, reached out with my hands and he came laughing running towards me. I was scared by so much trust.

JUBILEE: We took him with us, he was walking between us, holding our hands. Behind a blackberry bush Isaac took out his scissors. It was unbearable to look at. I took that beautiful blond boy in my arms, and ran as fast as I could back to the house, I laid him screaming under an open window, and then I ran away as from my own grave.

ISAAC: And now, here we are.

ABDIEL: Isaac, give it now to your father, and then let's go outside, and live.

ISAAC: But he is still not here.

JUBILEE: Lay down the pillow here. And come with us.

ISAAC: No. I wait.

ABDIEL: There is a moment in which you have to stop waiting.

ISAAC: Not yet.

ABDIEL: I don't wait anymore.

JUBILEE: Me neither.

ISAAC: I do.

ABDIEL: Dear Isaac, it is absurd to keep on waiting.

ISAAC: Yes, absurd waiting is holy waiting.

JUBILEE: I just need a new pair of shoes.

ISAAC: You do what you want.

JUBILEE: It could be that you would have to wait as long as it would take for an apple to fall upwards.

ABDIEL: I now want to do nice things again.

ISAAC: Father, we have cleared the way. The way for you to come, the way for you to die, the way of your memoriam. We have cut off the toes of your beloved Jacob. Your friend, your master who fooled you into believing in the truth of all meat, has lost his balance eternally, and will hesitate with every new step he takes, searching, and no single way he will ever follow will speak for it self, because I have also collected his lips in your pillowcase. Come father, come to appearance and then sleep for good, 'cause see, I have also the toes and lips from Rebecca, I understand that her beauty has captured you. She won't do that anymore. No such thing as cruel humiliating beauty anymore! And my dear father, in your honour, we have freed the magnate's heir apparent from every step towards the absolute. The little Jonas, that sweet little innocent boy that will inherit the biggest empire in the world, will lead his industries with broken mouth and stumbling feet...

JUBILEE: I just need a new pair of shoes.

ISAAC: He is here.

JUBILEE: In this light it's even more obvious.

ISAAC: He is coming.

ABDIEL: Isaac, it is morning.

ISAAC: Exactly, this is the morning. Father, I knew that you would come, and that light would precede you! For the first time, here is light, look! Look, how beautiful!

ABDIEL: Isaac, three weeks ago, when we arrived here, I went up the hill at night, and I tied the mirror which was hanging here onto the edge of a rock. This light is the reflection of the rising sun. I did this myself, no wonder or appearance is involved with this. The mirror reflects what has never been here, but what could have been.

Look, everything is bathed in light, a little bit of handicraft, a sniff of imagination, and look we are swimming in light.

ISAAC: You're lying.

ABDIEL: Darling, with a little healthy sense of pragmatics, lies are unnecessary.

ISAAC: You made me believe there was a father.

ABDIEL: You did that yourself, I used a mirror and there is no believing involved.

ISAAC: You're just performing a gruesome piece of theatre here before me.

ABDIEL: The cruelty is in your own eyes, look what a beautiful light is here, how could the sun be cruel? Only people can be.

ISAAC: So my father isn't here...

JUBILEE: Slow on the uptake.

ISAAC: If there is no father, there can also be no son. That much logic I still know.

So, if there is no son, and I thought that this was me, then I am not here.

ABDIEL: You are here.

ISAAC: Now, yes, still. No father, no son, I want to die.

ABDIEL: Isaac, now it is enough, we leave, we stop.

ISAAC: Indeed, I stop.

ABDIEL: Darling, we have played this whole game of yours, now it is enough.

ISAAC: Now it is enough.

ABDIEL: No, not like this, we go outside, we are going to drink cocktails and wash away the whole story in which we have screwed ourselves into.

ISAAC: Go then.

JUBILEE: We have gone too far already. But I thought ok, we are going to release us from release, and ok, no release without the loss of blood, not even the final release, but this is over now, now you have to stop.

ISAAC: I stop.

ABDIEL: Stop it!

ISAAC: I haven't even started stopping yet.

ABDIEL: Isaac, come, we never should have started this, we have lost track of it, this is a game Isaac. You were Isaac, do you remember, your father had a big company, meat products, from breeding to slaughter, those were your first sentences, this is a game Isaac.

JUBILEE: I just want high heeled shoes so I can walk elegantly and charmingly through the streets. I don't want to play that there is foot and mouth disease

everywhere, I don't need to have to clutch onto everything with my claws, to name everything with my mouth, I want Coffee in Starbucks.

ISAAC: You were sick of it too, the wandering around without any purpose and without any sense, everything close at hand, we knew no war and no peace, no responsibility and no freedom, everything was possible and everything was allowed, we had everything and lived as blind rodents in the richness that history had prepared for us, and we have started hating it, do you remember Abdiel, you too have whispered in my ear in the dark in the Hilton after a great night: "is this all there is?" And you said that you felt dizzy, not from the Mojitos in your belly, but from the emptiness down your back, you were disgusted together with me and Jubilee by the freedom of obligation that we mistook for freedom, we were more and more tortured by that old grotesque idea of the goodness, the beauty and the truth. Laughable metaphysics with which no I-pod, American Express or Hilton can compare, and then we started this game...

JUBILEE: And this game stops now.

ISAAC: You have as much blood on your lips as I do. I have seen with my own eyes how you got wrapped up in that story of ours; we have executed it devilishly well: six toes and six lips. We hoped to pull the scourge of the ultimate out of our body as we would a thorn.

ABDIEL: Didn't it work out then?

ISAAC: Didn't it work out then? My father is not here. Give me my tie.

JUBILEE: Get it yourself.

ISAAC: If there is no father, there is no son.

JUBILEE: I want to go.

ISAAC: Then go.

JUBILEE: You have to come with us.

ISAAC: You can carry me out in a minute. *(he tries to hang himself with his tie)*

JUBILEE: We stop it right now, house lights on and everybody out. We are going to drink less cocktails, we will do some charity from time to time, we will listen to some music every now and then and we will solve puzzles, crosswords and things like that. We don't need to be happy; we can just be in peace. As a wall is in peace with the shadow that falls upon it. Come, you don't need a tie for this.

ISAAC: Once you have seen pain, really seen, have touched injustice with your finger, you can't go back anymore, Don't give me that anything goes, the truth keeps

itself somewhere, and once you know that, you owe her. I have heard and seen what a thing of beauty can do to a man, to ignore that is betrayal. I can't go back anymore.

This thought has been burnt into my body by my father as a brand is burnt onto a bull.

JUBILEE: Why do you keep convincing yourself of this?

ISAAC: This is reality. As real as this rope.

ABDIEL: We can build a house somewhere, you are very handy, you can make a rabbit's cage and we could design a children's room.

ISAAC: You overestimate me, I am not so handy, better help me with this.

ABDIEL: No, I won't. You speak another language than us.

ISAAC: A lot of people speak my language.

ABDIEL: I should have known it, the language of the empire.

ISAAC: And she's fucking real.

ABDIEL: I've slowly had enough of this reality of yours.

ISAAC: Me too, so pull on this rope.

JUBILEE: Isaac, you don't even know whether your father is dead or alive.

ISAAC: I have to know.

JUBILEE: You cannot know that, so what does it matter. Use your imagination for something else, something happier, something more alive.

ISAAC: Pull!

JUBILEE: That's not going to work.

ISAAC: Then use your imagination.

JUBILEE: Isaac, if you go, I go too. (*She holds a gun to her head*)

ISAAC: Jubilee, what are you doing...?

JUBILEE: What do you think that I am doing?

ISAAC: You are going to shoot yourself!

JUBILEE: If you are so insane to forget that this is a game, look at this then, I am your sister, if you are going to kill yourself, look, then you will have me to answer for.

ISAAC: But you don't want to die...

JUBILEE: No, I want to live, and I want that you live too.

ISAAC: But I can't anymore Jubilee.

JUBILEE: Yes, you can.

ISAAC: Give me the gun, careful.

JUBILEE: No. Stay back. I said stay back. If you are make one more move, I will first shoot Abdiel, and then myself, and I let you live. I assure you: that will be fun. And it will probably interest you that there are only two bullets: one for Abdiel and one for me, and you will stay alive, because you won't manage that ridiculous hanging by yourself anyway.

ISAAC: But no, shoot me, you have to live.

JUBILEE: Aha, why do we have to live?

ISAAC: Because life is laughing with you, you can do it.

JUBILEE: What is it that we can?

ISAAC: Live! Unconcerned, without father, without command, without god, without master.

JUBILEE: How do you think that we can?

ISAAC: Because you are not tortured by the urge to understand, to understand what is true, to understand what must be.

ABDIEL: For what do you take us actually? Do you really think we are some happy chicken? Horny on the shadow of a worm? Poor little boy. We have hated this life as much as you.

We seemed to be casual and freed, but we are captured by our own dull donut times. Life as a creative menu, and meanwhile the ground sank under our feet. I never felt so screwed as by this whole lot of this dashing anything goes. Why do you think that I came here with you, why do you think that Jubilee and me went so devilishly far with you in this game that we started here? I had hope, Isaac, when we started. I thought, who knows, maybe we just end up playing ourselves into a new century, a sunny and elegant century, in which we don't get crushed by this inhuman absolute, but live with it, as a motor spins without snoozing, in elegant peace and strength, but you become as crazy as all the other victims who decide again for a Christian centerparting haircut and murmur for father and command.

ISAAC: Then say to me what I must do...

JUBILEE: No, you will say it yourself.

ABDIEL: That must, you must say it yourself.

ISAAC: But if I myself must say what I must do, then that whole must is unbearably relative

ABDIEL: Get used to it.

JUBILEE: That must. There must must.

ISAAC: But what must?

ABDIEL: Only moralists say what must, and we are not going to lower ourselves to that, all we know, Isaac, is that there must.

JUBILEE: And now we must play again. But now we must continue playing, we must continue playing the must.

ISAAC: How must you begin?

JUBILEE: Start.