

May 2021

## An Introduction to Theatre of Omniscience

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### Recommended Citation

Conway, Kierstan K.. "An Introduction to Theatre of Omniscience." *The Downtown Review*. Vol. 7. Iss. 2 (2021) .

Available at: <https://engagedscholarship.csuohio.edu/tdr/vol7/iss2/2>

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*Silence.* It paradoxically echoes through the minds of every living being. Existing as questions that consistently call and long for an answer, resting as memories lost with time, and living as desires never reaching fruition. For a young man on a tranquil night, the silence of his ruined hopes rang in his head at an unbearable volume. He'd recently found himself passing through a series of unfortunate events—that is in relation only to what he may see as devastating. A final blow in his line of misfortunes brought him to a suspended bridge over a calm river at night—that is in correlation to what he perceives as the sun melting into the horizon.

The young man, to whom we refer to as the Artist, has shed his veil of ignorance and spiraled into a harsh realization of his existence. The Artist realizes that the answers to all of his questions are dichotomous at best, that everything he assumes to know is a construct built by his incomprehension. At no moment up until now has he realized that he is alone. Every cry that he gives, no matter how loud, is enveloped by the piercing screams of silence. Everything he believed to be concrete is melting away with his sense of self. It is, in a sense, overwhelming when one concludes that every piece of his existence was contrived by nothing more than his imagination.

The Artist has paced around familiar places, trying to reason with his endless questioning. Every once in a while when he thinks he's developed an answer, a new question presents itself before he can celebrate his latest discovery. Overburdened by his uncertainty, he's found himself at a bridge—nothing in sight but the glow of the moon reflecting on the stream of consciousness below. The Artist becomes overwhelmed with his inability to understand a world he used to pace through arrogantly. He was so pompous before in his blissful ignorance, but while he previously found himself in control of every aspect of life, he now only sees one potential option where he can make a choice by his own volition. As he stoops over the railing on the bridge he feels a hand on his back, beckoning him to turn around. Behind him is an anthropomorphic figure that seems to be in the shadows no matter where the light hits it. As the man begins to focus on the image before him, the shadow materializes as an old gentleman wearing a vintage tweed suit, and from his waist hangs a pocket watch with a blank face. The Old Gentleman has a cheery disposition, a smile hiding under his handlebar mustache, and he beckons the Artist to walk closer towards him.

The Artist, previously adamant on his solitude, approaches the gentleman with a sense of curiosity. As he opens his mouth to speak, the Old Gentleman hushes him, gesturing towards a red velvet couch, yet another apparition emerged on the suspension bridge. The Artist takes a seat next to the Old Gentleman as new questions vastly different from those plaguing him come to mind. As the Artist sits, the landscape becomes two dimensional as if it was nothing more than a painting.

A man bearing a striking resemblance to the Artist enters the space. He is called the Actor. He walks pensively in caricatured movements. He begins to speak the thoughts of the Artist, his plaguing questions written in perfect verse. He, like the Artist, finds himself on the bridge crying while repeating his thoughts over and over in sound that resonates out, breaking through a curtain of silence. The scene finds itself at a halt, with the Actor peering to the distance as if he's waiting for someone to appear. The Artist then finds himself in a three-piece tweed suit, a handlebar mustache tickling his mouth, and a pocket watch with an analog clock hanging on a chain from his waist. The Actor begins then to ask the costumed Artist the same questions he was thinking moments before. He pauses with each one demanding a response, and the costumed Artist starts to answer. In control of this narrative, the Artist freely answers the Actor's question with ease. His ignorant thoughts become conceivable answers. He explains the universe in the way he desires it to be, and for the first moment in his life, he has an omniscient view of the world. Truthfully, it's analogous to the world he inhabits, but it represents one branch of the infinite dichotomy. The Artist feels a sense of ease in creating this world. He pours his existence into his own conceived model of the universe, and he shows it in hopes of inspiring thoughts in others.

The Artist has an unclouded understanding of existence. Unlike many others around him, he doesn't have the luxury of a veil of ignorance to the endless unanswerable questions that plague his thoughts. He instead has the ability to create. He holds the ability to build a possible explanation of his existence in hopes of others beginning to question theirs as well. He aims to have an omniscient view of his creation with complete controls of its viewable outcomes. As an effect of his dissatisfaction with silence, he creates Theatre as an idealistic or cynical representation of life. To him, the conventions of his art pierce through silence more than any words he's ever spoken.

In that regard, Theatre is the only exception to silence and every unknown in the universe. It is the Artist's individualized point of view with the rules of existence woven into its elements for all to see. It feeds the ignorance of the audience while also opening their eyes to the elusiveness of life. It is a reflection of the Artist's mind as well as a living piece of his soul. It is everything beautiful, ugly, or neutral in the world, dripping in spectacle and beaming with life.

The only caveat is the ephemerality. When the curtains close, no matter how much applause roars, only one thing remains. The echo of all that is and will ever be. *Silence.*