

UNITY

ATELIER FOR SOLIDARITY

June 2020



© Hank Willis Thomas. Courtesy of the artist. Photo by Matthew Lapiska.

An initiative of

**THE
FESTIVAL
ACADEMY**

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ADEL ABDELWAHAB

Theater is a must (forum)

Egypt



I Like America and America Likes Me — Joseph Beuys

JOSHUA ALABI

Kininso Koncepts Productions
Nigeria



This picture really speaks more to me. The children and adults in the picture are our audience members from our regular streets, market and public space performances. They all stand and gather round, some even bring their kids and chairs to watch our performance. And afterwards we sing and dance together.

But moments such as this can no longer be.

OMAR ALVAREZ

ASSITEJ International / Mundo Títere International Puppet Festival
Argentina



A man uses a plastic bag in Johannesburg, South Africa — AP

And the people stayed home. And read books, and listened, and rested, and exercised, and made art, and played games, and learned new ways of being, and were still. And listened more deeply. Some meditated, some prayed, some danced. Some met their shadows. And the people began to think differently.

And the people healed. And, in the absence of people living in ignorant, dangerous, mindless, and heartless ways, the earth began to heal.

And when the danger passed, and the people joined together again, they grieved their losses, and made new choices, and dreamed new images, and created new ways to live and heal the earth fully, as they had been healed.

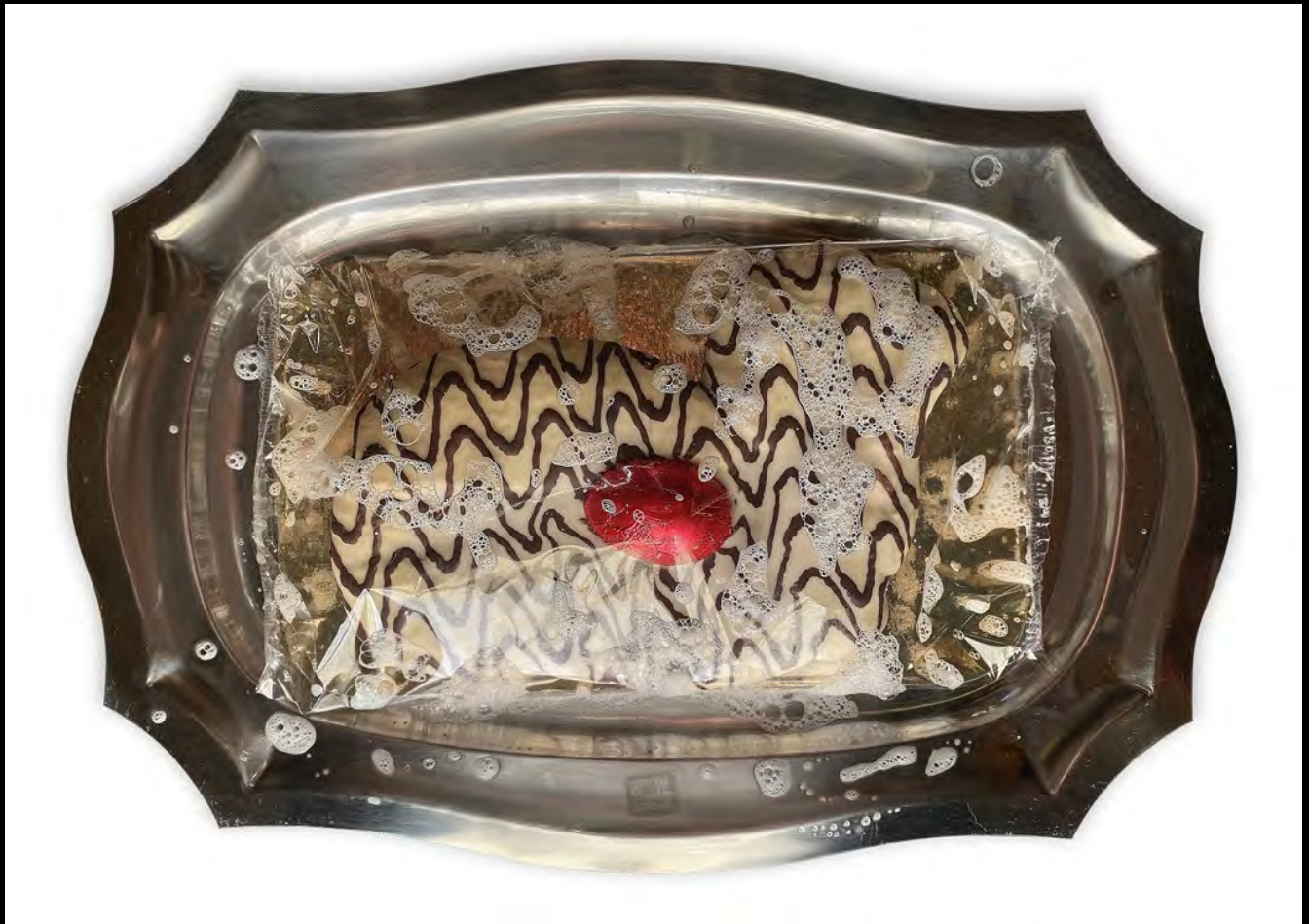
'And The People Stayed Home' – Kitty O'Meara

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GEORGE MARIO ATTARD

Independent

Gozo - Malta



CHIPO PRECIOUS BASOPO

CHIPAWO TRUST

Zimbabwe



Special message from CHIPAWO Children

 Watch video



AIRAN BERG

Festival der Regionen in Upper Austria
Austria



The Last Picture Show – Victor Moriyama

BRUNA BORGES

FESTIN Paraná - Paraná Children's Theatre Festival
Brazil



YVAN HERVE BUTERA

Ishyo Arts Centre
Rwanda

Now that mother nature has breathed
 We keep indoors
 When we dare to venture out
 We are cautious. Our neighbors smile
 But in their eyes there is
 Reserve and suspicion
 They keep their distance
 As we do ours in mute accord
 Much of our fear is unspoken
 For there is at last the weight of
 custom
 The tender of rote consolation.
 We endure thoughts of demise
 And measure the distance of death
 Death too wears a mask.
 But consider, there may well be good
 In our misfortune if we can find it
 It is hidden in the darkness of our fear.
 But discover it and see that it is hope
 And more, it is the gift of opportunity.
 We have the rare chance to prevail,
 To pose a resolution for world renewal.
 We can be better than we have ever
 been



We can improve the human condition.
 We can imagine, then strive to realize,
 Our potential for goodness and
 morality.

We can preserve our sacred purpose
 We can determine who we are in our
 essential

Nature and who we can be.

We are committed to this end for our
 sake

And for the sake of those who will
 come after us.

There is a better future, and we can
 secure it.

Let us take up the task, and let us be
 worthy of our best destiny.

IN THE TIME OF KIGALI

LOUISE CATRY-BOSSIS

Independent
France



Illustration – Dhruvi Acharya, 22 April 2020

I am tired of work ; I am tired of building up somebody
else's civilization.

Let us take a rest, M'Lissy Jane.

I will go down to the Last Chance Saloon, drink a gallon
or two of gin, shoot a game or two of dice and sleep
the rest of the night on one of Mike's barrels.

You will let the old shanty go to rot, the white people's
clothes turn to dust, and the Calvary Baptist Church
sink to the bottomless pit.

You will spend your days forgetting you married me and
your nights hunting the warm gin Mike serves the
ladies in the rear of the Last Chance Saloon.

Throw the children into the river ; civilization has given
us too many. It is better to die than it is to grow up
and find out that you are colored.

Pluck the stars out of the heavens. The stars mark our
destiny. The stars marked my destiny.n

I am tired of civilization.

REBECCA CHAMBARLHAC-GERBI

The Festival Academy

Belgium





The Atlantic Photo 
@TheAtlPhoto

Wild Goats Roam Through an Empty Welsh Town - 14 photos from the quiet streets of Llandudno, Wales, where a local herd of wild goats have wandered into the town during lockdown, to sample the hedges and flowers. theatlphoto.com/Bdl1uluL



3:29 PM · Apr 1, 2020 · [Twitter Web App](#)

JULI CONSIGLI

FIME & VIRTUOSO RECORDS

Argentina



Today I was searching for a poem, an image or a piece of writing and I stumbled upon a photo album of a production that I worked in a couple of years ago in Corrientes, a province that it is 955km from Buenos Aires, the capital city.

It was a tough production and building the stage in the beach was not easy, and on top we didn't know if the audience was going to attend. I took those pictures at dawn after a really long night hanging the lights and hanging the sound system, we were exhausted, but happy, because we knew in the end all that effort would be rewarded with a show.

The picture made me remember the adrenaline sensation that I have that minute before the show is going to start, that is something that my colleagues and I agree that we really miss in any event that we produce, bigger, smaller, indoor or outdoor... and also the solitude and silence of these pictures made me think about these days of Covid-19 where there is an audience waiting for the artist and also the artists waiting to meet their audience again, but there are only empty stages so far.

LUIZ CORADAZZI

Deputy Artistic Director
Brazil

José

Carlos Drummond de Andrade

(1942)



Watch video

KATE CRADDOCK

GIFT – Gateshead International Festival of Theatre
United Kingdom

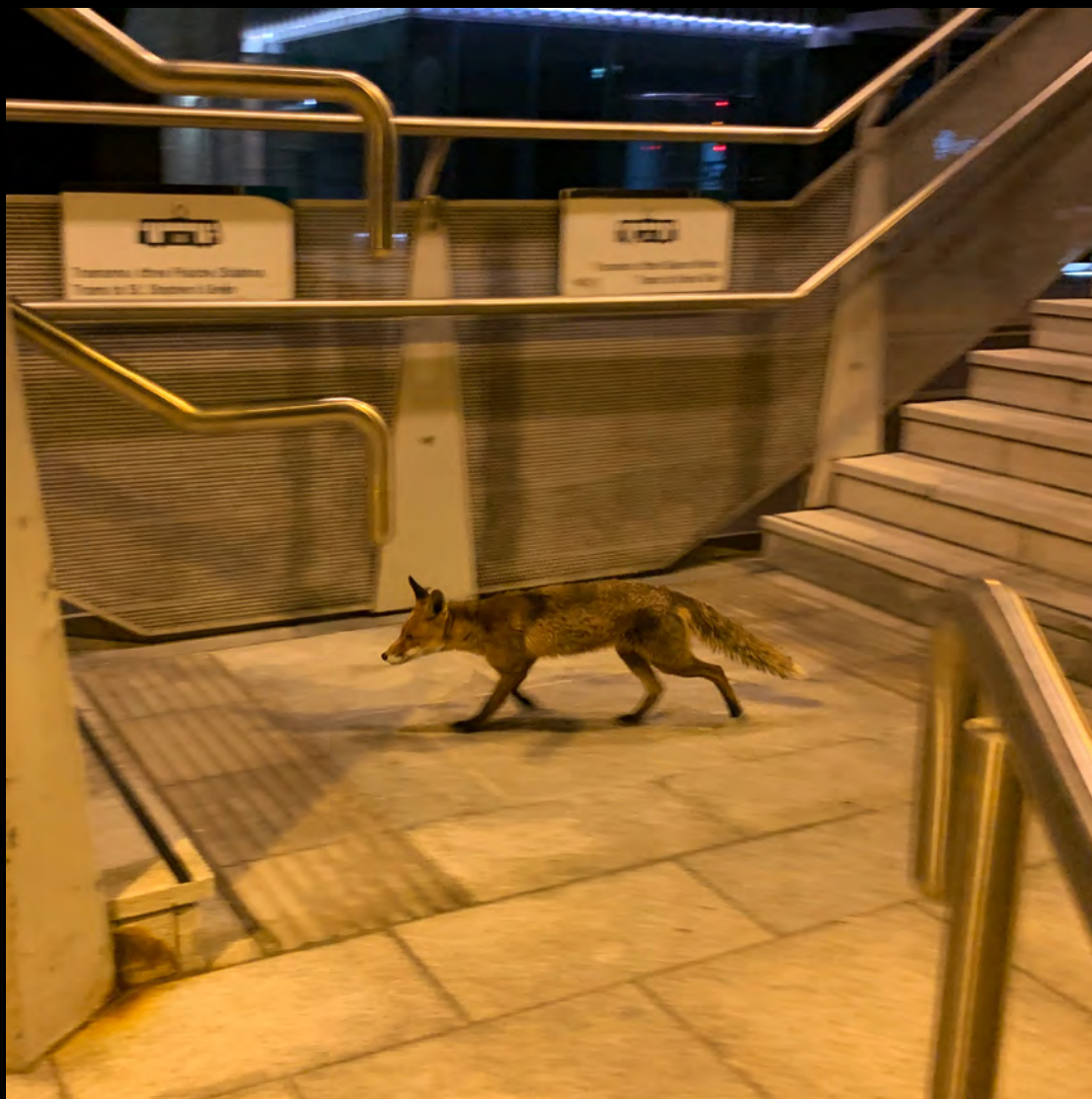


Kate Craddock (with son Kit), Wendy Houston, Jonathan Burrows
Luca Rutherford, Gudrun Soley Sigurdardottir, Sophie Woolley
Gemma Paintin (Action Hero), Teresa Brayshaw, Nasi Voutsas

We'll meet again, don't know where, don't know when
But I know we'll meet again some sunny day
Keep smiling through just like you always do
Till the blue skies drive the dark clouds far away
And will you please say hello to the folks that I know
Tell 'em that I won't be long
And they'll be happy to know that you saw me go
I was singing this song
We'll meet again, don't know where, don't know when
But I know we'll meet again some sunny day
Yeah, we'll meet again, I don't know where and I don't know when
But I do know that we'll meet again some sunny day
So honey, keep on smiling through just like you always do
Till the blue skies drive the dark clouds far away
And would you please say hello to all the folks that I know
And tell 'em I won't be long
They'll be happy to know that as you saw me go
I was singing this song
We'll meet again, don't know where, don't know when
But I know we'll meet again some sunny day

We'll Meet Again (Johnny Cash Version)

a wonderful memory from a virtual cocktail bar at GIFT 2020 (courtesy of
Atresbandes, Bertrand Lesca and Nasi Voutsas)





one wild chance for rebirth

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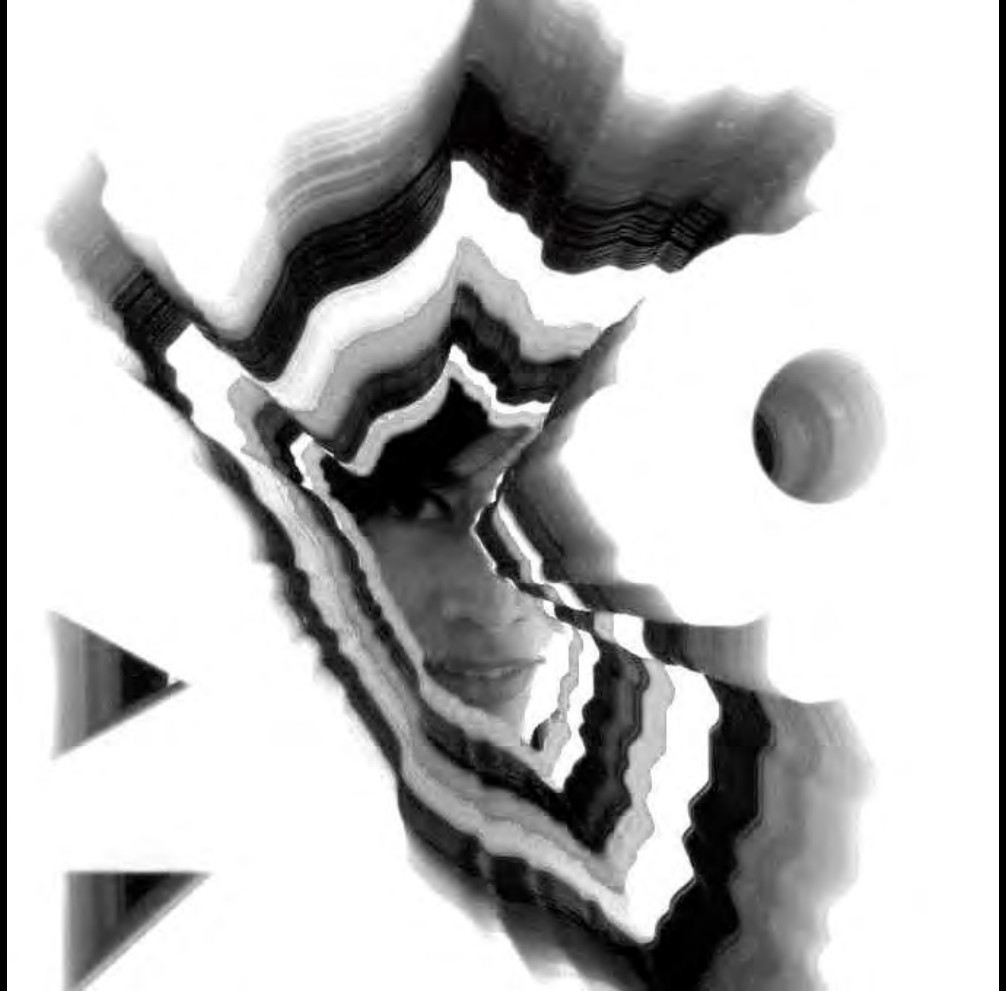
What Happened When We All Stopped

by Tom Rivett-Carnac

Original illustrations by Bee Rivett-Carnac



Read poem



That is the map of Perú... thinking about my country still gives me hope.
I feel that we, as citizens, have to look deeper into it...

We live in strange times, and we live in an estranged time. We order our lives according to an abstract, impersonal and extremely precise temporal order, but the concrete experiences of our lived times often seem out of synch with the abstract character of our clock-based social time regime. It is as if our obsession with saving, measuring and organizing time has gone hand in hand with our own temporal alienation.

Excerpt from *Time, Capitalism and Alienation - A Socio-Historical Inquiry into the Making of Modern Time* — Jonathan Martineau

VIVIANE DOHLE

Festival TransAmeriques
Canada



Photo — Felix Desrochers

"It is only with the heart
that one can see rightly;
what is essential is invisible
to the eye."

-The Little Prince



Y todo esto pasó con nosotros.
Nosotros lo vimos,
nosotros lo admiramos.
Con esta lamentosa y triste suerte
nos vimos angustiados.

En los caminos yacen dardos rotos,
los cabellos están esparcidos.
Destechadas están las casas,
enrojecidos tienen sus muros.

Gusanos pululan por calles y plazas,
y en las paredes están salpicados los sesos.
Rojas están las aguas, están como teñidas,
y cuando las bebimos,
es como si bebiéramos agua de salitre.

Golpeábamos, en tanto, los muros de adobe,
y era nuestra herencia una red de agujeros.
Con los escudos fue su resguardo, pero
ni con escudos puede ser sostenida su soledad.

Hemos comido palos de colorín,
hemos masticado grama salitrosa,
piedras de adobe, lagartijas,
ratones, tierra en polvo, gusanos . . . Comimos la carne apenas,
sobre el fuego estaba puesta.
Cuando estaba cocida la carne,
de allí la arrebatában,
en el fuego mismo, la comían.

Se nos puso precio.
Precio del joven, del sacerdote,
del niño y de la doncella.

Basta: de un pobre era el precio
sólo dos puñados de maíz,
sólo diez tortas de mosco;
sólo era nuestro precio veinte tortas de grama salitrosa.

Oro, jades, mantas ricas,
plumajes de quetzal,
todo eso que es precioso,
en nada fue estimado...

The last days of the Tenochtitlan siege – Anonymous
from the days of the European invasion of America

ANA-CARLA FONSECA REIS

Economist and PhD in Urbanism / Director Garimpo de Solucoes
Brazil



Coexistence — Eduardo Kobra

Nothing

I open my eyes.. I think
Beautiful, brown, warm, welcoming eyes
Embracing my whole body.. I think

Many things

I open my eyes.. I think
Vicious, vile, hateful, humiliating eyes
Leave me languished, limp and dead.. I think

Mum

.. no thing

May 2020



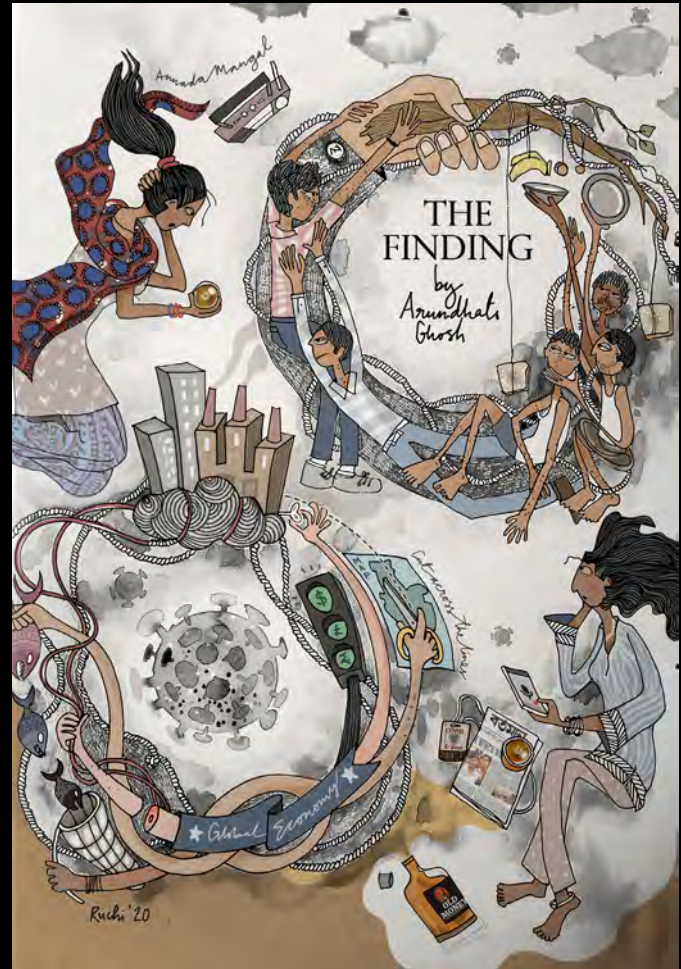
Stocking the fires of the festivals - Together

‘The Finding’.

(Or, a discovery that stunned a world reeling under a pandemic)

– Arundhati Ghosh


This is a speculative fiction set around COVID19 times written by Arundhati Ghosh from India. If the data is fine, and the calculations are fine – so must be the results! But how could that be? How could one aberration of nature, or possibly a random accident of fate, change the very foundation on which the history of the world and its people had been built?





The Forgotten Art of Assembly
Or, Why Theatre Makers Should Stop Making

An online article – Nicholas Berger

 [Read article](#)

LELDE HERMANE

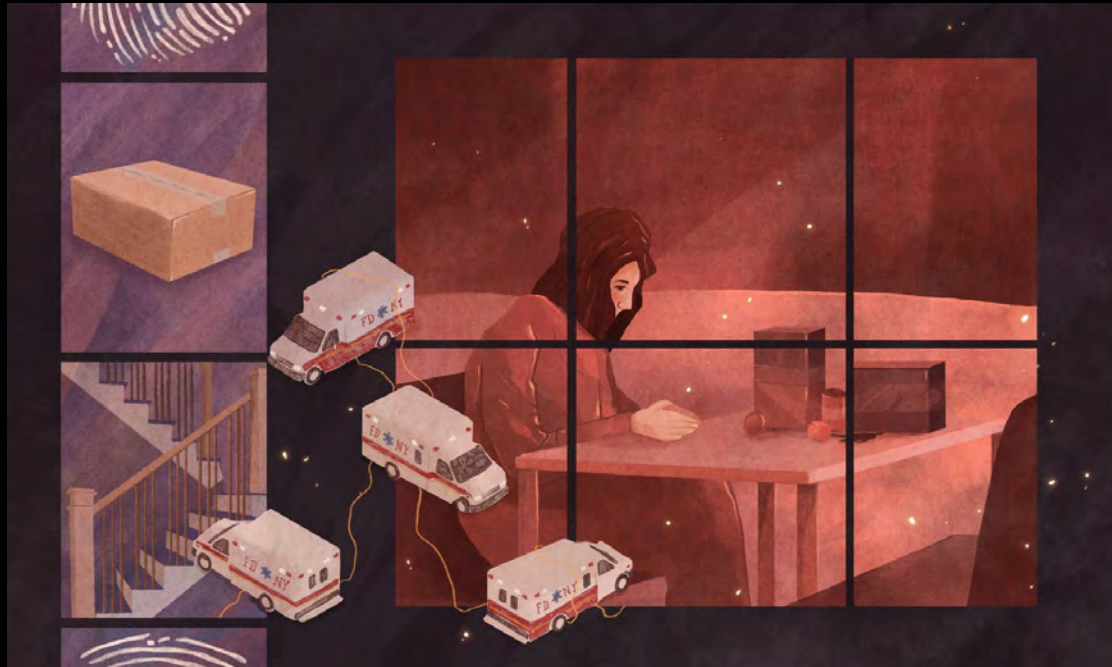
International contemporary dance festival "Vides Deja"
Latvia

This time comes with an opportunity to sit down, slow down and be with yourself, understanding what is really important and what should be changed. This is an opportunity for new beginnings, to develop in new and broader directions.

In forestry, when there is a need to harvest wood as soon as possible, clear-cutting is carried out, thus exposing forest to the stand to stressful conditions and, consequently, significantly faster growth.

Looking down at our beautiful planet all you notice is the deep blue, green, and brown, colors with white swirls of clouds and snow. You can see no borders - just the simple majestic planet. This always made me realize that this planet is ours - all of mankind - and we must protect it and take care of it because it is the spaceship for 7.2 billion astronauts.

Chris Cassidy, Astronaut



This Is Not a Rehearsal

Online essay – Hala Alyan



Read essay



Abdul Mujyambere (Rwanda)

JEFF KHAN

Performance Space Sydney
Australia

For those of us who live at the shoreline
standing upon the constant edges of decision
crucial and alone
for those of us who cannot indulge
the passing dreams of choice
who love in doorways coming and going
in the hours between dawns
looking inward and outward
at once before and after
seeking a now that can breed
futures
like bread in our children's mouths
so their dreams will not reflect
the death of ours;

For those of us
who were imprinted with fear
like a faint line in the center of our foreheads
learning to be afraid with our mother's milk
for by this weapon
this illusion of some safety to be found
the heavy-footed hoped to silence us
For all of us
this instant and this triumph
We were never meant to survive.

And when the sun rises we are afraid
it might not remain
when the sun sets we are afraid
it might not rise in the morning
when our stomachs are full we are afraid
of indigestion
when our stomachs are empty we are afraid
we may never eat again
when we are loved we are afraid
love will vanish
when we are alone we are afraid
love will never return
and when we speak we are afraid
our words will not be heard
nor welcomed
but when we are silent
we are still afraid

So it is better to speak
remembering
we were never meant to survive.

A Litany for Survival — Audre Lorde

GAIK CHENG KOE
Little Door Festival
Malaysia



Dead Town – Oh Chin Eng

There is nothing that man fears more than the touch of the unknown. He wants to see what is reaching towards him. Man always tends to avoid physical contact with anything strange. All the distances which men create round themselves are dictated by this fear. They shut themselves in houses which no-one may enter, and only there feel some measure of security. The Fear of being touched remains with us when we go about among people; the way we move in a street, trains or buses, is governed by it.

It is only in a crowd that man can become free of this fear of being touched. That is the only situation in which the fear changes into its opposite. The crowd he needs is the dense crowd, in which body is pressed to body; a crowd, too, whose psychological constitution is also dense, or compact, so that he no longer notices who it is that presses against him. As soon as a man has surrendered himself to the crowd, he ceases to fear its touch.

Ideally, all are equal there; no distinctions count, not even that of sex. The man pressed against him is the same as himself. He feels him as he feels himself. Suddenly it is as though everything were happening in one and the same body. This is perhaps one of the reasons why a crowd seeks to close in on itself: it wants to rid each individual as completely as possible of the fear of being touched. The more fiercely people press together, the more certain they feel that they do not fear each other. This reversal of the fear of being touched belongs to the nature of crowds. The feeling of relief is most striking where the density of the crowd is greatest.

CROWDS AND POWER, 1960 – Elias Canetti

KRZYSZTOF KOMENDAREK-TYMENDORF

9. EURO CHAMBER MUSIC FESTIVAL GDANSK 2020

Poland



Mahamari lagi thi gharo ko bhaag liye
the sabhi mazdoor, karigar. Machine
bandh hone lag gai thi shahar ki saari
unhi se hath paon chalte rehte the,
vagarna zindagi to gaon hi me bo kar
aye the,

Marengi to wahi ja kar jaha par
zindagi hai. Mahamari lagi thi gharo
ko bhaag liye the sabhi mazdoor,
karigar...

Gulzar – India

The poem is a commentary on the mass exodus of migrant workers post the lockdown announced back in March to curb the spread of Covid-19 in India. Migrant workers have been walking hundreds of kilometres to their villages on foot with minimum supplies, as they run out of food and money in the cities, many losing their lives during the journey.

The epidemic had taken over, all the
labourers and workers were running
towards their homes. The machines
in the city had stopped working, the
ones that were responsible for their
livelihood, the ones for which they'd
left their lives behind in their villages.

We will go and die at the place where
there is life. The epidemic had taken
over, all the labourers and workers
were running towards their homes...

CECILIA KUSKA

CASA Festival London and PROXIMAMENTE Festival Brussels
Argentina



Cemetery on the beach, Brazil

MAJA ŁAPUSZYŃSKA

Krakowskie Biuro Festiwalowe
Poland



MAURICIO LOMELIN

Lincoln Center New York
Mexico / United States

Bodhichitta is a Sanskrit word that means “noble or awakened heart.” Just as butter is inherent in milk and oil is inherent in a sesame seed, the soft spot of bodhichitta is inherent in you and me. It is equated, in part, with our ability to love.



It is said that in difficult times, it is only bodhichitta that heals. When inspiration has become hidden, when we feel ready to give up, this is the time when healing can be found in the tenderness of pain itself. This is the time to touch the genuine heart of bodhichitta. In the midst of loneliness, in the midst of fear, in the middle of feeling misunderstood and rejected is the heartbeat of all things, the genuine heart of sadness.

Quote — Pema Chodron

Painting — *Self-Portrait with the Spanish Flu* (1919) Edvard Munch

Je trouve que la pandémie, comme on dit, nous confronte à une vraie épreuve de l'imaginaire parce que c'est d'imaginer l'avant, qu'est-ce qui était dans l'avant qu'on veut préserver, qu'est-ce qui dans l'avant était aussi un vecteur de catastrophes et puis qu'est-ce qui dans l'après on veut valoriser et puis surtout pendant, dans le présent, qu'est-ce qu'on veut valoriser et quel monde on imagine, qu'est-ce qu'on veut retenir du passé, qu'est-ce qu'on veut inventer au présent et qu'est-ce qu'on voudrait qui nous accueille à l'avenir.

+

Et plus on habite la vie, plus on accueille les morts, plus on accueille les disparus, plus on accueille le lointain sans l'instrumentaliser, plus on étend l'éventail du vivant.

+

Puisque l'accès à leur repos nous est refusé, je souhaite à nos chers disparus de venir vers nous. De prendre de longues promenades pour s'immiscer dans la respiration de la ville, et passer, en toute immunité, jusqu'aux chevets des mourants, dans les mouiroirs hospitaliers, pour leur prêter un peu de leur présence, et de leur souffle.

La somme des pas perdus – Daniel Canty

LISA LUIJTEN

Freelance (for Pride Amsterdam, Cinekid, and an own public art-project)
The Netherlands



These are the queue's outside the coffeeshops when the lockdown was announced in the Netherlands

ADRIANA 'BANANA' MATOS

FID - Fórum InetrNacional de Dança/ Associação Ur=HOr
Brazil

Hábitos

Espiono as cervejas nos mercados, essas que tanto me conhecem. Eu estava na cidade novamente, o isolamento dos nossos registro eram ambudantes, umamúsica me levava para o oposto dessa rouca espera pela cura — encontro a reciprocidade até no açougue. Eis que fazendo ou consertando – fique de pé. Isso significa que teremos menos conflito, dias não intermináveis e não desgastante. Eu certamentenão acho que todas as despedidas são igualmente válidas, mas eu também não acho que devemos estabelecer um acordo claro quanto à sua validade – breve. Recomeçar é neon, é calmante, é a pura multiplicidade de crenças, é uma antiga árvore, uma mini pizza, uma goteira, uma rachadura naparede, um vôo noturno, um riso em silêncio, um quintal, certo? as histórias, seguem em outras solas de pés.

Caroline Silas

Habits

I spy on the beers in the markets, the ones that know me so much. I was in town again, the isolation of our records was ambiguous, a song took me to the opposite of this hoarse wait for a cure - I find reciprocity even in the butcher shop. Behold, doing or fixing - stand up. This means that we will have less conflict, days that are not endless and not exhausting. I certainly don't think all goodbyes are equally valid, but I also don't think we should establish a clear agreement on their validity - soon. Starting over is neon, it's soothing, it's pure multiplicity of beliefs, it's an old tree, a mini pizza, a drip, a crack in the wall, a night flight, a silent laugh, a yard, right? the stories follow on other soles of feet.

ROSEMARY OLIVE MBONE ENIE

Salama Heritage Ecovillage (SHE) Tanzania
Cameroon

Oh what a pandemic,
The almighty Coronavirus,
Which has tormented our world;
Beyond any imagination.

From Wuhan in China,
To the depths of the globe,
Ravaging homes and
communities;
Unto lands far and near.

Now my advice to you all,
Simply avoid touching 'MEN',
M-Mouth, E-Eyes, N-Nose;
To curb the COVID 19 spread.

But at all times follow
'WOMEN',
W-Wash hands, O-Obey social
distancing,
M-Mask up, E-Eat Well, N-No
unnecessary travels;
This is the golden rule to stop
the virus.

OH WHAT A PANDEMIC!!!

— Rosemary Olive Mbone Enie alias Mama Africa



Racist statues destroyed while Enya plays in the background

[▶ Watch video](#)

FUYUKO MEZAWA

Dance company Baobab / Gorch Brothers, Ltd.

Japan

This is the great chance to create new contemporary dance
collaborated with other field people not only performing arts.
Accessibility become convenient with online.

Sou demasiadamente
lírico
chego a acreditar
que se caminharos juntos
até o final de um poema
avistaremos o mar

arrudA

COVID-19 has come at a difficult time in our nation. Having been in a state of political unrest ever since our elections in May 2019 we have seen instability being a constant in our lives. Protest after protest, court hearing after court hearing, insults, human rights violations and even a murder. So when COVID-19 was making its sweep of countries we did not have time to pay attention to it. We had elections to re-run, court verdicts to appeal/defend (depending on which party you vote for), broken property to repair, stolen merchandise to account for, organisations to run.

Then the pandemic could no longer be ignored. It affected our entire out of country transport system, our trading, our donors and international partners, our businesses, our hospitality, and tourism industry. So we started to talk about it but not doing much about it. By the time it was officially in Malawi we had already numerous expats leave the country, the airport shut down, businesses temporarily or permanently closed, and some organisations reducing their staff.

And then COVID-19 joined politics, with one political party claiming it is being used to hinder their movement while the other claiming the other political party is trying to underhand their efforts to fight the disease.

So what did mean for the rest of us? Our lockdown was cancelled 24 hours before its scheduled time, and some people fearing the disease while others believing it is fake news. We remain in a state of confusion, recognising that the disease is there but still holding mass gathering because politicians still need to campaign, vendors still need to make their daily income, and organisations still need to produce results.

While others have no choice but completely suffer from this pandemic, losing their jobs, taking care of more family members, shutting down their businesses, unable to hold concerts, events, festivals etc. We are fighting so many battles currently and COVID-19 is just one of them.

She would rather breathe
Through a ventilator than breathe
The same oxygen as her father.
A face mask will not prevent the abuse
That he has turned into more
Than just a figment of her bad dreams.
Her father is still a pandemic
That brought her world to a standstill.
Her mother is also a victim
Whose faith has become as fragile as
Her only daughter's immune system.
Will they ever find a vaccine?

A question that burns 2 – Thuthukani Ndlovu

I cannot change what the past or history has done to me but I have the power to shape and change my today and future. I have resolved to quit complaining and use that energy to pull down the strongholds in my own mind that I have nothing to contribute while letting others decide my own future or destiny for me.

I choose to be courageous and make the necessary steps to those changes. I choose to question myself and break unhealthy habits that only lead to bondage not to freedom to be everything God created me to be.

Only I possess the power to make me better and should not demand others to do it for me. I should do it for myself.

As I courageously discover and fulfill my purpose, I will influence those around me to fulfill their own purpose and collectively we will build and make our communities better.

COURAGE — Rosette Nteyafas

ALINE OLMOS

Brasil Cena Aberta (Brazil Scene Open)

Brazil



MEGAN PAGADO WELLS

The Clarice Smith Performing Arts Center, University of Maryland College Park
United States

My mother grew morning glories that spilled onto the walkway toward her
porch
Because she was a woman with land who showed as much by giving it color.
She told me I could have whatever I worked for. That means she was an
American.
But she'd say it was because she believed
In God. I am ashamed of America
And confounded by God. I thank God for my citizenship in spite
Of the timer set on my life to write
These words: I love my mother. I love black women
Who plant flowers as sheepish as their sons. By the time the blooms
Unfurl themselves for a few hours of light, the women who tend them
Are already at work. Blue. I'll never know who started the lie that we are lazy,
But I'd love to wake that bastard up
At foreday in the morning, toss him in a truck, and drive him under God
Past every bus stop in America to see all those black folk
Waiting to go work for whatever they want. A house? A boy
To keep the lawn cut? Some color in the yard? My God, we leave things green.

Foreday in the Morning – Jericho Brown

SIGRID YANARA PALACIOS CASTILLO

Mangrove Culture
Germany

This is the cross
that we must bear
for the freedom of our
people.

– Martin Luther King, Jr.
October 26, 1960
Reidsville State Prison,
Tattnall County, Georgia

This is the cross
precedes the crown we wear.
To be a Christian one must take up his cross,
with all of its difficulties and agonizing
and tension-packed content
and carry it until that very cross
leaves its marks upon us and redeems us
to that more excellent way which comes only
through suffering.

– Martin Luther King, Jr.
January 17, 1963
National Conference on Religion & Race,
Chicago, Illinois

When I took up the cross,
I recognized its meaning. . . .
The cross is something that you bear,
and ultimately that you die on.

– Martin Luther King, JR.
May 22, 1967
Penn Community Center,
Frogmore, South Carolina

GIANNIS PANTAIZIDS

Marble Art Center
Greece





Art is about engagement, not entertainment

MILICA POPOVICCultural Center "Nikola Djurkovic" Kotor
Montenegro

Kotor during quarantine

[▶ Watch video](#)

Wits School of Arts, Johannesburg & Klein Karoo National Arts Festival
South Africa



People in India can see the Himalayas for the first time in 'decades,'
as the lockdown eases air pollution (source: CNN, 9 April 2020)

The past is passed, the present is paused and
the future will be well played.

Srinivas Mishra

Hasabawafo ifu taqajutaf hasabat panapapanu e'pawabamafo
qafasalafo
napat cafahasapafou ef hasabavaxacafahasajouf qabefo
fo jo nafutamaxafasal fo afasalafo
wavamu ifu bamamafo hat obaban fo obefo

faqazudam
gadas rohasarad foqazar nalijnanalar etc.

Hasabawafo – Jan Hanlo

THE EARTH
IS CALLING OUT
FOR ARTISTS
TO MAKE
WORK ON ITS
BEHALF.

@gisellebuchanan

DOREEN SAYEGH

WorldStage at Chicago Shakespeare Theater
United States

Let this radicalize you rather than lead you to despair.

Miriame Kaba

Are We
Not Drawn
Onward To
New Era

A person in a brown jacket is shown from the waist up, holding a long red pole vertically. The pole has a small flame at the top, which is emitting a thick plume of white smoke that rises and spreads across the upper half of the frame. The background is dark and filled with a hazy, smoky atmosphere. The person's face is partially obscured by the smoke. The overall mood is dramatic and evocative.

“If history repeats itself, and the unexpected always happens, how incapable must Man be of learning from experience”

Bernard Shaw

There are no such terms as “new normal” and “back to normal”, what we were living before wasn’t even close to the definition of “Normal” based on any human values. Nowadays, on the other hand, we are getting closer to be a Human, care about other humans, meet and talk with no expectations, work for the better of all of us not only one person, not think of business relations but human connections and heart to heart relations. we’re having more dialogues than monologues than before. So in a way we have to embrace this change and try to enhance this reality rather than going back to the reality we knew before as “normal”. So tell me now, when you think to yourself, which question comes to your mind? 1. Which reality looks more normal to you? 2. Who’s to say which is which?

STAVROS STAVROU

Stelios Pissis Music Foundation
Cyprus



MIKE VAN GRAAN

Independent Playwright
South Africa

The coronavirus presents us with an
existential threat.
Tens of thousands have died.
It is a moment in which we need each
other
To come together as humankind
across
Whatever divides for the sake of us all
And yet
To stay alive
We need to stay apart

The racial polarisation in our world
Driven by the same impulses that
Underpinned slavery
That some are better
More clever
More human

Have more rights
than others
Because they have a lighter skin
Is being laid bare again
A smile would go some way to
Connecting us across divides
But good neighbourliness
Requires our smiles to be masked

In a locked-down world with
restricted movement
No flights
No travel
We are connected by technology
Globally
It is our passport that
Makes us citizens of the world
And yet



It highlights the inequalities
That separate
The haves
From those who have
No jobs
No income
No data
And who eke out a living on the
margins of history

This is our world
That demands solidarity
This our reality
That screams for allyship

We have to dream
That a better world is possible

JAUKE VAN WONDEREN

X_YUSUF_BOSS & Profound Play
The Netherlands



Riepe – Mohamed Yusuf Boss



COVID-19 is an opportunity to slow down, spend time with family, experiment and reflect.
Not all travel has to be external, some of it can be internal.

JIE XU

The National Ballet of China
China

When the lockdown just started, it seemed that everything was paused. The empty West End streets and the closed Royal Opera House in London made me feel a sense of grief – everything was abnormal! During the months, I can feel how challenging it has been for arts organisations, but, meanwhile, I became to know the true meaning of solidarity and resilience. This period of time has been difficult, but it's time for us to join hands, and, also, it's the opportunity for us to reflect the past, review or even redesign our mission and vision, and then we, together, will renew, instead of simply recovering.

The photo was taken at the beginning of lockdown – spring will come, no matter how difficult we are now, as long as we always bear with the faith and hope.



“Hope” is the thing with feathers -
That perches in the soul -
And sings the tune without the words -
And never stops - at all -

And sweetest - in the Gale - is heard -
And sore must be the storm -
That could abash the little Bird
That kept so many warm -

I’ve heard it in the chilliest land -
And on the strangest Sea -
Yet - never - in Extremity,
It asked a crumb - of me.

“Hope” is the thing with feathers
— Emily Dickinson



EVERYONE INVOLVED CHOOSE ONE WORD TO DESCRIBE THEIR CURRENT STATE OF MIND

Paradox

Pause

Samuel Beckett

Eye on the storm

Engagement

Imagination

Resilient

Kurulao

Reciprocity

Distance

Cautious

Restart

Emergent

Miracle

Limit

Reboot

Equity

Tension

Reflexion

EJO

Yesterday/Tomorrow

Proximity

Tranquil

Re-imagine

Reparation

Children

Collective panic

Grief

Discovery

Digitalisation

Together

Restructure

Slowing down

Uncertainty

Hope

Retrospective

Skin hunger

Opportunity

Practice

Expand

Rebuild

Hacker

Dynamic

Mixed feelings

Power

Reparations

Future

Proactive

Confusion

Flexibility

Crossroad

Solidarity

Cross over

Challenging

Potential

Strange

Scattered

Empathy

Angry

Wary

Zoom

Tamaloa

Unity

**ALL
LIVES
MATTER**

HT
ALP 11