

Since I felt that I absolutely had to do something - and times were hardly suitable for any serious practise, I decided to amuse myself with the Praise of Folly

Erasmus of Rotterdam in the dedication of his book "Praise Of Folly" to his friend Thomas More, 1511

Cabaret of War - in so many words!

Cabaret of War is a theatrical show, based on jokes from warfilms: Jokes from A and B movies - American and Anti-american, historical, modern, heroic, disillusioned, famous and forgotten films and wars have gone into this production. All these jokes have been put together into a series of absurd sketches scenes and songs, suitable for a time where serious practise seems to be inadequate - perhaps even inappropriate. All this has been mixed up with some hysterical music, bloody scenes, and a couple of strong drinks to down it with.

It is a show for two actors, a band playing on a tv-screen, a barkeeper (for an sms bar where the audience can order drinks during the show) and a powerpointer/technician/voiceover. One actor, is the soldiers, their generals, and the soldiers wives and one is the concentrated master of ceremonies, that tries to make some sense out of the jokes, the wars and the world - in simple and entertaining sentences. The waitress is in the bar and is taking part in the fun with a sweet and serviceminded smile and as the occasional chorus. The technician is sitting in the back of the room administering the images on screen, singing along and acting as voiceover whenever theres's a shortage of people on stage. The show is set on the background of a projection screen, displaying subtitles and headlines in evocative fonts on historic imagery of war, from futurist fascination of it's machinery, to expressive outbursts of horror.

This is the script for the performance "Cabaret of War" - and thus I propose the possibility of repating and re-interpreting the text, but as cabaret of war is also an unending project, always open to new wars, new films, new jokes, and changing times, it may off course never be the same again!

Sprechstallmeister

Ladies and gentlemen! Welcome to this Cabaret of War.

It is a show, based on true stories about the most real of realities: The tough shit reality of war!

The sprechstallmeister sings. I advise you to go get yourself a drink at the bar leave some tips for local people and get pleasantly intoxicated for the upcoming war
So sit down and enjoy this Cabaret of War!

This cabaret ladies and gentlemen, is based on jokes from warfilms - from Hollywood to Bosnia, from the black and white screen to the coloured - it will be presented to you as sketches - in our very own way! Warfilms tell true stories, about real people - and real people do unexpected things, like cracking inappropriate jokes in situations that, in the fictional world, would have demanded great seriousness and solemn ceremony - What you shall see tonight - you may find hard to believe, but believe me - in here everything is real

discloses a television with "the orchestra" that is still playing the tune from the opening song:

The orchestra is real

The wars are real. *unfolds the cloth that covered the television and shows it's bloody stains to the audience:*

The voiceover is real

Voiceover/technician: Hello!

The sprechstallmeister: And the soldier is real!

The soldier: *marches on stage*

On screen: *marching clones of the soldier*





Running Cadence

The sprechstallmeister, the soldier and the voiceover: *The sprechstallmeister sings a line and the soldier and the voiceover repeat*

Allright everyone, listen up!
What were doing is a dirty job!
Get up, rise and shine without
delay.
Here's a bit of fun to get you
through the day.
We laugh at and with some sol-
diers who fall.
It must hurt a bit to be funny at
all.
the jokes are obscene but cer-
tainly.
We take our fun very seriously.
Coz' It appears that there is still
hope.
That we're all in on a great big
joke

Scene 1 -Heroes

Sprechstallmeister: Let's get started. I hope you have a drink and a good time. For drinks at the bar please send a text message to no. 22448096 and the drink will be brought to your table. We will have three acts, and breaks for smoking and talking, so please shut up for now and do not smoke until I tell you to
We will start with some jokes about: Heroes!





The sprechstallmeister: What paper is that your are reading?

The soldier: L.A. Times. I'm looking for the horoscope.

The sprechstallmeister: What if it's bad?

The soldier: That's not gonna be a problem.
See I'm trained for danger! *The soldier folds a newspaperplane and throws it at the audience.*

The screen: *Futurist explosion*

The soldier: *Is afraid!*

The soldier(as scared recruit): we went out with 400 men!

soldier (as more experienced soldier): Do tell, it is s-s-s-so encouraging! Damit!
Always this stutter after an attack

Both: *Quiet for a while*

The Soldier (as scared recruit): What are you thinking about?

The Soldier (as more experienced recruit): I d-d-don't think. I-i-if you start thinking you will go crazy, s-s-s-so. I don't think. There's a switch by the ear..turn it..and then you don't think anymore.

The soldier (as scared recruit): *starts sobbing* - Sorry!

The Soldier (as more experienced recruit): B-B-Be content that you can still cry. The motor only runs well if it is well greased.

The soldier (as scared recruit): *Smiles through snotty tears*

The Soldier (as more experienced recruit): What is your name?

The soldier (as scared recruit): Müller.





The soldier (as more experiences recruit):

Müller? Those we have a lot of. *He takes a folded piece of paper from his pocket - unfolds it, and reveals a neat string of paper soldiers*

The sprechstallmeister:

At least until the next attack!

The sprechstallmeister finds a large book full of soldiers and guns. The figures are perforated so that they can be taken out of the book.

Yes - soldiers we have a lot of. What are soldiers anyway?

The soldier:

removes a cardboard soldier.

The sprechstallmeister:

A bunch of cardboard figures? A sketchy outline of the undistinguishable; the anonymous mass with power to change the world?

The soldier:

removes a machinegun and offers it to the cardboard soldier

The sprechstallmeister

Now son, how about a career in the army? Before this is over, I promise I'll make a good soldier out of you, *when the cardboard soldier doesn't accept the gun*, ohh you don't want to be a soldier? Then let us move onto something less heroic but much more complicated. Let's move on to The political scene - At an assembly in the Colonial state of South Carolina, where it is being discussed whether South Carolina should join the struggles for independence leading up to the American War of Independence

Scene 2 - The Political Scene

TheVoiceover: (as patriot) This is not a war for the independence of one or two colonies. But for the independence of one nation! We are citizens of an American nation, and our rights are being threatened, by a tyrant 3000 miles away.



The sprechstallmeister: Would you tell me please mr.Howard? Why should I trade, one tyrant 3000 miles away, for 3000 tyrants one mile away.

Voiceover: Some other office of war – another time another place.

The soldier: (as puppeteer and general):

Now what do you say to this mission then Major?

The cardboard soldier: (spoken by the soldier): I say it confirms a suspicion I've had for some time now.

The soldier: You think we might share that suspicion Major?

The cardboard soldier: Yes, Sir! I think you should. Since I have to assume that we're overhere to try to win the war. I think it'll pay to advertise the fact that at least one of the men we're working for has to be a raving lunatic.

The soldier: Now that's enough, Major! You're here to be briefed on an operation. You have permission to ask questions about that operation. You do not have permission to make personal comments of any kind concerning the officers responsible for it's conception. Is that clear? So ask relevant questions or shut up!

The cardboard soldier: Would it be relevant to ask why I am offered this mission? It is not: as you say, being "offered" .

The soldier: Oh! I'm volunteering

The cardboard soldier: Exactly Major. You know I am glad you look at these things so realistically!



Scene 3 - The Real Man

sprechstallmeister: Realistically..or for real - ahh yeah, that was politics for you - now as you can see, we will talk about the real - and the man behind it: The real man and the dick are historically connected in ways that reaches far beyond the physical aspect. The dick is not only a real man's vital part but also an objective measurement to distinguish man from woman. But today every three year old knows, that it isn't the size that counts and that horrible modern day relativism makes the dick a superfluous and unreliable instrument for measuring anything...Unfortunately!

However- the dick is still a good and solid starting point for a joke.

Thinking about it, the dick may be the very reason why men are funny and women are not. During some wars, soldiers have preferred being entertained by men playing women. First out of necessity - because there were no women around - but even in the case where female entertainers were sent to war to entertain the troops, many men still preferred the male entertainment.

So I guess one can say that history has proven that women are not as funny as men, because dicks are funny, and women do not have dicks. From that I can jump to the conclusion that war must be entertaining business, as mostly men join it.

Here you have som jokes about the real man - whether he has a dick or not.

The soldier (as shadow of his former self): Finding a when and where to take a piss. That is truly the art of war.
..what the fuck ..come on man you're pissing on my boots!

The cardboard soldier: Sorry dude..*giggling* .It's kind of hard to drain the snake when people are bumping into ya.

The soldier: You know? They got pills you can take to grow that little knob of yours.

The cardboard soldier: Fuck you! *pushing*

The soldier: Hey now..you got me to piss on my boots..oh man!..please control your dick!

The cardboard soldier: You think well be doing this tomorrow? You know...together?

The soldier: People may start talking if we make a habit of it.

The cardboard soldier: That ain't what I mean.

The soldier: I know what you mean.





The soldier:

*drops the dummy and runs on stage with her/his finger pointing out of her zipper. Come on man.(to dummy) Hurry up! Remember our drill sergeant: "We move swift, we move silent, we move deadly. Only one shake of those whangs, anything more than that constitutes pleasure, and we're not in that business" (the finger in the trousers eloquently support the words, zips up the trousers) krrrytch. (removes his her hand from being a dick - smells it and wipes it off in her trousers before it becomes a "preachy finger")*Soldier: I don't think women should be in the army, I mean..Average woman: 25 percent bodyfat - 25! It's a quarter fat man! I mean think about that! Well..i guess.. I guess - as long as she carries her own weight I should have no problem with it. HA HA HA

The voiceover:

Off course women have always been a vital link in the lifeline of supplies to our combat units. The last few years have brought real progress in the interests of women in all aspects of naval service. What's more, the navy has instituted special sensitivity courses for all it's male recruits, demonstrating even more progress in the area.

Sprechstallmeister:

Whoa whoa whoa! Mr Hayes? If a cannibal used a knife and fork would you call that progress too?!

Scene 4 - Welcome to the real world

The soldier, the voiceover and the sprechstallmeister:

Follow the sound of an aeroplane plane with their eyes.

The sprechstallmeister:

Well well well...

come to the real world! *looks at the screen that is now displaying the "real" Marianne, instead of the silhouette.* This is it. This wonderful place of mere chance. A place you can never artificially imagine.. here ideas stand trial, Here civilians and soldiers die together. But the real world is also dull routine and everyday life, like going to work, killing crooks and..*there is a sound of a plane overflies the stage from the other direction. Once again The soldier and he sprechstallmeister follows it with their eyes.* And collecting food-packages dropped from the sky!

Voiceover:

A civilian is collecting food in the rubbles of war

Soldier(as civilian):

Tell me something, do you think americans really exist?

Images on the screen:



Sprechstallmeister:

Seems like it!

A pilot is targeting some enemy trucks.

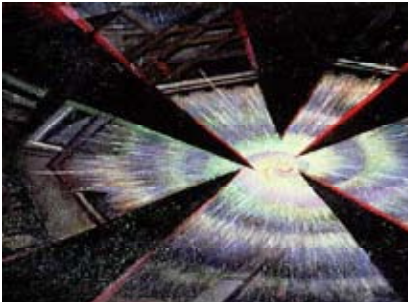


Voiceover:

A Helicopterpilot is targeting some enemy trucks.

The Soldier:

Pretending to fly and shoot from a helicopter. You look like a bunch of models from up here. (addresses the audience) I used to love models as a kid. I used to love blowing them up!



Presses an imaginary trigger and the screen and the sound explodes



The Sprechstallmeister:

Looking at the image on screen. Well that's a bit sad. This is supposed to be a fun evening. I sure hope you go easier on the morale in the next little sketch. It is about God Almighty. I guess God is always funny to bring into war, much in the same way that other high ideals must seem like a joke, when you are beyond morals in the shithole. Crosses her heart

Scene 5- God Almighty!



The sprechstallmeister:

Now do you recognize this famous deathscene, photographed by Robert Capa? Let us imagine the following minutes of this historic snapshot. Maybe the squadleader of that unknown soldier on the photo comes running, falls unto his knees and holds him in his arms and just before he passes away they have this conversation:

The soldier:

brings the cardboard soldier from behind the screen - as though Capas dead spanish soldier fell of the screen





The voiceover (for dying cardboard soldier):

Do you believe in God Sir?

The soldier (as squadleader)

holding the dying cardboard soldier in a tender grip. I believe that God is a sadist. And he probably doesn't even know it. What if, when you die, you find out that there is no God?

happy birthday dear Jesus...



The voiceover (for dying cardboard soldier):

Well I'll keep the bad news to myself. ahhhhrrrr! *it dies* (At basic training for marines!) (*the soldier throws away the dummy, become a drillinstructor leading a choir of recruits*)

soldier (as drillinstructor):

Happy Birthday To You...Happy birthday dear Jesus , happy birthday to you! Today..is Christmas. There will be a magic show. At zeroninethirty Chaplain Charlie will tell you about how the free world will conquer communism. With the aid of God. And a few Marines. God! has a hard-on for marines. Because we kill everything we see. He plays his games. We play ours. To show our appreciation for so much power..we keep heaven packed with fresh souls. God was here before the Marine Corps. So you can give your heart to Jesus.

But your ass belongs to the corps!



voiceover and sprech-stallmeister:

But your ass belongs to the corps! Do you ladies understand?

Sir! Yes, Sir!

Scene 6 - The War of Information

The screen: *plays a sketch of sound, text, and image about two reporters, represented by images of two iconic reporter figures. The words are typewritten onto the screen on a background of sound of machinegunshells - sounding a bit like the sound of a typewriter.*

Iconic reporter figure 1: Hey man! I thought you were dead!

Iconic reporter figure 2: Dead why? Do I look that bad?

Iconic reporter figure 1: I heard stories from Guatemala - they had you - They were pulling your toenails out.

Iconic reporter figure 2: Fucking Guatemala. Jesus! How was Beyrouth?

Iconic reporter figure 1: Bloody awful!

Iconic reporter figure 2: Good!



The screen: *Changes to iconic "reporting home" scenery*

The reporting home

figure on the phone: Napoleon has asked to be left alone, and sources close to him report that he is alone in his tent writing.



The "back home" reporter

figure: So, what is he writing?

The reporting home Well - probably a report of the battle

figure on the phone: as he wants it published in Paris's newspapers. The emperor takes charge of everything around him - including the facts!



Song: the satellite newsman

sung by the sprechstalmeister

1. I was there since the first war reporting
hardship and glory -
about heroes of the free world who didn't live to
tell the story-
Now it's a glorious future where I can film in the
night.

And go through the stars before I come down to
you by satellite.

My rolex shows 8 hours later than home
It's time to call back there on my satellite phone
My threemillion pixels move slightly faster than.
The sound of the real reaches star of news Alan

Refrain: Cause I'm a satellite newsman I am world-
wide I'm here I am there I am everywhere
it goes on, right on time, never late,
because timing's important when truth is your
trade
yeah I'm a satellite newsman...(repeat)

2. I'm slowly becoming a thing of the past,

Cause the future is coming and I can't come so fast
That's what Alan just told me he said can you not see
That the world doesn't seem real in 4 x 3,
It may be that I've seen it all and been everywhere
But I'm still only 72 pixels on air
I'm unfortunately permanently low resolution
In a world moving on to be High Definition

Refrain: Cause I'm a satellite newsman... I

3. Now the real has moved on to the format of fiction
Don't be square open up for sixteen-nine vision
Now the whole world believes in a broad view of
situations,
and my "Own eyes-account" is deemed "embedded
speculations"

Refrain: cause I'm a satellite newsman...

The Voiceover: Don't look at the camera we are from television..move move move! Like you're at war..dont look at the camera..move move!

The Soldier (as prisonguard): Yes! Welcome to the prison of free speech!
Here, you are free to tell me what I need to know. Allow me to introduce myself. I'm Comandante Frederico de la Rocha and I'm a warrior. But my battlefield is here with you. My skills are extraction of information. So I will share my knowledge with you, and you will share your knowledge with me..Sooner or later. That I promise you!

The Soldier: *Finds a russian hat and a french hat and makes a puppetplay with the hats being: The Tzar of Russia and the Emperor of France.*

The Soldier (as Tzar): I commisioned this painting, to give to you as a souvenir of our discussion in the middle of Niemen where the Emperor of France and the Tzar of Russia met to offer each other peace.

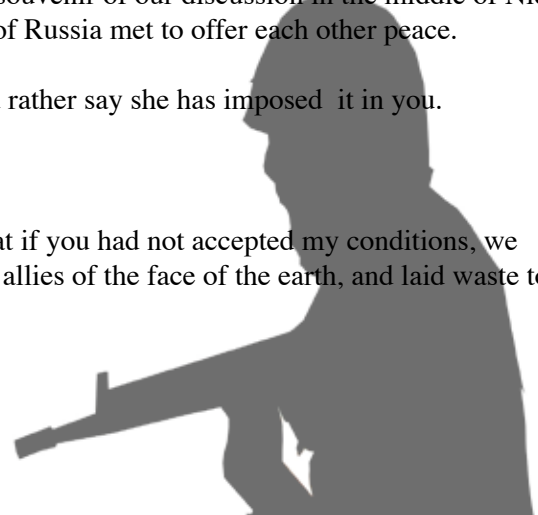
The Soldier (as emperor): You think France has offered you peace. I would rather say she has imposed it in you.

The Soldier (as Tzar): The French have such a gift for nuances.

The Soldier (as emperor): It's more than a nuance. You know very well, that if you had not accepted my conditions, we would have blown your Austrian and Hungarian allies of the face of the earth, and laid waste to your whole empire.

Soldier (as Tzar): That's such cruel terminology.

The soldier (as emperor): I'm a conqueror not a lyricist





The soldier:

phone rings

Picks up the phone: Mr. President!... Yes! We have come to the conclusion that a blockade of offensive weapons to Cuba is our best option..but ehh..A blockade is technically an act of war, therefore we recommend calling the action a quarantine.

The voiceover(as Mr. president):

Let's just hope that translates into Russian!

The Voiceover (as reporter):

I hear our enemies are good, general?!



The Soldier:

Well it's not that they're good, they've just got a better war-machine. They've been building it gun by gun for years, while we have been practising civilization. Now off course civilization is not very useful.

all: Eloquent silence.

Sprechstallmeister:

Gets the show back on track. Why did you come to Vietnam?

The voiceover:

I wanted to see exotic Vietnam, the jewel of Southeast Asia. I wanted to meet interesting and stimulating people of an ancient culture - and kill them!



advise you to go get yourself a drink at the bar!
Leave some tips for local people
and get pleasantly intoxicated for the upcoming
war

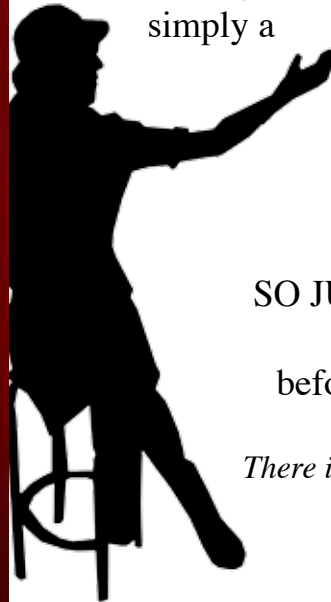
Don't go home just yet 'cause this is
simply a break

and in the second act this
war is going to violently
escalate

SO JUST DRINK DRINK

before the fun will begin!

*There is a short break - for drinks and
some food..*



In a bodybag! Out here, assholes, you keep your shit wired tight at all times. And that goes for you shit for brains! You don't sleep on no fucking ambush! And the next sonofabitch I catch copping Z's in the bush, I'm personally gonna take an interest in seeing him suffer! I shit you not. - Doc! Tag him and bag him.

voiceover (as cardboard soldier):

I didn't fall asleep sergeant. It was Junior!

Soldier (as superior officer):

Shut your face chicken shit. You're in big trouble boy. Excuses are like assholes..everybody got one!

Soldier (as drillsergeant):

is waking up his recruits. At the same time he is casually juggling a handgrenade in a selfconfident choreography of authoritative power
Get up! Knees in the breeze in five minutes

Voiceover:

It's goddam' five o'clock you said 0600.

Soldier (as drillsergeant):

So I can't tell time, so I lied, maybe some communist bastard is gonna make an appointment to pop you a new asshole right in the forehead. *The drillsergeant puts the handgrenade in his/her pocket - there is a crisp "ding" sound - and to his/her horror the drillsergeant discovers that he pulled the pin!*



Drillsergeant:

explodes! Argh! Jesus oh Jesus. I blew my butt off. I blew my butt of.
argh! What a fucking recruit trick to pull!

*some music causes the drillsergeant to get up - ass first - and sing the following song
about all the troubles and possibilities of this newly gained ass-less-ness.*

Text on screen: *During the song there will be a number of explanations to words and terms from metaphorical and concrete world of asses and assholes:*

"The shithole: the asshole of the world"

*The ass in the grass:
Off course it isn't
only the thought that*

The shitholesong

1.

The first time I walked down this road paved with shit
I just thought that the ass was a good place to sit
I was freezing my ass off in the ditches for peace
I went here I went there kicking ass overseas
Yes when I-I-I-I had my as on the line
When the shit hit the fan I felt good I felt fine
Then I-I-I -I had my ass on the line
But then I-I-I-I, put my arse on he line
was an ass in the grass bulldog
Who would die when it's time





counts. If your ass isn't with you – you may as well not go at all!

The ass on the line: The ass on the line is the same kind of ass that you find in "the grass". "The line" could be the frontline – or the un-linear body-form of someone sitting to comfortably behind a desk



An asshole: Someone who only recognizes the physical needs of the ass may lack the compassion of the heart and mind. However – in battle that is not necessarily a problem



Kissing ass: although the ass is a much valued part of a good soldier; kissing it is not acceptable.

Kicking ass: Because the ass is such a valued part of the soldier - it is important for soldiers to focus on the ass of the enemy, which is also obvious in the infamous warcry. "let's kick ass"!



Shit!: Exclamation to notify surroundings of a bad surprise, but also just an auto-response to such a surprise that can be said aloud in awe – even when no-one listens. Sometimes miraculous changes come about through such unplanned occurrences

2.

I can swear like an asshole and kick ass like a soldier
but even this hardass cowboy is just getting older

Now I'm leaving my shithole I'm fed up with it

I'm too old, know too many nuances of shit.

But now I-I-I-I'm getting out of the grass

I can't live all my life being nothing but ass

because I-I-I-I had my ass on the line

I know there really is no difference between your ass and mine

3.

Now it's time to be more than just any odd behind

I'll move on maybe even be one of a kind

I' am as nasty as any off you regular motherfuckers

Bullshit: A kind of lie often attributed to people that talk too much and do to little - As it seems that words without action are mere bullshit . It can be said that bullshitting is a category of lying.

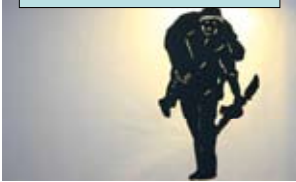
When the shit hits the fan: A wellknown Clint Eastwood soldier-figure”eats concertina wire and pisses napalm” - soldiers shit is nasty shit, and distributed by fan over a large area – it is bound to get disgusting

I'm only slightly different
Now just the odd cocksucker
And although I-I-I-I blew this old
asshole off
It doesn't really matter
coz theres plenty
of shit at the top
because I-I-I I-
**...say tomato you say tomato, and
I say the ass,
and you say the arse, I say potato
you say potato,
But it really doesn't matter coz
we're all members of nato.**



Scene 8 - F.U.B.A.R. (fucked up beyond any recognition)

Sprechstallmeister: cease fire cease fire, we carry out our wounded, and nobody is left behind. Those we cannot find, we will try our best to remember and honor in some of our better jokes.



The soldier *seems to want to start the scene, but is suddenly shot. After a while the soldier gets up brushes of his clothes and makes an attempt at telling the joke, but is shot once more. This happens several times.*

The Sprechstallmeister: *Tries to drag out the soldier by the legs. Cease fire! cease fire! we carry out our wounded, and nobody is left behind. Those we cannot find, we will try our best to remember and honor in some of our better jokes.*

The Soldier *Is telling a joke while being dragged out. A plane gets shot down. A guy bails out and the Gestapo gets him. His leg is broken so they have to amputate. He says, do me a favor. After you cut it off, would you then give it to one of your pilots and have 'em drop it over my base in England, and they do it. The next week they cut of the other leg. He says again. Will you have someone drop it over my base in England? And they do it. The next week they gotta cut off his arm. He asks them one more time. Will you please have someone drop it over my base in England. And this time they say "Nein. Zis we can't do anymore" and he says why not? And they say : "we zink yore trying to escape"*

a plane gets shot down. A guy bails out and the Gestapo gets him. His leg is broken so they have to amputate.



Soldier:

Gets up, walks behind the screen - and as a shadow and accompanied by sound, she becomes the explosion that tears the cardboard soldier to pieces.

Sprechstallmeister:

Let's drink a toast to J.J. and all the pieces of him that we couldn't find. Funniest guy I ever met.

The soldier

Walks on stage with a sad expression - the blown up soldier in his hand. J.J. is dead man! This place is bullshit man. I hate this fucking place. They oughta blow it up and pave it over..J.J. could make me laugh man and I like to fucking laugh!



Let's drink a toast to Alan. and all the pieces of him that we couldn't find.

Scene 9 - Just following orders

Sprechstallmeister: Maybe they oughta blow it up - who is to say? Who is responsible for the dirty tricks that occur during a war? The commander or the ones who carry out the commanded? In the book the Art of War from 500 BC Ping Fa gives the responsibility to the commander, but in the Nuremberg trials, it was decided that some ordered actions you are personally responsible for, if you chose to execute them.

A soldier from Hawaii has been encountering legal problems because of his denial to serve in Iraq, which he believes to be an unlawful war, but then again - other soldiers have been imprisoned for carrying out orders - in Abu Ghraib.

It seems that the soldiering business is a legally unsafe trade, and a soldier never be sure to be on the right side of the law . Whether s/he follows orders or not.

Voiceover: A soldier enters the office of a superior but forgets to salute.

The soldier: *Enters and stands in front of his superior and none of them speak.*

Voiceover (as superior): *eloquent cough*

Soldier: *Oh! He salutes, with some irony*

Voiceover (as superior): If you're insubordinate of me Lieutenant, I shall have you put under arrest.

Soldier: It's my manner, Sir.

Voiceover (as superior): Your what?

Soldier: My manner. It looks insubordinate but it really isn't.

Voiceover (as superior): I can't make out whether you're bad mannered or just half-witted.

Soldier: I have the same problem, Sir!

Soldier: *Suddenly falls to the floor at the sound of incoming fire. Crawls on the floor among the audience and finds a torn off arm under a chair. The arm is desperately holding on to an image of a girl.*

Wow she is hot! Is she yours? You better shoot yourself in the foot and get a ticket home because Jodies are gonna be all over her!

Look at her! Aint she an animal? They won't leave he alone. I would drink a gallon of he pee just to see where it came from. You gonna marry her? I'm telling you - married guys lose braincells by the billions! If the corps wanted you to have a wife. They would have issued you one!

Soldier and situation: *Once again the drama rises and the soldier dies in an exaggerated way!*

Voiceover: You're not dead until I tell you you're dead understand?

Soldier: *lifting the head only.* Sir, Yes, Sir!



Scene 10 - The Homefront



The Sprechstallmeister: The next scene will briefly address the homefront - because now we are nearly ready to wrap up this hurly burly and go there.

The soldier: *Takes off a white sock and a black sock and plays a white woman and a black woman with sock puppets.* At some base in the US of A, the soldier's wives, are meeting up, helping each other to get settled on the base. There is a white woman and a black woman. They are discussing laundry. The white woman says: "The base washing machines don't work. They're full of sand from the swamp missions." Then the black woman says: "the laundromat in town's ok. But they won't let you wash your colored things in their machines" - "In a public laundromat" the white woman says, and the Black woman says: "It didn't make any sense to me either, but I'm telling you that there's a big sign right in the window that says: Whites only".



Text on screen: There is an ironical and insecure laughter

Text on screen: Iraq 2001

The soldier: *gets up to a sudden shooting sound and picks up the cardboard gun while shooting and shouting "Dudududu" and "Dadadada" (shooting sounds)*

The Soldier (as private): Sarge, why are these guys so fucking pissed off at us man? Dudududu

The soldier (as sarge): Just coz were here. Dadadada!

The Soldier (as private): Yeah but I don't get it. We got Saddam. What? That don't count for nuthin? Dududu!

The soldier (as sarge): Well how would you feel if they were in Miami. Huh? dadadadada

The Soldier (as private): Don't even go there man, coz Miami would be a totally different story alright. If you fuck with my home town you are going down, that's the way it is alright? Dudududu!

The soldier (as sarge): That's my point dumbass. Nobody likes being occupied. It's like living with your parents!



Scene 11 - The Free World

The soldier Writes "Born to Kill" on his/her helmet

Sprechstallmeister: Ahh to be free! Personally I wouldn't mind being more free. With more freedom I can be who I chose to be. And who would that be then? It is really not much being someone, if everyone else can be one too. I could also just be true to myself; Be who I really am - Deep down. I just hope I am not a real bastard deep down! *Seems to regret her insight into that possibility and notices the writing on the helmet of the soldier!* Ashh! Freedom isn't easy. But that shouldn't prevent us from cracking some jokes about it.

The soldier(as a correspondent): Do you think Americans should be in Vietnam?

Sprechstallmeister: Personally I think..ehh..They don't really wanna be involved in this war. You know.. I mean..they.. they sort of like..they took away our freedom, and gave it to the gooks. You know. They don't want it. They'd rather be alive than free I guess Poor dumb bastards!





Voiceover: Marine!

The soldier (as Marine): colonel!

The soldier (as Colonel): Marine, what is that button on your body armor.

Marine: A peace symbol Sir!

Colonel: Where did you get it?

Marine: I don't remember Sir!

Colonel: What is that you got written on your helmet?

Marine: "Born to kill" Sir!

Colonel: You write born to kill on your helmet. And you wear a

Colonel: peace button? What's that supposed to be? Some kind of sick joke?

Marine: No sir!

Colonel: What is it supposed to mean?

Marine: I don't know Sir

Colonel: You don't know very much do ya?

Marine: No, sir!

Colonel: You better get your head and your ass wired together, or I will take a giant shit on you!

Marine: Yes, Sir!

Colonel: Well answer my question or you will be standing tall before the man.

Marine: I think I was trying to suggest something about the duality of man, Sir!

Colonel: The what?



Marine: The duality of man. The Jungian thing, Sir!

Colonel: Whose side are you on son?

Marine: Our side sir!

Colonel: Don't you love your country?

Marine: Yes, sir!

Colonel: Then how about getting in with the program. Why dont you jump on the team and come in for the big win.

Marine: Yes, Sir!

Colonel: Son! All I ever asked of my marines was to obey my orders as they would the word of God. We are here to help the Vietnamese because inside every Gook - There's an American trying to get out.

Image and sound: (arab music sounds – then the image changes to a map of the Battle of Megido, Palestine 1917)

Soldier (as

Arab soldier) See this? This is a childrens book. I've set myself to learn again.

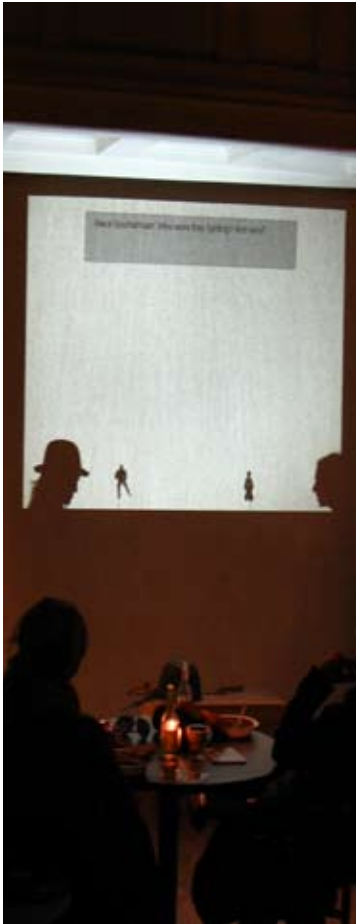
voiceover: What are you learning from this?

Arab soldier: Politics.

Voiceover: You're gonna be a democracy in this country? Youre gonna have a parliament?

Arab: I will tell you that when I have a country.





Both actors walk into the light - and become two projected silhouettes on the screen.

Voiceover: A black Southafrican and a white Southafrican are fighting for the same cause in the bush somewhere on the african continent.

Black Southafrican: Mister?

White southafrican: What do you want?

Black Southafrican: Just to talk. I haven't had anyone to talk to for over two years. Just prisonguards. I entertained myself by trying to taunt them into killing me.

White Southafrican: Now you're trying the same on me. Christ! Get me a break man!

Black Southafrican: Man! That's an improvement over Kaffer. What did you do in Southafrica?

White Southafrican: I fought black troublemakers.

Black Southafrican: Who were they fighting? And why?

White Southafrican: If you are asking me whether I understand the politics of my own country the answer is no. Alright?

Black Southafrican: Well at least we had equal opportunity to neglect our education.

Scene 12 - Endings - the way to go!

Sprechstallmeister: Everything comes to an end whether things are solved or not! So it is with wars, and so it is with cabarets about wars. This is the beginning of the ending for this show. I hope you now understand why war is so funny. As always with the things you're in the middle of, it is difficult to see things clearly because it is all too close to you to see anything but unclear silhouettes against the light. We will now take on the difficult task of conclusion and envision our present reality with shadows of our former selves, showing some of the good ways to say goodbye - from Hollywood to Bosnia.



Voiceover: Two soldiers are pointing their guns at some children.

1st soldier: Watch it! They look real dangerous.

2nd soldier: Yup! scary.

1st soldier: What a fucking job! I'm glad were not re-enlisting. Six years in the Legion that's enough! I mean, I'd like to find a war where I can fight for something that I believe in.

2nd soldier: You mean you wanna hate the guys you pop?

1st soldier: Yeah! It'd be nice for a change.





Voiceover: On a Vietnamese battlefield a superior officer is lecturing a young soldier.

Superior: Do you smell that? Do you smell that son?

Son: What?

Superior: Napalm son. Nothing else in the world smells like this. You know I love the smell of Napalm in the morning. Once after bombing a hill for twelve hours - when it was over. I walked up. We didn't find one stinking dink..but the smell. You know - Like the gasoline smell. The whole hill. It smelled like...Victory!(long break) some day this war is gonna end!

The orchestra: *Starts playing an adaptation of "the end"*

On screen: *explosion*

The shadows *twirls in the explosion and falls in slowmotion to the bottom of their former selves:*



1st shadow: we're never gonna get outta here are we

2nd shadow: The shit got deeper so what? We're just gonna put on some rubberboots now. *The shadows of their former selves drop into the darkness to give way for a pair of walking "boots/helmet memorials".*

1st boot: *walks on image of the Berlinwall.* Look maybe we could sneak through here somewhere.

2nd boot: *walks on image of the Tortilla wall* No It's too dangerous. Think of the mines!

1st boot: *Walks on the Israeli Separation wall.* Yeah! That's how scared they are of us!

1st soldier: *Tries to walk through an open garden fence.* Come on! It's now or never!

The pair of boots run toward the gate but are caught up in a sudden sound of marching feet to which they conform.



k, maybe we could sneak through over there somewhere? ..





Text on the screen: On the bordering bridge between two countries

1st boot: *Stops.* Do I have to go?

2nd boot: What? After half a century of division, we put an end to the disgraceful history of ours and open up the uniting bridge.

1st boot: Maybe we can open it up a bit later.

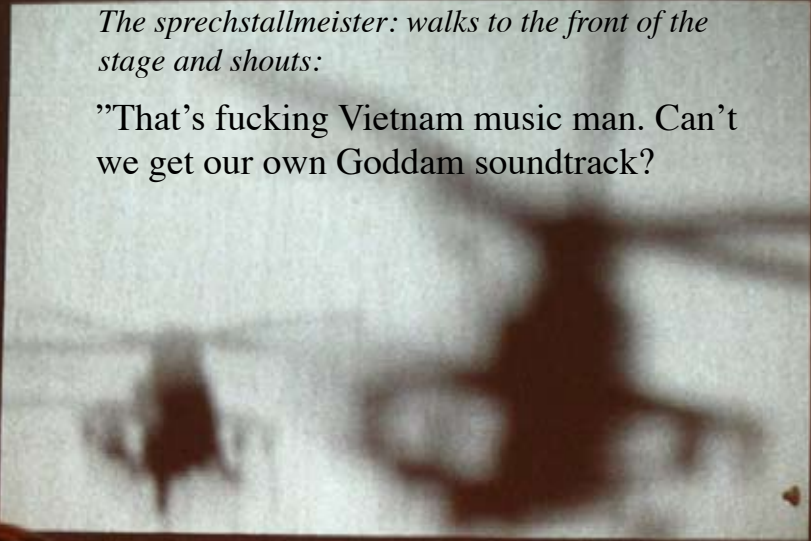
Image and sound: *Explosion followed by an image of "Mostar Bridge 1993"*

Then the music – "The End" is rising



Mostar bridge 1993





The sprechstallmeister: walks to the front of the stage and shouts:

”That’s fucking Vietnam music man. Can’t we get our own Goddam soundtrack?”

The orchestra: Silent
The voiceover: Silent
The soldier: Silent
The sprechstallmeister:

Text on the screen: This is the end. Let us share a solemn silence to commemorate all the unspeakable things that we have not been able to talk about in show. We do not speak our minds about everything, because some things are best left unsaid. We believe that a joke is just not funny anymore once you break the silence and explain what you are laughing at, So please join us in a silent 2 minute manifestation, you can call it "our own goddam soundtrack". To lead us in a two minute silence we will play a track from the record Kentaphion by the british conceptual musician Jonty Semper. It is a collection of silent commemorations of the victims of war held in London since 1930'es



List of the represented conflicts

Battle of Guadalcanal, WWII 1942, Italian Civil War , WWII, Boxer Rebellion, China 1900, Operation Iraqi Freedom 2003, The War in Vietnam/The American War 1965 - 1973, Conquests of Alexander the great 333BC – 323BC, The War on Terror 2001 - ?, Spanish, Civil War 1936 - 1939, Colonial War, El Salvador 1986, War for Independence - Ireland 1914-1922, Wars of private money - Conflict of African oil and diamond concessions, North American War of Independence 1775-1783, Napoleonic Wars 1789 - 1815, Battle of Gallipoli WWI 1915 - 1916, The tense situation between North and South Korea. The Korean War broke out in 1950 and officially it ended on oct 2nd 2007, War on Drugs. This war has been going on since 1880 when the Opium trade with China was banned. Since then there has been years that are more significant than others in this war, with the last big culmination being in 1889 in Panama with 25.000 US troops, Raid of Mogadishu, Somalia 1993, Conflict in Bosnia 1992, Cold War 1947 - 1989, The Homefront, Invasion of Grenada 1983, Battle of the Alamo, Texan Revolution 1836, Cuban Missile Crisis 1962

List of films seen in order to make this cabaret possible.

The Peacemaker directed By Mimi Leder., 1900 directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, Foreign Correspondent directed by Alfred Hitchcock, Drug Wars directed by Brian Gibson, Sunshine directed by Istvan Szabo-, Wild Geese directed by Andrew V. McLaglen, The Alamo directed by John Lee Hancock', City of God directed By Fernando Meirelles and Katya Lund, Savior directed by Oliver Stone, Joint Security Area directed by Chan-wook Park, Deerhunter directed by Michael Cimino, Hotel Rwanda directed by Terry George, Shout at The Devil, directed by Peter Hunt., 55 Days at Peking directed by Nicholas Ray, Airstrike directed by David Worth, Geronimo directed by Arnold Laven, For Whom the Bell Tolls directed by Sam Woo, Lawrence of Arabia directed by David Lean, Marooned in Iraq directed by Bahman Ghobadi, Schindlers List directed by Steven Spielberg, Guns of Navarone directed By. J. Lee Thompson, Black Hawk Down directed by Ridley Scott, Heartbreak Ridge directed by Clint Eastwood, Salvador directed by Oliver Stone, The Patriot directed by Roland Emmerich, Gallipoli directed by Peter Weir, Napoleon Bonaparte directed by Yves Simoneau, Michael Collins directed by Neil Jordan, Saving Private Ryan directed by Steven Spielberg, We Were Soldiers directed by Randall Wallace, Crimson Tide directed by Tony Scott, Sayonara directed by Joshua Logan, Slaget ved Gettysburg. Turner Pictures 1993, Soldiers of Salamina directed by David Trueba, Three Kings directed by David O. Russell, Das Boot directed by Wolfgang Petersen, Jarhead directed by Sam Mendes, Slaget om Algier Gille Pontecorvo, Telemarkens Helte directed by Anthony Mann, we were heroes directed by Brian De Palma, Havana directed by Sydney Pollack, Thirteen Days directed by Roger Donaldson, Troja directed by Wolfgang Petersen, The Thin Red Line directed by Terence Malick, Alexander directed by Oliver Stone, Combat Zone directed by Sidney J. Furie, The Dirty Dozen by Andrew W. Mc Laglen, The guns of Navarone J. Lee Thomson, The end of St Petersburg directed by V.I. Pudovkin, Born on the 4th of July by Oliver Stone, G.I.

Jane directed by Ridley Scott, All quiet on the Western Front by Delbert Mann, Apolcalypse Now directed by Francis Ford Coppola, Stalingrad dircted by Joseph Vilsmaier, West Beyrouth directed by Ziad Doueiri, Rules Of Engagement directed by William Friedkin, M.A.S.H. directed by Robert Altman, The Terrorist, The Ironcross directed by Sam Peckinpah, Rome Open City directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, Platoon directed BY Oliver Stone, Flugten fra Sobibor directed By Jack Gold, Sayonara directed by Joshua Logan, Lawrence of Arabia directed by David Lean, Spartacus directed by Stanley Kubrick, Saints and Soldiers directed by Ryan Little, Thirteen Days directed by Roger Donaldson, A farewell to Arms directed by David O' Selznick, Full Metal Jacket directed by Stanley Kubrick, Memphis Belle directed by Michael Caton Jones and probably some more...

Soldier and others performed by : Joanna Magierecka

Sprechstallmeister performed by: Sofie Lebech

Songs: Lyrics by Ulla Hvejsel and Kirsten Otzen Keck
and music by 1. th.

Dramaturge co-production and more : Sandra Buch

Choreographies: Dorte Petersen

Concept and voiceover : Ulla Hvejsel