

I need a different metaphor than “rock bottom.”
I’m exhausted by the stories of scarcity, threats, and imminent collapse.
I’m a playwright and dramaturg so what I know is:
We have a narrative problem.

It’s the same narrative problem we have in climate organizing.*

We keep spellcasting about all we’re losing
and describing the immensity of the damage,
It becomes too overwhelming to imagine building something different.
It becomes impossible to build the political will to act.

I long for a different dramaturgy.

In Western dramaturgies, endings are final.
In a capitalist narrative of constant growth and perpetual “sustainability,”
endings are tragic.

No wonder people are panicking.
No wonder it hurts so much.
We’ve been telling ourselves that endings = failures.
Institutional and, worse, personal.

What if instead of dramaturgies of collapse,
we looked to the earth and learned from natural processes of *decomposition*?

Decomposition is gruesome

Pieces of an organism get pulled apart.

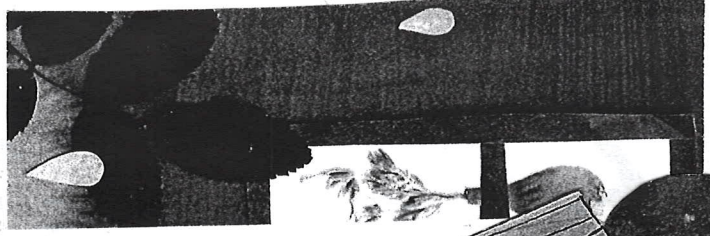
Decomposition is intimate.

Decomposers digest the dead.

Decomposition creates new worlds.

Nutrients recycle and release back into the ecological system.

A dramaturgy of decomposition
Is a tender invitation beyond loss
Toward re-membering our interconnected futures.



Decomposition instead of Collapse: Dear Theatre, Be Like

dreams are arising
beneath the surface.

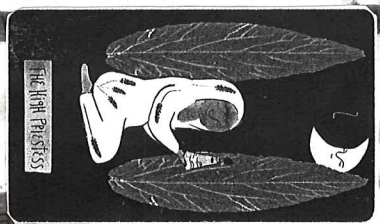
Can we be like mycelium? Can we be like soil?
What might we re-compose with the nutrients being released into the system right now?
What if this moment, painful and raw though it be (and grief has its place), is not just the ending of a world but the beginning of something new?

What if instead of at "rock bottom,"

we're at the dawn of something more healthy?

More loving?

More free?



I long for a theater that turns its gaze downward to the land, outward to the water, and upward to the sky.

I long for a theater that earnestly listens for the lessons the earth has to teach us.

This is how we'll remember that like mycelia, like the soil, like interconnected forests and seas

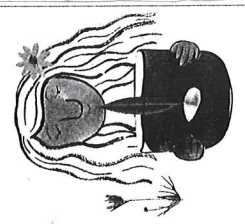
We have always belonged to one another.

This is how we'll find unexpected pathways.

This is how we'll reconstitute the world.

provide it a rich and healthy home to grow.

AGE OF AIDS



Let's keep our grief in perspective. We're in the midst of an actual global extinction crisis driven by colonial capitalist enclosure of wealth and an ideological worldview that positions whole peoples and geographies as sacrifice zones. Institutions programming fewer shows or shutting down altogether isn't the root problem.

Beginning, middle, and then...

In a recent conversation someone told me "The field is ablaze. It's up to us to put on our vests and be firefighters." Someone else said, "These institutions want to be told what to do. They're looking for someone to save them."

Breathe in, and when you are ready, exhale.

Brave heart, you are invited to let your love pour freely without hesitation!

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Page 5 of 7

Your hands are ready to plant something