



We never care about the present. We anticipate the future as too slow to come, as if to hasten its course; or we recall the past to stop it as too swift; so imprudent, that **we wander in times that are not ours, and do not think of the only one that belongs to us (1)** *two voices, shouted* and so vain, that we think of those that are no longer anything, and escape without reflection the only one that remains. It is because the present usually hurts us. We hide it from our sight because it grieves us; and if it is pleasant to us, we regret to see it slip away. We try to support it with the future, and think of arranging things that are not in our power, for a time when we have no assurance of arriving. Let every one examine his thoughts, and he will find them all occupied with the past and the future. We do not think of the present; and if we do, it is only to take the light from it to dispose of the future. The present is never our end: the past and the present are our means; the future alone is our end. Thus **we never live, but we hope to live (2)** *two voices, shouted*; and, always disposing ourselves to be happy, it is inevitable that we will never be happy.

*Blaise Pascal, Pensées, 1670*



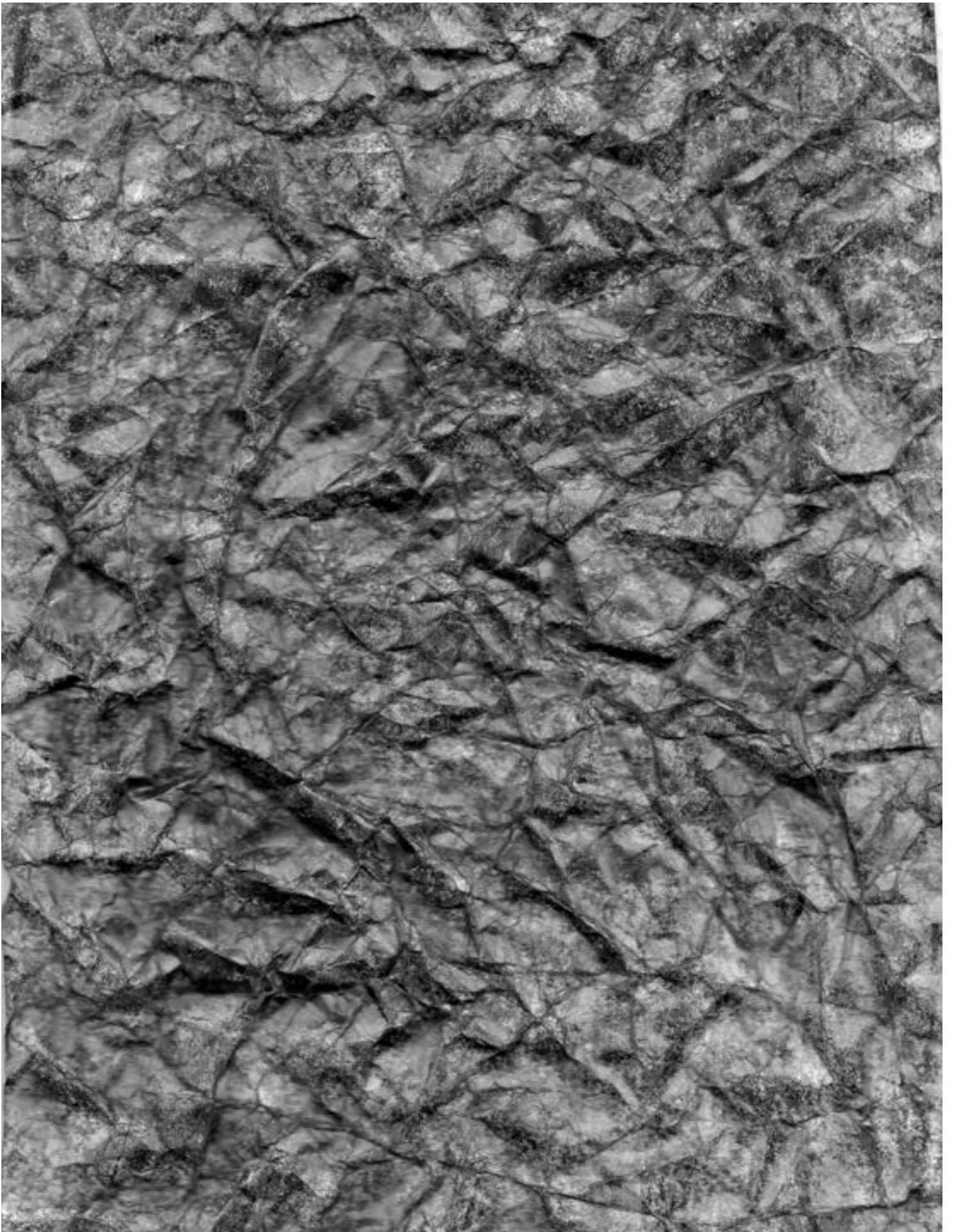
In some circles, the very old notion of “political theatre”, that theatre which tells us what is good and what is bad in society, is still alive, and people ask me why I don’t do political theatre, why it doesn’t act in a clear sense and directed towards a precise meaning. However, it is also possible to approach an unexplained reality that rather reflects the complexity and contradiction of the living fabric that constitutes our being, and this in a society that today has no reference points. (...) **Art is made (1) pause, all voices to put us in touch with a reality (2) pause, three voices, repeatedly that we cannot see and that is beyond apparent reality (3) pause, then all voices.** If I fight so hard against realism and naturalism, it is because shows, in order to succeed, must resemble television films. (...) If art is not free, if there are profitability slogans, if there is the formation of a prior scheme, art is dead. (...) What seems important to me is that, with my small structure and my small means, I try to work on a freedom of imagination, a theatre that is somewhat parallel to the sciences, which really advance human knowledge. Creating homes for the imagination (...) is the most political, the most disturbing act that one can imagine.

*Claude Régy, Liberation, 2019*



What saves the affairs of mortal men from their inherent futility is nothing but this incessant talk about them, which in turn remains futile unless certain concepts, certain guideposts for future remembrance, and even for sheer reference, arise out of it. (...) Since it is **our poets (1)** *whispered and continually repeated by all voices in different intonation by three voices* who **save the memory (2)** *whispered and continually repeated by all voices in different intonations by the other three voices* of past actions from oblivion and ravages of time and make them a source of inspiration for political action in the present and future, it is to them that we must turn in order to find an approximate articulation of the actual content of our lost treasure.

*Hannah Arendt, On Revolution, 1963*



In a way, **art is a blind practice (1)** *all voices, once*.  
I see a possibility here: to use theatre for very small groups (for the masses it has not existed for a very long time already) to produce spaces of imagination, places of freedom for the imagination. Against this imperialism of invasion and murder of the imagination by clichés and prefabricated media standards, I think this is a political task of the utmost importance, even if the contents have absolutely nothing to do with the political data.

*Heiner Müller, about his piece 'The Task', 1979*





**The brightest object in the world (1) pause, one voice  
is not an object (2) pause, two voices, it is a hole (3)  
pause, three voices it is (4) pause, four voices the meta-  
physical abyss: the formal and indispensable condition  
of everything in the world. **The condition of all other  
objects (5) pause, five voices. The very condition of  
the gaze (6) pause, six voices.****

*Fancis Ponge, Le Soleil placé en abîme, 1954*



...there is a long history to the philosophy of images, most of it is negative. Because due to our Greek and Jewish tradition, philosophy has a prejudice as far as images are concerned. **It is the prejudice that the image is only a copy (1) group of voices, whispered, a simulation of thought (2) another group of voices, whispered** so that either it is forbidden to make images, or that images are being accepted with a great distrust. But I think this is now changing because the **images no longer represent the world (3) group of voices, louder**. These new **images are now articulations of thought (4) another group of voices, louder**. They are not copies but projections, models, so a new attitude toward the image is necessary, and I think it is developing.

*Vilém Flusser, We shall survive in the memory of others, 1988*