

(...) Something stubborn reappears: the worker-actor of the stage – that which has been and will constantly be here, tirelessly repeated, underscored by the soundplay coming from shifting panels, transformed into pure framers and unframers of frames whose empty interior only emerges to arrange the optical limits of moments on stage, leaving free, without offense, the entire space within the full opening that encompasses and includes it, underlining it by defining it with these bars that frame the stage's rectangles. Worker sounds of insistent and reiterated toil, pushed by itself until the exhaustion of its very own material. The everyday rattlings of the actor, the whipping rattlings of the performed scene that clogs the musical and oral lines in scattered but measured places, rattlings that reveal, in their modest and tenacious truth, the dull and deep sound of where the act and the set of the actor arises, the actor whose primary task is the exercise of the body and setting of the stage, the placement of the voice, the use of muscles, of gestures. (...)

(...)How it is formed? A suspension in gesture so that it resonates as both an echo and a pick-up, taking it up from where it had stopped: un-suspend the suspended, restarting without necessarily returning, waiting not in an indeterminate time, but in the time belonging to each of the visions of the dream, of the reverie,. For, strictly speaking, these are not dreams, there is no fantasy: everything said here has already occurred elsewhere, or will occur later, in another time, under other conditions not yet recounted here: it is "that which is not here" that makes up the scene, as pure narrative of a time elsewhere, which is nevertheless here, in this present scene, in this consciousness that stirs and awakens itself to itself. (...)

What is this elsewhere? We can say that this is the redefinition of a space that attempts to mentally reconstruct the unpredictable possibles, as a kind of conscious flow. Rather than seeking to imagine it, it is best, through imagining, to let it build itself. End to end, assembling and disassembling: in this sense, each text is less a narrative than its own implementation, its mechanical manufacturing played out before our eyes: the setting of scenic elements, in the meticulous scansion of poses which complete gestures, is worth as much as the diction of the text. It tailors the texts to its own plans, indicating the dimensions, focusing the movements in space, narrative is created. (...)

(...) To tell this story, to show it, to make the most complete display of it, is to fulfill a political action from the fabricated functions inherent to theater, to enhance the expressive potential, instead of systematically subtracting from the audience's view, as if it were only a secret place, the hiding spot where we nest away any shameful thing to make of what is shown the only reality, the only truth. Political, yes, because it states, and maybe denounces the duplicity. Especially as this demonstration recreates itself as a through-line in the account used to connect the time of actions, informing, allowing, authorizing them. A new theater is also capable of creating new formalization and new signifiers from old functions, to restate them with the questioning they carry, and can use in the reconstruction of the expressive capabilities that time has removed. (...)

(...) Ghost: shadow theater? No, but shadow as projection and reflection drawn from the unreadable performed in bright light, and as a reflection, just as unreadable despite the certainty of what the shadow in turn will tell. De-corporating or ex-corporating that which we incorporate, what one tends to incorporate, an un-referential flattening, pure plastic, dye which leaks with its referent, unable to survive it, blank impression, emotionally haggard, deposited in memory. The downstage actor is already that shadow, including in incarnation, a proxied body - as one lends soul or life - nothing else but a silent reflection, just as the soul is transposed. Which can frighten, as it is nothing more than a grimace of the sensitive. (...)

Jean-Paul Manganaro
Extracts from "That which is not here"