

**november 12, 2013**

Magnificence, intense poetry, slow, muted battles between men and women, between bodies and objects, voices tell of wars, with Don Quixote and his horse, like an obstinate puppet in the toil of his dreams, with a woman wearing a cinched white dress in a Rembrandt-like chiaroscuro, perhaps... Here, beings and objects are made on the same stuff as dreams; we no longer know who moves the other, frames or bodies. Voices recite Ovid, le Tasse or Pavese, tales and musics form, and rise onstage in one of the most beautiful dramatic poems that we have had occasion to see, so cobbled together, so poor in its means. We are “told” nothing, but hear all the terrible whirring of the world.

We would need much time to talk about this “Passim” in which François Tanguy and his Théâtre du Radeau (Theatre of the Raft) continue on their unyielding quest of the furtive and the enduring, and of a theatre where time itself seems amongst the substance where images and sounds settle in, gently. The grave-faced actors appear as puppets, dummies, ghosts. The Théâtre du Radeau's production is a great, a truly great, show. It grabs us. It strikes us. We shall speak more of this later, and better than here in these few quick words. But since Tadeusz Kantor left us, no one has been able to celebrate, as François Tanguy does, such a vivacious and engaging theatre, one of death, of shadow.