

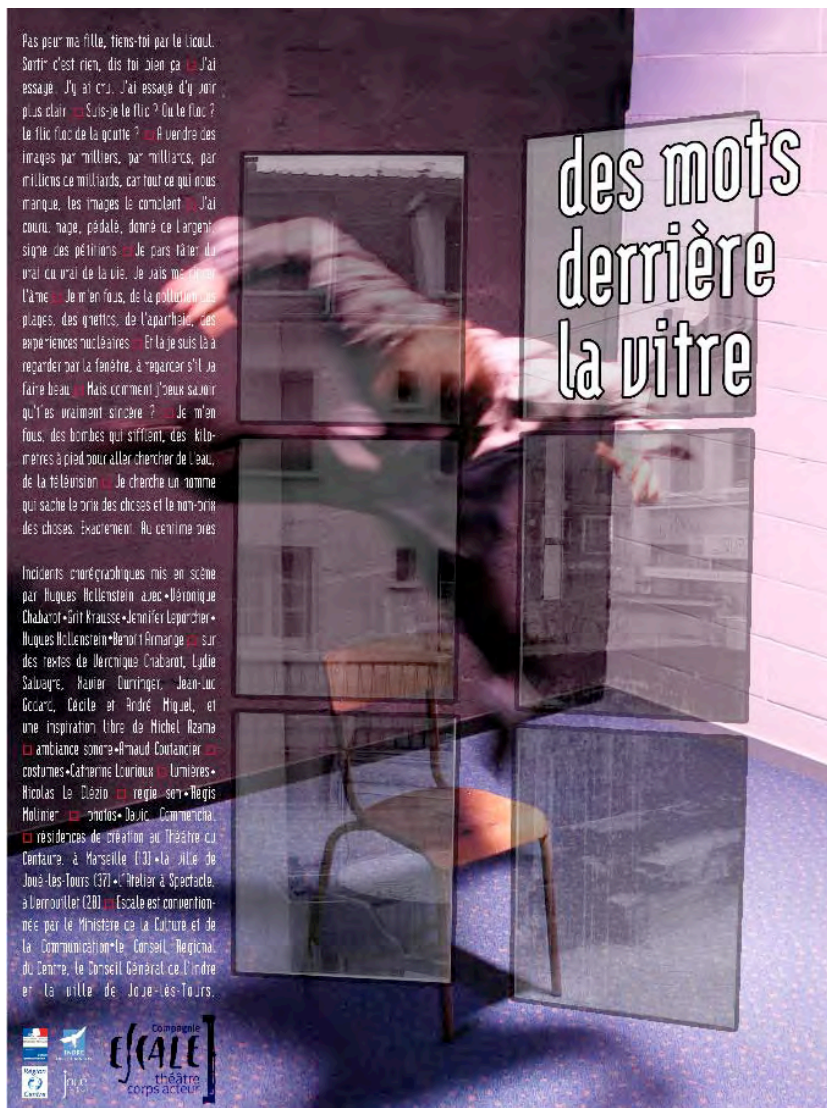


des mots derrière la vitre

création 2004
reprise 2006

texts

incidents chorégraphiques mis en scène par Hugues Hollenstein



Pas pour ma fille, tiens-toi par le licou.
Sortir c'est rien, dis toi bien ça. J'ai
essayé. J'y ai cru. J'ai essayé d'y voir
plus clair. Suis-je le flic ? Ou le flic ?
Le flic flic de la goutte ? A vendre des
images par milliers, par milliers, par
millions de milliards, car tout ce qui nous
manque, les images le comblent. J'ai
couru, nage, pédalé, donné ce l'argent
signe des pétitions. Je pars faire du
vrai du vrai de la vie. Je vais me faire
l'âme. Je m'en fous, de la pollution, des
plages, des q nettois, de l'apartheid, des
expériences nucléaires. Et la je suis là à
regarder par la fenêtre, à regarder s'il va
faire beau. Mais comment j'ose savoir
qu'il est vraiment sincère ? Je m'en
fous, des bombes qui sifflent, des kilo-
mètres à pied pour aller chercher de l'eau,
de la télévision. Je cherche un homme
qui sache la vraie des choses et le non-vrai
des choses. Exactement. Au centime près.

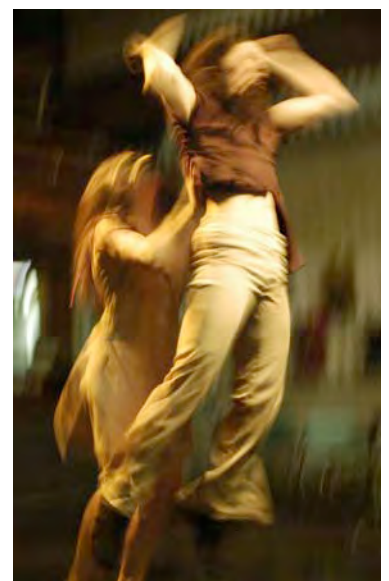
Incidents chorégraphiques mis en scène
par Hugues Hollenstein avec •Uéronique
Chabarat •Grit Krausse •Jennifer Leporcher •
Hugues Hollenstein •Benoit Armange • sur
des textes de Uéronique Chabarat, Lydie
Salvayre, Xavier Durringer, Jean-luc
Godard, Cécile et André Miguel, et
une inspiration libre de Michel Azama
• ambiance sonore •Arnaud Coutancier •
costumes •Catherine Louroux • Lumière •
Nicolas Le Clézio • régie son • Régis
Molinier • photos • Jojo Commercial
• résidences de création au Théâtre du
Centaur, à Marseille (13) • La Ville de
Joué-les-Tours (37) • Atelier à Spectacle,
à Dourville (20) • Escala est convention-
née par le Ministère de la Culture et de
la Communication • Conseil Régional
du Centre, le Conseil Général de l'Indre
et la ville de Joué-les-Tours.



with : Uéronique Chabarat, Jennifer Leporcher, Grit Krausse, Benoit Armange, Hugues Hollenstein
based on texts by Uéronique Chabarat, Lydie Salvayre, Xavier Durringer, Jean-Luc Godard, Cécile and André Miguel, and inspired from Michel Azama
Light Nicolas Le Clézio - sound : Régis Molinier

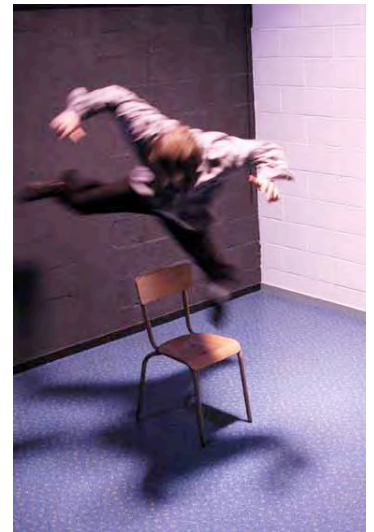
Excerpt from « SAS » by Michel Azama

- Tell me sister.
- Yeah!
- Tell me your funniest memory.
- It's too long ago.
- Tell me about your life.
- My life before here.
- Make me laugh sister. Drain off my gloomy thoughts.
- Before I did that bloody stupid thing. Before the daft girls depositry.
- I won't ever see a man again.
- You could fall in love with a tree. Then your bad luck is over for real. Bad luck sticks to one's life.
- No fear girl, keep in control. To be released is nothing, believe me. It's when you set a foot outside that the worst starts falling on your head.
- Do you barter tobacco for stamps?
- Admit you're scratching your burns to forget your fear. Just a few hours to go and your door will open. At the end of the night you're back in the wider world.
- Life again, I go shopping, I go to the pub. I'll be served like an ordinary person. Will I know how to pay? Lost the habit of notes and coins and doors to open.
- First time you're out you feel stupid facing doors as if you were waiting for a screw to come to open them.
- I 'm off for a taste of real life. I'll rinse my soul. I leave you my plant pots, pips of avocado, grapefruit, date stones. Everything took root, everything grows. I have green fingers. I used to listen to the growing grass and the grass used to watch me living. Maybe I was better off, here.
- Your misery merged into the others' misery.
- Strange place there, between two worlds. My box will open and I'm no present for anybody.
- Don't turn round, it brings bad luck.



Excerpt from « I don't know what ... » by Cécile and André Miguel

I am a quiet being. A peaceful being. I have restrained my nerves. I see myself as I am (hurriedly). I listen. I listen to myself. I feel. I feel myself. I live my self. I laugh my self. I peel myself. I spell myself. I weigh myself. I skin myself. (he laughs) (slowly) I crinkle myself. I un-crinkle myself. I am my own cop. Am I the cop? or the clip-clop? The clip-clop of the water drop? (hurriedly). The drop. Clip-clop, clip-clop, clip-cop. The drop bores through the wall. I have a piercing voice. Clip-clop. It bores through the wall. I am the cop. I am the clip. My voice sounds click. My voice sounds cop. I have a voice that bores. I have a piercing voice. My voice makes borings into bodies. It makes borings into hearts. It sounds clip, it sounds cop. It makes clip clip clip clip clip clip in the wall. There, there. In the wall. Can you hear it? I call the inspector (he laughs). Inspector, Sir, Inspector!



Excerpt from « Publicités » by Véronique Chabarot

Hi ! How are you doing? What's your name?

Do you know that thanks to your new magazine "TV Cool Kids" you can get a free pair of super baseball boots, hand-sewn guarantee. Thanks to you a child will sleep on a full stomach.

Madam, with you wipie,
You home gets cleanie-cleanie shiny
You buy, you throw away, you spoil the planet
Don't worry, our neighbours of no-place-ville
Will clean the mess.

Sir, your banker has faith in you
Do grant him one minute of your life and ...your evasions, aspirations, underwear selections,
Sliced onions, transactions, transplantations, play-stations,
He cares for your existence, finance, balance and unbalance.
Sir, your banker is thanking you.

Excerpt from « against » by Lydie Salvayre

For sale, water, sky, love without pain, desires without delay, great economic happiness.

For sale, revolt, press OK,

For sale, our skin, at a reasonable price,

For sale, battery-raised transgenic children,

For sale, batch of fears upgraded to dogmas,

For sale, on promotion radioactive stocks, magnetic wrist-tagging of the villains, underground car-parks complete with videophones, euphoria in tablets, radio-telescopes, air-tight office towers, stubborn stupidity delivered on screens and computers where human hopes are laid to rest.

For sale, images by the thousand, by the billion, by the trillion, since all our shortfalls can be made good by images.

For sale, our product-line destinies, it's cheaper, and similar profitable junk stuff.

I am looking for a man, ladies and gentlemen.

I am looking for a man who knows exactly the price and the non-price of things.

Exactly. To the nearest cent.



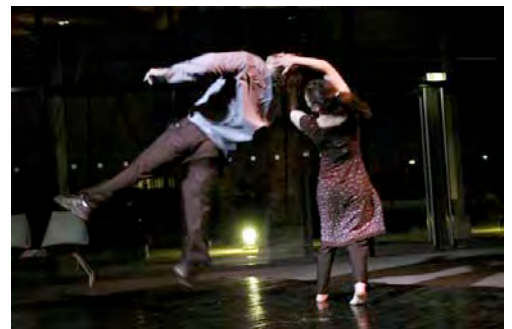
Excerpts from « chronicles » by Xavier Durringer.

I don't care, I don't care about all that's going on, the world and all that. I don't care about the fall of the Berlin wall and the Russians. I don't care about the cambodian children, I don't care about Yugoslavia, Azerbaijan, Armenia, unemployment, I don't care about the Kurdish problem, the thirty second parallel, I don't care about the Chinese, Tien An men and the annexation of the East Germans and the West Germans, the homeless, thirty millions in the United States, I don't care about the North-South problem, East-West, milk and butter, famine in Ethiopia, Somalia, army problems, bombs and camps, dissidence, chickens in Cuba, fishermen in Canada, English sheep, water-sharing, I don't care, about coke in Columbia, vietnamese boat-people, about the Khmers Rouges, the white Russians, I don't care. I don't care about the Vietnam veterans, about Algeria, Korea, suicide in Sweden, ice-trapped penguins, stranded whales, mutilated apes, rabid dogs, I don't care, about coups d'états in Africa, the Human Rights League, the blue helmets of UNIFIL, about Lebanon, immigrants, I don't care about protests, plane crashes, downturns at the Stock-exchange, about the monetary collapse, I don't care, about angry farmers, about the overflowing Nile, about collapsing monuments, about the Indians, the Lapp problem, the favelas, persecutions, political refugees, about the Turkish problem, I don't care, about rehabilitation, forgiveness , I don't care, I don't care about the arabo-persian problem , and sino-japanese one, about Lebanon, about all cartels, and inflation, about cigarette butts collectors in Egypt, about garbage dumping, about the sky crust, the ozone layer, the extinction of the elephants, about incarcerations, sentences, summary executions, about the settling of scores, about central America, about vanishing green spaces, and the disappearance of the Amazone rain forest and of some sister nuns, I don't care about the pollution of the beaches, about ghettos, apartheid, nuclear tests, about the Pacific, no fish left in the Mediterranean, about federal states, about seriously ill persons with little sores, about the rise of fascism, the communist renewal, the fall of the West, the hegemony of the West, about the former ottoman empire, I don't care, I don't care about the problem of bulls, of bull fights, of crack, of the crash, about the memories of the elders, about new hopes, New Age, religions, ethnic groups, about freemasons, adepts of scientism and others, I don't care, about whining bombs, earthquakes, forest fires in Corsica, avalanches, hurricanes, typhoons, atrocities, about the Palestinians, the jewish State, Rwanda, Zimbabwe, Surinam, about Venice sinking down, about commandos, murderers, serial killers, supermarket massacres, child prostitution, white slave trade, I don't care, about dope, syringes, AIDS, rigged boxing matches, slaughtered kangaroos, infection, yellow fever, tse tse fly, about toxics dumping, vomit, bullet removal, shrapnel, amputation shown live, about couple problems, orgasm, electric chair, revolver on the temple, about the fifty kilometre walk to collect water, about the television, I don't care.



Excerpt from « Theatre and love » by Jean-Luc Godard

- And for instance, when you make love, is it theatre for you ?
- Oh certainly not. Definitely not! Oh no! That has nothing to do with it.
- What then, you don't get any fun out of it? It's no pleasure for you?
- Why? Why?
- Since you love comedy ...
- But I ...I can love, well ...to be an actress and I can love to make love ... one is not exclusive of the other, excuse me! That has nothing to do with it. These are two totally, hum ... distinct things ...
- If you had to choose, what would you choose?
- To make love. To make love.
- Strange, I always fear you're putting on an act.
- No, I can assure you, for instance, well ...you know that I love you and when, when ...when I really tell you that I love you, I am very sincere ... and I think it for real.
- But how can I know you're not acting ?
- I gave proof of my love to you already... there are concrete things ... things that exist between us ... for sure! And all that is beyond comedy!
- What is love for you?
- Love is what I feel for you.
- No think about it before answering.
- I assure you that ...
- Think about what it really means for you before answering.
- Really, love, hum ...what I feel for you, all that's inside me for you, it's ... it's love ...it's really love!
- No, don't talk about me, talk about yourself only!
- But how do you expect...? I don't know, do I ? I don't know how to speak of love. To speak of love is to speak about the rapports between two beings ...do you get it, love, it's ...it's oneself in relation with someone else, well ..., I don't know, do I ...
- By the way Pierre called yesterday, from Düsseldorf. He's back tonight.
- Ah ...and you'll sleep with him?
- If he asks me, maybe.
- ah ...



Excerpt from « Stories of men » by Xavier Durringer?

I've been bruised more than once if you look at it and I swallowed anything. I've swallowed tons of tabs and pills of all kinds of shapes and colours too. Some to find sleep, some to cool down, some to wake up with a smile, others to forget, others to stimulate, and contraceptive ones and royal jelly and ginseng roots and vitamins from A to Z and products for the skin and oils and creams and cucumber and all kind of fruit face packs and facial scrub and fragrant pastes and rubbery ones. I practised breathing exercise, relaxation techniques, all kinds of yogas and mantras and prayers and contemplative phases and Chinese boxing, and Tai-chi in the Bois de Boulogne. I ran, swam pedalled, jumped, climbed rocks, practised at the barre, and exercised my back suppleness, practised stretching techniques and stomach-and-buttock muscle-building and parlour mini dumb bells, liveness diets, grapes and pineapple diets. I read books about the Orient, I went and listened to gurus in flats. I visited churches, temples and mosques, synagogues and other temples. I perused the bible, re-read the Greeks. I 've had faith in cards, the tarots of Marseilles and the Yi-King. I've seen clairvoyants and witch-doctors, I came across fortune-tellers and passing-by gypsies. I listened to magicians and astrologers and astronomers and the stars, and comets and novae, the theory of relativity and time and seen people who'd seen saucers and others who were getting out of their body, the famous astral voyage. I've devoted myself to hypnosis, I threw myself into Buddhism and tao. Re-read the sufi poets and the Song of Songs. I went on pilgrimages, through mazes. I got involved in politics, came across humanists, freemasons, enlightened characters, initiates. I 've had faith in fights, humanitarian or others, for disarmament, for peace, for human rights, I gave money, signed petitions, I stuck bills, I ran around to meetings, I supported, I went on strike, I carried cards, attended reunions, was on the markets, I talked for hours in cafés, I marched on the boulevards, I sang, I chanted, carried banners, stuck stickers, I went on hunger strikes, I committed myself, I uncommitted myself, I gave back my cards, tore my commitments. I've had rows, I revolted, I gagged myself, I've pretended to be dead on the square and made love about everywhere. I read Marx and Kant and Nietzsche and Jung and Machiavelli to start with. I abstained from making love for over a year then made it everyday by pair or more, men and women. I tried? I believed in it. I tried, you wouldn't believe how I tried to understand it all, to see more clearly. And here I am, looking out of the window, wondering if the weather will be fine.

