

Federico Delfrati

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Bere- sheet



racconto elettronico in cinque atti
electronic story in five acts
elektronische Geschichte in fünf Akten

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Libretto

Beresheet (hebrew “in the beginning”) is the name of the failed Israeli lunar lander which crashed on the surface of the Moon on the 11th of April 2019 as part of the Arch Mission Foundation: a nonprofit organisation whose goal is to create “a backup of planet Earth”.

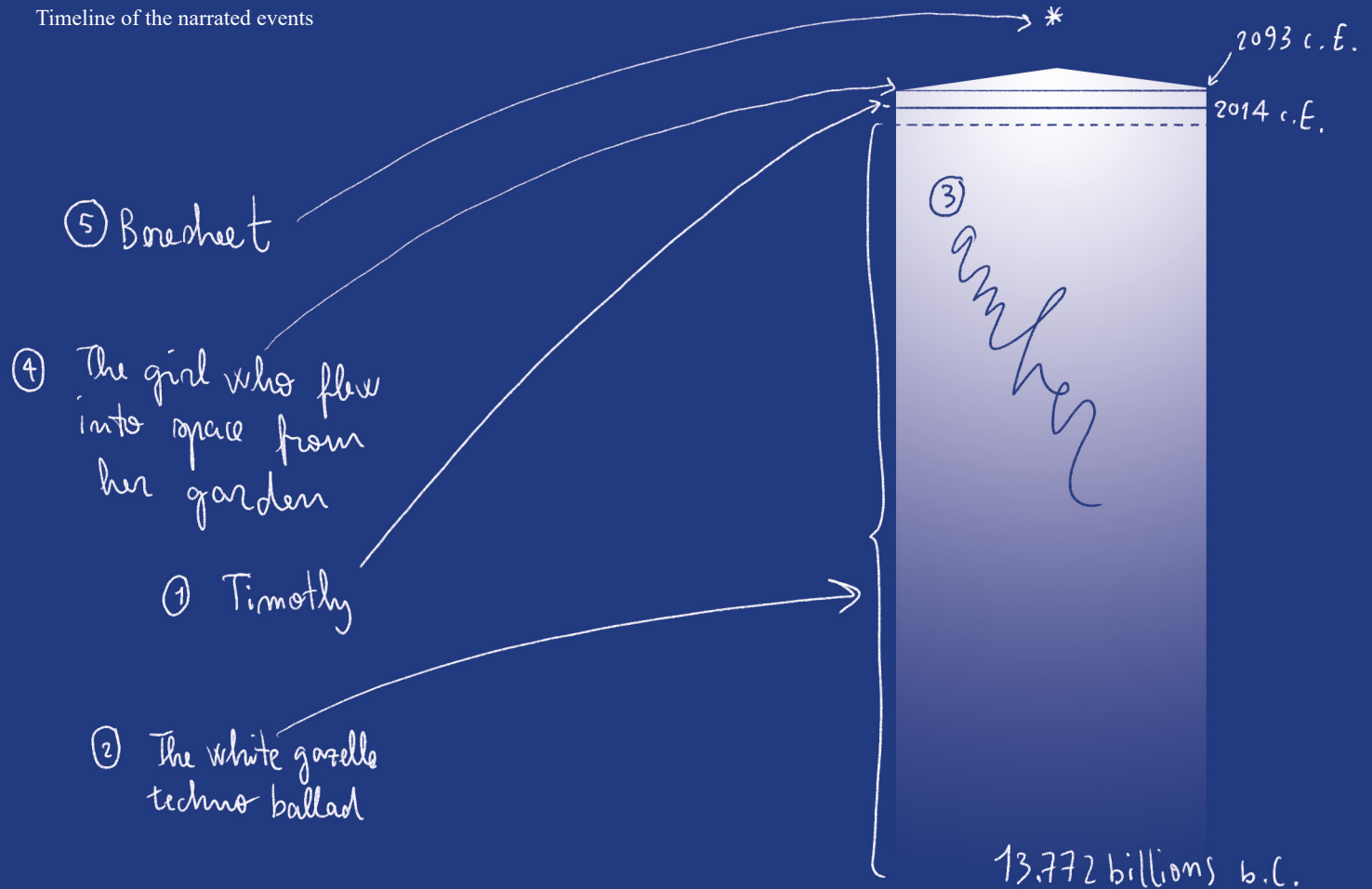
Its cargo was carrying the foundation’s first lunar library, a DVD-sized archive containing 30 million pages of information, human DNA samples, and thousands of Tardigrade specimens: ancient animals who endured all five major mass extinctions on Earth and are nowadays found everywhere, from backyard mosses to the most hostile habitats on the planet.

Due to their extreme adaptive nature, they are expected to have survived the Moon crash and, as few theories speculate, they might be still alive in a dormant state.

timothy | the
white gazelle
techno ballad
| amber | the
girl who flew
into space from
her garden |
beresheet

+ intro and outro

Timeline of the narrated events



intro



where the program is presented and the
visitors are welcomed to take a seat on/
in between/next to/around the beast

timothy



*or, when the whole thing
came about in the first place*

*

It happened that dark
afternoon, a misty November
2014. The orange lights of the
local library were welcoming
all sorts of ghosts. The smell
of silence and paper calmed
down the few of us who
decided to escape the fog.

I wasn't looking for a
specific book.
Just jumped across the
narratives: the ancient, the
old, the new, straight through
history in five big steps,

and on the left you have religions, on the right comic books. And then, straight ahead, a massive wall: essayistic tomes that try to explain the world.

Like a broken pixel on a white monitor, a small blue booklet stood out and drew me close enough to read its title. But the moment the first letter became recognisable, a hand touched my shoulder.

So I froze and suddenly turned around.

The man looked at me deeply in the eyes, but his frightened sight just went through my skull. His blue eyes were flickering beyond, before and after me. His Brit-pop mandala t-shirt was pumping out sweat. And he stuttered. He said something like: “hey, do you have a moment?” “Sure,” I said. “Are you alright?”

He replied with a gesture as
if to suggest going outside.

So I followed him through
the doors made of old wood
and yellow glass.

We sat under a porch but
couldn't see any further.

The fog became wet, dark.

He looked really distressed,
you'd say sad and frightened,
but without any trace of panic.

His red face was still,
his hands were shaking.
I could have thought he was
just crazy, you know? Would
you blindly follow everyone
in the dark? His eyes
reassured me the moment
I saw them. They gave me
hope that someone wise
used them to see something
terrible.

And then his encrusted lips
opened once again.
His voice felt like mist.
He said:

“This *hyperobjectivity*
it doesn't come to mind
It touches everything
you have, you thought
that you could hide
It crosses ages from day one
since God was just a kid
It passes through
the Universe
from Pluto to Madrid

You talk about it in your sleep
you read that it's a lie
You wonder when
how could it be?
You'll see it when you die
Now brace yourself
for what I'll say
go home and tell your friends:
All life will disappear again
the world's about to end”

*Na, nanana,
na - na,
nanana, na.*

*La, lalala
la, lalai,
lalai, lala.*

Oh Timothy, Timothy
spiegami perchè
Il mondo sta morendo, io
seduto ascolto te
Mi spieghi della fine e canti
di strane melodie
Chiudendo gli occhi piangi
e balli techno litanie.



Proxima
Centauri



Meteor
Extinction

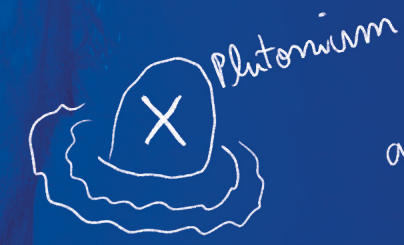


Global
Warming

Evolution



timothy
and some
hyperobjects



Plutonium



a block of
styrofoam



an Iceberg

*the white gazelle
techno ballad*



*or, when a point of view as broad as humanly possible
was trendy*

*

[a rough and generalised*
history of the last 13.772
billion years compressed
in a few seconds]

*featuring the Big Bang, hellish lava, apocalyptic thunderstorms, tinysaurs
and megasaurs, the last unfortunate mass extinction and the rise of mythical
consciousness

we rang the bell
a white gazelle
she came to tell us
that we've done well



we asked five whys
addressed the skies
she closed her eyes shut
we grew up wise



she thought we could
(for sure we should)
have taken care of
her holy womb



she trusted us kind
for she was blind
she'd never think that
we'd fall behind



just look at such a
lovely beast

I wonder how
good it could taste
her skin as soft as
mothers' breasts
give us a sip and
leave the rest

just look at such a
lovely beast

I wonder how
good it could taste
her skin as soft as
mothers' breasts
give us a sip and
leave the rest

come here!

so down we went
the miasmic scent
our thirst and hunger
for all things bent

we tried to bite
she stood upright
a blast of light stroke
our eyes went white



don't run away
you stupid beast
why won't you
just give us a
taste, your skin
and blood won't
be a waste

don't run away
you stupid beast
why won't you
just give us a
taste, your skin
and blood won't
be a waste!

she waved goodbye
we yelled and cried
the youngest whispered
“you won’t survive”

she kissed farewell
our nations fell
and through the ashes
another bell.

amber



*or, when the crests and troughs even out
(amid sinusoidal and systematic confusion)*

*


Here's a quote from
Slaughterhouse n°5,
a book about the present,
a book I really like:

“

Why me?
Why you?
Why us for that matter?
Why anything?

Because this moment simply is.
Have you ever seen bugs
trapped in amber?

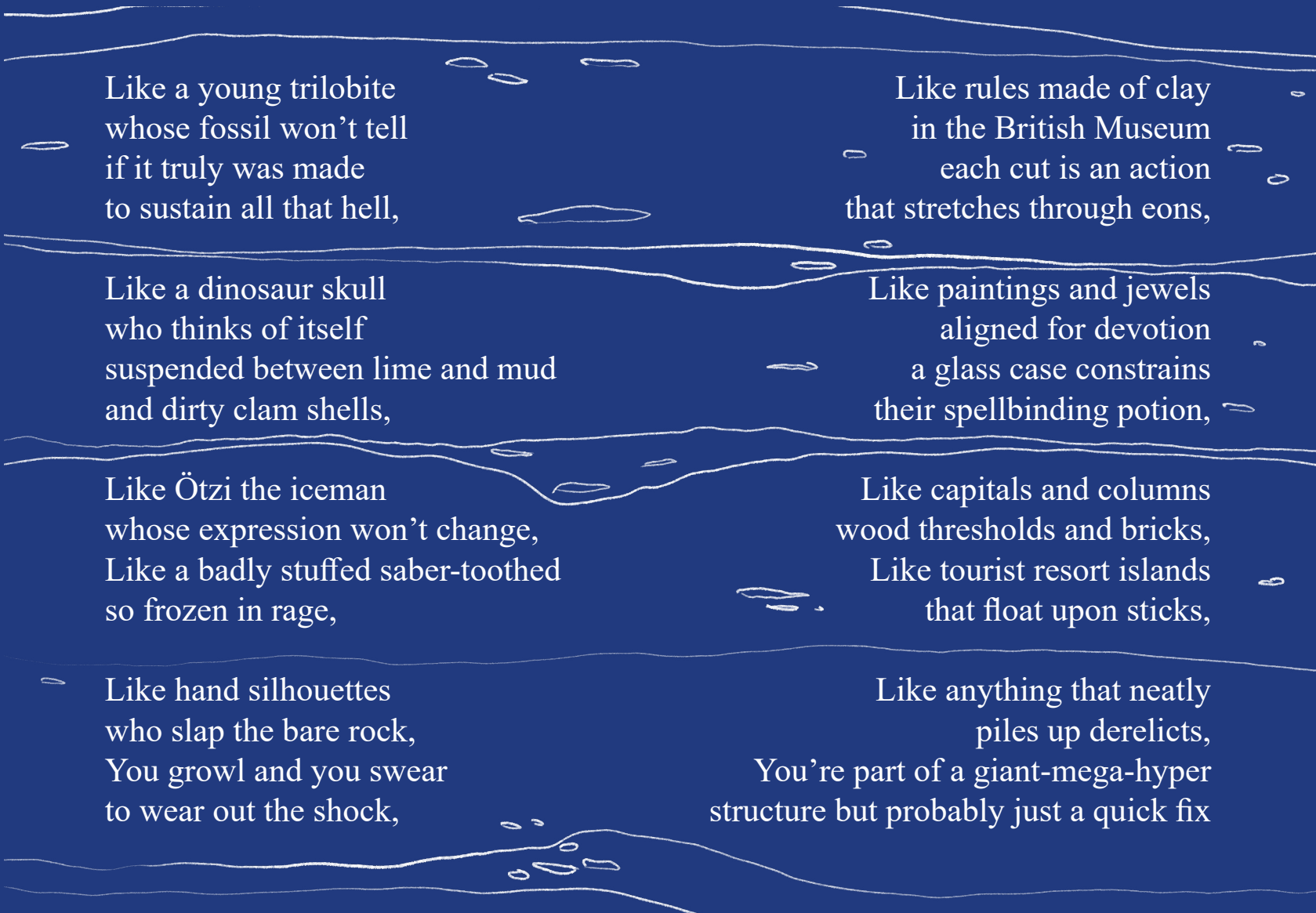
”



Well, here we are
Mr. Pilgrim,
trapped in the amber
of this moment.
There is no why
there is no problem,

Lingering on
this endless process,
with lots of doubts
and lots of promises.

Here we are again,



Like a young trilobite
whose fossil won't tell
if it truly was made
to sustain all that hell,

Like a dinosaur skull
who thinks of itself
suspended between lime and mud
and dirty clam shells,

Like Ötzi the iceman
whose expression won't change,
Like a badly stuffed saber-toothed
so frozen in rage,

Like hand silhouettes
who slap the bare rock,
You growl and you swear
to wear out the shock,

Like rules made of clay
in the British Museum
each cut is an action
that stretches through eons,

Like paintings and jewels
aligned for devotion
a glass case constrains
their spellbinding potion,

Like capitals and columns
wood thresholds and bricks,
Like tourist resort islands
that float upon sticks,

Like anything that neatly
piles up derelicts,
You're part of a giant-mega-hyper
structure but probably just a quick fix

Why me?

clue

Why

Why

you?

Why

anything?

anything?

no

me

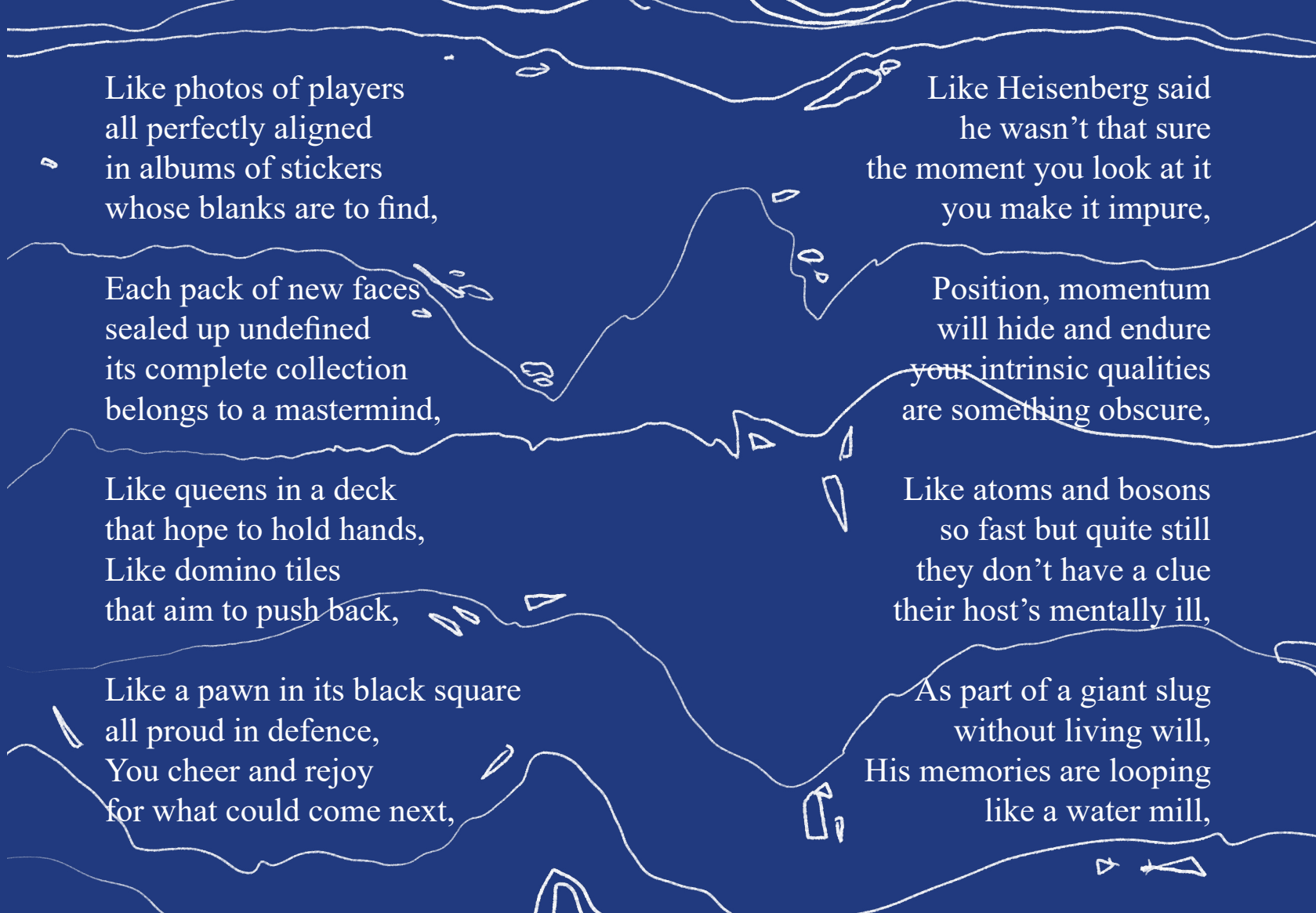
That's

Why

you?

true!

me? Why?



Like photos of players
all perfectly aligned
in albums of stickers
whose blanks are to find,

Each pack of new faces
sealed up undefined
its complete collection
belongs to a mastermind,

Like queens in a deck
that hope to hold hands,
Like domino tiles
that aim to push back,

Like a pawn in its black square
all proud in defence,
You cheer and rejoy
for what could come next,

Like Heisenberg said
he wasn't that sure
the moment you look at it
you make it impure,

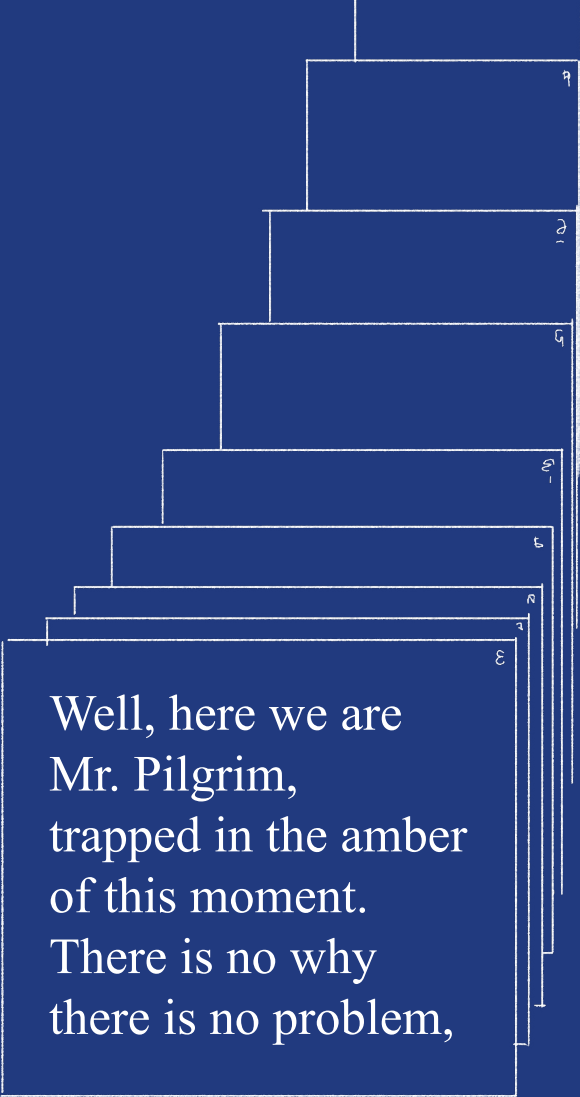
Position, momentum
will hide and endure
your intrinsic qualities
are something obscure,

Like atoms and bosons
so fast but quite still
they don't have a clue
their host's mentally ill,

As part of a giant slug
without living will,
His memories are looping
like a water mill,

THAT'S

TRUE



Well, here we are
Mr. Pilgrim,
trapped in the amber
of this moment.
There is no why
there is no problem,

Lingering on
this endless process,
with lots of doubts
and lots of promises.

Here we are again.

*the girl who flew
into space
from her garden*



or, when they really wanted
to get out of a cumbersome situation

✱

- < [FM recreation of a technical check-up
- > during a hot summer afternoon]
- <

*
And the space-ship hits full speed smoke free, all the pines wave gently through the breeze, and the neighbours switch to channel
twenty-ninety-three, when she leaves her pretty garden Richtung Pleiades, and the vultures croak songs for our Lynn, as she feels the
light that slowly dims, when she falls into a black hole that goes on repeat, and the Earth resets its bones its nerves its pale old skin.

* And the space-ship hits full speed smoke free, all the pines wave gently through the breeze, and the neighbours switch to channel
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beresheet



*or, when everything will be so far away
that it won't matter anyways*

In the beginning
they said, it was as big as a
washing machine,
with a big blue star on it.
Lots of lines, lots of angles.

In the beginning that
machine fell where your ^{great}
^{great great} grandmothers would
then build their golf club,

but you can't remember that.

In the beginning that fall
didn't do any damage, you
know?

Well, back then that crush
couldn't harm anyone really.
Even if it crashed hard and
loud. There was no fire.

There was no sound.

Only a big grey cloud of
dust.

Nobody saw or heard
anything. Back then we
couldn't see or hear or even
breathe.

The story of the falling
machine became then an
old chant your ^{great great great}
grandmother taught us.

More or less it goes like this:

In the beginning
there was no air,
we weren't there,
and that big grey
cloud of dust that
grew for days,

well,
a silent fanfare.

In the beginning
there was no
sound, grey slopes,
caved mounds,
and that little thing
that crawled out
without a scratch,

hell,
had us spellbound.

Well, many of them actually.

“HUNDREDS AND HUNDREDS”

they taught us.

And they crawled together,

they ate together,

they ate each other.

Until their hunger devoured
the horizon.

At the end of the beginning
they became the horizon.

When your great great great
grandparents first touched
the ground, they didn't notice
anything special.
After all, we had been there
only once, ages ago

and no one remembers much about it

and no one remembers much about it

Long story short we really
don't know how it all started.

Anyways, in the beginning
when your ^{great great great}
grandparents arrived, a silver
smooth surface covered their
entire view.

The machine that crashed
was still there.
It looked like an altar.

Still as big as a washing
machine.

And then the
surface started to
breathe.

Those creatures swallowed
your ^{great great great} grandparents.
They swallowed them
through their mouths as big
as craters.

Inside their bodies there was
air and water and plenty of
living excrement.

You might feel horrified by
the idea, but they said that it
was the moment we found
our place.

And your ^{great great great} grandmother used
to sing:

*It's been a very long time since something ate us
a long long time since something ate us
a very long time since something ate us
a long long time since something ate us
a very long time since something ate us
a long long time since something ate us
a very long time since something ate us*

*It's been a very long time since something ate us
a long long time since something ate us
a very long time since something ate us
a long long time since something ate us
a very long time since something ate us
a long long time since something ate us
a very long time since something ate us*

And it felt good, it felt safe.

Those beasts didn't do it on purpose, of course.

We became part of their life-preserving routine. We were part of their biological processes, without the need to be swiftly decomposed for their survival.

We never understood why there was no catastrophe. We needed a catastrophe. We always do.

Your ^{great great great} grandparents had no clue inside of those enormous beings.

As they witnessed their own lives simply moving on in linear, unspectacular mediocrity, meaningful interpretations became obsolete.

We might blatantly say they just
accepted being shit.

They had time to sing:

*It's been a very long time since something ate us
a long long time since something ate us
a very long time since something ate us
a long long time since something ate us*

*It's been a very long time since something ate us
a long long time since something ate us
a very very long time something ate us*

And hell, it just feels great

[
Undistinguishable
voices

complimenting
each other
]

And inside those
indifferent giants the old
generations indifferently
thrived. There came the
bars, the dance ^{CLUB}s, the
golf ^{CLUB}s, the swinger
^{CLUB}s, the moon ^{CLUB}s.
Our ^{CLUB}s floated with
their matter and we
wanted to homage those
creatures.

We really wanted them
to acknowledge our
presence.

We're here! Hear us
^{CLUB}bing and thanking you!

Their enormous
indifference towards what
was inside them made us
think they possessed a
superior form of kindness:
godly, other-wordly.
We thought they were
gentle.

We thought they were
smiling at us :)

*But they wouldn't care
'Cause they couldn't care, oh*

*They couldn't care
'Cause they wouldn't care, yeah*

It's been a very very long time
since something ate us,
we should say that.

The last time must have been at least
3000 years ago, maybe a little longer,
maybe a little shorter.



outro

thank you

Beresheet
an electronic story in five acts

freely distributed by:

<https://federicodelfrati.bandcamp.com/>



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