



## Paroxysmal tachycardia

### Message on the occasion of World Theatre Day 2020

We are in 2020. World crisis. Pandemic. Locked-up countries. Thousands dead. Hundred of thousands in hospitals.

Zero hope, terrified people waiting, useless statistics. Locked-up in our houses, we watch on TV screens the militarisation of our traffic and the wasteland that are our empty streets.

In the balance of probabilities a spark of an idea; that it would have been better not to have been born at all, in order to just nurture the hope of surviving.

You stop for a minute to ask yourself to what should you compare this pandemic (what a sad rhyme to comedic) in view of everything you have ever experienced. For us, who have never been to war, there is no comparison.

Catastrophic floods? The earthquake in '77? No comparison. These seem to have gone in the blink of an eye and left only sad memories.

The Theatre is closed and the audience have scattered. No one knows for how long. And we, the actors, cannot even pretend that we are able to do anything more constructive than being on stage, clothed as archetypal characters.

I am trying to clarify my thoughts, in order to write something fundamental to do with the Theatre, now, on its World Day. To be able to express, clearly and with precision, the hidden secret of this disappearing art. I am not the first adventurer to have tried. Every year, many times, oh, so many times, all the important people in the theatrical sphere look for ways in which to claim the right to say, unequivocally, what is the Theatre and what is its magic. All this through messages, articles, essays, interviews and many other means.

To make things clearer, I wish to present two characters who could contribute to the elucidation of this question. Socrates is one, he who told us that 'he knows that he knows nothing' and Shakespeare who would remind us that the Theatre is "the mirror of the world".

With the help of these two arguments, we are able to understand that the stage is striving to steal your reality, at least for a moment. A long moment, as long as a life, and which can send you back - in thought - to the street, the cosmos, to your inner life, to life as a whole and even to death and nothingness. To take you out of the "ordinary".

When life will return to whatever the "normal" will be, when we will all be "fixed", come back to the Theatre. Come back like children who, literally, know nothing, or who might just be newborn and, with the conviction that the "mirror" is back to its true self, watch the show as if it is your own, as if it belongs to your childhood carried in your schoolbag and keep its sanctity in the diary of memories of your adolescence.

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