

## **The City (poem by C.P. Kavafy\*)**

*You said “ I will go to another land, go to another sea.  
Another city will be found, better than this,  
every effort of mine a written condemnation is  
and my heart like a dead corpse lies buried.  
In this decay, how long will my mind stay?  
Everywhere I turn my eyes, everywhere I look  
black ruins of my life I see here, where so many  
years have I lived and spent and wasted “*

*New places you will not find, you will not find other seas.  
The city will follow you.  
In the same streets you will be wandering,  
and in the same neighborhoods you will be growing old,  
and in these same houses you will be growing gray.  
Always in this city you will be returning.  
For elsewhere, do not hope.  
There is no ship for you, there is no road.  
Just as you destroyed your life here, in this little corner,  
in the whole world you have destroyed it.*

## **Short Stories Big City**

by

**Experimental Theatre Studio**

31.01.2014

- Translated by D. Kapetanaki

I wake up, I am late to work, I start running. Lunch time, I can take a break, drink a coffee, read the news, make a phone call. Afternoon I meet some friends, I take a rest, I make my plans for the night: to the theatre, to the cinema, to a party, to a bar. Go out, talk to people, meet some interesting strangers. London, Athens, Paris, Berlin. Walking up and down the streets I see people, I see faces. Some of them happy, some of them tired, some of them....

I don't know, I just look at them or listen to their mobile conversations. I get into the metro station, rush hour, the platform is full of people waiting something more than the train. A young couple is kissing each other, another group is heading to the airport, they carry their suitcases, an old woman is trying to follow the crowd and get a seat for her tired legs. I get off the train, I walk across the square, some drunk people are making a mess, some others sleep on the bench. Moscow, Rome, Madrid. A junkie is asking for money and a desperate frozen homeless guy is doing what I am doing: looking at people's faces. Some garbage over there at the end of the street, a prostitute is out to get some customers, my mobile rings, I answer and I keep walking, the police has stopped two black people asking them for their papers, two streets below is the posh area of the city, people there look completely satisfied and happy, they look confident, then again I am not so sure, as I keep walking I hear some troubles, some

voices, what's going on? I hear the riots are not over yet, I follow my way steadily, I see the cars and the buses passing me by, it's kind of busy today, tonight. Seattle, San Francisco, Los Angeles. I see the people, walking up and down, waiting, running, talking, shouting, I see the homeless, the junkies, the poor neighborhoods, I see the rich, I see the young and the old, I see the oppressed, everywhere, big cities, they have something in common, short stories, being written by all of us.

**On Stage (alphabetically):** Jenni Banke, Anna Isakova, Despoina Kapetanaki, Ankit Kariryaa, Moritz Niebeling, Dominik Ziaja

**Concept, dramaturgy, stage direction:** Despoina Kapetanaki

**Experimental Theatre Studio** was founded in October 2013 by Despoina Kapetanaki. It is based in Bielefeld University.