



# */ LA LOBA /*

*Four manifesto's*

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#### 4. *MANIFESTING THEATRE* (language, no body)

*“Performance cannot be saved, recorded, documented, or otherwise participate in the circulation of representations of representations: once it does so it becomes something other than performance. [...] Performance [...] becomes itself through disappearance.”*

*‘Ontology Of Performance’, Peggy Phelan*

*“Performance becomes a metaphysical category with its ephemerality that transcends a mortal body. Becoming itself through disappearance, performance is pure experience, not anchored in any kind of materiality.”*

*‘Body as a medium’, Dorota Sajewska and Dorota Sosnowska*

Dear audience,

We cannot call you an audience.  
Even given you are reading this,  
lending us your eyes and maybe your ears,  
you are still not an audience.

An audience is a breathing body of witnesses. A togetherness in time and space.  
Be it sharing dream time thoughts in real time space,  
still,  
the sharing doesn't stop at the end of a screen.  
A voice, a presence, a shared oxygen space,  
blurs the lines between the bodies. Screens are lines between our bodies.  
Our skin is not a an edge. It's not a restraint.  
Our skin is radiating breath, pouring out (warmth) through its pores.  
Our skin envelops us so we can pinch ourselves we are not dreaming.  
Body relates to movement

a voice is a body that resonates,  
a resonance moves the room,  
a voice moves other bodies,  
a voice reshapes them, or in the best case, gives them a taste of  
formlessness.

The performer's body engulfs the public's body — and vice versa.

We miss body in digital clouds. We miss bodies breathing together, concentrating and trusting for an hour on the same thing, without impulses from online-wonderland. Experiencing theatre is a deed of trust — sharing yourself on stage is a deed of caring for trust.

We ( T & H )

are two particles in a bigger picture that were sent home, like most of us.

Home, we dived into silence. We saw how irony floats above the days. We sang songs. We called on phones. We saw some mirrors and took time to reflect. Time to ask. Time to sigh. We took a big inhale and howled our opera voices in the bathroom for a lack of better acoustics. We find little comfort in sharing our voice online. We mourn. We mourn for the temporary loss of space to bring people together. After morning, we take stance. We manifest.

We are breathers. We are bodies.

T is a body. H is a body.

We manifest audience as a body.

We manifest theatre as a parallel universe.

Hence, we manifest humanity as an audience, as an entity, as a breathing existence.

We manifest humanity as a body.

We manifest humanity to treat itself as a body.

We manifest that every particle in that carcass is a real breathing flesh and bones, not sticks and stones.

If we treat our togetherness as a body, even being apart,  
and if we treat ourselves as an element important to this body,  
we can find each other in a bigger cloud, in unity of the bigger body we aim to heal.

We are not trapped in our homes. We are invited to take care.

By taking care, we have power to heal. By taking care, we have power to change.

We ( T & H )

feel the world cries out for change.

We hear this overwhelming cry and feel quite small at first.

We feel like little asteroids in a bigger constellation, too big to grasp.

You cannot touch the night sky.

But we hear.

A shriek for introspection, reflection, and taking stance.

For a significant change in the hardware of our society's systems.

For a significant change in the untouchable structures we haven't questioned for a while—  
being too small of a particle.

Now, funnily enough, all particles are voicing — all humans, that is —  
all humans, be it from a safe distance, reveal. Reveal how we are not small.  
Reveal our longing. Reveal we see. Reveal we hear.

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Dear audience,

Welcome to our pixels - the new theatrical experience.

These pixels represent our thoughts. These pixels are immaterial little dots — colors white and blue, always blue — They signify our beliefs by hanging in there. They don't have to do much to mediate between our bodies and yours. They are bodiless components that together make a coherent whole. In that sense, we can sympathize with them. In another sense, we miss you. They don't do the job.

This manifest that you are reading now, we will speak out.

Into real air, our favorite medium. We will break the digital silence and pour voice into the world.

Knowing ourselves, words will be accompanied by song, like we always do.

You will not be able to fact check this really happening.

You have to trust us that we will — or we have, depending on when you read this —.

Let us say that, again, we will climb on our roof.

Let us say we will do this tomorrow.

We can choose dawn or dusk. We choose dusk.

We choose *l'heure bleue*, the blue hour.

The blue hour is a state of natural lighting that occurs when the sun is below the horizon — setting or rising. We choose setting.

We choose to sing into the night. We choose to howl towards the moon.

(It is a misconception that wolves intentionally howl towards the moon. They are nocturnal.

If anything, they merely howl at the night. Still, it's a beautiful image to dream away to.)

We remember by voicing our pixels that we are bodies. We remember by breathing that we are music. We remember by music that we are wolves. We remember by wolves that we are nature. We remember by nature that we are the night. We remember by the night that tomorrow the sun will rise. We are the day.

Our bodies are clouded. There is so much to say. There is so much to do.

We believe in blue. We get to choose our dream colliding with the real.

We choose blue.

We choose to sing a little blues.

Love,

T & H