There are many narratives we tell ourselves that we never author, never edit, never consent to. Most of the time, I don’t really know the difference between authorship and inheritance.

The performance is as real as you want it to be, is one narrative that I often revisit. Maybe it helps me cope or process or justify continually showing up to spaces like this, with people like all of you, knowing how but not quite knowing a what or a why. We have to feel value in coming together. Or, at least, that’s what *Last Audience* reminds me: the ways we locate value—intrinsic, literal, figurative, political, social, material, real, imagined—in our gathering spaces.

*Last Audience* is an experiment that asks its audience-participants to engage directly in its push and its pull, crafting an experience that affirms every motion to act. Its facilitators and original conjurers (Yanira, Stephan, Kathy, devynn, David) don’t possess a hard and fast agenda, more a series of cumulative curiosities and concerns they bring to all of you. What you and they do with it makes up the time we spent together.

At one point, Yanira said to me (perhaps, to you, too) that *Last Audience* is about accessing “a space of emergence.” What emerges and how? We move through—deciding, stepping aside, consenting to, and gathering in. Together. Over and over again.

And, amidst the constant role of proposal and acceptance, refusal is a fertile condition here. It is welcome and heeded. It will guide a path forward, out, through.

Each performance of *Last Audience* has a different set of scores and scripts to be interpreted by its audience—some quite open, while others are more instructive. As a result, each performance coheres to a different mold and the unique alchemy of that particular gathering, that particular audience. The inclusion of “Last” in its title can invoke some apocalyptic connotations, to be sure, but it also indicates a process of building off what came before. Each audience begins where the last one left off.

Theater is manipulation, Yanira—along with devynn, David, Kathy, and Stephan—remind us today. Many people, many artists remind us of this. The line between real and imagined is a construct... just like gender, just like race, just like power. A construct that has become so far removed from its base that it’s become material and tactile, carrying potentials for harm and catharsis in equal measure. A construct that, at least by the rules of rational logic, can be deconstructed, or at least disarmed.

Ultimately, embodiment guides the persistence in this work. The only way out is through. The work’s facilitators place great faith in the weight of a gesture, telling us everything we need to know resides in the way we move through these curiosities and concerns. Maybe, over time, they become our own curiosities or concerns, too. When you enact something, your cells come to know something. And, we will know more by having had this time. Together. Over and over again.