

La Géante

Extrait de *La Géante* de Nathalie Papin,
Monologue extrait du livre "Les 120 voyages du fou"
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En Scène

Aurélia Hannagan is an English-born actress, living in Paris, director of Company Quarks, a participant in PANTHEATRE ACTS professional training programme. La Géante is part of The Nine Worthy Women theme initiated through my work with Pantheatre. Big thanks to Liza Mayer for voice coaching and support.

Une proposition de **Aurélia Hannagan**
Mise en scène : **Enrique Pardo**
Musique : **Brenda Armendia**

THE GIANTESS

Translation of performed extract by : Valerie Hannagan Lewis.

You cannot see her as she walks towards you.

She has a body but no face. She has no name with which we might attract her attention.

Let her pass, the nameless one...

She goes by, the invisible one. And yet she is enormous, immense. She goes by.

Can you hear? Frft. The slightest rustling.

It's the silence of cities behind their wall of sounds, the silence of the countryside behind its chattering trees. The silence of hearts beating, beating. Can you hear? It isn't the grinding sound the Ankou's cart makes on the eve of a death. It isn't the warning sign of a death. It isn't the black-hatted silhouette with its inverted scythe. No, no. She has no cart. She walks barefoot.

She is enormous, invisible, wide, spacious. A palace of invisible flesh. And yet, when she goes by, our faces feel a gentle warmth.

She glides by and, later, those who let themselves follow her will be lighter. Come, follow the gigantic one. Come.

Who is resisting? Who is heavy here?

Let her carry your heavy burden, your troubles...

"Your body is as heavy as a graveyard", she once said, she speaks to me, yes, she speaks to me mockingly, she utters snappy phrases and with a quick jerk of her thumb throws embarrassment out, then, she is mostly silent.

She gives our human gravity a home. She grabs handfuls of your little deaths, puts them on... And all you need to do is to walk, to carry on... Come, follow her.

She's laughing! Can't you hear, she's laughing. Her peals of laughter are little bells announcing her presence.

She is there.

She's speaking, shhh!

"You've got to know how to let go of your scaffolding", the

giantess says. She always guffaws when she says scaffolding because in scaffolding, there is scaffold, and do you know who stands by the scaffold? "Some people confuse the building with the scaffolding", says she. And she laughs.

...

Follow the giantess.

The giantess speaks without turning round.

She can recognise each person's gravity by the sound of their footfall.

...

Shhh. She's going to walk among you.

The ground may tremble as she passes.

She wonders who can be so attached to such rubble, such old wounds, such desiccated memories, dream-dust, clutter of sadness, survival paraphernalia, collections of anger: such baggage...

Who weighs so heavily?

I measure what weighs heavily inside each one by the weight of this sack. And this one is heavy.

To go forward, you must lighten it. Each one of you must take back your ballast and get rid of it.

Sir, you will find a way to tread more lightly.

I see contrite faces. It isn't the body that weighs heavily, Madam, what is it, 50, 80 or even 140 kilos? Something else tips the scales: these bits of scaffolding we forget to remove. These temporary structures, these girders of fear, of a fear of collapse... Let's follow the giantess...

This sack is definitely too heavy.

The sum of your gravities is heavier and heavier.

Made out of sugar, that's a good way, Madam, but it should have been eaten.

Out The Window

Out the Window is a meditation on desire, loss, desperation and love. It is storytelling turned into theatre and theatre that imagines itself as a film.

The work that I have begun here with Linda is a first stage development. I arrived at Malérargues four weeks ago with my text and a pair of high heels. Together we have explored how to transform this story-like text into a live experience. We will greatly appreciate your responses and feedback to help further develop the performance.

Special thanks to Enrique Pardo, Pantheatre & the Roy Hart Centre for providing this incredible space to explore and perform.

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Written & Performed by **Jacklyn Bassanelli**
Directed by **Linda Wise**
Music by **Saso Vollmaier**
Video by **Faroque Khan & Jacklyn Bassanelli**
Operated by **Naima Phillips**. With directorial assistance from **Carol Mendelsohn**
& Voice coaching by **Liza Mayer**
Voices : **Josserra, Nate, Ian, Dusan & Faroque**.

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Notes vers un projet / Aurelia Hannagan

Les Neuf Preuses

Alors qu'à la fin du moyen âge des hommes ressuscitaient les figures de neuf preux¹ pour incarner les valeurs de la chevalerie déclinante avec l'arrivée des attaques furtives, des pillages... Afin que certains rites de l'année puissent être réhaussés de ces exemples valeureux ou même pour honorer la visite d'un haut dignitaire. On se doute que la valeur des héros dans la vie des hommes se posait comme une figure permanente de maintien de la communauté. Puis, par mélancolie, (ou par souci de modernité ?), on voit fleurir dans la littérature, sur les tapisseries, neuf preuses², neuf héroïnes issues elles, exclusivement, de la mythologie, mais guerrières.

Ces figures étaient ressuscitées par des hommes. Là, on suppose un besoin de justifier une féminisation du rôle de l'homme, qui n'est plus un guerrier, qui reste à demeure. Si les hommes sont forcés de vivre à l'écart de la guerre, alors les femmes rêvées doivent revêtir une armure pour parer un corps sauvage, mais toujours voluptueux.

Et aujourd'hui, n'y a-t-il pas une redite quasi identique des circonstances moyenâgeuses ?

Nous sommes témoins de guerres sales qui négligent toutes formes de règles et tuent plus de civils que de soldats. Nous sommes en guerre, mais celle-ci est économique et nous dépasse largement. Et alors que les femmes prennent sans souci leur part du meilleur comme du pire de ce siècle, nous voyons émerger à nouveau des figures féminines fantasmagoriques pour les hommes et pour les femmes elles-mêmes. Il s'agit toujours de guerrières, mais au-delà des corps voluptueux, nous découvrons également la dimension de l'androgynie .

La garçonne des années 20 s'est transmuée en Lara Croft, sans oublier Barbarella, Ripley et Black Mamba... Toujours aussi séduisantes et plus fortes que jamais.

Qu'importe que la femme soit ceci ou cela, une mère, une épouse, une ménagère, une ouvrière... Ces héroïnes sont des créations de l'homme (et de la femme/homme). Et elles sont nécessaires.

C'est cet état de fait qui se défait et se refait que je souhaite exposer. Qu'une figure d'androgynie apparaisse sans qu'on puisse la retenir, et qu'une figure de femme marque subitement les esprits. Qu'un fantasme d'homme s'impose comme universel ou que quelques mots mènent simplement à un éclat d'humanité.

Aujourd'hui donc j'ai décidé d'explorer une figure féminine des plus ancienne qui soit, dénichée du fond des grottes alors qu'elle envahit sans scrupules notre quotidien bruyant. Il s'agit de la Mort ; Mme la Mort. Et d'elle, comme de moi, comme de chacun d'entre nous, nous ne tirerons pas de réponses définitives, ou nous ne saurions pas les partager !

Il s'agit d'une invitation, et avec un sentiment de peur mêlé d'excitation, je ne peux retenir ce sentiment de profonde solitude qui m'habitera et qui habitera probablement chacun d'entre nous quand nous serons ensemble.

Notes towards a project / Aurelia Hannagan

Nine Worthy Women

Towards the end of the middle ages in France, men brought back to life the figures of Nine Worthies to incarnate the virtues of chivalry declining as furtive attacks and sacks were more widely carried out. They were then able to revamp yearly rituals and stage honourable welcoming parties to distinguished guests. This is a good example of how heroes were for men indispensable in establishing community bonding. Then, a few decades later, literature and iconography saw the ladies entering the scene. Whether through melancholy, or in order to step into modernity (?), Nine Worthy Women appeared in novels, poetry, tapestries, nine mythological heroines, warrior women.

These figures were resuscitated by men. So we can assume that the feminization of man had to be addressed, the men no longer being warriors and being stuck at home. If men had to stay away from war, then dreamed women could wear shining armours to expose a wild and luscious figure.

Now if we envisage our modern times in the light of this medieval chapter, couldn't we see an identical set of circumstances? We are witnessing dirty wars that neglect usual rules and kill more civilians than soldiers. We are at war, but it is an economical one and we are drowned in it. And though women take their share of the best and the worst of this century, we can see new fantasmagoric female figures displayed for both men and women. And beyond the feminine figure an androgynous woman is also entering the picture.

The « garçonne » from the 20's has transmuted into Lara Croft, not forgetting Barbarella, Ripley and Black Mamba... More seducing than ever, and strong as strong can get.

Whether women are this or that, mothers, wives, housewives or workers, the traditional feminist outlook or debate are not my concern here, the issue for me is that these figures are still mostly men's creations. And they are necessary.

It is this moving and shifting aspect which I would like to unravel. How does an androgynous figure appear, and suddenly it is a woman that is re-invented; how do we share in a universal male fantasy and with a few words open the door to a ray of humanity.

So today I am starting a journey with one of the oldest feminine figures there is, dug out from the earth whilst she is with us every day of our busy lives. I am talking about Death, Lady Death. But there will not be definite answers from my part, or hers, or of any of us, that we could share that is. It's about an invitation, and with a certain dose of excitement mixed with fear, I am anticipating this profound sense of solitude that will cling to me and to each one of us when we will be together.

¹ Issu de la littérature du XIV^{ème} siècle, il s'agit de Josué, David et Judas Macchabée, Hector, Alexandre et César, Arthur, Charlemagne et Godefroy de Bouillon. Triades de personnages Juifs, Païens et Chrétiens.

² Les figures sont toutes issues de l'histoire et de la mythologie de l'Antiquité païenne : Sémiramis, reine de Babylone, Sinope, Hippolyte, sa sœur, Ménalippe, Lampeto et Penthésilée, reines des Amazones, Tomiris, souveraine des Massagètes qui a vaincu Cyrus, Teuca, reine d'Illyrie qui s'est illustrée dans ses combats contre Rome, et Déiphyle, femme de Tydée, roi d'Argos, qui a vaincu Thèbes. Le créateur de ce groupe de guerrières est sans doute Jehan Le Fèvre, officier au Parlement de Paris et auteur renommé en son temps, qui compose entre 1373 et 1387 le *Livre de Léesce*.

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