

“When we stop eating tomato”

This play has neither story nor synopsis and also wasn't created from some original work. There are no certain themes. This piece was created by the creative power that was produced through actors' body and memories in their body.

This piece is not like a solid structured building that is prepared to accept audience. Rather we are about to stand with audience in the middle of wasteland where we can't see any building structure around us.

To intend, and to abandon. To produce and to extinct. The pure life itself that continuously trips between those two elements and stand in 'HERE and NOW' realizes this piece.

The drama will appear at every moment as a present progress form, as a fresh meeting between audience and performers, and each performance has different appearance. Movement, voice and fragments of words continue to evolve with both tangible and intangible manner. Multiple layer of those movements of pure life sometimes conflict each other, sometimes keep harmony, and shift and entangled.

It is impossible to know the true image of this piece before it present to the audience. This piece is a report through our performance about what did we see, did we hear, and did we touch and what didn't we see, didn't we hear, and didn't we touch.

Therefore the name of this piece, “When we stop eating tomato.” (We accidentally found this word in the text by S.I. Witkiewicz) is more a label for the drawing of yours that keeps your memory about our performer's report. There are no connection between contents of this performance and the name of it, but this unconnected relation between the name and the performance will induce continuous evolution of your memory.

This label acquired more important meaning for us though. It involves the important memory of our encounter as we found this word of label. That is the “September 11”.

While repeatedly showing image of unimaginable violence looks even beautiful we still can't conclude this event internally. Our body and the world became apart farther and farther. Our body drifted away in our daily life as if we are the dead body under the debris and soil. We ask again in the middle of confused adherence. What did we see, did we hear and did we touch? No. What didn't we see, didn't hear and didn't touch?

This confused adherence stays deep inside the drawer that labeled with accidentally found word. A part of these reports that we present in this performance will be, even though it might be a tiny bit, an answer to this confused adherence. Until this drawer will be filled with answers, this piece will not stop challenge us. As long as there is a possibility of finding some new answer in our performance, this piece will evolve each time and each moment as showing the new face and phase to the audience.