

**DREAM EATER'S MANIFESTO**

*[Copyright held by the Manhattan Experimental Theater Workshop]*

Written & performed by the Company

Directed by the directing team

Under our the influence of Marinetti and other Futurists

This summer I sat at home in front of my computer. Sometimes I fall asleep and then fall out of my chair under the computer desk. It's loads o' fun.

A:	B:	C:
	I have breathed like a swing.	
My arms were windmills.		I have danced like an animal.
I have expanded my thighs.	I have expanded my thighs.	
	I have developed new lies.	I have developed new lies.
I have squeezed large pies.		I have squeezed large pies.
I have wrenched my body away from my control and brought it back to me.	I have wrenched my body away from my control and brought it back to me.	I have wrenched my body away from my control and brought it back to me.

*In the following section, pick your favorite **two** statements and say them in any order you like.*

I moved like Mr. Rogers.	I have threatened to kill people like a serial killer.	I have burned like a soul basted in pitch.
I have found myself in positions only a contortionist can do.	I have heard myself talk like a middle aged man.	My talent, like Pandora's box has only hope left.
I have run like a car crash aftermath dilemma.	I have tasted the dirty dust.	I have spun in circles like a child who can't find his parents.
I wish that I could float like a bloated corpse in a Jell-o pudding snack.	I have crawled under platforms like a well meaning monkey.	I have yawned like a lion.
My blood, sweat, and spit has spread across this floor.	My movements were a cat's stretch.	I have spoken like a drip from a water faucet.
I have yelled till the Gods got	My voice was an obnoxious	I was a crab with herpes.

headaches.

sibling's whine.

I have decided to get sweet revenge. I will finish my quest for the mystical lizard of thought. To achieve this I will walk through rivers and forests. Climb mountains and hills. Doing epic battle with my foes, I will declare my high intentions to the earth.

### Dream Eaters Manifesto

1. We intend to sing of triumph of will, optimism, hope, depression, intentions, faults, patience, impatience, humor, peace, unity, equality, and bathing.
  2. We will destroy materialism, smelling bad, obsession, stagnant behavior, quaker oats, sheep like behavior, pomp, sex, beauty, suicide, closed minds, overly open minds, disney, beauty pageants and MTV.
  3. In our theater, the audience will be scared, changed, affected, confused. They will experience shock, amazement, disbelief. Some will wet their pants. Or go home and make sweet love with their lovers.
  4. Focus, dedication, enjoyment, punctuality, amazement, scariness, thought, insult, simplicity, crayola crayons, and sarcastic realization will be essential elements in our theater.
  5. The audience shall be terrified, disgusted, and cleansed. They will find enlightenment only amongst themselves. We will purge the world of traditional musicals forever. It will change their lives forever. They will no longer stand to live in one society. Eventually they will have to live alone in the woods as hermits.
  - 6.
  7. In our theater, we will tell the audience the fire exits are there...and there.
  - 8.
  9. Our audiences will be speechless, completely entertained, reduced to sniveling pulp, enlightened by our wisdom. They will commit acts of unmediated Christian charity or violence. They will shit themselves. They will cry. They will make them step back. They will consider how they have treated other people. They will cry.
  10. Damn the robots.
  11. We will say pretty much anything we want. Spandex is like a constant hug. It's HOT HOT HOT! We can also keep our mouths shut.
- PAUSE*
12. The audiences will hate what we do. They will never come back and they will throw tomatoes at us. Our theater will fester in the subconscious of our audiences. It will stun them. It will lay them out flat. It will castrate their thoughts then sew it all back together with silver thread. They will love it and want more.

My voice is hollow like a glass, my eyes are deep like a tunnel. My body will be the electric synapses running through the brains of theater. My voice spreads like a disease.

A:  
Bodies become  
objects and the  
people not fitting  
the perfect form are  
pressured or secretly  
shunned. Even the  
liberated woman who  
works in an office is

B:  
*noises*

C:  
I say, hug an inmate,  
put them on drugs,  
and the world will be  
a better place. I hate  
and love hypocrites. I  
wish people would see  
how silly they are.

D:

beautiful for her coworkers.

*noises*

Sweat pants are *noises*  
comfortable. Tax cuts  
are good. Giant cars  
want to run me over,  
this causes madness.  
If you're not swimming  
in jell-o or getting your  
eyes ripped out by a  
hungry bear, then a lot  
of the time it's overlooked.

Society tells us that we will  
all succeed, if we are good  
people. So why are so many  
CEOs going to jail for  
embezzlement and insider  
trading? If society promotes  
conformity to such an  
extreme level, then we are  
destined to die alone.  
Society tells us that you can  
win back the love of your life  
if only you love them hard  
enough, if only you do that  
one thing. Whatever.

Society tells us we cannot change the world. That is a lie. We are our own world. We change daily. After all, I never wear the same shirt three days in a row.