



/ LA LOBA /

Four manifesto's

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MANIFESTING SILENCE (*language no problem*)

1.

It's surreal how the literal and the figurative world collide.

Re-reading a chapter of the book that inspired us to create our theatre piece, we (T & H) came across this passage:

“Every creature on earth returns to home. It is ironic that we have made wildlife refuges for ibis, pelican, egret, wolf, crane, deer, mouse, moose, and bear, but not for ourselves in the places where we live day after day.”

‘Women who run with the wolves’, Clarissa Pinkola Estes

Home is a real space in real time.

Yet, home is a metaphorical space.

A space in dream time.

A space in the realm of myths.

We (T & H) have been away for the last (two & one) month(s). In forests. On islands.

In a sense, we have been away from home to find voice, thus, symbolic home.

To find voice, we first programmed ourselves to silence,

to stop the stream of thoughts, to dry the well of association-imagination,

to surrender, fully, to bring the juice of nature’s music back into our bones.

Then, leaving inner home, we return home.

A house in Rotterdam. Apartment, 3rd floor, busy crossroad. Singing roommates. Theatre.

— dangling in mid-air.

We start creating ‘La Loba’, accelerating into work (we love) (to work), being in movement,

taking the trains, reading the news, fearing the flu, back to the studio. O, o, o, o, o, o,

o, o, o. Slow down. Life on hold. Withdraw.

In the literal sense, our governments, our instagram feeds are calling us to stay inside.

In a parallel universe — the figurative — a voice is calling us to silence. A seal is calling us

to sea. A wolf is calling us to sing. To come home in the sense of taking time.

We have been away for the last (two & one) month(s). To a voluntary retreat.

Then, we come back to a reality that demands an unprompted one. And the cycle — silence, island — starts all over.

SOPRANO



The musical notation is for a soprano part in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. It consists of three measures. The first measure starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic and contains a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter rest. The second measure contains a half note Bb4, a quarter note C5, and a quarter rest. The third measure starts with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and contains a half note D5, a quarter note E5, and a quarter note F5. The lyrics 'Ooh...' are written below the notes in each measure.

2.

“Again and again I hear it said in the West that true music must be born of silence, out of the silence of the world. And in India a classical musician spends his life ardently endeavoring to lead the clamor of the world back into a metaphysical silence. [...] I calmly sit down at my desk, between all these cultures – and, as I compose, listen inside myself and hear the echoes of the intoxicating cacophony of the world that sweeps through me every day of my life.”

‘Composing One’s Home. Illusions of Noise and Silence.’, Sandeep Bhagwati

Silence is a real time nothingness, the absence of (sometimes forbidden) word or sound. Yet, silence is a metaphorical wake up call. Calm. Firm. It is the absence of thoughts. It is a loving state of being. A state to program yourself into. Clear water to wash the brain with.

We (T & H) believe in the power of healthy brainwash.

So.

We are in our houses.

Are you?

We are all ears. We hear:

The birds are out — real time.

The sirens blare — real time.

The world shouts, an orchestra of chaos — real time ? — blurred lines — dreamtime.

A mythical voice transforms the ambulance
into a magic creature from the deep.

— Easy, they are synonyms.

From underwater,

a sounding silence.

The old one inside me.

the wise one, soft one, hard one — call me by no name,

I am under construction;

I — the body, sick and stifled like a loaded gun,

ready, on the brink of leaking, leaving.

living is a temporary thing, for me — my body, that I mean, and not
the old one inside of me.

An ever running current in which the wolves bathe.

an ever running stream of clear blue water,

white foam drifting on the rushing curves.

abundance. silence and the stormy sea.

(it) clear(s) and crisp(s) — the loneliness.

a lone wolf standing on the side of the stream.

what are we telling ?

which story do we make ?

who is getting a voice here ?

It's like nature is whispering
a little virus to inhale
a little mist
a medicine
like a plant's spirit
dream dust
close your eyes, my dears,
close your doors
(I) think of the plagues of ancient Egypt
— put a candle on your window sill, a twig above your door,
for then the winds will pass
close down and pray
I mean no harm, but unity
transform fear into trust
turn noise into silence
silence into song

We are a lone wolf sitting on a rock,
the water runs, we wait.
We clean our skin, nourish our coat.
A cry travels across the seas — a voice on the wind that calls —
inviting us to drink from this current, cold and stormy cascade,

Wow. We haven't stream-of-thought like this in a while.
T feels old patterns coming up,
yet, looking at them — observing, with compassion. Curiosity.
H slaps the rhythm on the right thigh,
yet, changing pulse from time to thigh (hurts) — wailing siren songs.

We (still) float in mid-air.
Dreamtime collides with reality.
a crossroad
a lone wolf on the side of the stream
drinks
bathes
a baptism, performed on oneself
being mirrored by the water
drinking oneself to pieces
blurring the lines of one's identity.
Who am I, when I am alone ?

T asks H : Is the music finished?

H : No, I can still hear it.

T : Me too.

