

Monologue

Marat/Sade

Peter Weiss (Act 1, Scene 12)

Marquis de Sade

Man has given a false importance to Death,
Adding to Nature's compost heap,
becoming the manure without which nothing could grow,
nothing could be created. Death is simply part of the process.

Every death drowns in the total indifference of Nature.
Nature herself would watch unmoved if we destroyed the entire human race!

I hate Nature, this passionless spectator, this unbreakable iceberg-face that
can bear everything, goading us to greater and greater acts.
But even though I hate this goddess, I see the greatest acts of history
have followed her laws. Nature tells a man to fight for his own happiness
and if he must, kill to gain it, why then murder is natural.

Man is a Destroyer, but if he kills and takes no pleasure in it,
He is a machine. He should destroy with passion like a man.

Let me remind you of the execution of Damiens after his unsuccessful
Attempt to assassinate Louis the Fifteenth. Remember how Damiens
Died, how gentle the guillotine is compared to his torture. It lasted four
Hours while the crowd goggled and Cassanova at an upper window felt
Under the skirts of the ladies watching. His chest, arms, thighs and calves
Were slit open, they burnt off his hands, tied rope to his arms and legs,
Harnessed four horses to him and geed them up, and he wouldn't come
Apart, until they sawed through his shoulders and hips. At the end he hung
There, a bloody torso with a nodding head, just groaning and staring at
The crucifix which the father confessor was holding up to him.

That was a festival with which today's festivals can't compete. Even our
Inquisition has no meaning nowadays, there's no passion in our
Post-revolutionary murders. Now they are all official. We condemn
To death without emotion, and there's no singular personal death,
Only an anonymous cheapened death which we could dole out
To entire nations on a mathematical basis until the time
Comes for all life to be extinguished.