

m O r P H I n e

LULLABY FOR EMMY HENNINGS



Produced By

LUZ ARCAS | LA PHÁRMACO



In CO-PRODUCTION WITH

TEATRO DE LA ABADÍA, MADRID





Morphine is a rite of passage, a ceremony of transition to the other side: sleep, death, madness, fantasy, intoxication. Everything that is woven in parallel to common reality and which, I believe, is the origin and anthropological driving force of dance: expanding space and time, questioning their limits. Dancing to connect with invisible forces, both light and dark, provoking and sustaining trance, generating events, making offerings, petitions.

Emmy Hennings' reading has been fundamental in embodying a poetics that moves between prayer and sacrilege, devotion and iconoclasm, mystical revelation and addiction.

The work combines ritual elements from Andalusia—incense burners from Loja, bell ringers from Archidona—references to popular Mediterranean religious culture (Saint Agatha, patron saint of Catania and Sicily), with elements from my own biography and family memory (the table at which my great-granduncle practiced spiritualism to communicate with his dead wife).

In the dance, I develop the concept of the *ultimate body* (*cuero po último*): energies outside oneself, which I draw from the texts of the historical spiritualist Agustina González and which lead me through the dynamics of trance and animism in marginal, domestic, and anarchist Christian culture.







Cuerpo último (*Ultimate body*)

The *ultimate body* empties itself, attends, and waits. It allows itself to be traversed by foreign inertia, lost powers, energies it does not know. It lends its flesh to bursts that want to exist. It is passive, only capturing. It belongs to the Other, like light.



The *ultimate body* does not understand time or space. It is located in the middle of a condensing infinity, always in motion. The *ultimate body* is the eye of the hurricane. There is no nostalgia, because the past does not exist. Nor is there euphoria, because the present has faded, and ambition and hope disappear along with the future.

The *ultimate body* perceives with the melancholy of the disembodied, that dull noise that sustains the world, beneath our heavy footsteps, our feverish desires. The *ultimate body* is all the death my body is capable of.



Disembodiment. Animism. Trance.





Trance: physically inhabiting the *other side*, placing the body at the disposal of that space-time intensity, an ultra-sensitive void filled with everything that is not and could be. The *ultimate body* pushes itself to the other side, throws itself out of itself. *The ultimate body* is temperature.



Death drive. Dissolution. Ecstasy.



On the *other side*, the laws are unpredictable, surprising, like in a dream or hallucination: a psychic labyrinth. Form and feeling are confused, color with experience, context and emotion..



The *ultimate body* is ungraspable, a fantasy, made of mirages. It is a thought traveling from mind to mind through the centuries.



The *ultimate body* is de-creation, and therefore vulnerable, ephemeral, immodest.



He lifted her skirts
to touch the mystery,
but the mystery
left a few feathers
and flew away.

ISABEL ESCUDERO

Alone. Soleá. There is a dance discipline, of Buddhist origin, that attempts to truly dance while remaining still. It is not the quietism of Miguel de Molinos, but it is related. The world moves, and when we move, we ride on the back of the world. If a butterfly and the flower on which it rests move at the same time, we do not notice that movement; it is as if they were still. So, truly, to dance would be to escape that synchrony imposed on us by the world. And now I am referring not only to the rotation of the planet Earth but also to the world we live in, its progress, its trains and rockets, the modern world. This Taoist exercise is known as dancing alone. What Luz Arcas, dancer/bailaora, does here is a solo, not just a form of dance, a solo in an attempt to remove her movements from the vertigo of the modern world. That ultimate, core dance, which barely stirs the figure, which concentrates inward, tenses up, turns the organs inside out, arches the soles of the feet and twists the palms of the hands, all to escape the centrifugal force of the earth. There is something obvious. What

the dancer dances, the bailaora undances. Something that says: this is how I dance, this is how I don't dance.

At the beginning of the century, Inés Bacán, a gypsy singer from the most flamenco town of Lebrija, adapted this poem, *Morphyne*, by Emmy Hennings, the Dadaist performer who founded the Cabaret Voltaire, the birthplace of Dadaism. The proposal by Hennings and her partner Hugo Ball was never fully understood. It was not so much a question of endorsing the end of language that the catastrophe of the First World War meant for the whole of Europe, but rather of beginning to construct a new language that, long before the war, everyone had already given up for lost. In this spirit, Bacán came into contact, or almost, with the spirits that still hovered over the narrow streets of neutral Zurich in wartime. Inés spelled out every word of Beatriz Herráez's initial translation from English and gave her expressions and words that, it must be remembered, she did not fully understand. But that was the point. How to express so well what one does not know? Hennings did not know what she was writing either, but rather allowed other spirits to manifest themselves through her body. The music that her brother Pedro Bacán gave her for the lullaby, the spirit of soleá, now took on a different tone, capable of expressing what



cities say at the beginning of the 21st century. That spiritual spirit, if you'll pardon the redundancy, was an important channel for Luz Arcas, a vehicle that first took over her body and which she has gradually shed until she is truly alone. Soleá alone.

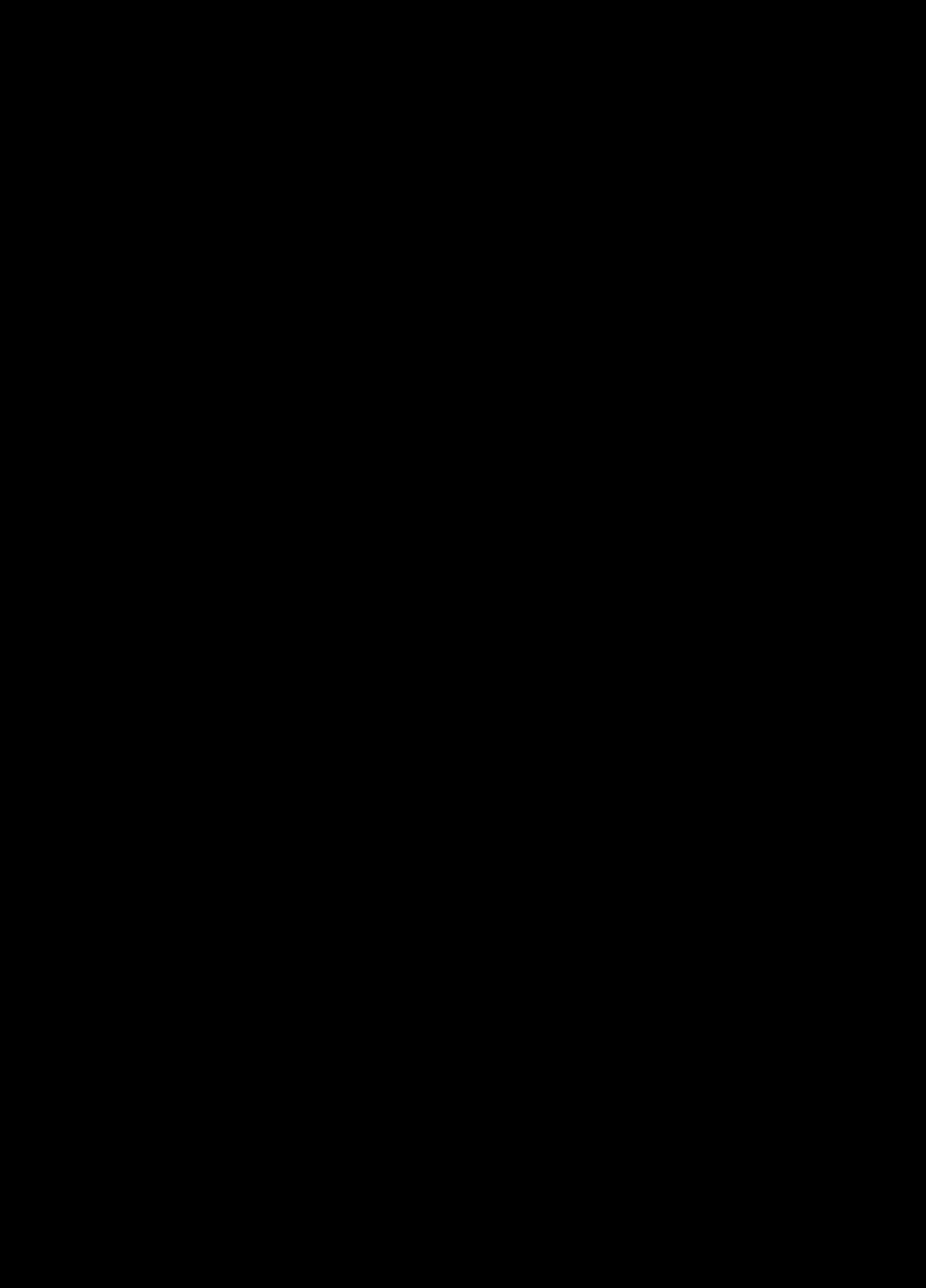
This *Morphine* is a piece of questions, of silent words that speak. Nothing is asserted, nothing is represented, it simply dives into a world where the dead are not dead. Luz Arcas' physical intelligence manifests itself there. She does not speak. She does not dance lightly. She does not say anything. She simply does. Everything is presence. She bears witness because she has been there, like Dante returning from hell in his Comedy. Destruction is my Beatrice! I hope that when the world collapses, it does so with this beauty. Thanks to Jorge Colomer's lighting and Xabier Erkizia's sound, both of which are amazing, we think Luz is dancing. But she is not dancing, she is undancing, as José Bergamín said: she dances because she undances. I die because I do not die. Yes, sometimes you have to hold your breath.

And there is violence, fire, in this clash of forces between what dances and what does not dance. From this friction arises this silent discourse that never stops speaking. So, aren't the shapes that Luz Arcas' body takes in her dance—let's forget about dance

altogether—words? Another protagonist is a table, a real object, mysterious and familiar at the same time, from 19th-century séances. We could also talk about Agustina González López, the prodigious shoemaker, libertarian, and spiritualist who was murdered like Federico García Lorca. I could also talk about the distant lands of Armenia, the censers of Loja, how Emmy Hennings left the cabaret to live in meditation and devotion to the Virgin Mary, behind the walls of a convent. Here, everything is given with the measure of time and space. There is no information, no anecdotes, no historical events. There is no communication, nothing to say: that is where it transmits! About what cannot be spoken, it is best to remain silent. This is not non-dance, but non-dancing. Inés Bacán told her: "you have to dance from there, from the hole." And she was referring to the hole, the hollow place, the unique void where dance does not dance. Contemporary dance, flamenco, and occult invocation come together in the same gesture. It is something very physical, like when a bottle creates a vacuum against your body, a blister that makes you feel nothingness in your belly. The English word "uncanny" is much more graphic than our Spanish "siniestro." The work opens like a mouth opens: a breath! A convulsion! The air trembles!

PEDRO G. ROMERO







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and performance
Luz Arcas

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Jorge Colomer

Production director
Alex Foulkes

Dramaturgy
Pedro G. Romero

Production coordinator
Alberto Núñez

Live sound
Xabier Erkizia

Costumes
Blas López

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Luz Arcas | La Phármaco

Luz Arcas, winner of Spain's National Dance Award 2024, is a dancer, choreographer and stage director. She holds degrees in choreography from the María de Ávila Conservatory in Madrid and in stage direction from the Royal School of Dramatic Art.

She founded the La Phármaco company in 2009.

Her latest creations are: *Morphine. Lullaby for Emmy Hennings (2026)*, a dance solo with dramaturgy by Pedro G Romero. Fragments of the piece have been shown at the Reina Sofía Museum in Madrid, the Kadist Gallery in Paris and the Bozar in Brussels, and it premiered at the Teatro de la Abadía in Madrid, coproducer of the show.

And *Tierras raras (Rare earths, 2025)*, premiered at the Madrid en danza festival (Teatros del Canal) produced in collaboration with the Mercat de les Flors (Barcelona) and Ma-scène nationale Pays de Montbéliard (France).

She is currently working on the creation of a new piece, *Masa*, for the Compañía Nacional de Danza (Spain),

which is set to premiere at Matadero (Madrid) in May 2026.

Her previous work is collected in two projects: *Bekristen/Tríptico de la Prosperidad (2019–2023)*, consisting of the pieces *La domesticación*, *Somos la guerra* and *La buena obra*, co-produced by the Autumn Festival, the Condeduque Centre for Contemporary Culture, Teatros del Canal in Madrid, the Teatro Central in Seville and the Graner Centre for Contemporary Creation in Barcelona, and *Ciclo de los milagros (2020–2022)*, consisting of the pieces *Toná*, *Trilla* and *Mariana*, the latter co-produced by the Seville Flamenco Biennial, Teatros del Canal in Madrid and Ma-scène nationale Pays de Montbéliard.

She has also choreographed works for the Víctor Ullate Ballet (2018), the National Dance Company of El Salvador (2019 and 2021) and the IPCNA in Peru (2021). She has choreographed the opera *Rigoletto (2023)*, directed by Miguel del Arco and produced by the Teatro Real in Madrid, the Tel Aviv Opera, the ABAO Bilbao Opera and the Teatro de la Maestranza in Seville. She has directed and choreographed the play *Bordo Poniente*, produced by the University and FIL of Guadalajara, the UNAM and the DAJU of Mexico City (Mexico, 2024).

As a stage director, she has created *Todas las santas* (2022), in collaboration with Salvadoran actresses Egly Larreynaga and Alicia Chong, co-produced by the FIT of Cádiz; and *Psicosis 4.48* (2023), co-produced by the Teatro Español in Madrid, for which the protagonist, Natalia Huarte, received the Max Award for Best Female Performance (2024).

She has also carried out artistic projects in India (New Delhi, National School of Drama 2015) and Equatorial Guinea (Malabo, 2015–2016).

She is the author of the book *Pensé que bailar me salvaría* (*I Thought Dancing Would Save Me*), published by Contintametienes, which has just been released in its second edition.

Luz Arcas was awarded the II Godot Prize in 2023 for the best dance work for *Mariana*, and was a finalist for Best Female Dance Performer at the Talía Awards in 2023. She was a finalist at the Max Awards in several categories with *Somos la guerra* in 2022, and for Best Dance Performer with *Kaspar Hauser. El huérfano de Europa* in 2017. She received the El Ojo Crítico de Danza 2015 award and Best Dance Performer at the Lorca Awards that same year. She is the winner of the Injuve 2009 and Málaga Crea 2009 awards.





WITH THE COLLABORATION OF

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