

# A POETIC EXPERIENCE OF THE WORLD

by Jean Lambert-wild  
(testimony collected by Claudia Galhós)

# CHAPTER I

## A PERSONAL HISTORY OF THEATRE

### THE DISCOVERY OF THEATRE AS THE HOUSE OF MAGIC

I don't speak about revelation, that would imply a kind of religious mystique which I don't have. For me revelation means discovery, in the sense that with theatre I discovered a place I was searching for, even without knowing that I was searching for it. I grew up in a tropical climate, on the French island of Réunion (located in the Indian Ocean, east of Madagascar). I am Creole. My childhood was nourished by heroic figures, discoverers and explorers. I wanted to be a marine captain and when I arrived in France, in the metropolis, when I was 17, I was completely lost. I felt as if I was living in a world without magic, a world that created a sense of religion but not of magic.

I believe in magic in my environment. The magic of communication that can exist between certain elements, independently from being between trees, rocks, man... When I arrived in the metropolis I had the impression of being in a desperate world, empty of that magic which is so important for a poet. So I searched for a 'Terra Incognita' and became aware that I could reinvent the fantastic world about which I dreamt repeatedly on the stage.

Until that moment, the idea I had of theatre was too

reductive a conception. I thought of the theatre as an expression of the bourgeoisie. When I saw the play "Three Sisters" by Chekhov directed by Matthias Langhoff, I understood it could be more than I had imagined. It has many more possibilities of being reinvented... in the fables, in History, in the social, in the amorous... I was a boy without any theatrical experience, but this has allowed me to create another thing. I didn't become a marine. I dedicated myself to theatre, which is what I do, as a kind of navigator. What interests me is to create expeditions and search for adventures.

There, in the theatre, I am a poet. I have that happy vanity to think that I have a work of art to create. It started when I was 17 years old. I named this first creation, which will accompany all my life, "Hypogeum". This work is a *corpus* of things. I call it a fable, made up of different elements. It has three 'Epics': one has already been written, called "Splendeur et Lassitude du Capitaine Marion Déperrier Épopée en deux Époques et une Rupture" (1999) [in English: "Splendour and Lassitude of Captain Marion Déperrier - Epic in two Epochs and one Rupture"]. There is a second one, "La patrie des taupes" [in English, "Land of the moles"], which is being written now. They are inspired by family figures from my childhood. Because all those people who were around me seemed to have a fantastic and mythical quality in their character.

*[In 1990, Jean Lambert-wild started the construction of his "Hypogeum", a complex work*

*that he wrote and directed on stage, consisting of three 'Confessions', three 'Melopoeia', three 'Epics', two 'Exclusions', a 'Dithyramb' and 326 'Calentures'. "Hypogeum" is being done throughout his life and some of the artwork will only be revealed after his death.]*

I would say all the pieces of "Hypogeum" have a logic related to the organisation of my memory, in an environment where I talk with phantoms. In 'Melopoeia', there is a first, particularly important one for me called "Mue, Un discours de Sereburã, accompagné d'un rêve de Waëhipo Junior et des mythes de la communauté Xavante d'Etênhiritipa" (2005) [In English "Mue, a speech by Sereburã, accompanied by a deram of Waëhipo Junior and myths of the Shavante community Etênhiritipa"]. I went to work and live for a long time with the wise indigenous people of the Pimentel Barbosa reserve in Matogrosso, Brazil. We were hosted by the community of wise men and it was a real communion achieved through dreams. It lasted for a number of years and at the end, we did a show that was mute. Text was avoided. It was an organisation between my text and the dreams and fables of the indigenous shaman of the community of Pimentel Barbosa. They gave me a name. I am called *Waëhipo*, I think it means boar but it is mainly the name of the warrior who adopted me and I became kind of part of the family, so I was called *Waëhipo Junior*. Because it is a warrior tribe, I am now *Rotiwã Oporê*, which means 'the chief of war from the other side of the sea'. That is why one part of what I am creating is a phantasmatic autobiography. My life is constructed in that

piece without constraint. The second one is “La Mort d’Adam” (2010) [In English “Death of Adam”], which retakes a very strange but founding fragment of my childhood.

There will be a third ‘Melopoeia’ which is very particular, on which I have been working for ten years. The first is called “Tête perdue au fond de l’Océan” [In English “Lost head at the bottom of the Ocean”] and the second one “Le Jardin des éponges” [In English “The Garden of Sponges”]. They relate to something that has always been haunting me, submarines and the idea of going into the abyss. Mentally, the abyss represents a great depth. “Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea” by Jules Verne is fundamental in the memory of my childhood. So, “Le Jardin...” has the desire to create a piece with the wives of men who work in submarines. It is about all which rises to the surface of human feeling, the fear of absence, the loss of sailors. And I hope to make “Tête perdue au fond de l’Océan” as a theatrical concert inside a French nuclear attack submarine.

## ALL IS POSSIBLE

All is possible. Until now, everybody has been saying that I will not be able to create this piece on the submarine. But I also heard that it would be impossible to live for some time with the Brazilian indigenous community... was possible. Everything is possible, it just needs commitment, it needs to be built and turned into reality. The third part of my life theatrical project is ‘Confession’, which is more intimate.

The first one is already written, it is called "Grande Lessive de Printemps" [In English "Spring Great Washing"]. It speaks mainly of my relation with disability. I used to suffer from speech aphasia. There was a moment of absence in my adolescence because of that, but it resulted in something different being constructed in me in relation to language and also in the way of conceptualising the world and my environment. In this context I created "Grande Lessive de Printemps" and "Crise de nerfs - Parlez-moi d'amour" [In English "Nerve crisis - Tell me about love"], which we continue to present.

The core of "Hypogeum" is that we can pick it up whenever we want. Alongside that there are two 'Exclusions'. They are written, but kept secret and won't be revealed until the day I die. There is a great circle that connects everything, called 'Dithyramb'. It makes three threes, three threes, three threes, two points...

*[this is the moment when Jean is designing  
geometric circle figures on a piece of paper  
while speaking...]*

The great circle is the 'Dithyramb', which is a sort of great picaresque mural, where there is a mix of many things, in a way similar to what Frankétienne does in his great frescoes. A sort of great verbal delirium. And next to it there is the 'Calenture'. This is a French word which means 'the delirium which affects certain seamen, because of lack of water,

nourishment, fatigue, lack of vitamins...' They get caught in a nervous delirium, they feel the need to sing, dance and an impressive desire to throw themselves into the sea. They tie their hands to the ship to prevent themselves from doing so. For example, there is a possibility that Ulysses had an attack of *calenture* when he heard the mermaids. It's a disease that has not existed for some time now, but it was very well known in the past.

Most of the performances I do - and 'performance' is a term I don't like - are to show that theatre is a space for mutation which has the possibility of influencing and metamorphosing all the spaces around it. It is the only space for possible mutation with the capacity to include all media. It is a magic medium which can take all and any kind of media and organise it the way it desires or needs to. I have in the piece a very singular clown that makes up 'Calenture'. When a person is in that state astounding things may happen. For example I did a 'Calenture' about microgravity and another one at the bottom of a pool... I did 40 of them, and we produced them regularly and sometimes it was very amusing. It can become a kind of experience of a strange clown to whom strange stories happen. It's great fun. So, "Hypogeum" regroups all that I have been describing. And 'Calenture' as a part of "Hypogeum" is located in what we call the 'Ecmnésie'. This is a moment related to memory, «a hallucinatory evocation of past events, with forgetfulness of recent events», where there are other shows that allow me to develop the conception of theatre I believe in. Through "Hypogeum"

I can go back and forth in the chronological order of the works I created. It may seem complex but I would say it has an ecological organisation. If you get into it, you see there is a bigger part, and there are particles... It is always strange, it is not finished, it started as I said when I was 17 years old. Now things start to merge...

## CHAPTER II

### THEATRE IS WHERE MEMORY COMES TO LIFE

#### WE WILL TALK TO THE TREES

One work of art creates a territory, and goes forward to another. It is an idiom and it is an imaginary place with stations, moments of perdition. Sometimes we have to accept being lost. I am passionate about science and we live in a tremendous era where we are always discovering something. What? We discover what we already know by wisdom, but we have a tendency to forget: we are in permanent interconnection. There are visible interconnections, and there is 'the world of the invisible'. But this world of the invisible is as pertinent as the visible one. It is simply the principle of a 'radio'. Consider the human being as a radio: we capture different everyday frequencies, for example the frequency of sound, of the voice. I say, I am a radio. Sometimes I am a deranged radio, other times an amplified radio. I understand and receive other frequencies.



I am interested in the chimera of saying to myself that one day I will be able to talk to a tree. I am interested in the life of bees. I am interested in things such as the fact that our bodies produce radiation. There are also scientific concepts that completely change our metaphysical power. We know that we regenerate perpetually. I am in permanent transformation. And the work of art that I decided to create is a resistance of the memory to that transformation. Let's take as an example the fact that we have cells. In these cells we have a micro-bacteria called mitochondria, and it is this bacteria that allows for the synthesis of energy and makes each of us a living being. This symbiosis that happens at a given moment and starts from the cell of a bacteria is genial.

Mitochondria is memory space. With some amusement, I would say that I make theatre for the mitochondria. I try to remind the spectator of the mitochondria, which is invisible, through all the magic games that theatre offers. Magic of the verb, magic of signs, magic of memory. For me theatre is not a place of the present, it is a place of memory. Everybody says that in live performing arts we exist in the moment. I am not in the immediate. I think that does not even exist. It is a futility, a foolishness. Every day the present is a reorganisation of memory between a past, an action, and an already conceived future. It is this connection, this friction which is interesting. It is in this friction that we find the need for poetry because this poetry is the spermaceti which exists in whales. «Spermaceti is a wax most often found in the head cavities of whales.» One theory for the spermaceti

organ's biological function is that it allows the whales to go to great depths. If they did not have this oily substance their brain would explode [*Note: in science it is called 'buoyancy', an upward force exerted by a fluid that opposes the weight of an immersed object or, in this case, animal*]. Poetry can be related to this idea in the sense that it is a way of conserving the world. It is not necessary to forbid anything.

## A POEM WRITTEN ON MARS

In the field of nonsense or proving the impossible can happen, there is the real possibility of writing a poem on Mars. It's very simple. How can you send a poem to Mars? It is just taking the opportunity of using the programme NASA offer each time they send a new robot to Mars. There is this childhood joy of believing that every day the world is a conquest. A conquest of the spirit, not through arms. For a long time I have been passionate about spacial conquest. I would say it's the armed arms of our solitude. A probe in space sends us a perspective of ourselves. It allows us to better perceive our situation, our solitude, our isolation, precisely in our own environment. It also allows us to report this solitude we created and be a medium of communication about that isolation. I wrote a huge poem called "Space Out Space". It is not possible to be read.

I repeat the question. How can one send a poem to Mars? You just need to have two robots, spirit and opportunity. NASA did a small children's programme for people in general to become more interested in the conquest of Space. This was called

“Write your name on Mars”. They facilitated a programme which allowed anyone to write a name and a surname. This is the first ‘Exclusion’ of “Hypogeum” and the poem will be revealed after my death. How much did this cost? Nothing.

I am not a defeatist. Even if the situation is terrible, and it is, we have solutions. If we make an effort we are able to achieve something as equally important as the Italian Renaissance. We have the money for that, we have the knowledge and the means of communication to make it come true. What we need is effort and commitment. And if we strive, the result may be unimaginable. We can talk and see each other, be in communication, and save travel money, save time. We exchange with a simple object - the Internet - which was on the level of the unimaginable just some years ago. I have the advantage, because of the fact that I was born on an island, of not being trapped or surrendered to a dogma. My conception of the poetic organisation of the world is an incredibly unbelievable joy of the constant discovery and rediscovery of the world. I can make art pieces where I put bees on stage, and with just bees I show at what point empathy is created.

## THE ASHES OF MEMORY RETRIEVED

Oradour-sur-Glane is a town destroyed in World War II, near Limoges (the city where the Dramatic Centre is located) where almost all the inhabitants were killed, and the village was burned, everything was completely devastated. It is an impressive place, for what it still is - the image

of destruction is preserved – and for the memory of what it represents, what was shattered and killed. It is terrifying. And this is a village that people can visit. It is a very important place of pilgrimage, and I am attached to it.

I visited the village with Richard Jeriaski, director of Oradour Memorial Centre. He told me: “We must find something to create here together.” I thought about it and found what it was. Who are the living beings, still present, who saw, who testified to what happened and have memory of it? The trees. And there are linden trees which are said to bring good luck and which are also important because they were needed for the beekeepers, because they attract bees. My idea is to make those trees talk. How? I have the idea of recording the memories of what was found there. Letters, various documents... they will be recorded by professional actors. I am going to put a small device in the trees, a simple sensor that will register the presence of a passer-by. Someone who arrives at the memorial, downloads an ‘app’, and depending on the tree he/she gets close to, it calls to the person and it will say something to him/her. And it is the voice of the tree that the person will listen to.

It is a game of clues. Something that will be strange but there is an intention behind it, and people are going to end up doing something in reaction to it. They are going to sit down close to the trees to hear them talk. I am going to do what we call a fuzzy limit; there won’t be a range of capture in a perfect circle around the trees. There will be irregular distances

around the tree within which it is possible to hear what they are saying. People have to be inside the zone that activates the voice of the tree. On different sides of the tree there is a more restrictive space or a further range of capture. This is also a theatrical conception, of how to understand the reasons behind poetic conception to create empathy.

I do this as an idiot. It's simply activating connections with childhood. It relates to the innocent times of our lives when we imagined the natural elements talking to us. At the same time it is also a fair tribute. These trees were in this city, if we cut them down we find inside the traces of massacre. Why? Because the massacre affected the tree. The fact that the city was burned, freed a large amount of black carbon, and the deposit of this has been forcibly inscribed all over the place. Scientifically we can prove it. It's also one thing that is important for people to be aware of. Through this artistic piece, just saying "this tree saw it", creates a change - even if only mentally, but I think also affectively - in the relationship I and other people have with that place. There is something related to memory that is activated.

## THE EDUCATION OF THE BEEKEEPER

I don't know if the term ecology is convenient for me. I would say that it is important for me to rethink our connection to the world. Let's suppose ecology implies, as an inverse effect, the same solution as liberalism: on one extreme there is liberalism, on the other we have an ecological life. For me

this doesn't create any interesting effect. It doesn't create any solution. It means I understand lots about 'decrease', and the discourse of de-growth, but things are not just black and white. Progress also has advantages in science, in knowledge. It is important not to forget all that. The real question is how to think of our organisation, our environment. It is to say how to change our metaphysic of the world. For that, for me, the medium is poetic. It's to get to name things, to name our environment and when we name things, they don't disappear.

People don't name their environment anymore. For example: I am now director of the Union National Theatre and of the Limoges Academy of Dramatic Art of Limousin. I have 16 wonderful students. I tell them, "in school you face the world". It's formidable. They inhabit a place in the municipality of Saint-Priest-Taurion, a wonderful house with a huge park. I ask them: "Are you able to name all the trees in this park?" They are not. We start by doing that. They have to know them. I say, "they are your life companions, they are your first public". Then there is a small hill, it's just around 200 metres high. They never go to the top of it. Again, I tell them, "If you go up there you can see what is not seen from the bottom, there is a small sanctuary, and deer go there to eat, and you can observe all this." This is important. We do beekeeping education, including honey collection, which becomes the Union's honey. It's perfect.

*[The first decision and action Jean Lambert-wild took when he assumed the position of*

*director of the Limoges Academy of Dramatic Art attached to the Union National Theatre, in January 2015, was to install hives so that beekeeping and making honey was part of the school programme]*

This has shown me the experience of an actor. If he wants to say words, he needs to understand the utility of them, and that words are here to name things. This is what is genial. We have biodiversity in our thought, the wisdom of this biodiversity is the wisdom of the world that surrounds us. If we don't name, if we continue to feed these personalities that live in the virtual world of television and forget what is in front of us... If this continues, we will disappear. But the world won't disappear. This is absolutely certain.

For me we clearly have a delay between philosophies, poetry of the world, and all the traces of everything that has been changing in the world. This change has been happening at such a pace, that we haven't yet built the utensils, the helpful tools, which will allow us to organise this world while still respecting what the world is. There is always this moment of chaos and then understanding.

I hallucinate when in the morning I see, in the Arab world, ten million people marching, burning religious churches, appealing for the death of Frenchmen. Why? Because there was a small drawing where Muhammad was crying? They wrote: "All is forgiven." That drawing, in my opinion, is not

even a caricature, but a letter of love. Considering this, effectively we have a problem. And the problem is always exactly the same: we are not capable of understanding and relating to our environment. We are in a bellicose and competitive atmosphere. Today we need to change that logic. For me the logic has to be different from discussing what we fight for, because otherwise it is just changing one malady for another. We need to go back to the very simple identities which build our humanity. Let's hear the poets.

## WHAT IS THE BEST ECOLOGY?

There is nothing really new under the sun. The only thing is that this education of the world creates an education of the spirit which changes our behaviour, and that may create urgency. So what is the best ecology we can have? It is to educate our children. The more we transmit knowledge, the more attention there is towards our environment. I have immediate evidence of this from one of my children which made me laugh.

He went to visit a friend and his mother didn't like books and said that books have no use. And he asked: "Why?" He comes to me and tells me this, surprised, "You know papa, she says the books have no use. I swear to you, that shocked me. It was as if she said a washing machine doesn't have any use." It is interesting. He associates the context of his life in the world, and his own life, with a book. So, for him, a book, in his conception, is as important as a washing machine. Why not? It



is just that, for him, the book became a habit. It is a question of transmission.

## CHAPTER III

### WE ARE ALL STONES

#### A POEM IS NOT MADE TO BE READ

Our brain hasn't evolved in the same way as our tools. If we make a connection between this and theatre, the latter is a wonderful laboratory to experiment these ideas in depth. We can explore, try to refine our dialectic, to confront all our memory, to experiment and see what our possibilities are in all media, and the possibilities each media has. Related to this, we can also build transmission in the context of an idea of a public service which is education. And this doesn't stop at the age of 18. It needs to continue. This place, the theatre, is fabulous for this. A world of truly amazing, possible permissibility. As a poet, I fundamentally chose this art because it is the one which is clearly not constrained by this epoch. Cinema is constrained by an era. In the worst of the worst I prefer to amuse myself with stones. Going back to "Hypogeum", the second 'Exclusion' is a poem written on stones, which are scattered, as in a mystery game, to be discovered at any moment.

We can make a useless poem. A poem is not made to be read. It is written to identify itself in a cosmogony. There is a

cosmogony which takes into account this state of space, but which also has to take into consideration the fact that I myself am also a stone. If I imagine too much, at the end if I go very high in my imagination, I will fall to the ground just because there is gravity. So the stone is a wonderful reminder of what we are, with the advantage the stone has over us: it exists always in the present.

We are the fruit of the tree in which we grow. I am the son of my father and my mother. This is not idiotic. When I say this I am saying something enormous; that I am the son of this. Effectively I think the strangeness which I am, almost Freudian, is connected to this. I belong to the French nobility of the country, emigrated to escape from the 'diktat' of conventions, with my father who was a farmer but who takes me into the adventure of the discovery of a world, with an education of "Paideia", the idea of the education of a young Greek, the idea of Sparta, the idea of resistance... Ideas completely out of fashion, in part connected to military strategy, understanding of the world, science, what we call the humanities. I was a disciplined student, so my brain is connected to all of this, including the warmth of the island where I grew up.

## THEATRE: A COOPERATIVE OF SOCIAL INVESTIGATION

The idea I always have of the experience of my past, as a child, is of someone who stored everything. The result of

that is that I did a mutation. I am the product of an amiable hazard. This means that within a moment of my mutation I am already the fruit of a mutation that occurred before, so I am simultaneously distant and close to that world. Distant because it doesn't belong to me. It is completely foreign to me. And close because every day I am in this love relationship with a wish to know myself. I assume this completely. My childhood is more than the fruit of generations and generations and generations which succeed one another, it is the result of a transmission of something which may seem eccentric and picaresque at first glance, but is very important. And in that there is also this conception of saying we are all limited by our competences and skills. The system of cooperation is the best solution. If you observe carefully, I have never signed a show alone, I refuse the definition of stage director. I am not that. I am something else, whatever you wish. I prefer the term of the person that incriminates others in a project, as I did with Michel Onfray and Carolyn Carlson, also with Lorenzo Malaguerra, Jean-Luc Therminarias, François Royet, Juha Marshalo, Catherine Lefeuvre, Stéphane Blanquet.

*[In 2009, Jean Lambert-wild started a theatrical collaboration with Michel Onfray, inspired by texts of the French philosopher. The first was "Le Recours aux forêts" ("The Recourse of Forests" in English) with the collaboration of Jean-Luc Therminarias, Carolyn Carlson and Francis Royet, at the Comédie de Caen - National Dramatic Centre*

*of Normandy in the 2009 Festival Boreal; the second one was "La Sagesse des abeilles" ("The Wisdom of Bees, Democritus first lesson"), with Jean-Luc Therminarias, Lorenzo Malaguerra and François Royet, at the Comédie de Caen - National Dramatic Centre of Normandy, in 2012. He is now preparing a third theatrical piece with Michel Onfray]*

I think that in a complex world, the only way to solve complexity is through cooperation. Theatre is a social laboratory. We are here to try to create objects which are not necessarily constructed every day in relation to social stratification, which means a hierarchy led by a director. The cooperative model creates its own works of art. I don't believe in the collective. I don't believe in the terms performance or emergence - these are words that say something about the logic of the market. I believe in artists submerged by something that surpasses them, or young artists who are immersed and that are expected to break out... Emergent is a word that everybody uses and repeats to dismiss from the responsibility we have to transmit and inform. The single opportunity we have is still this fundamental love the French people have for liberty translated into small spaces which are National Dramatic Centres. They are small but finally the open spaces which allow us the possibility, in respect to the republican framework, to organise an experience of the world, a poetic experience of the world. This is not much, but it is essential, that in this permanent

exchange, it is a laboratory of together trying repeatedly to start again from the beginning to express ourselves and from the belief of the cooperation and transmission and knowledge. Intellectuals, poets, the university, we have a huge responsibility with semantics. This means we have to be attentive to the use we give words nowadays, which in my opinion destroy reality. The concept of 'emerging artist' for example, is an absolute horror. Emerging from what? If we reflect on it, it is humiliating. Me, being rebellious by nature, in the 90s people said I was a young emerging artist. And it also creates segregation. If there are those who emerge, then there are those who decline. It's horrendous. Here, good ecology starts immediately by being responsible and putting order and sense into words, into naming. I know from experience what it means to loose words, I tell you how much more important and essential this is and how conscious I am of the relevance of this. We have the responsibility, here, at this place, of transmission. It is very easy to create shows without words. The symbolic image creates magic, it works, but are we able to associate and create meaning and magic through the use of the power of the verb?

I am the one that does all the scenography for the shows. For me this is a challenge, it means to create these visually, very complex systems, but the body and the word are always present. The body is present even in its phantom. The word is always there with its generous expression. Today people need to reconcile with the verb, not in a religious sense, but in terms of reconciliation with our humanity.

## THE RE-EVALUATION OF UTOPIA

Firstly, I find it interesting to bring exogenous forces into theatre every day. The philosopher should work for theatre, the poet should work for theatre, everybody should, at a given moment, experience something of theatre. The connection and bonding is possible. This way you create a space of dialogue and community with different methods. Imagine for example the force of Michel Onfray associated with Carolyn Carson and myself at the service of that force. It allows for an alliance which implies 'friendship'. And friendship is very important. It opens up space for disagreements, to close your eyes. I know to close my eyes because there is a gift which is offered by friendship, the possible reconciliation of a tomorrow.

I personally believe in a possible reconciliation with that tomorrow. I don't live as an apocalyptic. I refuse to live like that and I begin to not tolerate apocalypics, people that repeat every minute that we are getting closer to the end of the world. Of course this is a difficult world, but if I remember well what my grandfather told me, he lived in harder times than ours. So if we keep the proportions of different times in perspective, we need to put things in their particular contexts; this is the first thing.

The second is: we should have a utopia every day, but in the sense of creating the entropy of a utopia. This means that the entropy is really saying that the path is open. I don't

want to live in a condition which has always said this will be this, and that will be that. I am too wild for that. I get troubled by everything that is turned into dogma. Everything is an occasion for poetry. Attention, we have to say and understand this: everything is possibility of poetry. If we contemplate everything this way, we have a relation to the world which evolves in its totality. And I try to think in a totality because the totality doesn't belong to me. I am a singularity inside a totality. Thinking a totality is to preserve your singularity with the desire to possess the totality.

The subject of the totality is simply a cartography of the possible which is accessible from an existence, from an experience of being. This is why I believe in this incredible opportunity which is having a life, being alive, appearing and disappearing infinite times in the course of a life. I am conscious that I regenerate myself from cell to cell and astoundingly there is a space of coherence which allows me to have memory of all this, which allows me to talk about it, which is interesting and passionate. On the other hand there is always something to be discovered. Another important thing is to understand how to obtain a supplement of oneself which disappeared in the course of a century.

## THEATRE IS THE ART OF DISAPPEARANCE

It is possible that the act of transmission creates its own loss. The principle of communication is: each time we transmit

something, we lose information. The obligation of each human being is always to search for that unknown loss. That is probably the best way of falling in love. Because it's in the process of searching for that unknown loss - not for oneself but for the successive generations who lost something that was transmitted to them - that we get to re-composition and attain the experience of growing old. I find that interesting and fundamental. It is an amorous concept of the world and the human being, creating a strong form of loyalty and fidelity.

Today the most interesting forms to experiment with are those of cooperation, which necessarily escape the unity of dogmas because they create an obligation of conversation. Conversation is much more difficult than democracy. Conversation, debate and the exchange of ideas are much more complex than democracy. We may have a democracy in which nobody speaks to each other but everybody votes.

Talking in a dialectic model is taking the time for an exchange. We are all there to search for that loss. What I search for is without a doubt different from what another person searches for, but because we search together, in our exchange of words and conversations, each of us adds something to the other which will allow him, in new ways, to re-orientate and foresee futures of who he/she is in the world. In this sense, I am absolutely in agreement with Pier Paolo Pasolini who translated this wonderfully into the feeling of delight. He is happy, of a desperate happiness. It is more difficult to be happy than to be unhappy. To be happy



there is a need to exercise the curiosity of what is around us every day and what is around us which is part of what is on us. It is complex. For me, what I love in theatre is the fact that theatre is the space for this conversation of individuals. It is usually a strange conversation but always enriching. It is a community which comes to sit down and listen to someone who was nominated to speak, and who carries and transmits a word that is not his/hers. He/she is the transmitter of something. Words we can debate, and when there is the applause at the end, it is not for the actor, but the public itself.

Considering I am part of that audience, we applaud what we have found of ourselves in what was said to us. When we don't find anything, we cannot applaud. We praise the recovery of what we are in what has been given to us. It is because of this that the clapping of hands is important. And because of this there is nothing more touching for an actor than being applauded. He knows from that sound that he was able to disappear enough on the stage in order for something more important than him to emerge and be manifested. This art of disappearance is so singular to the theatre and is in my opinion an essential function in rethinking an ecology of the future in a modern way, already beginning with words.