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Diachrony of the 40

- The Idea of Motherhood -

by
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(excerpt in English)

A text created by Darío Sigco with ideas and thoughts from Yolanda Vega and from other women who have burned their words in the mountains of their lives.

(The idea is offered along the path that runs through a mountain. Everything is composed of: one voice, a repertoire of *actions in italics*, and quotations in bold.)

She: The actress — the body — uterus — woman.

The rest of the characters: Diverse bodies.

“To forbid the imagination from returning to an idea is the same as forbidding the sea from returning to the shore.”

Victor Hugo

The Idea.

*A naked woman, sitting with her mouth open, facing the sky. Hungry.
Waiting to receive the idea. Around her: several books, some paintings, drawings,
canvases, photographs, sheets filled with words, a camera, an open laptop,
a bottle of wine and a glass.
She looks around her.
Each thought hurts her body a little.*

Silence.

*“We live drunk on ideals, confusing life and fantasy.”
Joseph Campbell.*

*The woman opens the bottle of wine, looks at the cork she has just pulled out and
runs her tongue over the stained part. She places the bottle in front of her, on the
floor. She looks at it and silently counts ten seconds before picking it up again and
pouring. She takes a sip, licks her lips, closes her eyes and breathes deeply.*

The rock is what endures. It comes from the earth.

The rock is my existence. It could be me.

(the statement hangs) Maybe I've always been a rock.

(a memory drops between her eyebrows) I liked Marcos.

A lot. I would blush every time I saw him, and the words would hide behind the sides of my tongue, turning into a string of meaningless guttural sounds.

I didn't tell my mother. She would have laughed out loud — I was too young to feel something like that.

But I was already old enough to /

/ my period had come the summer before.

(the memory tingles in her belly) We started meeting in secret, we started kissing in the corners of the schoolyard, imitating the couples we saw in higher grades

(the memory walks through her crotch)

my panties would get wet and his penis would get hard every time we kissed, and one day he took my hand and put it inside his trousers.

He floods me from the inside /

/ no one explained anything to me,

he made me stop feeling like a stupid teenager dreaming of platonic love and turned me into a desired woman

(to herself)
a woman!

(the memory slips away)

Marcos, where are you going? Don't I attract you anymore?

Don't you like me?

Say it!

Don't you like my tits anymore?

(the memory disappears)

no one explained anything to me.

That same night I knelt down beside the bed — it was the first time.

Instinctively, I brought my hands together.

She leaves the glass of wine on the floor. She kneels.

(the words begin to stir)

"Here I am," I said. "Aren't you going to ask me anything else?" I said.

In one gulp she empties the glass of wine.

Now that I think about it, I don't know who I was talking to.

God, father?

God, mother?

Me here on earth, rock,

you — where?

(...)

The Mountain I. Desire.

Marie Paradis. Born in 1778, she was the first woman to climb Mont Blanc.

She puts her hands into the ground and pulls out green clay. With it, she smears her naked torso, her arms, her back.

The Earth sounds — trembling. The Sky sounds — collapsing.

Suddenly, her body does not respond, but everything hurts. Her body feels like a rock.

Maybe it is fear that stops all movement.

She speaks from anguish.

Yes! I want to climb!

No! I will not run away!

She screams and The Mountain echoes her.

The rock becomes earth again.

I'm coming! Stop calling me like that! I beg you!

*She delights in contemplating her future action,
to climb.*

Where do I hook myself? To my chest? To my back?

I have to hook myself to my cunt, my powerful cunt that can carry my weight and the weight of the world.

Sound:

River Day

She makes goat sounds.

She begins to ram the air with her head.

She lifts her face to the sky.

She makes goat sounds.

She smells and rams, again and again.

*She sticks out her tongue, makes it vibrate,
and rams.*

rams,

rams,

rams.

She begins to climb The Mountain.

She ascends, as if wanting to reach the summit quickly.

Suddenly she realizes she is not wearing a helmet.

Silence.

Where is experience? I was wearing an experience.

(...)

MOTHERHOOD.

The assumption of Chaos

*A mirror in front of her bed,
her bed surrounded by darkness and night.
Perhaps the light from a half-open door caresses her bare breasts.
She lies down, legs open, light emanating from her cunt,
the light aimed at the mirror.
The mirror projects a face onto the wall,
it is the face of The Spider.*

The Spider. — Time is passing, dear.

The sound of a spinning wheel.

That is the wind, searching for you,
it wants to cast the lot, it is all of us, sister,
do you remember?
she was taking your measurements, decided it was time to show your legs,
she stretched your life and now she is looking for you,

she wants to test your wisdom.

*Three sea bass hang from the sky, upside down,
held by a rope or silver threads.*

Every beginning of life is a cry of hunger,

everything that lives is sustained by hunger,

all ideas are sustained by hunger,

choose one and surrender to hunger, dear.

But be careful! Each idea is a perpetual engine, a perfect system,

to choose one is to submit to the rules of its own existence,
and each one has the will to survive, above all else.

*The darkness sounds:
An Eternal Sigh*

She snaps her legs shut in a single movement — fear resounds.

She disappears into the darkness.

(...)

*“Every living being is useful to the gods as animals are useful to humans.”
Brhadaranyaka Upanishad*

*The sound of a door opening anticipates someone’s arrival.
The Beast enters.
It is a naked back.
Her shoulder blades speak, as if mourning their lost wings.*

The Beast. — Go forth and multiply!

You, who want to know good and evil.
Go forth and multiply!

You, who take the word.
Go forth and multiply!

Hypocrites who claim to love life.
Go forth and multiply!

One of the fish explodes.

*Darkness.
The darkness continues to sound.*

(...)

The Yes and the Tree

*The sound of a child laughing.
The sound of the joy of being alive.
The sound of grass growing.*

*“Where you see desert / there are swarms of worlds teeming”
Jacint Verdaguer*

*She places the white armor on the ground.
Into the hollow left by the womb, she inserts dry branches,
so many that they form a tree.*

*She removes the dress or scarf, which becomes again a mass,
an imaginary creature floating among dry branches.*

*She, dressed in tights and harness,
she, climber,
ascends,
and from above she gathers a climbing rope hanging beneath her feet.*

*She pulls the rope,
it is like tearing out the uterus
she pulls the rope,
it is like losing a child
she pulls the rope,
it is like aborting
she pulls the rope,
it is like being sterile
it seems endless,
it is like sadness
until it ends.*

At the end of the rope we see nothing.

*She throws the coil of rope she has gathered into the void,
she watches it fall.*

“Have you ever held a live bird tightly in your hand?”

María says to Yerma,

“Yes.”

“Well, it’s the same, but inside your blood.”

“How beautiful,” (*Yerma replies*)

*She presses her breasts as if trying to draw milk,
first gently,
but nothing comes out,
a little less gently,
nothing,
now a little stronger,
nothing,
she tries one,*

*she tries the other,
nothing,
with force,
she squeezes,
she wrings,
she presses,
but nothing comes out,
with a little more drive,
and nothing,
nothing comes out,
nothing smells like milk.*