THE P.W MANIFESTO

(with thanks to Louise Orwin)

I am an artist who will say hello to an audience.

I want to know if I am an artist who can let them say hello back.

I am an artist who will do everything in my power to scare you, unsettle you, and generally weird you out.

I am not an artist who won’t ask you if you’re ok afterwards.

I am an artist who works with words, and I am an artist who adores using words, moving them about, and getting them right.

I am not an artist who believes they are the most important bit.

I want to know if I am an artist who can work without them.

I am an artist who loves other artists.

I am an artist who believes we are all in this together.

I am not an artist who will ever hide things from other artists.

I am an artist in conversation with ghosts, aliens and creatures from the deep.

I am an artist with my hands plunged into viscera and gunk and ooze.

I am an artist who passionately believes each other’s all we’ve got.

I am an artist who believes that theatre is London-centric, institutionally racist, inaccessible, overpriced and fucking boring.

I am not an artist who will ever, ever, ever give up on it.

I am an artist who will sit down with you and walk you through that alchemy where, because I say this, or they wear that, you believe that you are in a different place or time.

I am an artist who thinks that is genuinely extraordinary.

And I am an artist who will see you there, inside that place, and wave to you, and I want to see if you’ll wave back.

I am an artist who doesn’t know what we do after that.

And I am an artist who wants to find out.

21/10/2022