

Dear students,

Below you will find the list of recommended pre-lecture materials for viewing prior to our session of Dec. 9.

While both *CovidLatam* and *Theater at Home* are projects available on Instagram and YouTube, the four shorts directed by Latin American filmmakers as part of the series *Homemade* (completed during the Covid-19 pandemic and about the experiencing of living under it) can be found on Netflix. The specific episodes we will be discussing are listed below.

Please notice that 6 of the videos for the project *Theater at Home/Quarantine Behaviors* are in Spanish so I recommend that before watching them, you read the transcription and translation of the monologues (in English) provided below. Since the project is based in just one monologue that was slightly modified by each of the performers, the reading of these 6 variations should take you less than 10 minutes total. A 7th video is a dance performance and the 8th is in Japanese and while I am currently unable to provide an English translation for the latter, I still wanted to share this existing version of the monologue.

Looking forward to meeting you during our session,

Giovanna Urdangarain

1. [CovidLatam](#) (Reporte Fotográfico Colectivo sobre los avances del Coronavirus en Latinoamérica. 9 Fotografías + 9 Fotógrafos + 1 virus = 19 Covid)
2. [Homemade](#). Directed by Pablo Larraín, 2020. Netflix, E04, 11 min.
3. [Homemade](#). Directed by Natalia Beristáin, 2020. Netflix, E06, 8 min.
4. [Homemade](#). Directed by Johnny Ma, 2020. Netflix, E13, 8 min.
5. [Homemade](#). Directed by Sebastián Lelio, 2020. Netflix, E16, 8 min.
6. *Theater at Home/Quarantine Behaviors* can be accessed on [Instagram](#) or on [YouTube](#)

Transcriptions and translations of *Teatro En Casa* Videos and YouTube Channel Description by Giovanna Urdangarain (See Below).

Theater at Home/Quarantine Behaviors

“Same virus, same humanity, same text

Despite the shows being cancelled, we are inhabited by theatricalities, there is no going back: theater lives in us.

How we react.

Looking at the different behaviors of people experiencing quarantine, the need for in-person cultural events created all sorts of expressions where the balconies became stages facing streets, we went from the private to the public. We miss vibrating and being moved to fight against uncertainty. Culture and art become resignified.”

Marianella Morena

1. [Rosina Gil](#) (dance, 5:10 min, March 27, 2020, Uruguay)

2. [Noelia Campo](#) (monologue, 4:13 min, March 29, 2020, Uruguay)

“Today when the city yells at us to stay at home, this Apocalypse of which we are the protagonists forces me into an unplanned nakedness, I am not ready to be alone with myself, couldn’t anybody let me know in advance? What can I do with myself for so long? It would be nice to be treated with consideration, right?”

Hunger for humanity (laughs), hunger for humanity, such a great phrase, isn’t it?
Hunger for humanity, hunger for humanity, hunger for humanity, hunger for humanity.

Today the other one disappeared, the one that was in front of me and so many others that follow each other in the hallway, on the bus, at the grocery store, at the bakery, the kiosk, the other who multiplies until it reaches the other one who looks at me, searches for me, desires me, the other who is standing there in front of the traffic lights, the other with the one I had sex with, the other with my partner, the other who says the things I wish I said...the other who sings the songs I like (sings: *I love you with the strength of the sea, I, love you with the impetus of the wind, I love you across time and distance, I, love you in a superhuman way, I...*) (laughs).

The other one who cuts my hair on Tuesdays or gives me a massage on Fridays, the other one who recites me texts at the theater every Saturday, the other one is endlessly the other, all the way until the infinity of my imagination or until the infinity of my body, when I verify the extent of my arm, or that I have something supporting me underneath, in this case a rug, a floor, right? she, he, and everybody who defines themselves as non-binary, trans, ok, the thing is that this forces me talk to myself, and to tell myself what I want to tell myself and what I don’t want. It’s like the dictatorship of love that razes with no mercy. I need to take out my social little bug.

-Please, social little bug, come out, come out, come out, come out.

-Ok, I am coming, I am coming (laughs).

I am going to take at least a selfie...there...no...there...ah such a big forehead Noelia, there we go, so-so.”

3. [Lucía Trentini](#) (monologue, 3:43 min, warning: this video contains nudity)

“Today, while the city yells at us “stay home!” this Apocalypse of which we are the protagonists forces me into an unplanned nakedness, I am not ready to be alone with

myself, I am not ready to be alone with myself, I am not ready to be alone with myself, isn't there any kindness?

Enough! (Laughs)

Today the other one disappeared, the one who was in front of me, so many others who were following each other in the hallway, so many others who were following each other in the elevator, on the metro, in the Uber, in the taxi, at the bar, at the coffee shop.

The other one multiplies themselves, the other who looks at me, who desires me, who searches for me, the other one who meets with another one at the traffic lights, the other one with whom I had sex, the other one who was my ex my partner, the other one who cuts my hair on Tuesdays or gives me a massage on Fridays, the other one who recites me texts every Saturday at the theater, the other one is endlessly the other.

Alone with myself I've become tired of myself until exhaustion.

I am going to set the monster free, the one I carry, tied to myself, the one I have tortured so much, I am going to set him free. I have been a very bad owner but nonetheless it remains calm.

We all know that outside there is a world but that we cannot use it, now the world is us."

4. Mané Pérez (monologue, 4:19 min, April 5, 2020, Uruguay)

"Within this excess of intimacy, one dismantles even the inventions of the self, that one I am gets entirely dismantled, the one who controls me when I have to go out, when I need to give evidence of my reality.

Now there is no opportunity, I try to leave outside, way outside, the animals that inhabit me but there is always one which comes to wake me up and I don't want to be responsible for it.

I was planning to assemble as many selves as it was possible, one per week, me, me, me, me, me and that was not even the biggest exaggeration, [the extreme thing was that] they were supported by beasts, demons, wilder beings, the thing is that I always aspired to be controlled by beasts, I always thought of the prestige involved in fighting against different kinds of darkness, in facing the daily masses of people, my stupid boss, the person who sleeps next to me who I do no longer desire...

Today, in this Apocalypse of which we are the protagonists I see myself programmed to be alone with myself. I am not ready to be alone with myself, what to do with myself for this long?

The other one disappeared, the other who used to exist in the living room, in the kitchen, in the street, in the Uber, in the taxi, in the kiosk, the other one who used to become another one, the other who used to look at me, who used to desire me, the other who used to say the things I want to say, who sings the songs I like, the other who used

to be endlessly the other, and in this imposed loneliness that forces me to tell myself what is that I want and what is that I don't like the dictatorship of love that razes with no mercy, my little bug gets all ready for the selfie, and I cannot touch, neither hug nor kiss and they say it's real, they say we are not the protagonists of a science fiction series. One knows that outside there is a world but now it is not possible to use it, right now the world is us."

5. [Hiroko Kariya](#) (monologue, 3 :32 min, April 11, 2020, Japan)

6. [Cris Iglesias](#) (monologue, 4:59 min, April 23, 2020, Spain)

"Within this excess of intimacy, one dismantles even the inventions of the self, the other one I am, that one who manages me when I have to go out and give evidence of my reality.

Now I have no option, I have to leave outside the animals that inhabit me but there is one, little and hairy, who greets me. Today it came to wake me up and I don't feel like taking responsibility for him.

I was planning to assemble as many selves as it was possible, one per week, but that was not even the biggest exaggeration, [the extreme thing was that] they were supported by beasts.

Today, while the city outside yells at us "stay home!", this Apocalypse of which we are the protagonists forces me into an unplanned nakedness.

I am not ready to be alone with myself, nobody let me know in advance! What the hell do I do with myself for this long? There has to be some consideration...hunger of humanity.

The other one disappeared, with all the others I mean the others I used to find in the elevator, in the street, in the metro, in the bus, in a taxi, in the Uber, the other one who multiplies until reaching the other one who looks at me, who searches for me, who desires me, the other one who is front of me at the traffic light, the other one with the guy whom I had sex, the other one with my partner, the other one who says the things I would like to say and who sings the songs I like, the other one who recites me texts every Saturday at the theater, the other one is endlessly the other, until the infinity of my imagination.

But the thing is that in this loneliness, imposed, that forces me to tell myself what is that I want and what is that I don't like the dictatorship of love that razes with no mercy, then is when my little bug gets all ready for a fucking selfie.

We are theater and fiction and the cultural earthquakes displace the specific, the intangible in Instagram, in Facebook, in social media in general and now...in the creative balconies, don't they?

And there is where I choose to be the largest self of all of them, the Monday one, the denier. I am the Monday denier, the fucking denier. I was chatting with friends on Skype

more than ever, we made virtual plans, we talked about silly things without really telling each other anything, there I was wearing my most social self.

You have to get up, look at yourself and get up again until the vertical position becomes definitely a fact without anyone telling us: you are standing up. You know that, in the same way you know the difference between obeying the fucking little bug who interrogates every day or not. Or you know between choosing to hear the news, remain indifferent, be ignorant, act with solidarity, be selfish, a good citizen, have an opinion, not have an opinion,

What will we do afterwards? In order to find out the origin, the identities?
That's when I feel like taking out the little bug which has been torturing me...but it is calm.

One knows that outside there is a world, but the thing is that the world now cannot be used...because the world now is us. That other one who is me.”

7. [Martín Jorge](#) (monologue, 3:03 min, April 28, 2020, Uruguay)

“Within this excess of intimacy, one dismantles even the inventions of the self, the other one I am, that one who manages me when I have to go out and give evidence of my reality.

I was planning to assemble as many selves as it was possible, one per week.

Today, while the city yells at us “stay home!, stay home!, stay home!” forces me into an unplanned nakedness: I am not ready to be alone with myself.

Today the one who was in front of me disappeared, so many others who were following each other in the hallway, in the elevator, in the street, in the bus, in the metro, taxi, Uber, coffee shop, at the bakery, the kiosk...

The other one who multiplies until reaching the other one who looks at me, who searches for me, who desires me, the other one who is at the traffic lights, the other one with the guy whom I had sex, the other one with my partner, the other one who says the things I would like to say and who sings the songs I like, the other one who cuts my hair on Tuesdays and gives me a massage on Fridays, the other one who recites me texts every Saturday at the theater, the other one is endlessly the other, until the infinity of my imagination.

You have to get up, look at yourself and get up again until the vertical position becomes definitely a fact without anyone telling us: You are standing up. You know that, in the same way you know the limit if you decide to listen to the little hairy animal who interrogates us daily or not or if you decide to turn on the news, be obedient, a good citizen, act with solidarity or be selfish.

Is that the manual we get for quarantine?

I decide to be the ME I offered to the others, the one bought by the psychologist during the interview, by my partner when we said we loved each other but it is no longer here. It left along with the previous reality, when outside there were other things happening and no empty streets.

Then is when I set free the monster I carry, tied to myself, the one I have been torturing—I have not been a good owner—but who is still silent. You know there is a world outside but now it cannot be used. Now the world is us. That other one who is me, that other one who is me, who is me, who is me.”

8. [Andrea Bonelli](#) (monologue, 2:23 min, June 4, 2020)

“I notice that thoughts are threatening with early madness. We wash ourselves, make breakfast. They say quarantine is happening while in Barcelona wild pigs come down the mountains and go around deserted streets. One cannot touch oneself or kiss or hug and they say it is real.

We can barely touch our faces and we wash our hands many times a day but they say it is real, that we are not the rushed protagonists of a science fiction series, that series we used to watch until yesterday on Netflix.

An Argentinean friend travels from the Uruguayan coast to Buenos Aires, is going back home and the same route that was unbearable last week, now looks like a sheet just ironed...with the beauty of fear. Alone.

Quarantine--they say in the news. Until yesterday the news programs were a fragment that used to organize our life, in case we were too absentminded due to so much literature...

What will we do afterwards? In order to find out the origin, the identities?

Then it is when I set the monster free, the one I've been torturing—I've not been a good owner--but it is still quiet.

One knows, outside there is a world, but now it cannot be used. Now the world is us. That other one who is me.”