

MIDNIGHT MANIFESTO FROM BROOKLYN - *Cowboy (Gertrude) Stein to American Fly* by Sean Edward Lewis / Lilac Co.

[transcript as presented June 22, 2017 at the *ROY HART CENTRE INTERNATIONAL* by invitation of PANTHEATRE - Enrique Pardo & Linda Wise]

theatre is deviant
 it feels like cheating
 escaping
 irresponsibility
 dropping out dark angels
 the day i met Enrique i chased one woman around the room
 i still see her face with pleasure today
 energy
 how do i get it?
 how is it manifested?
 underbelly things
 lower intestines sex organs feet
 of course we care we're here because we do
 simple. each joy transfusion gets you one free pass - a free pass to do and be whomever you
 wish to do and be

this declaration is homage to Enrique Pardo
 my *maestro* in the work and constant inspiration and to Pantheatre and Linda Wise
 thank you for this invitation and for - most importantly - your work and thinking and energy that
 continues to feed me everytime Lilac Co. makes work
 and this is what i wish to share with you in this homage / manifesto
 a clear statement of the work of Lilac
 my views / intentions / and motives

let's begin. this is good. how to consume. how to undo who we are enough - i want to undo my
 undo myself in front of you - enough - to become plain enough - where this person landed - who
 this person imagines him/herself to be

the radical leap i imagine is to this (X) factor

UN KNOWN

which says something like

4th WALL or

Stanislavski or

copy the T.V. or

Wooster

image / silence / slowness

R.Wilson

complex surreality

Forman Richard Forman

i'm going to hit you in the skull with this rifle and ask questions later is also a plumb line
(or an X factor) too

action is what i can deliver

energy times investment / divided by I.Q. / to the power of times continuum squared

inside this brutal place we can see ourselves so we start to weep

once our weeping is full with our feet wet we see the lights kaleidoscope new things

becoming a strange lost creature that's manipulated / all of you gets manipulated

then you'll see better

strange forces move you around and you feel inside maybe you are dead?

from exhaustion?

why can't you be regular?

these walls are gazing upon me

we see and feel heavy looks / crooked eyes / stolen thoughts

what more do you want!

isn't all forgiveness is is strange math? hidden numbers mistaken as differences in fashion

do the math - the hard work

fashion is the anti-thesis of theatre

[a digression]

fashion is theatre's bitch. theatre wants a good []

when singular and true theatre seeks fashion and fashion is always willing to be penetrated

fashion is always wet [i'd dry my eyes but somehow someone would see me / and that is worse /

so i'll let them burn]

wiping away the tears won't kill you / soda pop will kill you it will take your teeth

once you are toothless the tables turn and fashion [] you

when others see you as fashion's bitch you've become the worse kind of whore

and then you must wait and pray and bow

theatre without pleasure is not theatre

i hear constant screaming

there are those whom fashion refuses in her bed

so they sit by the side of the road chewing rocks and penetrating their own assholes

but there is no more pleasure

WE ARE SOMEWHERE ELSE NOW JUNE 2017

i can't just lay in here and be safe

the birds are staring at me and mostly the singing is stopped

a giant approacheth and this giant is your exit

on the bottom of the shoe / inside the pant cuff

but you must get off the side of the road and get your finger out of your own ass

in the time you have - show us something - reveal something

if i look up through the trees their branches long enough everything turns

this becomes hyper-genic

it quantifies in it's own existence from where we see

far away from where we can see

but this system sees me and it sees you and it is this bi-nary channel (one way clear one way blind)

for us it is abstracted

for it we are concrete

how do we know "it" sees us? or how?

concrete or liquid or virtual or abstract or merely as projections

these are my projections

diamonds nuclear-tested boys phonographic-toys Marxist purses lips curves bait

these terms come hard

they are not on time

they dictate to us

i am always answering to what i see

i've been starting to gardening work and last week i was on a rooftop in SOHO in Manhattan with a shovel in my hands. we were excavating a rooftop garden which involved harvesting, pruning, and moving dirt. lots of dirt. we have to keep digging she said. i come alive with a shovel in my hands she said (my boss). i told my father he laughed and he knew. he's my

adopted father and from him i learned to dig. he was a brick mason and he seemed to always be digging and he would always ask me to join him which meant hours of sweating and back and forth and only occasionally talking. Claude is my other father (Monet). true story

there is something here / imagine it with me / 2017 middle-aged [warrior of the arts] standing on the pinnacle of urban luxury with a shovel working for a cash labor job moving dirt and the connections just started firing ...

Manifesto of the *ARTS* - a man laboring sweating - the proletariat - the goddamned bourgeoisie!
she called me a machine. she said i blushed when she said it. i did blush. i play danced with my shovel for her and my co-worker

my intentions are not good

polluted murky filled with ...

root out this negativity

things that bounce through my mind often “stupid fuck” “cunt” “i’m a pig”

Claire (my wife) fell and scraped her leg (pretty badly) she started crying
we hugged tenderly and i kissed her
immediately these things seem human and normal

let’s go out from these things and come into the theatre

[TRAUMATIZED SUBJECT]

some reminders while entering the theatre

#1

don’t leave yourself at the door

come on in all of you are welcome

all of you are needed

all of you

bring all of you

i see theatre as a thing

a Place that is not me

or [YOU] rather the theatre is a Place where you and i can be liberated

un - hinged

mirrors that see into spaces impossible to glimpse into anywhere else

THE GLIMPSE

in the theatre we can check out !

check each other out / check it out

check out what ?

our limiting unceasing subjectivity [the Traumatized Subject]

i admit perhaps i have not dramatized anything else

my theatre is about personal trauma objectified dried out hung like salted beef that over time turns into something unrecognizable from itself

i go to the theatre to be saved / to abandon you me and myself - not to see myself more clearly or you - but for a *glance* into something else

theatre's mirrors catch glimpses of otherwise unknown contents

the immoral the unlawful

amorality

[THE RULES] don't hurt yourself don't hurt someone else don't hurt the space

everyone ... of course abstraction, fragments, conceptualism

i'm just not in the mood to make these my subjects here

i wish to be more immediate more plain more clear

why Midnight? Manifest

it sounded more catchy than mid-point (which was my 1st thought)

and as mentioned, the other day, in the Choreographic laboratory

mid - life

i am there

this is time to state / reflect / and inventory

[49] this August 2017

[44] i was given my first show / commission (same age Dekooning had his 1st) at The Public Theater in New York City. they have subsequently given me (3) small commissions. (2) in my Caligula series and (1) Frankenstein

from *Cowboy (Gertrude) Stein* (2006/07) the Lilac name is derived ...

“Nothing aiming is a flower, if flowers are abundant then they are lilac, if they are not they are white in the centre. Dance a clean dream and an extravagant turn up, secure the steady rights and translate more than translate the authority, show the choice and make no more mistakes than yesterday. This means clearness, it means a regular notion of exercise, it means more than that, it means liking counting, it means more than that, it does not mean exchanging a line. Why is there more craving than there is in a mountain. This does not seem strange to one, it does not seem strange to an echo and more surely is in there not being a habit. Why is there so much useless suffering. Why is there.”

(ROOMS from *Tender Buttons*, Gertrude Stein 1914)

my pillars are 2 women

Gertrude Stein and Agnes Martin

since the Stein piece in 2006 and 2007 all works by Lilac have been original writing
 19 full length works created and shown in New York City
 in shoe boxes, under people's shoes, in abandoned storefronts
 unfriendly paying audiences only
 you cannot come in unless you pay
the best days for us lie ahead
 this is a MID-POINT manifest

[Traumatized Subject] is not theatre
 maybe i bring that but that is not this
 this reaches beyond that
 it is blind and has always been as such
 let's lose time together today
 you cannot account for what happens here
 relinquish responsibility

the world has changed we are not where we were

what does this care about ? it seeks nothing less than a theatre which stands in / looks towards /
 and sings to that which it loves most dearly
 so what is this love ? here is the trap as i see it
 [IT] doesn't care. the theatre does not care what you love → or about your *trauma*
 the theatre is that which reveals
 stop asking the theatre to be your mother, father, or baby-sitter
 stop asking the audience too. don't hold people hostage. let them leave
 let them fuck their cell phones while you perform
turn away says Stein the Theatre will solve it
 it is not what we think it is. we can never see it as it is
 play dumb [Sean] i want them to love me
 this is my intention love [ME]
 James Baldwin's *Another Country* with his sax on 7th Avenue
 one thing fuels my desire love [ME] love [ME] ... and my *Muse-Fairy* Celtic wife Claire

my motives power glamour sex
 not having to go to work
 the kind of work that is expected

[a dialogue with a shirt-less beautiful young man who walks onto the stage]
you think i'm a dummy

*no no i don't think you're a dummy
you think i'm a dummy
no i don't i don't
you don't
i don't
[PAUSE]
dummy fucking dummy*

Lord of Pings
Lord of Aces
Lord of Lost Ways
Lord of Lost
Lord of Lost Action
Lord of Lost Actions

help us

what i say is inseparable from this moment

you can step on my feet
there is only kindness
i was bought water on the train from Paris to Nimes
my compassion is a lazy big dog with blue eyes

thank you

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