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An Archaeology of Soundscapes: The Theatre of of Noëlle Renaude[i]

Noëlle Renaude's first play – *Rose la nuit australienne* – was performed in 1987. Since then, she has written over 20 plays that have been performed, published and translated into a number of languages. Sonority had always been her subject – the exploitation of the occasion of theatre to stage the physicality, the organic materiality of language. The stage affords her the chance to prospect the frontier between writing and voice, where the written word is animated – resuscitated? – through the action of the actor's breathing body. Theatre, for Renaude, is the place where she can explore 'the sonorous archaeology of families'[ii], by excavating layers of language – the strata in the linguistic geology of the individual writer, and by extension, the imbrication of bodies and words in a landscape, a history, a culture. In the course of her writing for the stage between 1987 and 2009, she has progressively dismantled all of the theatrical conventions and blurred the boundaries between genres, putting theatre under pressure, questioning its limits. To a large extent, her plays have always presented voices un-tethered from characters, roaming across a landscape that is linguistic in essence – the land is definitely France, but no attention is paid to a 'realistic' evocation of place. The place evoked is brought into being through the voicing of words in the stage-space, a place animated by the sounds and shapes of words. In this place, voices tell fragmented stories of discontinuity and disappearance:

> [The family] is at the heart of theatre. Whether you love it or hate it, the question is, what do you do with it? The family is a permanent theatre, an arithmetic book of scenes, of games, of fictions, of secrets, of excesses, of disappearances. It extends from the founding family cell [...] to a proliferation of multitudes of humans who transmit not just genes, flaws and stories, but also, languages.[iii]

Le Renard du Nord (*The Northern Fox*), written in 1988, is the only one of what now amounts to more than 20 plays to adopt the conventional division into acts with scenic sub-divisions and a character list. The setting is indeterminate, though the text suggests that some scenes are played in the drawing-room of the Kuhn family, while all paths eventually lead to a cemetery. The play features at least four different narrative groups – the central protagonists,

Adrienne Train and her son Maxime Fuyard; the adolescent Poupette, struggling with her sexuality; Angelo, the over-sexed lothario who hangs about in parks and graveyards on vague assignations with women; the 'ménage' of the Kuhn household – Mr Kuhn, Mrs Kuhn their maid Josette, and Otto, Mrs Kuhn's lover. Renaude plays with the inter-cutting of different theatrical styles and linguistic registers: a number of quite different 'playlets' seem to intersect and at times collide, as characters from different worlds criss-cross the playing space. The pace is frenzied, with characters rushing through what the audience receives as a range of pastiches, from bedroom farce to Epic theatre via Shakespeare and Existentialism. The central narrative concerns the young man, Maxime, who has a death-wish that stems from his father's abandonment of him at birth and his mother's incessant genealogical diatribes. Although the effect of the contrast between the playing styles and the content is actually to make the audience laugh, the play becomes very dark when all the narratives lead in the end to the graveyard, where a range of characters from the different 'stories' end up crossing each other's paths and the love-lorn Maxime hangs himself from a tree. The text plays with notions of betrayal and abandonment at all levels, and what was to become the familiar Renaudian theme of the archeology of the family – an archeology that is both sonorous and spatial, to do with names and land – is played out in full:

> Adrienne: Wait a moment, Maxime. I'll start again from the beginning. Let's see where we went wrong. Maria and Louis, that gives us our first Pierre Gamache, who marries Leontine and that gives us the seond Pierre Gamache and then Lucie, that gives us your mother, that is myself, Adrienne now widowed and called Train. Now on mama's side, that's Lucie Gaubert who you never knew, Lucie was the daughter of Albert Gaubert and Leonie Jacquet. Well now you can see that the maternal line is a bit on the short side since mama never knew who her father was, no, your grandmother, I mean your great-grandmother, there, you see Maxime, Leonie Whatshername, no-one ever knew where she came from.[iv]

Maxime's name 'Fuyard' suggests in French someone who is 'on the run', as indeed he is, and as his father was. Entrances and exits are the only stage directions given in the text, and all the characters run 'in' and 'out' at a hurried pace throughout. The overall effect of this play is of a range of voices trapped in the nets of tradition, both familial and theatrical. There

is fragmentation and discontinuity at all levels of the text, so that the audience is left with a strong sense of a longing for identity – a sense of belonging, of history – combined with an overwhelming impression of provisionality. Here, as in all of Renaude's plays, the past (of the family) always returns in the form of an original sin – infidelity, illegitimacy , abandonment – that cannot be expiated, and that returns perpetually to haunt the bodies involved in the playing-out of the drama.

In Renaude's theatre, page, stage, body, are surveyed, their measure taken by writing. But what country, friends, is this?[v] This question is often on the lips of spectators at Renaude's plays. Space of the voice? Of writing itself? For the director Frédéric Fisbach, who directed Renaude's *Les Cendres et les lampions*[vi] in 1993, "l'espace était de la mémoire." (it was the space of memory.)[vii] In this 'interior' space, there was no question of 'exits' and 'entrances' by the actors. Here, Renaude gives voice to 94 'apparitions', who represent between twenty and twenty-five centuries, that is, between 2000 and 2500 years. In order to bring about the apparition, animation and disappearance of these 94 'characters', these 25 centuries, Fisbach chose to work with five actors – four women and a man – and 94 chairs. The play is based on two movements. The author uses the device "je suis né, je suis mort" (I was born, I died) as the starting-point for giving voice to a multitude of 'figures' (in talking about 'character' in Renaude's theatre, nouns such as 'figure', 'apparition' or even 'silhouette' seem more appropriate)[viii]. These figures are introduced by a narrator – the author? – who simply announces the name of the figure.

The text requires the actor to create the entire drama of this family's history from his enunciation of the successive first names of 'apparitions' summoned to the stage: 'Baptiste... Amédée... Jules... Bertrand...' What Fisbach has to say about the role of the narrator, is revelatory: "Il fallait qu'il arrive à faire jaillir ces prénoms [...] à l'oreille, on devait pouvoir se dire, lui il le connaît, lui il a mauvaise réputation, lui c'est l'idiot de la famille." (His task was to made these first names spring to life, so that one would be able to tell, from the sound of the way he said the name, ah yes, he knew that one, that one had a bad reputation, that one was the family idiot.)[ix] The first of the theatrical conventions to be undermined by Renaude therefore is that of character. And while the diminishment of the dramatic character is not new, Renaude takes it to new depths: "Est-ce que le nom seul invente le personnage séparé de toute fiction?" (Can the name alone create the character, free of all other fictional detail?), she asks in relation to her play *La Comédie de Sainte Etienne.*[x] In their recent book on the

status of the character in contemporary French theatre, Jean-Pierre Ryngaert and Julie Sermon note that a number of contemporary writers for the French stage (Vinaver, Koltès, Lagarce, Renaude, Minyana) have manipulated the naming of characters in order to counter any tendency toward representational verisimilitude. Instead, these writers place their characters in an 'elsewhere', alienating both actor and spectator from the character, to make of him or her a creature of sound, of language: "Les noms, pittoresques, exotiques, donnent alors presque trop bien l'idée de ce qu'ils sont censés évoquer: ce sont des clichés acoustiques éminemment représentatifs [...]." (The names – colourful, exotic – are almost too effective in evoking what they are meant to evoke: they are acoustic snapshots, eminently representative.)[xi]These nominal vestiges of character are effective in pulling the play away from the real and into its own poetic space.

In addition to the nominal identity and figural or spectral nature of her characters, the devices of acculumation, excess, and proliferation are features of Renaude's theatrical universe. The story of the creation of *Ma Solange, comment t'ecrire mon desastre, Alex Roux*[xii] is by now well known. Written for, and with, a single actor, Christophe Brault, between 1994 and 1998, it features at least two thousand figures or voices, and runs to 16 hours of theatre if played in its entirety – which it has been, on many occasions. The eponymous Alex Roux is a constant, if intermittent figure throughout, a mediator for the proliferation of fleeting speakers that appear and disappear and seem to represent a wide range of types and spatial and temporal locations – a frenzied journey through the history of a French townland, or even the whole of France. A small number of characters recur throughout the text – which runs to 351 pages in the 2004 *Théâtrales* edition – giving it a vestigial structure or scaffold.

During the period of writing, Renaude produced portions of text, piecemeal, which were performed by Brault in theatres around France. The play contains 'le journal crypté d'une ecriture en train de s'inventer'[xiii] , according to Renaude. The secret diary of the writing process, inscribed in the text, tells of "comment une écriture se fait, comment elle souffre, comment elle s'effondre, comment elle récupère des morceaux abandonnés, comment elle s'échappe de la fiction" (how writing comes into being, how it suffers, how it falls apart, how it recovers abandoned fragments, how it sets itself free from fiction), according to Renaude. The coming and going between the writing process, the work with the actor, re-writing and staging enabled a liberation from the codes and conventions of theatrical forms and institutions, and allowed her to produce writing that was based on the principle of sutained

discontinuity and fragmentation. This process, which resulted in the successive invention of two thousand 'figures' raised one key question: how to stage "this piling-up of voices"[xiv], the seemingly impossible task for a single actor of incarnating such a multitude. According to Renaude, the body of the actor in this theatre is, first and foremost, a 'corps vocal' – his physical body is not called upon directly by the text, but it gradually invents a choreography of bodily movement in space that mimics the movement of the writing itself: "une chorégraphie de la discontinuité ou de l'amorce [...] qui réinvente en fait la typographie de la page, le movement de l'écriture (le long, le haché, le bref, le ponctué, le non ponctué)."(a choreography of perpetual beginnings, one that re-creates the typography of the page, the movement of the writing (long, short, broken punctuated, un-punctuated).[xv]

Created according to a principle of discontinuity and breakdown between fragments, *Ma Solange* is a marker for where Renaude wanted to take her writing for the stage – to the limits of the genre. The challenge she set herself early in her career was that of resisting the generic boundaries – in order to see how they would hold – to work with impossibility, unrepresentability. In the course of 350 pages of writing, Renaude summons two thousand figures through fragments of encounters, scraps of memories and anecdotes, sections of letters, lists. An array of forms is also traversed: story, theatre, diary, letter, dialogue, monologue, eclogue, correctional tales for children ('LES JOLIES PETITES HISTOIRES de Tante Mick'). The dead are ressucitated and speak their own tongue; there are talking tomatoes, frogs and stones (dolmens), and a talking moon. And all of this is delivered by a single actor. Form in this theatre amounts to the shape conferred on blocks of writing by the breathing body. The actor twists his body into the shape of the writing, its syntax. What counts above all in this kind of work on a text is its rhythm, and this is why Renaude's theatrical writing is much closer to the form of poetry than to narrative fiction.

This play, and Renaude's subsequent writing for the stage, presents a world teeming with life, with bodies, with languages. Her theatrical writing starts from a principle of excavation, followed by profusion and expansion, of multiplication to the point of excess – a world spilling over, overflowing its frame or limits:

> Entendez-vous ce martèlement, ils montent des hors-fonds, des abîmes, des rives sombres [...] ils avancent, sous nos pas, nous rient la gueule béante de nous voir ici même à rectifier leurs danses. (Do you hear that hammering, they're coming

> up from the depths, from the abyss, from the dark shores [...] they're advancing beneath our feet, howling with laughter at our efforts to correct their dances.) – *Ma Solange*, 235

In undermining syntax and punctuation, blurring the generic boundaries and confusing the distinctions between popular speech and discourse of the highest register, Renaude uses the stage to put both language and the actor's body under extreme pressure. The ultimate target of this writing is the frame itself, that of the page or computer screen, that of the stage – the writer's desire is to explore, and possibly explode, the frame, the limit of what can and cannot enter the space:

> Tout texte est une carte à décrypter, avec ses itinéraires balisés, ses carrefours, ses plis. Au bord des cartes, le monde ne s'arrête pas. Il continue à exister. A son echelle à lui. Le texte, lui, comme la carte, soumis à des constantes variations d'échelle, s'occupe à occuper le monde. (Every text is a map to be read, with its routes marked out, its crossroads, its folds. Off the map, the world doesn't stop, it continues to exist, on its own scale. The text, like the map, subjected to constant variations in scale, gets on with occupying the world.) [xvi]

What Renaude raises here is the question of occupying space – the actor is called upon to inhabit the writing, to live inside it, to bend her/himself to its rhythms, in the same way that the writer did. It is clear that what Renaude is staging is the page of writing, with a body or bodies moving across it. And the question she poses for her writing project is that of the limits of that page, where it begins and ends, and the extent to which she can experiment with its apparent fixity. Within this space, she plays with the disposition and configuration of words in relation to space.

A theatre of fragmentation, dispersal and displacement, made in the image of the early years of the twenty-first century. This is writing that does not envisage a form, no formal provision is made at the outset by the writer. A theatre of disaggregation, lacking fixity and therefore one that makes identification with the stage image difficult if not impossible. The image of the self projected by Renaude's theatre then is that of a displaced

migrant wandering in an unfamiliar landscape without signposts. A number of the more recent plays – *Promenades* (2003)[xvii], *Ceux qui partent a l'aventure* (2005), *Par les routes* (2006) – use the trope of the wanderer. In *Ceux qui partent à l'aventure*[xviii], the story of the search for their missing son by the parents of a man who disappeared following his bankruptcy, is contained within a framing narrative, that of a group of walkers hiking in a landscape somewhere in France. The play opens with the exchanges of these hikers, who become increasingly intrigued by the story of the bankrupt young man who disappeared. Gradually, this anecdote in turn explodes to give a series of other 'stories' or fictional modules, recounting the efforts of various people (his best friend, his parents, his ex-partner) to make financial gain from the man's disappearance. His mother, in visiting the morgues of France in search of her son, begins to invent obituaries for the abandoned bodies she visits. Background and foreground are blurred as a plethora of fictions accumulates, and the writing moves back and forth between the initial story of the hikers, the second story of the missing man and the multiple tertiary stories that spring from this. An added difficulty for the spectator/reader is that the fragments are not chronological, there is no spatial or temporary coherence. A possible thread uniting the fictions is the story of a country – France – traversed by a multiplicity of bodies, stories and histories.

However, to add further to the confusion, Renaude has interspersed the text with pictograms, and plays freely with layout, fonts and other typographical features. [**Insert scanned extracts: *Ceux qui partent* pp. 76-77 or 88-89]** According to director Robert Cantarella, for whom the play was written, the text calls for, and engages, the full panoply of theatrical languages in ways that other pieces of writing for the stage do not. Her writing demands to be read, first and foremost, and yet, initial readings render little by way of understanding: "La page s'offre à voir et à lire. Les deux fonctions agissent ensemble, sans privilège. [...] Le texte est à droite, donc disons-le à droite de la scène."(The text presents itself to be looked at and read. These two dimensions are equally important. The text is on the right of the page, so let's say it on the right of the stage.)[xix] By means of line drawings, the actors attempt to sketch the links and transitions in the text, to situate themselves in relation to the voices of the text. Gradually, they trace the map of the text, which is both a chart of the movement of writing across a page and the movement of a body in/through that writing. The result is, or should be, a performance that lets the framework or scaffolding of the writing and the actors' work on it show through. Cantarella likens the pleasure of this

type of performance – for both actor and spectator – to that of the pleasure given by the drawing or sketch as an art form, communicating the sense of a gesture that is reaching toward completion or closure, but which remains incomplete.[xx]

The open, experimental approach offered to artists by Théâtre Ouvert in Paris provides the right environment for this type of work on a text, and this is where *Par les routes*[xxi] was staged in January 2006, under the direction of Frédéric Maragnani. Described in the publicity as a "theatrical road movie" and by the author herself as a ' dramatic poem', the play is written in short lines that mimic verse, where there is no attribution of character. Two actors sit in what appear to be car seats, facing the audience; behind them, a large white screen. As they begin to speak, a non-stop flow of words, phrases and pictograms streams across the screen – the road signs, place names, tourist information and advertising material that is the stuff of any motorway journey. The two men are 'on the road', travelling, it seems, from the Ile de France region, though the centre of France to the Italian Alps. In the course of their journey, they make stops and detours, encounter animals, traffic jams and a range of strange characters, all of whom are played by the two actors. Both men have recently lost their mothers, and indeed it seems as the play progresses that everyone they meet along the way has suffered a similar loss: "C'est inouï comme tout le monde perd sa mère en ce moment." (It's crazy the way everyone's mother is dying at the moment.)[xxii] As they make their way across the map of France with difficulty, the writing creates the impression that they are not in fact advancing – the text itself comes full circle, the end re-joining the beginning. With elegance and humour – her signature 'light touch' – Renaude brings us to the edge of representation, the horizon of language, where death resides: "La carte est muette et les mots creusent un vide, celui de l'absence, de la mort des Mères." (The map is mute, and words open up a void, that of absence, of the death of Mothers.)[xxiii]

The challenge to the reader of the text is to distinguish the speech of the two men from the profusion of text emanating from the road signage. In the theatre, the effect of this is that the spectator is placed from the outset in an interior world, where thoughts float freely: mesmerised by the hundreds of verbal messages wafting on the screen before her eyes, the spectator is both in the car as the road flies by, and in her own mind, with her thoughts. Thoughts that are stimulated by the words spoken on stage by the actors, as they lose their way, find it again, and present the spectator with the vagaries of their journey: According to Michel Corvin, what Renaude achieves here is nothing short of "writing the

world': "Ce qu'elle propose, ce n'est pas un théâtre dans l'espace, mais un théâtre de l'espace, autrement dit le *theatrum mundi*." (What she proposes is not a theatre in space, but a theatre of space, in other words the *theatrum mundi*.)[xxiv] From the pile-up of ordinary details and banal memories, the circular, repetitive nature of loss emerges.

Renaude's theatre "fait théâtre de la page" (makes a theatre of the page),[xxv] its writing does not aspire to a particular form or genre. What she works with is a space – that of the page framed by a computer screen – and writing moving in that space: "L'auteur a peu d'outils à sa disposition pour créer son monde: des lettres, des mots, une grammaire, ses doigts, son clavier, sa plume, des signes de ponctuation, beaucoup de blanc, le cadre de la page et tout ce qui peut et n'y peut pas entrer." (The author has few tools at her disposal: letters, words, grammar, her fingers, her keyboard, her pen, puncutation marks, a lot of blank space, the frame of the page and everything that can and cannot come within that frame.)[xxvi] Interestingly, in her more recent plays, there is evidence of the effects of word processing on her writing – a text such as *Une Belle Journée* (2008)[xxvii] for example, uses the full range of possibilities offered by the computer programme, with the result that the writing metamorophoses into a myriad of different shapes – fonts, character effects, pictograms – and the layout on the page is dizzying its capacity to explore every corner of the blank page, to inhabit the page as fully as possible. Such a text presents a number of challenges to actors and spectators attempting to 'decode' it. The impact of technology has had a liberating effect on Renaude's writing: the attempt to free the writing from theatrical norms and traditions that she began with *Ma Solange* reaches its full flowering in her most recent plays.

The necessity of anchoring the theatrical text in a recognisable space has been abandoned. The theatrical space is henceforth 'l'endroit où ça parle' (the place from where the text is spoken.)[xxviii] What this form of theatre creates in the actor and in the spectator is a perpetual crossing back and forth on a terrain, a tracing of lines. This is the cartography engaged in by the writer, as she makes tracks across the space of the screen/page with words. And it is this activity that is re-enacted in the imagination of the actor and spectator. Ultimately, actor and spectator are called upon to cross a field of landmines, and to allow themselves to be exploded by the text, to become disaggregated and dispersed across the page. To read, according to Roland Barthes, is 'to work the body in response to the text's signs, in response to the languages that traverse it and give the words their shimmering depth.[xxix]

In 2003, Renaude translated John Millington Synge's play *The Well of the Saints* (1905) into French, and her version of the play was staged in **???** that year **(directed by ???) (**her translation is due to be revived in 2010,in a production to be directed by Michel Cerda). This was a radical translation that remained faithful to the strangeness of Synge's text, which undermines the grammar and syntax of English in order to stage a meditation of the role of the artist in an environment that is physically and emotionally hostile to him. What she discovered in Synge was writing that was driven by a desire to sound the noises of the world by voicing words in space – Synge's world is founded on a sonorous economy that pays little respect to the norms and rules of standard English. In translating Synge's contorted syntax and jarring rhythms – his ravaged language, all sound and fury – she attempted to follow his writing in its meanderings on the page, getting a feel for how it breathed, how it moved. Her objective was to capture in French the soundscape of his writing, and her work on the translation precisely mirrors the effort she requires of the actor working with one of her texts – it is a question of carrying out a mechanical sounding of the writing, in order to be able to read and then reproduce the rhythm, movement and density of each sentence. The translation of Synge gave her the courage to un-tether the words themselves from the constraints of grammar and syntax, and to send them wandering in the space of the page, the space of the stage. The plays published in the period 2004-2008 such as *Une Belle Journee, Topographies, Par Les Routes, Des Tulipes* and *Ceux Qui Partent a L'Aventure* all feature radical experimentation with the physicality and materiality of the word, experimentation on the movement of the writing on the page/screen, words organised according to a sonorous architecture. The extreme experimentation with typography and pictograms, to be found in plays such as *Une Belle journee* and *Ceux qui partent a l'aventure*, or the arrangement of words and phrases into 'maps' (*Topographies*)[xxx] where the reader follows the disposition of the words on the page in order to find a way into the world of the play **[insert]**, or the hundreds of words and phrases literally inscribed on the landscape in *Par Les Routes*, words moving in space on a screen before the spectator's eyes, to evoke the experience of road signage seen through the window of a moving car, speak of a new freedom in the writing that could be seen to bear the mark of Renaude's work on Synge. This is theatre that stages the sensuality of the form of words, both written and spoken – the translation of Synge set her free to explore fully the potential of theatre as a place where the sounds and the shapes of words are buzzing in a terrain that is uncertain. It's a noisy place, and a very busy place – a place that is

brought into being through the energies of words rushing to be formed, in a hurry to be voiced and heard. There is proliferation and excess of language – words are overflowing, leaking through the edges of the frame. Like Synge, Renaude is attempting to invent a new language, a language born of the specificities of theatre – the releasing of the written word into the space of the stage, carried on the breath and voice, and picked up by listening ears.

In this theatre, then, the actor – and we must all become actors if we are to access these texts - is called upon to open up the body/text with voice and breath, to follow the text's breath patterns in order to find its rhythms, and not to force it into blocks of 'meaning', which it will in any case resist. Patrice Pavis suggests that a similar method should be used by the reader of these texts, and that this new form of theatre therefore calls into question the traditional definitions and separations between writer, reader, actor and spectator.[xxxi]The distance between orality and textuality is not wide, according to Valere Novarina: writing is a precipitate of the writer's body, the product of a descent into language, through a process of passivity, of letting go: 'The text becomes food for the actor, a body. He must find the muscles of this old printed cadaver, its potential for movement, find out where it wants to go.[...] That's what reading really is, a reading of the body of the actor.[xxxii] For Renaude, the act of writing is performance, and the arrangement – the movement – of writing in the space of the page constitutes a theatre: the theatre of writing. But writing here is indissociable from bodies – the writing body, the bodies of the dead – remembered, re-animated – the body of the actor re-writing the text in space.

This is not a theatre of address in the conventional sense – it is not concerned with dialogue, or with intersubjectivity. Renaude is concerned only to evoke a world on the borders of self and world. She plunges actor and spectator into the roots of the French language, into an unravelling of the language's demotic and literary palimpsests. Thus, the experience of acting or viewing one of these plays is that of wandering, without apparent direction, in the magma of a particular language and culture, an experience which exercises the auditory memory and imagination:

> La terre de vos ancêtres? Charmant comme paysage. Les miens étaient de Thionville pour une branche et de Sarreguemines pour l'autre. Vous connaissez Jean Prélat? Il a herité d'une baraque un peu comme la vôtre, dans une campagne sinsitrée un peu comme ici. Du côté de Guéret? (The

> land of your ancestors? Lovely spot. One branch of mine were from around Thionville, and the others were from Sarreguemines. Do you know Jean Prélat? He inherited a shack – something like yours – in a townland that was a bit of a disaster zone – a bit like this place.) [1]

In the space of memory that is evoked, 'all the dead voices'[xxxiii] are summoned out of the earth – excavated – in order to animate a geographical space. The page/stage is a space of infinite possibilities, to be explored by means of detours and excesses, expansion and contraction of the frame. The play, for Renaude, is a complicated mapping of a multitude of different voices, stories and trajectories in a landscape. If one wants to find one's way in this soundscape, one must break the code, discover the key to the map. These texts for the stage call for, and nurture, new ways of reading and performing plays: we must survey the page/stage, measure distances between words, decode symbols, chart proliferating patterns. We must become cartographers – the mathematical precision of the map-maker is very much what is required if we are to navigate our way into, and out of these pages. Using eye and ear, we plot our route through a terrain where the old signposts are no longer of any use.

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[i] This essay contains some material that was included in my essay 'L'Art de l'écrit s'incarnant: The Theatre of Noëlle Renaude', that appeared in *Yale French Studies* 112, Fall, 2007, pp.116-128 (A special issue on the contemporary French theatre).

[ii] Noëlle Renaude, *Bon, Saint-Cloud* in *La Famille* (Paris: L'Avant-scène théâtre-La Comédie Française, 2007). In 2007, the Comédie Française published a collection of short plays on the theme of the family, including one by Renaude entitled. In an interview accompanying her play, Renaude states that 'ce qui me passionne le plus, c'est l'archéologie sonore des familles' (179): 'What fascinates me most (in the theatre) is the sonorous archaeology of families'.

[iii] *La Famille*: 179.

[iv] Noëlle Renaude, *The Northern Fox*, translated by Gillian Hanna, in Frontline Drama 6: New French Plays (London: Methuen, 2000), pp.35-84 (37-38).

[v] Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night,* Act I, scene (ii).

[vi] Noëlle Renaude, *Les Cendres et les lampions* in *Courtes Pièces* (Montreuil-sous-Bois: Editions Théâtrales, 1994).

[vii] Interview with Frédéric Fisbach, quoted in *Trois Pièces Contemporaines* (Paris: Gallimard, 2002) :132.

[viii] Jean-Pierre Ryngaert and Julie Sermon, *Le Personnage théârale contemporain: décomposition, recomposition (*Montreuil-sous-Bois: Théâtrales, 2006) : 70.

[ix] Interview with Frédéric Fisbach, quoted in *Trois Pièces Contemporaines* :135.

[x] Interview with Noëlle Renaude, quoted in *L'Avenir d'une crise*: *Écritures dramatiques contemporaines(1980-2000). Études Théâtrales* 24-25, 2002 : 232-44 (240).

[xi] Jean-Pierre Ryngaert and Julie Sermon, *Le Personnage théârale contemporain: décomposition, recomposition* : 74.

[xii] Noëlle Renaude, *Ma Solange, Comment t'ecrire mon desastre, Alex Roux* 1-3 (Montreuil-sous-Bois: Theatrales, 1996, 1997, 1998). A compendium edition, from the same publisher, appeared in 2004. All quotations are from the 2004 edition.

[xiii] Interview with Noëlle Renaude, quoted in *L'Avenir d'une crise* : 232-44 (238).

[xiv] Ibid.

[xv] ibid : 235.

[xvi] Noëlle Renaude, *Par les routes* (Paris: Théâtre Ouvert/Enjeux, 2005) :110.

[xvii] Noëlle Renaude, *Promenades* (Montreuil-sous-Bois: Editions Théâtrales, 2003).

[xviii] Noëlle Renaude, *Des Tulipes/Ceux qui partent à l'aventure* (Montreuil-sous-Bois: Editions Théâtrales, 2006).

[xix] Robert Cantarella, "L'Art de l'ecrit s'incarnant" in Noëlle Renaude, *Des Tulipes/Ceux Qui partent a l'aventure* : 7-8 (7).

[xx] Noëlle Renaude, *Par les routes* : 164-65.

[xxi] Noëlle Renaude, *Par les routes* (Paris: Théâtre Ouvert/Enjeux, 2005).

[xxii] Noëlle Renaude, *Par les routes* : 11.

[xxiii] Michel Corvin, 'L'esprit du lieu d'Eschyle à Renaude', in *Théâtre/Public XX*, January 2007.

[xxiv] Michel Corvin, "L'esprit du lieu d'Eschyle à Renaude" in *Théâtre/Public* 183, January 2007: 36-44.

[xxv] Robert Cantarella, 'L'Art de l'écrit s'incarnant', in *Des Tulipes/Ceux qui partent à l'aventure* : 7-8 (8).

[xxvi] Noëlle Renaude, "Cartographies" in *Par les routes* : 110.

[xxvii] Noëlle Renaude, *Une Belle Journée* (Montreuil-sous-Bois: Editions Théâtrales, 2008).

[xxviii] Noëlle Renaude, "Cartographies" in *Par les routes* : 109.

[xxix] Roland Barthes,"Écrire la lecture" in *Oeuvres Complètes III* (Paris*:*Seuil, nouvelle édition, 2002) : 602-04 ((604).

[xxx] Noëlle Renaude, *Topographies*, published with *Une Belle Journée* (Montreuil-sous-Bois: Editions Théâtrales, 2008).

[xxxi] Patrice Patrice, *Le Théâtre contemporain* (Paris: Armand Colin, 2004): 228.

[xxxii] Valère Novarina, 'Lettre aux acteurs' in *Le Théâtre des paroles* (Paris: P.O.L., 1989): 20-21 (my translation).

[xxxiii] Samuel Beckett, *Wating for Godot*, Act II (**Publication details)**