

# Le Monde

Extracts from *Le Monde*  
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*Passim*, running until December 14<sup>th</sup> before going on tour in 2014 and being presented at the Festival d'automne, enters into a category that denies the very notion of *a show*. It is an experience, one of those moments where all references are erased, where all certitudes fly away, except that of the *here and there*, to use one of the possible translations of *passim*.

There are one hundred and thirty seats in the theatre. François Tanguy sticks to this small number “because looking produces action” he says, and for this to happen, the audience must be in close proximity to the stage. As always, the stage is filled with a disorder of wood panels that, as the sequences unfold, create unimaginable spaces, as if sedimented by time, the time that François Tanguy probes to find that which is most secret and revealing: the time of theatre, literature and music. Because all moves together in *Passim*, sounds, words, movement, light, all come together to create a complete vision of what could be a performance. And, at the same time, all is broken up. It is not about following a storyline, but about accepting flashes of brilliance.

It opens with the appearance of a woman in an old-fashioned black dress. She says “Look! There, flush with the ridge...”. It is *Penthesilea*, by Kleist, the first of many authors we will hear: Marlowe, Ariosto, Shakespeare, Flaubert, Molière, Le Tasse, Pavese, Ovid... Each author is accompanied by a composer: Beethoven, Bruckner, John Cage, Penderecki, Rameau, Handel, Ligeti... Their union is so intimate that they carry music and text in the same movement, murmured, proclaimed, recited, in a style that could often seem false, just as the postures of the actors go against nature.

But this is where the miracle comes in: we seem to dive into an archaic night of theatre, filled with characters, funny, mean or childish, and haunted by the sounds and furies of the world springing up before our eyes, like incandescent lava.

If only one image could be kept, it would be the scene where King Lear has called his daughters to share his kingdom. Upon realizing that his favorite child, Cordelia, will not play her father's game of flattering him by gushing with praise and devotion, Lear beats his head against the table and, in this movement, reveals all the abandon of a man who knows he is finished. And all his mystery, too. Little does it matter that we had just a few minutes of King Lear. We had it all.