

Press review

La Montagne

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A quartet empties its guts

One scaffold, three men, one woman and an executioner. The ropes tighten, the bodies jolt about. A long silence. The words begin to fill the space, spouting forth in an angry flood from the four mouths.

They are spitting their last drops of life to talk of their pain, their fear, their revolt, their frustration, their dream. To keep on protesting to the bitter end and "never give in." It's as black as death, as ice-cold as loneliness, as stifling as terror. Hanging from those four gallows there is a rebel without a name, with a discontented mouth, barking like a dog ; an Antigone who once again calls everything ceaselessly into question with the refrain "Is love simply just a pledge in the dark ?" ; a north-African haunted by images of the detention camp, who tries to make his exile somehow more liveable by singing a lyrical French song, *Petit pain au chocolat* and finally an intellectual eaten up by the fact that he will never be able to finish writing tomorrow's page.

The bodies relentlessly sway back and forth, sweating out their own disintegration : maggots, stench ...

What cruelty ! "Life is a dream from which we are awakened by death!" This mournful logorrhoea is what marks out this sense of infinity, this state of the unknown. It is what clings on to the rags of private stories and lives, it is what creeps into the twists and turns of politics. The foreigner, the raped woman, the painfully lonely childhood, the mind in turmoil endlessly searching for the light in his writing. Death won't gag *The hanged*. Silence is restored by a life held trapped in the grips of a state of order.