

"Pornojet": performance

Kafeta Travolaka at Can Vies,
Barcelona, April 2008

Characters:

Captain, looks hard, low voice, efficacious yet aloof
from contemporary music culture.

Stewardess 1, strident, preppy sounding voice, activist
worried about network connections and local movements.

Stewardess 2, Londoner, speaks Spanish with an English
accent. Hyperfemenine and feminist.

Martina dry, martina. (www.myspace.com/martinadrydj)

In yet another flight of the pornojet tour company...

[Passengers of flight Boing XXX or XXY? Destination
Cafeta Travolaka, Can Vies, Barcelona, are already
occupying their seats (chairs placed in rows allowing for
12 people and with a middle aisle that allows movement
inside the aircraft). The crew, made of two stewardesses
and a captain, are revising the latest details and
security checks to proceed to take off. The whole crew
gets inside the aircraft through the middle aisle. The
captain goes straight to the cabin. She is carrying a
briefcase containing all the necessary objects for the
radio program. Stewardess 1 addresses the passengers in
order to check that their seats are back and their
seatbelts fastened and that their belongings are not
obstructing the aisles. Stewardess 2 has a pen-counter
and is counting passengers in order to make sure there is
no illegal passenger on board. Once the distribution of
tasks is done, the crew aligns in the cabin facing
passengers...]

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Captain: Welcome to Pornojet company, flight XXX

Stewardess 1 (interrupts the captain): or XXY?

Stewardess 2: No, XX or... YY?

Whole Crew: What a mess!

Stewardess 2: We remind you that for your safety all electronic devices must be switched off: vibrators, pacemakers, mobile phones, etc.

Stewardess 1: We hope you have a pleasant flight.

[The crew welcomes passengers. They sit down, placing their hats on their laps and fasten their seatbelts. The captain rings the bell]

Captain: Taking-off.

[Take-off audio is heard. The crew moves arms and chests to simulate the aircraft movement. This movement is maintained until the captain rings the bell again. The crew regains vertical posture and remain seated and static listening to the introduction of the Pornojet radio program. A 1950's music is heard 'Ring ring ring, banana phone, banana phone' which accompanies the first stage].

(Voice in off) Radio Pornojet, the radio of those who fly very high. In our last program we followed a bachelors party in the city of Barcelona. Sandy, 23, London, heterosexual, middle class. She comes with her female friends, mother and sisters in law. They look like a mobile sex shop: follera bands, dicks on their head, hands and mouth. Special, whip in hand. They book 3 days and 3 nights. Dinner at the Maremagnum and party with unlimited alcohol in the Forum buildings, 80 euros. Let's remember some of the best moments: 'Oh my god, I can't

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believe it. That is the biggest pollón I've never seen.
¡Ooooh! ¡Fiesta, fiesta! ¡Toro! ¡Sangría and paella! ¡Soy
caliente, macho, macha come here!

[The song advertising Martini drink is heard, the same
as in Martina Dry's Myspace. This song is a transition to
present the program's guest...]

Stewardess 1: Martina defines herself as an underground
model and go-go dancer. She has recently entered the
music terrain, extending her many artistic skills. Her DJ
sessions could be defined as noisism, acoustic
deconstruction, musical cut and paste, pirate sampling
and articulated destruction of pop music. Subversion of
genders/genres. About her music? You can't say it's not
authentic! She will never stop surprising us!

[The sound is interrupted to introduce the first
publicity advertisement that feeds the Pornojet Company].

(Voice in off in Catalan) Barcelona, the biggest shop in
the world. Warning: using this product may cause a state
of extreme pleasure, satisfaction and desire to come
back. Barcelona, the biggest shop in the world.

Whole crew: Ladies and gentlemen, with you... Martina Dry!

[Martina doesn't appear. She is drinking in the back bar.
The crew calls her, once, twice, and even 3 times.

'Martina Dry!'. Martina then breaks in singing, without
musical accompaniment, her theme 'Vaya antro'.

Martina Dry: What a crap place, this is a shit hole. A
dungeon, a hole, a cell, a rat cage. Stinks alcohol and

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the air is viced, you can't breathe with so much concentrated smoke. What a shithole, what a crappy place. The costumers are the worst and the service is the worst. Beside an off-key piano that someone is playing spontaneously a girl is singing without much flair sad and depressing songs. In a dirty and sticky table, a man is betting his wife on cards, and in another table a man is piercing his face with a bullet... what a shithole, what a crappy place, the customers are the worst and the service is the worst.

[Martina walks along the aircraft through the central aisle singing, until she reaches the cabin where she sits down and salutes the crew]

Captain: Welcome to the program, Martina.

Stewardesses 1 and 2: Yes, Welcome.

Martina: Thank you! It is a pleasure to fly here, with you!

Captain: If you wish, we will start the interview. Are your image and your sessions advertised by well known brand of alcohol?

Martina Dry: Oh, you are saying that because of my name, right? Well, wrong. They don't advertise me, otherwise I would be loaded, and it's not the case. But you aren't going too far. I chose my name for the brand... I thought that perhaps in this way I would be touched by the glamour it irradiates and... as you can see, it has been so.

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Stewardess 2: At what time of the day do you have your first drink?

Martina Dry: When I get up, usually at ten or eleven at night, I like to start the day on the right foot.

[Stewardess 1 lifts a finger as a 'in music' sign. The captain hits play on the ipod and sounds the song 'vuela, vuela!' by Erica Magdaleno]

Stewardess 1: Martina, Could you describe your work a little bit?

Martina Dry: Well, if you can call it work. As a DJ I am quite bad. I don't have a criterion when selecting songs and I mix them badly. I can assure you that I am worse as a singer. My voice is dreadful, I don't have a musical ear. It's a talent that I don't have since I was a small girl. Furthermore, I don't play piano, I hit it. I dare say I am really bad, perhaps the very worst, even when today is hard to be a number one in something. I am the worst of the musical scene today!

[Tense silence after answer. The crew gets petrified, they exchange looks and then look at the passengers. They swallow]

Captain (stammering): How did you start in the music world?

Martina Dry: It all started in a boring afternoon where I didn't know what to do. Then I decided to record a track, with the computer mic, and to upload it in my space, everyone does it nowadays.

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[Stewardess 2 takes out a filer and starts to file her nails]

Stewardess 2: What are your aims?

Martina dry: More than once I've wondered where is this going to take me...

[Stewardess 2 continues to file her nails]

Martina Dry: ... and I can only think of decadent images. But hey, I want to live off hype, there is nothing wrong in trying!

Stewardess 1: Martina, what are... what are... your musical influences?

Martina Dry: A bit of everything. Of the best and the worst of the music scene, although I couldn't tell you who is who. In my sessions is the best of every home: Nancy Sinatra, Amanda Lear, Baccara, Nancys Rubias, La Prohibida,

Captain (whispering): and who is that?

Stewardess 1: (poking her and whispering): Shut up!

Martina Dry: (continues, not bothered by the interruption) Nina Hagen, Los Acusicas, Serge Gainsbourg, Amanda Lepore, Oskar con K, New York Dolls, Britney Spears, Paris Hilton, Depeche Mode, Raphael, Bananarama, Marilyn Manson, Jet 7, Roberta Marrero, Leopardo No Viaja, Paradisio, Backstreet Boys, Vive la Fete, only to mention the most popular.

[the crew exchanges looks to show they don't know half of the artists Martina is mentioning]

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Martina Dry: (continues) because I also love to rescue bands that circulate around Myspace...

Stewardess 1: (in a low voice towards the passengers):
Here we have the 'alternative'!

Martina Dry: (continues) ...and that are not so well known. So I can give them some scope. I love the new 'Removida', to call it somehow, and I don't understand why many DJ's in discos don't dj their songs, at least here in Barcelona. I think that is a blatant boycott.

[Stewardess 2, makes an 'in music' sign and sounds Martina's remix of 'oops, I did it again': Britney Spears' original and the heavy version by Children of the Bottom]

Captain: And as your non-musical influences, which would you highlight?

Martina Dry: Isabel Preysler, of course. I aspire to becoming like her. Always so diligent, so perfect, so good a host in any circumstance.

Crew: (cross right leg to the left. All together, imitating the tone and phrase from the Preysler's chocolates commercial) With taste you have conquered us.

Stewardess 2: (takes out a mirror and examines her spots)
How do you develop your practice?

Martina Dry: As I can. In this respect I can say, and proudly, that I am an inventor. I myself design and developed my own mixer, the TURBO DJ 2000. It is a very potent mixer that has four pink gramoflowers, two huge

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and two medium (Martina and the crew show the 4 gramoflower imitating the signalling of the emergency exits of the plane) where music gets out very loud and it produces soap bubbles.

Crew: Aiiiiiii!

Stewardess 1: Martina... do you believe in networks, in networks... and the creation of spaces where pleasure, music and dance are present?

Stewardess 2: This is my net (putting a net in her head)

Martina Dry: In networks? Oh, yes, I've always been very manipulative.

Stewardess 1: (low voice, looking towards passengers) I wasn't referring to those networks.

Martina Dry: (continues) ... to be fair I am not much of a party animal. I only like parties when I am the protagonist, when I gig or dj, or when someone I like gigs or djs. Otherwise, I don't go out often, I am very domestic.

Stewardess 1 (low voice, towards passengers): I can't stand her. I really can't stand her.

Captain: Aside from being a dj, you also have some tracks of your own. How did you get into singing?

Martina Dry: Either I repeat the answer or you make a more interesting question.

Captain (stands still and says, as if to say something): Tell me about Eurovision!

Martina Dry: One thing led to the other. Being a DJ is okay, but being a diva is far better. This is why I decided to compose. I started off with my song 'Vaya antro' ('What a shithole'), that I composed myself,

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playing on my pianola. A track that, by the way, I presented to Eurovision. I continued with 'Le aplastó un piano' ('He was smashed by a piano'), a very good theme! Albeit it isn't right that I say so. And more recently I've written 'El fabuloso cóctel de la camarera diabólica' (The fabulous cocktail of the diabolic waitress') even though I didn't produce this myself, this one has real quality.

[The emission is interrupted to introduce another advertisement that feeds the pornojet company]

(Voice in off): Tired of doing always the same? Masssage, we offer you the solution. Come to Baja Beach. Paaastries, buns. Come and live the biggest heteronormative experience of your life. Pareo, cold water, diet coke, slag, beer. Baja beach. We await you.

Stewardess 2: (while she is putting on lipstick): Is there any political objective with relation to gender, feminism, the struggle against homophobia and transphobia in your work?

Martina Dry: I am absolutely a-political, all of that makes me very lazy. I simply express my art, I can't be bothered to do more. It is true that some people have seen in my lyrics certain political intentionality in this respect. In "He Was Smashed By a Piano", for instance. This theme is about an inelegant man, machista and homophobic, who was one fine day smashed by a piano fallen from a fourth floor. Since then he becomes a nice, sensitive, considerate, loving and intelligent guy. In the final moral, I invite people to smash with a piano all those machista and homophobic people.

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"He was dirty and arrogant
Inelegant, spoiled,
He was homophobic and machista
He was despotic and a fascist

Now he is cultivated and considerate
He is sensitive and he looks good
He is romantic and affectionate
He is very strong and loving"

He was smashed by a piano,
Martina Dry

Stewardess 1: (interrupts) Well, I think that is
politics. That is politics.

Martina Dry: (continues) Put in no way is this
politicization intentioned, I simply sing what I feel,
like many artists do. People also wanted to see in my
image a certain transvestite visibility, although I
don't know why they say so, if only I had male features.

Whole crew: NO, no.

Martina Dry: (continues) I simply wear every day and in
every occasion whatever fits right and whatever I like,
like people with a minimum self-esteem do.

[The crew is shocked by the answer. The captain tries to
solve the situation ringing the bell]

Captain: Attention, turbulences.

[The crew moves shoulders and chest with the turbulences.
Martina is still as a statue, looking at the crew
intently. The captain rings the bell and the crew return
to their normal position]

Captain: Cabin stability.

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Stewardess 1: Have you worked or collaborated with somebody else, Martina?

Martina Dry: Of course. My last theme, "The Fabulous Cocktail of the Diabolic Waitress" was produced by Sem Rossi, who plays in Premenstrual Syndrome, a jewel, he made it practically in one evening. He is worth an empire. From the beginning he believed in my innate talent.

Captain: Annnnnddd (whispering) It is my turn, right? (as if she didn't know what to ask) Tell us, how did you live your frustrated Eurovision Experience?

Stewardess 1 and 2: Frustrated!

Martina Dry: That is a very good question, because that was really scandalous. Now in hindsight I can say I was boycotted. I try to understand why, and I only can come up with one reason: my art had many possibilities, really, so probably I would have received massive support. But, as it is widely known, record companies decide beforehand who will go to Eurovision.

Stewardess 1: (insists) That is politics. That is politics.

Martina Dry: (continues) Imagine that I pass the first phase... What? (defying tone...)

Captain: What? (scared of Martina's tone)

Martina Dry: woman, well, it would have been suspicious... it would have uncovered them! This is why they censored me straight away. That is in the only explanation I find (she thinks...)

Stewardess 2: and how do you get by with money and subsistence?

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Martina Dry: Well (flirting) I have my tricks. Aside from being a singer and go-go dancer, I am also a waitress.

Stewardess 1: (looking at the public, mocking Martina) Sure, and she drinks it all (looks at Martina, changing her expression) and... which obstacles, which obstacles would you highlight of those that you have encountered?

Martina Dry: Mainly my own limitations, don't you think I cannot see them. But that would be enough for an exclusive (in a mischievous and provocative tone)

Captain: And.... errrrr What is exclusive is tonight's show. Here, in Pornojet radio station, where Martina Dry, in strict playback performance, will launch her new hits called 'El fabuloso cóctel de la camarera diabólica'

[Martina stands up, like a diva, and waves to her public. The music starts and the stewardesses get behind Martina to do the chorus. A choreography starts with cabaret movements, yet maintaining the typical stewardess gestuality (precise, explicating, friendly, assured) and ends up with robotic and spasmodic movements, contagious with Martina's decadent glamour]

Ladies and gentlemen,
from the prison, and for each and every one of you,
the murderer that made the world shiver
Martina Dry, the diabolic waitress.

I was the waitress of a vulgar old pub
A girl without a face, someone to forget
Nobody knew my name or my identity
Nobody was interested in what I could be thinking.

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One day, tired of so much invisibility
I wanted to create a singular cocktail
Something never seen before, spectacular
My name would be a legend all over the place.

The fabulous cocktail of the diabolic waitress
Martina Dry.

[The song ends. Martina plays with her public as the crew seems to wake up from a state of temporary craziness and adopts the attitude and gestuality of the crew, attentive, friendly, assured. They go back to their seats].

Stewardess 2: In 15 minutes we will be landing at Barcelona airport. The temperature is higher and the humidity is too. Optimum weather to have a night out. Among Pornojet offers we highlight the Kafeta organized by Guerrilla Travolaka in Can Vies, 30 Jocs Florals Street, where tonight you will enjoy, once again, the delightful company of Martina Dry.

Stewardess 1: We remind you that Pornojet has a line of duty free products, tonight dedicated to Martina Dry. Our stewardess will be shortly offering you the exclusive products that our guest has brought for you tonight.

Captain: we hope you had a pleasant flight. Thank you for choosing pornojet and we hope to see you all on board very soon (the captain rings the bell) Attention, landing! (crew repeats the shoulder-chest movement).

[After the movement, the captain rings the bell again. She gathers the briefcase with all the artifacts and

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marches solemnly. Stewardess 1 walks around with a tray, offering passengers bits of Martina dry's lingerie. Stewardess 2 gives out photographs of Martina. Martina signs those photographs and other autographs].

[10 minutes later... Martina goes on stage again with a new wig and a feathered boa. The show continues in Can Vies, an old church currently squatted, where once per month the Guerrilla Travolaka organizes encounters like the Kafeta Travolaka. Martina DJ's from a chapel, occupying with her gramoflowers and her bubble machine the place that was previously presided by the figure of a saint).

"You keep saying you've got something for me.
something you call love, but confess.
You've been messin' where you shouldn't have been a
messin'
and now someone else is gettin' all your best.
These boots are made for walking, and that's just what
they'll do
one of these days these boots are gonna walk all over
you"

These boots are made for walking,
From our dear Nancy Sinatra

Corpus Delecti (Patricia Fuentes, Desiré Rodrigo, Judit Vidiella) and the special collaboration of Martina Dry.

Translation: E/J González

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