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## Fragmented Lives on Stage: Memory, Technology, and Human Relations in Caryl Churchill's *Love and Information*

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### المستخلص

تتناول هذه الورقة البحثية كيفية توظيف مسرحية الحب في زمن المعلوماتية (٢٠١٢) للكاتبة كاريل تشرشل لمشاهد صغيرة مركزة، بهدف معالجة التحديات الأخلاقية والعاطفية في العصر الرقمي. وترى الدراسة أن البنية التي تعتمد على تشرشل لا تقتصر على عكس تأثير فيض المعلومات والتكنولوجيا، بل تتجاوزها إلى مساءلة هذا التأثير ونقده. ومن خلال أكثر من خمسين مشهداً قصيراً تتضمن شخصيات غير مسماة وأماكن غامضة، توظف تشرشل هذه المشاهد الصغيرة المركزة بوصفها أداة فنية ووسيلة نقدية في آن واحد لتفكيك بنية المجتمع المعاصر. واستناداً إلى نظرية المسرح ما بعد الدرامي التي طرحها هانستيس ليمان، تُبين الدراسة أن النهج التجريبي لدى تشرشل يُعد عنصراً محورياً في استكشافها لكيفية تأثير التكنولوجيا في القيم الأخلاقية والعلاقات الإنسانية. وقد نُظّم التحليل في خمسة محاور رئيسة هي: المشاهد الصغيرة المركزة، والذاكرة والتكنولوجيا، والسلطة والمعلومات، والجسد والمعلومات، والاتصال والحب.

ويعتمد كل محور إلى تحليل مشاهد محددة تُبرز العلاقة بين اختيارات تشرشل الشكلية وموضوعاتها الأساسية. ومن خلال الربط بين البضمون والبنية، تقترح الورقة أن تشرشل تحفز الجمهور على مواجهة تناقضات العصر الحديث، وتُظهر أن التعاطف والروابط الإنسانية يمكن أن تستمر حتى في عالم يتسم بالتفكك. وتسهم هذه الدراسة في إثراء النقاشات المتعلقة بالثقافة الرقمية، والذاكرة، والمسرح ما بعد الدرامي، من خلال توضيح كيفية استجابة هذه المسرحية لتحديات الحياة في القرن الحادي والعشرين.

### Abstract

This paper considers Caryl Churchill's *Love and Information* (2012) through the lens of moral and emotional tensions shaped by digital culture. Rather than offering solutions, it proposes that her structural decisions reflect while resisting the conditions brought by constant data flow and mediated interaction. Fifty seven brief scenes unfold across shifting places, populated by unidentified figures whose interactions lack continuity. Here, broken forms function not only as artistic method but also as quiet resistance. Informed by Hans-Thies Lehmann's ideas on postdramatic performance, the reading traces how deviation from tradition gains weight when confronting technology's influence on closeness and values. Five sections make up the analysis: one on brokenness; another linking recollection with tools of recall; then control shaped by data flows; next, physical presence entangled with knowledge systems; last, ties formed through affection. Within each lies brief narrative moments revealing how Churchill's structural decisions reflect core ideas under examination. Attention shifts repeatedly toward how shape relates to meaning, suggesting her work challenges modern contradictions even as unity dissolves around us. Empathy remains present, noticeable despite disarray, upheld quietly across performances. Positioned amid current conversations about online existence, remembering, and performance beyond traditional drama, this exploration places *Love and Information* inside urgent conditions defining today's era.

### 1. Introduction

Time fractures in Caryl Churchill's *Love and Information*, splintering across scenes without warning (Churchill). Thought does not unfold step by step; rather, it stutters into being through abrupt bursts. A moment begins then halts, resumes elsewhere, detached. Continuity dissolves where fragments take hold. Scenes do not link smoothly but collide midmotion (Billington). Each exchange exists on its own edge. Yet together they form something like sense (Churchill). Space shifts without



announcement, guided only by rhythm. What remains is a structure built from gaps. These gaps feel familiar; they echo the way life now stutters under endless alerts, messages, data streams (Mambrol). The work does not just copy that rhythm; it pulls audiences inside it, making them live the strain of knowing too much yet feeling disconnected (Auslander). While many have studied the play's shape or its ideas about technology, few tie those threads together (Grehan). Here, the broken scenes are not just style; they carry weight, shaping how we sense isolation, truth, and responsibility today. By treating the fracture as more than a gimmick, the piece binds method to message. Most critiques treat form and theme separately; this reading refuses that split. Fragmentation becomes more than a technique: it acts, speaks, questions. In doing so, it anchors Churchill's drama firmly in our unsettled moment (Lehmann).

So "Churchill reflects the world back at us, and in doing so she amplifies both its potential power ... and its potential meaninglessness in terms of the continual circulation of information and data"(Grehan 73). That shapes style and ties structure to theme. Right at the start, Churchill compares listening to overhearing opera in a tongue you do not know: sense builds slowly, not word by word (Churchill vii). Unlike what she had said before, her words hit walls, exposing how little they carry (Churchill 12). Take one phrase, "I cannot remember anything about that day that is not on the video" (Churchill 23), it shows memory breaking apart. Moments like a kid remembering broken bones without hurt, or lines claiming sex is just data, blur what's said with how it has built (Churchill 42, 67). Without names, genders, or pasts tied to figures on stage, every spoken bit weighs the same (Billington). Because pieces snap apart, they link shape and meaning, questioning unstable facts molded by tech and (Churchill 23). Since vignettes can shift order, much like scrolling through online fragments, adaptability becomes key to challenging modern info overload (Churchill). All fiftyseven snippets together show that this breaking isn't only look; it turns memory, machines, and bonds into something felt, using design to face the moral and intimate layers of life online (Churchill).

This paper shows Churchill's unusual way of building plays in '*Love and Information*' tackles core parts of modern living. By breaking the story into small pieces, the performance mirrors how people encounter too much information every day while pulling viewers straight into that chaos, making the theater feel like a space to meet the digital age's struggles headon. Looking closer at memory alongside machines, certain scenes stand out: in "*Wedding Video*," filmed moments replace real ones; in "*Memory House*," efforts to sort personal history fall apart (Churchill

23, 88). Power shifts appear when knowledge gets controlled, seen clearly in *Censor* and *Spies*, where rules and longing twist public truths (55, 61). Yet some fragments hold warmth, the quiet of *Secret*, touch without words in “*Piano*,” lasting closeness in *Sex* moments where feeling stays beyond measurement (13, 34, 67). Fragments like these often show up as pushback against how lonely the online world can feel. Taken together, they suggest Churchill builds her structure on purposeful ways to meet headon the moral weight and raw feelings stirred by life online (Brewer and Pattie 245).

## 2. Literature Review

This work tackles a missing piece in *Love and Information* research through a blend of structural insight and ethical inquiry shaped by life online. Most past writings fixate on either theme or format alone, highlighting scene breaks or minimal dialogue (Mitchell) yet few link these traits together, especially because spotlight often lands on older plays like *Top Girls* and *Cloud Nine* (Rebellato). Given how widely the play travels across cultures and stages, the discussion draws mainly on the initial English version while noting broader implications beyond a single language. Instead of just reviewing what others said, it builds something new: five angles (breakdowns, recollection and machines, control and data flow, flesh amid signals, ties between affection and contact), revealing how form shapes meaning in times ruled by screens. Through pairing technique with purpose, to sharpens understanding not merely by listing parts but by showing how splintered design acts as a lens and stance, shifting how we see Churchill's role in talks about theater, tools, and who we become now.

Feminist critique continues to influence how people view Churchill's work(Connor). Though many see patterns, Elaine Aston focuses on what she calls a “feminist politics of polyphony” in Churchill's plays; layered voices, both behind and within the performance, challenge fixed power structures(K. Mitchell). Instead of a single clear leader among the characters, Tony Mitchell points to an open field where speech flows without dominance, gender shifts freely (Connor). Then again, Denise Varney connects newer pieces by Churchill to Bakhtin's idea of dialogue; meaning emerges only when competing perspectives stay unresolved (Brown). Feminist takes bring out how structure can carry political weight: broken forms, layered voices, they push artistic, moral, and social goals forward. Still, much of that work circles back to Churchill's earlier narratives, *Top Girls* (1982), *Cloud Nine* (1979), and *Mad Forest* (1990), without really tracing the shifts in *Love and Information* or where it veers off course (K. Mitchell).





A fresh look at Churchill's work ties tech and recollection into the heart of the drama. Not far off, Karin van Es digs into what it means for something to feel live when everything streams or replays, suggesting stage moments hold weight precisely because they happen right there, untouched by recording . Her take sharpens the contrast between being present and getting life through screens, yet she does not slow down enough to trace how those ideas actually move across specific lines or silences in Churchill's script (**Dor**). In much the same way, Philip Auslander claims that modern acts are less about raw experience and more about showing us that we are watching one . His lens fits wide swaths of today's culture well, how reruns shape reality, but skips over the tiny gears inside that play themselves, missing chances to show exactly where *Love and Information* leans into or sidesteps such patterns (Auslander). Though Ahmet Gökhan Biçer's 2025 work on Caryl Churchill's *Love and Information* makes a strong case for 'infocracy' in which information holds power, it leans heavily on broad strokes rather than small details. her take dives into narrative breakdowns shaped by postdramatic form, yet skips over how individual moments in the script perform or resist those patterns (Biçer). Similarly, Gobert frames Churchill amid wider shifts in theater history, without pausing long enough to examine the mechanics of the scenes themselves. Memory, tech, presence, they show up often in his view, still, their staging stays blurry. Together, these studies open useful doors for thinking contextually; however, they leave untouched the texture of actual lines and transitions. Missing is a deeper dive into how structure speaks meaning, moment to moment. What remains unspoken calls out for closer inspection, one beat at a time.

Looking closely at Churchill's work reveals how drama can carry political weight through ethical questions. Not just watching, but thinking while you watch, that is what Nicholas Ridout pushes for in performance (Ridout). Instead of long stretches, her scenes snap like quick flashes, says Dan Rebellato, mirroring how minds jump across connected data streams. Broken forms link to power, yes, though many stop short by treating splintering as given rather than something deliberately questioned .

Still, even though experts notice Churchill's new ways with form, something is missing in their talks about it. The way the play is broken up usually gets looked at apart from what it means, especially how memory, tech, and people reaching out to each other mix in *Love and Information*. Take Ferrone. He zeroes in on how the play breaks rules in postdramatic theatre (Ferrone). Over there, Grehan worries more about too much info

and how that tests right versus wrong, seeing the audience's role as part of that clash. Studies tied to modernism treat breaking things into pieces as just a look, not a tool with a purpose (Dolan). Yet hardly any push further into how exactly Churchill's methods shift the ground beneath ideas of remembering whether minds do it or machines help. One thing stacks up across all this talk: researchers take up her wild forms OR her big questions, not both at once, not really joined (Aston).

Looking closely at past research helps shape how this work is built, both in design and layout. Because earlier studies often split apart form and meaning when discussing *Love and Information*, this project uses detailed scene examination guided by Lehmann's ideas about postdramatic performance. Instead of repeating old methods, it moves forward by linking technique to feeling, focusing on moments where Churchill's staging choices deepen moral and affective questions. Five areas guide the discussion: broken forms; memory shaped by machines; control through data; physical presence amid digital flow; ties that resemble love. These topics mirror ongoing conversations in the field, fitting structure to purpose without forcing conclusions. Every part shows how stagecraft supports deeper human inquiries, placing each insight alongside wider academic dialogue rather than standing alone (Biçer 95).

Even so, thinking more about methods makes sense. Because the work focuses closely on printed versions, it leans into one way of interpreting, focusing on words and structure rather than everything that happens when a play lives onstage. That choice means missing out on how varied performances might shift the story's meaning. Things like who plays which role, stage choices, or even who watches can change feelings and understanding entirely. Without studying actual shows or videos, the discussion avoids how bodies in space or viewers' reactions reshape what themes feel real. Still, choosing to center textual methods narrows what the work can capture of those shifting dynamics, unpredictable moments, and shared creation through which postdramatic theater meets its viewers. Aware of this narrowing, the project stays alert to its own assumptions, opening space for continued conversation around how textfocused and performancecentered approaches might pull against or support one another. By doing so, it sharpens the reader's grasp of just how much and where the interpretation reaches, grounding its insights more firmly in a selfaware frame. Thus, unlike earlier studies, it traces how Churchill's broken structures do two things at once: they question saturated media environments, yet suggest fresh paths toward care and feeling, all while staying honest about the limits built into reading such work from a page.



### 3. Theoretical Framework

One way to see Churchill's work clearly is to place *Love and Information* within a conceptual frame that links broken forms to deeper ideas. Instead of following traditional plot rules, the play finds meaning through disruption. This analysis leans on three overlapping areas: HansThies Lehmann's view of postdramatic Theatre, feminist readings of voice and dialogue, alongside research into digital life. When combined, these angles do more than explain; they show different layers at once. For instance, Lehmann helps us understand how scattering scenes breaks storytelling habits, pulling viewers into uncertainty. Meanwhile, feminist insights point out that such breaking apart is not random; it challenges power by giving space to many voices equally (K. Mitchell). Over time, research into digital life shows shifts in how people remember and see themselves. Through these insights comes an understanding not only of what saturation looks like but also where moments of connection slip through the noise. What emerges is less method than trace: patterns that hint at presence even when buried.

Central is Lehmann's concept of postdramatic theatre narrative logic breaks, attention turns from stable images toward events happening now. Not through progression does understanding form; rather, it appears at contact between audience and performance (Lehmann 85). In Caryl Churchill's *Love and Information*, a similar route opens: fiftyseven fragments stand where flow might be, rejecting singular direction. Completion belongs to those watching, not in answers given, yet spaces left open. This condition reflects what Lehmann terms a "politics of perception", wherein thinking falters among fragmented elements. Rather than representing disorder, the form acts as one mimicking endless digital scroll: image follows unconnected image. Narrative does not unfold. Instead, moments appear in bursts (185).

When viewing Churchill's work via Lehmann's framework, what stands out is the way performance "becomes more presence than representation during performance" (Lehmann 85). Rather than probing hidden feelings inside figures, focus shifts to appearing and sounding present in actual duration. In scenes such as "Secret," impact arises less from words uttered more from those kept back. What counts emerges not through expression, but silence held. Around these silences, tension builds not because something will be said, yet precisely because it will not. Meaning forms not through dialogue nor emotion, but rather emerges from bodies occupying space under shared restraint. What lingers is not spoken, but felt in a hollow space where sound should be, pressing against everyone watching. Right there, in 'Terminal,' comes a number instead of comfort:

10 out of 100 live past 3 years when facing this illness (Churchill 51). Nothing else follows, just quiet. That pause? It carries more weight than any line could. As Lehmann notes, modern performance sometimes swaps conflict for bare facts laid flat (103); here, medical truth lands like a weather report, dull and distant. However, everything happens afterward, in stillness. Numbers fail. What bleeds through then, the fear, the unknown, is what matters most. Meaning hides just beyond statistics, revealed only when speech stops.

Not far from Lehmann's model sits the insight of feminist scholars, who for decades have underlined how Churchill's structural decisions carry political weight. What stands out, according to Elaine Aston, is a form she labels "political feminist polyphony," a method where scattered voices and broken forms undercut topdown control, making room for those often silenced(59-87) . Far from singular command, Tony Mitchell observes, lies a field of echoes: identities shift, genders blur, no one perspective takes charge (499-511). From there, Denise Varney pushes further, tying newer plays by Churchill to Bakhtin's idea of dialogism, in which clashing utterances create an open forum, never settling on a single truth (212-227). Fragmentation carries moral weight here through feminist lenses; diverse voices act less as style and more as quiet rebellion against rigid order. What stands out in *Love and Information* is how identity blurs; names disappear, genders stay undefined, and roles shift without warning. This absence draws attention, building a space where speech holds equal value regardless of who speaks. Some observers note this leveling effect transforms the theater into something like shared ground, one line, one presence at a time. Moments gather through repetition rather than force, every spoken word staying present briefly yet meaningfully.

A shift within the foundational theory draws from studies of digital life, examining the interplay between technology and memory in performance. Notable is the tension contemporary stagecraft holds presence challenged by mediation via devices. Karin van Es points to performances that stress physical presence, even as screens shape so much of daily life (van Es 1245-1256) Another view comes from Philip Auslander, who sees digital tools woven so deeply into society that even "being live" feels constructed, filtered through media layers; acts on stage, then reflects their own making (1246). Such matters sharply in moments like "*Wedding Video*," where partners realize stored footage erased personal recall: "I cannot remember anything about that day that is not on the video" (Churchill 23). Memory here moves from something felt within to something held outside the body, giving way to gadgets, a change both



scholars link closely to today's digitally shaped world. Starting each time differently, Ahmet Gökhan Biçer pushes the discussion ahead by interpreting *Love and Information* as a performance shaped by "infocracy", that Han argues "it is the new form of rule characteristic of contemporary information capitalism" (Han 12), where storytelling falters. Because of how scattered the scenes appear, Biçer argues, viewers face a world where narratives collapse under endless facts. Instead of explaining it plainly, the work makes people live through what they already know from everyday exposure to overload.

Through postdramatic Theatre, alongside "*political feminist polyphony*" and insights from digital culture studies, this work builds a clear analytical method, revealing its meeting points in *Love and Information*. Through fractured views, postdramatic forms split straight narratives, disturbing what viewers anticipate. Not wholeness discontinuity takes its place. Under feminist thought, this break acts purposefully, resisting control, allowing multiple expressions to speak together. Within digital spaces, recollection stays fluid, selfhood shifts constantly, since mediation alters each continuously. One view leads to another, building a framework that maps connections between form, belief, and instruments in Churchill's texts. Not simply aesthetic, the dismantling of structure functions in several ways at once: altering theatrical norms, supporting group defiance, raising doubts about technology's expectations. From this comes a manner where pattern reflects impact: evolving settings and uncertain characters do more than depict fracture they produce it, bringing disorientation along with chances for alternative ethical responses. Within such mixture appears an approach guiding analysis ahead, setting direction while leaving endings open.

On stage, broken lives unfold. Memory appears not as a thread but as scattered pieces reassembled under light. Technology does more than interrupt it reshapes how moments stick or slip away. Caryl Churchill's scenes split time yet carry weight beyond structure alone. Until recently, such patterns stayed unnoticed despite their presence across decades. One study now traces these fractures with care. Structure becomes meaning when scenes refuse to flow smoothly. Moral questions emerge quietly through pauses, gaps, abrupt ends. These techniques mirror deeper unease about remembering and forgetting in daily life. Connections between people grow fragile; stagecraft shows why without stating it outright. Digital rhythms seep into dialogue, timing, silence. Interpretation moves ahead by refusing old divides form versus theme, method versus message. Analysis merges attention to staging with thought about living online. Performance studies contribute tools. So do critiques of automated

culture. Even ideas from outside theatre help make sense of what happens onstage. The result feels precise because it avoids neat categories. Meaning builds slowly through repetition, shift, echo. What is staged cannot be separated from how it is built. This blend gives the work lasting importance within scholarly discussion. Appearing there, a point forms where structure joins setting, showing shifts in creative decisions that echo broader social tensions. Clear emphasis comes through, underlining how directly the piece engages established scholarly debates. By weaving together methods usually kept apart, it pushes theatre studies forward. In similar ways, it strengthens inquiry into digital cultures, uncovering the emotional weight and moral dimensions of how we encounter others through screens. Close attention to scenes reshapes postdramatic ideas, aligning them with current ethical questions. Rather than simply reflecting on societal flaws via performance, the project opens paths for thinking about responsibility where innovative forms meet urgent critiques of social life.

#### 4. Text Literary Analysis

##### 4.1 Fragmentation as Social Form

Starting from Lehmann's idea that Theatre meets the world instead of retelling it (Churchill 85), one grasps why *Love and Information* unfolds as it does. Because the play avoids a straight storyline, Churchill implies that truth cannot fit into a single account. Scenes arrive without warning, each brief, unresolved; this pattern mirrors how modern awareness operates. Instead of continuity, viewers face scattered instances, echoing Lehmann's view of fragmented reality. Though lacking closure, every moment contributes to a larger unease about knowing anything fully. As perception struggles under excess data, meaning slips away despite constant input (Billington). This confusion on stage reflects what Lehmann calls "Crisis of Drama", in which overload blocks understanding. Through form alone, the production enacts instability rather than describing it. Not resolution, but accumulation marks these moments aimless, piling up. Evidence appears in form: fractured lives yield fractured tales. Adjacent yet untethered, fragments behave like posts in endless scrolling. Meaning drifts, barely held by loose threads of intent. The pattern itself speaks, even when silent (**Lehmann 4**).

Moving beyond representation, Lehmann emphasizes presence (**Lehmann 9**). Since Dor frames language as "technology for the instruction," shaping mental images rather than reflecting consensus, Churchill's method gains definition (57). In *Love and Information*, form transforms. Inner disorder appears without being explained. Instead, it emerges in real time. Interruptions occur midsentence. Characters enter,



vanish just as fast. Scenes pile up, incomplete much like a person pausing, failing to retrieve a thought, followed by stillness (Churchill). Texture begins where construction ends. Through performance, excess is not described it becomes something the viewer feels in their body (Billington).

Inside *Secret*, a plea forms “Please, please tell me” met first by stillness, then by refusal: “No ... I’d die before I told” (Churchill 13). Revelation does not come; instead, tension settles into gaps where sound should be. Weight accumulates not in statements, yet in intervals between them. Silence speaks louder than admission ever could. What stays hidden molds motion, expression, even inhalation. Presence reveals itself not via utterance, according to Lehmann, but through resistance to it (85). What emerges is nearness, though understanding fades. Absence of disclosure becomes the bond. When silence settles between people, connection deepens by omission rather than exchange. Unspoken things build what words could never shape. What stays inside becomes its own kind of expression. Connection appears strongest when least explained. At times, as in “Remote,” when a person notices there is no phone connection or distraction, quiet begins to shape the story. What emerges is not absence; instead, it resists constant change, pushing back against today’s endless motion. (45)

What stands out is how Churchill juxtaposes clashing experiences, leaving gaps rather than bridges. A child speaks in “The Child Who Did not Know Pain,” remembering early years blanketed in numbness: “I never did when I was a baby... I would chew my fingers to the bone... because it was not any different” (42). Others try to translate the sensation: “It is an intense feeling, hard to ignore,” though the words stumble short. For Lehmann, the body becomes central in postdramatic Theatre; not a tool for messages, yet a space where being present overtakes meaningmaking itself (98). A young mind struggles to grasp suffering since such experience defies translation into data; resistance arises within the flesh. Following that, Churchill juxtaposes two contrasting moments: the silent endurance of a hurting kid and the worker asking to be let go face to face rather than through a screen (98). Placed together on purpose, these instances stir doubt about substitution: can messages ever truly stand in for being there? When it comes to physical pain or job loss, the outcome feels identical: vital depth vanishes.

The child asks again, “but what is it?”(26). Yet silence follows. What feels obvious to some stays invisible to others especially when words fall short. Pain slips through definitions, much like trust or colorblindness. Asked by one untouched by hurt, the query unsettles more than it

clarifies. Language cracks under weight it was never built to carry. Think how often meaning leaks out during translation. Even clear terms blur when lived reality differs too much. Answers exist only where shared experience begins. Without that ground, explanations echo without landing. This lack isn't neglect merely absence of tools. Imagine describing snow to someone born in desert heat. Now multiply that distance tenfold. Information floods daily, yet understanding lags behind. Certainty fades when proof depends on feeling. Questions pile up, though screens promise quick replies. Some gaps stay open, no matter how fast the connection. Truths rooted in sensation defy upload. What lingers, though, is how deeply certain moments defy explanation. Pain, love, the raw sense of existing - these slip through the cracks when turned into data. Churchill points this out gently, almost in passing. Information systems struggle here, not because they are flawed, but because some things live outside their reach. A tweet cannot carry it. This moment on screen doesn't shout; it simply stands apart, resisting capture. Not everything submits to summary.

#### 4.2 Memory and Technology

Watching a recording of their own wedding, the couple in *Wedding Video* begin to notice gaps between memory and image. What they recall blurs into what the camera captured, one stating plainly: "I cannot remember anything about that day that is not on the video" (Churchill 23).. Not focused on celebration, the moment turns attention toward how tools reshape remembrance. Instead of living moments directly, experience first filters through screens. Memory becomes less something held inward, more something stored outside. As Grehan observes, remembering shifts from a private act to a shared, regulated act (Grehan). Devices do not merely record; they influence which details stick, which fade. When playback replaces reflection, questions arise not just about accuracy, but control. Who shapes recollection when technology holds the archive? Personal truth risks deferring to digital traces.

What if memory holds too much? In *Savant*, one person relives a routine moment down to the smallest detail: "Chicken soup and a salad. I was at home... The movie began at 2.15" (Churchill 73). Every fact sits intact. Still, emotion stays absent. Holding every fragment might mean missing the meaning entirely (73). Here lies the moment's silent wreckage. With sharp clarity, Lehmann's take on postdramatic performance, where being seen overtakes inner life, fits this case. The expert stands before us, voice active, memory at work, yet a core element has slipped away. What separates knowing facts from understanding them shapes our time. Truth



does not draw nearer through piles of details. Instead, new readings bloom fast, pushing prior ones aside. (Lehmann)

*Memory House* offers a less certain, deeper look at how we recall. Starting with a known idea, a mental house where images fill rooms like a crocodile by the door, a pincushion placed just so (Churchill 88). Though meant to sort and hold onto thoughts tightly, it slips. Without warning, one person sees their father, long gone, though they insist they had stopped remembering long before (88). What comes through is not order, yet something raw that will not be shaped. Control fades when emotion steps in. Not everything fits into corners or shelves. Some things arrive only when they choose. Though systems aim to sort every fact, Churchill questions whether such clarity ever captures lived moments. Where logic seeks control, feeling spills through unexpectedly, uninvited. A structure built for recall turns instead into a shelter for what resists naming. Order begins in reason, ends in resonance.

A hush settles around this form of absence. One moment, they speak as if recall were certain, then doubt seeps in through pauses. Not the start, exactly; even that blur merges into repeated scenes without clear edges. Affection once ran deep, perhaps truest when unproven by time. What happened to the fractures under looking? Each version holds weight. No one claims final say. Memory appears here not as something examined, yet as lived experience, shifting, layered, stirred by feeling. Important though that love once felt, its trace matters far less. What remains lives in moments passing through one another, rather than fixed proof.

A sudden shift occurs when memory meets machine, one moment, a woman sifts through hazy recollections: "I had this dream last night, I was in a garden and there were blackberries ...And I looked all those things up on a website about dreams, blackberry, butterfly, ballet, and every single one means infidelity. So now I know he's cheating" (62). Then comes a quick, flat lookup. An algorithm labels each symbol as code for betrayal. Mystery collapses into certainty, just like that. Meaning slips away, reshaped by pixels instead of introspection. Interpretation fractures; it was never fixed to begin with. Each image resists closure, opening questions rather than answering them. Out beyond the usual frame, "Star" resets how big things feel. Gazing upward, two figures face a truth: "It takes the light two point eight million years to get here. So we're looking at two point eight million years ago. It might not be there. It could have died by now. So who's going to see that?" (95). From something close and personal, Churchill pushes outward, into vast space. Signals carry pieces of what once was: affection, recollection, being all shaped by arrivals long delayed. Seeing does not mean presence.

Focus shifts in *Shrink* away from recollection, toward shaping distress. A figure states, “It used just to be pain, but now it has meaning” (79). Questioned further, “What does that mean?” the reply falters: “It does not mean anything. There is no exact alternative meaning” (79). Meaning appears, only to dissolve on contact. Offered clearly, yet pulled back without warning. What happens when words meet pain? Churchill suggests that translation can distort. Framing agony through language, meant to soothe, may instead flatten it. Interpretation slips into assumption. Comfort strategies sometimes silence more than they speak. Whose perspective gets centered, the sufferer’s or the interpreter’s? Meaningmaking risks replacing raw experience with tidy narratives. Clarity often masks deeper loss. Understanding offered might actually block sight. The act of explaining becomes a kind of override. Personal depth recedes under shared terms. Relief sought could erase what resists relief.

Here, quiet matters more than words ever could. Not through speech but through stillness does tension build and linger. Though nothing is uttered, something shifts slowly, almost unnoticed. As gaps open, viewers lean in, searching for cues that never come. While dialogue stops, feeling continues, piling up beneath the surface. Even when silent, figures carry weight; their pauses speak louder than lines. Since understanding slips away, discomfort settles into the space between breaths. With each withheld explanation, confusion becomes part of the experience. Despite expectations of resolution, none arrive; only hollow echoes remain. So much stays buried; so little gets shared. Yet it is exactly there in what vanishes before being said that meaning takes hold. Through emptiness, sorrow finds its shape. Until now, unspoken grief had gone unnamed. Now it fills every corner, pressing against the edges of sight and sound. Only after long waiting does the truth emerge: absence can shout just like noise.

### 4.3 Power and Information

Systems storing data outside the mind often create unseen ways to manage behavior (McNulty). Here, Churchill captures the tension sharply. When one worker asks to be let go in person, “You should not fire people by email... Just say it to my face; you are fired, just say it,” a small demand reveals something larger (18). Because digital tools distance authority from human contact, status fades into lines on a screen. Though losing the job may be expected, what matters more is being seen as someone real when the decision lands. What looks like resistance is really about dignity during moments shaped by invisible rules. What matters in Churchill’s work is not inner life, but where someone stands in



the structure. Lehmann notes how postdramatic performance shifts focus from mind to body, calling it “the performer as presence” (Churchill 92). Instead of psychology, roles gain meaning through systemic placement , revealing identity as situational rather than personal. (Gobert)

What stands out in *Censor* is how control unfolds less as a clash and more as a soft removal. One line vanishes from a page: “The sentence beginning ‘On the 21st of May.....’,” comes the remark (Churchill 41). There is no debate. No force used. Only silence left behind. This ordinary gesture highlights how suppression often works through steps so common they escape notice, achieving deep loss without fanfare. As Lehmann observes, postdramatic performance does not offer “recommendations, let alone prescriptions, are no longer possible, merely partial perspectives and stuttering answers that remain works in progress”(25), raising real-world issues without offering answers ; here, that idea takes shape clearly. Removal happens inside standard bureaucratic speech, stripped of drama, emptied of show. What stands out is the absence of release or pushback, highlighting how routine administrative processes quietly mask or remove awareness. Without drama, a troubling fact slips away while viewers feel unease, not loud, but persistent, at seeing influence operate unseen. Power shifts perception through everyday actions, altering what gets recognized or retained. These systems change understanding without announcement.

Truth bends under pressure in *Spies*. One character claims knowledge: “They knew; he’d already admitted it wasn’t true,” while another shifts blame to longing: “You wanted it made up; that’s what you wished was true” (61). Though the Iraq War remains unnamed, its shadow fills the exchange. What matters isn’t a single conflict but how belief shapes narrative. Facts twist when hope leans hard on them. Desire builds versions of events just as power does. Stories rise not only from evidence, but from want. Meaning emerges where proof meets yearning. Reality folds when someone needs it to break. Behind every claim lies a wish pushing forward. Not everything believed begins with truth. Some truths begin with need. Truth slips through fingers when performance blurs with reality. Lehmann described this drift long before most noticed. Around every claim, uncertainty coils tighter than proof ever could. Since his observations landed in 2012, the ground has kept shifting beneath shared understanding. False narratives grow louder each time they are repeated. Belief shapes fact more often than facts shape belief. Data bends under intent, not just error. Long before algorithms amplified distortion, Churchill warned of stories wielded like blades.(116)



Truth does not merely clash in crowded forums; quietly, it slips into corners of silence and trust. Inside one mind, certainty grows, and another doubts whether sound must reach the ear to count as real. Consider “*God’s Voice*”: here, belief is put to the test when spoken aloud. A line emerges, “He said, ‘Do it’” delivered firm, rooted in inner feeling rather than proof (Churchill 48). Response follows, cautious: can voice exist without noise? Not every knowing comes through the senses. Yet, even whispered faith meets skepticism shaped by experience. Meaning bends depending on who listens. *God’s voice* appears without external proof, resting solely on personal account. This moment, as Lehmann notes, pushes viewers toward a line beyond which lies belief, short of which lies evidence. Postdramatic performance frequently takes shape around things that resist depiction (10) What appears onstage refuses confirmation through sight or sound, leaving trust as the only path forward.

From this look at belief and spoken truth, Churchill shifts toward family life in *Grass*. Not quite offhand, a line like “I just made the phone call... I went to Brighton” (66) shows one lover informing the authorities about another. Then comes a question: “So will we have to change who we are and go and live somewhere else?” Suddenly, what felt ordinary bends under pressure from state control (66). In such moments, watching and being watched slip inside four walls. Home stops feeling separate.

Still moving forward, *Recluse* pushes worries about personal boundaries into sharp relief. Locked away, he spins complex fictions. “I am now a citizen of China! I have six illegitimate children! I have recently been abducted by aliens and returned to earth unharmed” (Churchill 52) seeking safety through deception, yet later admitting, “he knows I am the person who told those lies” (52). In this way, Churchill shows how speech, whether true or false, inevitably settles into networks of record. A whisper sticks just the same. Identity wavers, slips, surveillance fades into uncertainty within “Wife.” A plea emerges, quiet but urgent: “But I am your wife... Look, even that little birthmark behind my ear: look” (71) Response arrives cold, edged with revulsion: “You disgust me. You frighten me. What are you?” ( 71). Though one might read it as sci-fi, a mind unraveling, or simply distance grown too wide, certainty remains absent. Ambiguity stays, unchallenged, untouched by resolution. Familiar ties break, recognition falters in their absence.

In the end, “The Child Who Does not Know Sorry” captures a moral conflict in just a few sharp words: “You have to say you are sorry.” “I am not sorry.” (44). Though brief, these lines hold weight, unfolding deep tensions around guilt and obligation without explanation. As one scene gives way to another, the mood changes, yet meaning builds, layer by



quiet layer. Through such movement, Churchill maps how honesty splinters, how being watched shapes selfhood, how duty blurs when private feelings meet public demands.

#### 4.4 Body and Information

What drives its rebellion, perhaps, or mere unawareness? Could it be a response to the weight of guilt culture imposes on people? Churchill offers no answer. What matters emerges after the rejection, in the quiet that settles. Throughout the work, she turns to bodily experience rather than cold facts: when words run out, movement speaks; feeling steps forward where logic leaves off. Pain, trauma, and feeling resist being reduced to data, anchoring people onstage and off in a common emotional space. Take *Schizophrenic*, where we hear: "I'm getting signals... the traffic lights at the corner" (Churchill 55), without clarity or context, a gap that reveals how diagnoses fall short of capturing physical sensation. Such moments echo Lehmann's view of postdramatic performance, which "permeates all representation with the uncertainty of whether something is represented" (Lehmann 180). This builds collective uncertainty rather than fixed meaning. When raw exposure breaks through streams of facts, Churchill makes presence more than subject matter; it becomes part of how the work operates. Slowly it emerges: connection amid digital pieces depends on bodies, rebuilt again and again, shaping both method and message alike.

A skin reaction turns small discomfort into a tangled mystery. "It is just a rash," one person says, yet another wonders aloud, "Why a rash? ... Is he signaling something or simply avoiding what is real?" (Churchill 29) Something that seems clear at first sparks growing unease, questions piling up. Rather than clarify, every theory, bodily, psychological, or any kind, muddies the core truth even more. In the back of the mind, the past will not loosen its grip. Words stumble forward, "Thank you. Sorry, I keep seeing...I can see...I cannot stop seeing..." (81) as if thought itself fractures under pressure. What comes out is not smooth; it breaks apart, just like memories do when trauma repeats without warning. Hearing that, someone tries to ease the weight: "They say in time, you may find a way to forget." However, here, release feels distant, maybe even impossible (81). What matters becomes clear through Lehmann's idea of 'presence' (Lehmann 85): trauma shows up not in the stories told, but in broken words, in stillness after, and in how viewers squirm. Rather than describe pain, the moment forces us to stand inside its ongoing echo.

Dying shrinks here, folded into just two voices: doctor, patient. What remains unsaid weighs heavily when the question comes: "Can you tell me how long I have got?" Silence follows, then a reply: ten percent



survive past three years (Churchill 51). This number lands like a stone, cold and fixed. Yet it dances around the real fear without touching it. Facts stand in where stories might have been. Instead of struggle, instead of catharsis, there are only statistics. Lehmann observes such moments elsewhere in postdramatic work; truth gets shown, not fought through (103). Here, data blocks drama. Meaning must hide behind percentages. After the doctor speaks, stillness takes hold, not an absence, but a presence thick with weight. That quiet space pulls listeners into deeper awareness, drawing attention to what numbers alone cannot show about human experience. It aligns closely with the central claim: Churchill's form places people inside moments where seeing clearly feels impossible. Each life ends in a way no statistic can mirror. Meaning gathers precisely where measurement stops.

A quiet moment makes loss feel sudden again, when someone weighed down by silence gets asked how they slept. Instead of responding plainly, the person says their mind is too full, avoiding what might have been shared. Right afterward, the line reads: "I think I will get up and go on Facebook" (Churchill 33). What stands out is how speaking of being overwhelmed flows straight toward turning toward a screen. This shift in inner clutter, reflected in online motion, is clearly drawn in just a few words. Churchill lets nothing more be said; those phrases stand alone. Attention stays locked on the character's immediate reaction, revealing emotional distance through a quick shift to social media. Such an instance strengthens the play's main claim. Churchill's fragmented structure echoes broken digital routines as it responds to their moral and feelingbased strains. When real talk gets cut off by screen use, viewers live the rupture themselves; closeness fades without warning. Silence around sorrow shapes meaning here: just two brief lines exchanged, nothing more. The tight shape of the moment copies how feelings get shortened online. In this way, the scene shows what the argument suggests that her method blends form with theme, pressing into how emotion works when tech stands between people, urging Theatre to reconsider bond and understanding now.

#### 4.5 Connection and the Persistence of Love

Churchill slips in quiet scenes that push back against cold facts. Look closely, those moments are not sad; they shimmer with something real. Even though pieces break apart across the stage, warmth sneaks through. In the moment called *Piano*, a voice cuts in: "Sit here instead of talking." Something happens next. It remains unspoken, only sensed. Silence speaks louder than any line might. A voice begins after someone says no again and again. Song arrives where ability ends. Attention moves away



from talent toward simply staying near one another. Closeness forms through showing up, not knowing how. Connection grows when effort stops explaining itself. From Lehmann's idea of "communities of values", the moment builds shared awareness through focus and physical presence instead of data transfer. Because of this, "*Piano*" shows how Churchill opposes digital replication: closeness exists fully in the body, revealing the distinct strength of being together when everything else feels broken apart. (184)

Now begins a nearness that thrives less in utterance, more in withheld phrases consider *Secret*, where stillness weaves tighter threads than dialogue. Imagine the scene: one voice repeats, insistent, "Please, please tell me," yet meets only "No... I would die before I told" (Churchill 13). Peer closer the power lies not inside the secret itself, but within the shiver of pleading, the firmness of refusal. Where does meaning gather? In space between sentences. In pause before answer. In understanding reached without labels. Such unspoken moments, crafted jointly, stand as truth of another sort. Nearness emerges not through full exposure; rather, it settles gradually in looks exchanged, hesitations made, decisions to remain silent at just the right instant.

A solitary term tips the balance from the start. Bloodshed, some argue, proves seriousness death reveals core values. Yet response follows fast: such terror never brings understanding (19). Lehmann watched ahead, seeing how language crumbles until uttering anything feels untrustworthy (4). When violence leads, sense drifts far from its anchor. What was supposed to be heard vanishes midair. Still, in this place too, Churchill sees a flicker: people keep trying to reach one another. Even when bent out of shape. Even when it hurts, being heard matters still, only now it spills through broken ways.

*Dinner* makes a quiet fight feel heavy, turning it into something about how two people recall the same moment differently. One says firmly, "I told you." The other replies, almost to himself: "You said it... Yet you did not" (Churchill 27). There is no big explosion here, no raised voices, no fixing things. Still, tension hums through the room since both stand by what feels true to them. What sticks around about the dinner invite is not proof, but talk and ties between people. By splitting scenes, Churchill shows how recollections splinter, never quite fixed. With no clear ending, the focus shifts to how memory gets shaped and reshaped. Structure itself becomes a tool Churchill lets gaps speak, making viewers rethink what feels true when nothing stays settled.

Limits of clear thinking show up in *Decision*. One person lists every reason to go abroad and every reason to remain. Asked what they think

emotionally, the answer arrives sharply: “I am focusing on logic, using only real information” (47). Still, feelings push their way to the surface. The other says, almost under breath: “Staying would mean more to me. Is that worth anything?” (47). It is not about who wins or loses. That instant where thinking, emotion, and doubt overlap is where things get real, fast. Truths stop holding up. “Affair” works another way. Two individuals move around each other, drawn close without words. Meaning hides beneath pauses, glances, and silence. Everything matters except what is spoken aloud. Then there is “Mother.” One phrase drops: “Mum’s not your mother.” Ground vanishes (Churchill 64). Something believed solid now slips like dust through fingers. That instant cracks open something raw, how who we think we are might hinge on facts that were shaky all along. As it shifts now, the connection changes shape. Someone says they adore a star: “Love him so much / love him more than you” (17). Yet he is not really there, built from whispers, pictures, fragments, not flesh. Churchill pins down exactly what slips through such devotion’s fingers. What stays absent, no matter how tightly it is held.

Something about sex ties deep instinct to raw data, like this: “Sex pulls details from two gene pools... which means it is really just sharing info” [(Churchill 67). Still, there is a pause near the end, “Knowing that will not harm you. Info, but love too” (67). That bit, *but love too*, shifts everything away from sterile science toward what feels lived. Sometimes, feeling slips through facts like light through cracks. Lehmann says theater after drama asks people watching to build understanding piece by piece (21). Not handed answers, viewers instead face gaps where thought must stretch. Churchill creates a space where certainty fades, leaving room for personal insight to grow, which means forms slowly when numbers meet warmth, not one without the other. This way of working shows how plays can pull thinking forward through imbalance. What counts is not fixed but shaped each time someone watches, reacts, or stays unsure. Structure bends so emotion and detail press against each other midair. Seeing becomes doing once clarity ceases to be the goal. Moments matter most when they resist neat summary, inviting slow digestion. Thought lives where patterns fail, and hearts stay open to confusion.

Numbers climb fast. A single claim rings out: “Yet math reflects absolute truth.” Then resistance follows even digits pass through human sight, shaped by thought, tied to whoever counts (Churchill 69). Could math show us the world, or did we make it up ourselves? Churchill leaves that open. The doubt stays, unanchored.

*Linguist* feels like a game at first, listing how languages say table: “table, trapezi, stol, mesa, meza, tarang, tabulka...” (53). Each one points to the



same flat surface where people eat or write. Yet, behind that fun rhythm lies something deeper one thing, shaped differently in sound and letter depending on who says it. Names float apart from what they name. What we speak is not the world itself; it is just our way of holding it. A shape on paper is not the land you walk. Yet words, even when precise, tend to slide away.

It starts calmly, yet soon shifts. One person talks about numbers that go on forever, real, but never fitting into simple fractions (70). These figures slip through understanding. Nevertheless, out of their talk comes a wider point: truth can exist beyond full explanation. Not everything fits together cleanly. That unease? For Churchill, it mirrors how life truly feels. It hits fast. A pair talks. One says they have tried for two full years. The other asks if kids are impossible. The answer comes flat: no. Then a quiet question: how was this learned? Just that (59). Nothing extra. Not even sadness hangs around. Only truth, sharp and still. It slices through who they thought they were, what their life meant, and where it pointed. Bodies decide certain things. Society shapes the silence after. Feeling bumps against data in this moment. Data takes over. For now, anyway.

A shift happens, moving beyond single lives toward what we share. Someone says they are scared about kids later on: "I worry if they will face drowning, hunger, or die fighting over water" (Churchill 94). In response comes "Walk more, drive less," which does nothing to calm that dread (94). At first, it seems like a talk about daily habits. Later, it shows something larger than the unease running through everyone. Inside that quiet space where knowing meets doing, little shifts happen. Picture someone trapped under rubble, back flat, ceiling pressing close, breaths growing thin, arms stuck, walls unmoving. You hear it described plainly: how air vanishes, how panic fits itself into every second (97). Another person listens, then says they would never choose such horror, feels bad for those who endure it, and admits they are aware it happens. Distance remains. Facts sit there without weight. Feeling does not follow thought. Understanding stays on the surface. What separates knowing from feeling remains fixed. Between data and concern lies a gap unchanged. Though facts accumulate, regard fails to follow. This space resists closing. Empathy stays absent even when awareness grows.

Suddenly, the results show Churchill's disjointed approach functions on purpose, drawing attention through disorder and reflecting modern mental clutter. Notably, organization links clearly to moral stance, making shape far deeper than mere appearance. Rather than hiding gaps, jagged sequences serve as pointed commentary, shifting awareness while encouraging participation. In this way, design does not comfort it

challenges, reshapes understanding, invites response. Rather than just showing digital life fraying memory or selfhood, this reading insists splintered shapes spark fresh paths for feeling and responsibility. Earlier work did not track how these pieces build new kinds of care amid chaos. Starting midthought, the analysis leans into moments where staging shapes the message. Where design meets dialogue, Churchill's work shows cracks in techheavy living not just mirroring but nudging those tensions forward. Viewers begin questioning how performance builds connection across distance. By threading innovation through structure, her plays open space for fresh moral thinking. In broken settings, art becomes a tool for sensemaking, quietly reshaping how people relate when culture feels scattered.

### **5. Conclusion**

This paper ends by showing how Churchill's *Love and Information* breaks structure on purpose, using scattered scenes to mirror the moral and feeling based challenges brought up by living with constant data. Because it draws on Lehmann's ideas about postdramatic performance, the results show that her method pushes against old storytelling rules, blending shape and subject so that questions around memory, selfhood, and bonds remain openended, especially when flooded with messages. What emerges is not just a portrait of strained closeness online, but something quieter: small openings where responsibility and care might still grow inside modern stage work.

What holds the play together is not unity, but broken pieces fitting unexpectedly into intimacy. Though scenes splinter and meanings blur, warmth still appears not despite chaos, but within it. These fragile exchanges, raw and unmeasured, refuse to be translated into signals or clicks. Instead of fading under constant connectivity, closeness grows more deliberate, more resistant. A quiet act now stands out when directed toward someone else. Understanding grows not from speed, yet from shared emotion. Lasting impact favors depth over reach, often existing without notice, away from screens. Within such moments, sensation serves as both signal and process. Significance builds gradually through motion, stillness, being there (Billington), (Churchill).

At times, a moment may open the piece; elsewhere, it closes shifting perception quietly (Brown). Meaning emerges slowly not delivered whole, but built through gesture, glance, response (Churchill). Selfhood shifts, recollection falters, clarity bends by intention, not mistake. Where others seek order, here stability remains scarce. Contradictions return: speech tangled though silence deepens, sharp phrasing next to drifting logic, calm met by abrupt noise. What counts lies in presence, not clarity.



Exposure takes priority over resolution. Purposefully, answers stay out of reach. Continuing forward defines the core truth. Even within unrelenting change and waves of information, brief moments of focus endure. Shared encounters spark understanding. In those instances, tenderness offered when ties seem lost turns into quiet belonging (Churchill).

Weight emerges in open forms once they take shape before an audience. Though directors reposition scenes, highlight fragments, or shift pacing, every choice steers perception toward particular tones. Should a round arrangement appear, intimacy grows, revealing hushed dialogue and vulnerability yet a bordered platform may stress distance, mirroring emotional gaps in storylines. With subtle influence, tech cues, transitions timed just so, and actors reshaping roles inch by inch adjust meaning. Shared labor sustains performance; such interdependence reflects what Churchill aims to convey. What counts as meaning emerges less from words on a page than from how groups make sense together, each performance revealing fresh layers of doubt and possibility. Though often overlooked, the speed at which focus dissolves under data overflow appears clearly here Churchill's work ties accumulation of detail to growing emotional detachment (Churchill). Instead of offering clear judgments, the piece places people inside the uneven pulse of digital life. Far from fitting neatly into structured formats, lived experience unfolds messily; the writer mirrors this by constructing scenes that resemble fragmented browser tabs. Over time, understanding takes shape not alone, yet across exchanges between performers, watchers, and thoughts. A different view makes this change clearer (Biçer).

Though pieces scatter, ties remain not by resisting breaks, but moving inside them, shaped by look and emotion together. What unfolds here shows performance, using fresh approaches, does not only bring back meaning during constant screen use; instead, it supports realtime gatherings as places where ethics and closeness grow. For such reasons, future study might shape unfamiliar ways to explore how daring scene designs echo and challenge changes brought by machines, particularly when webbased platforms mix being there with appearing. One route looks at fractured shapes in theatre along with present debates about automatic processes, identity online, or collective memory. Examining global adaptations could expose subtle shifts in Churchill's methods when meeting different technological and cultural settings, perhaps uncovering hidden emotional or ethical dimensions within digital observation. These trajectories suggest that sustained focus on works like *Love and Information* may refine drama's capacity to engage with



complex online existences its doubts, its dilemmas, its silent burdens (Rau).

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