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Lucy Beynon (London) and Lisa Jeschke (Munich) make theatre together. Their work includes *David Cameron [a theatre of knife songs]* (2013 / *Shit Valley*, 2015), *The Tragedy of Theresa May* (2016 / Tipped Press, 2018) and *The Decline and Fall of the Home Office* (2018).

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Lisa Jeschke & Lucy Beynon

The History of Theatre

excerpt from The Tragedy of Theresa May

I think a real actress will not make crude use of her hands and limbs and face to purge an audience of its energies. Rather she might put her trunk to work, turn her core toward that aim. The principle in play is criminal and good: show them what they want, the boys, our grinding middle parts and in their distraction where they quiver their relief, rob them. So even though we ended up paying through the face for man-made weaponry, that purchase still cuts up those same men pretty good if you use it right.

But then again it's all too quiet and contained, and those audience boys are just part-us and maybe there are higher sorts—like world-beaters—to bear our strikes. Our old blue moves are rubbing up the wrong boys too soft and we have been not nearly crude enough stuck inside where the police needn't look. Real relief is no dead faced post coital hate man, shuffling back to work—it's counter that, like BOOM! I can't imagine by myself! But! Roll on!

The point now is, the theatre walled itself in for invitation-only prison role-play and it is with an affection a rage not the kind of love that holds you back that the walls have to get bust up and the insides spilled revealing those actresses' from the start as sound to their armed core, only *not sufficiently amplified*, so all the disagreement needs is fatter, louder whores to sabotage the ramparts! AKA get your better-selected bullet in the right body. So, in culminate for now, catharsis is a dick worth fiddling with. That is to say that I do not understand where shouting at people ends and kicking them in the face begins. And neither does Theresa. Because if she can bring a nation and all its desperate satellites to full body tears through so many acts of outstanding impersonal rage, then The National's a decoy and she's a grim theatre genius.