

## THE SONG OF THE MIME

If every letter in our alphabet represented a gesture, joined together they would fill a whole calendar with movements, and just one leaf would be able to crush a rock. Mime represents a sea of letters that can make us understand even what is most recondite; it bears the traces of a whole culture bereft of signs; it is a soundless word that hurls its glass into a sea never lost by the sailor. Its sphere opens out to receive all fables; it is a white column that carries off the clothes and is, at bottom, well able to start any fight. Albert Vidal has become our great man of mime; he knows perfectly well at what point in the darkness a fountain springs. The clouds are in disguise and the horizon lights up; there is no need for the snare of words to evoke the thoughts of men of all the ages and to fan the ashes. Working on the seed, Albert Vidal nails hammer and bell. At most he may be accused of being surprising when he paints his strange growth green to adapt the anagram of Pierrot to his medium. It is a shining snake that he drags along, and its volumes trust in his wings. But he is never driven from the rampart when with well-chosen words—gestures—he bears the weight of all that surrounds him or gathers up its crumbs. He approaches, he goes away and piles up the snow. There is room for everybody in him, everybody can squeeze through his sliding trapdoor, which takes us in or makes us vanish, depending on the moment, depending on the way, depending on the vivid edges of the street.

Our mime aspires to a rose that will smile by telepathy, or to the sovereign mirror that will reflect thoughts and feelings if we just give it a look. He knows how to make water flow from smoke, and the moment it rains he meditates on the cock's crowing, sitting in the square. With gesture he informs the words of the days. The mist is never heavy in his drawings and the seed he creates lights thought and melody as it reaches silence from a starting-point of silence. Observe, however, that within a span of thread a dominant iron pricks his drops. The most unexpected colours bring out the sad grass with magnetic roots that whistle. (That excellent photographer, Leopold Samsó, is moving behind the scenes in all this.)

Ladies and gentlemen: Turning one's back when a storm is blowing does not mean hiding the trees. The book you have in your hands endeavours to be a window looking over these waters because, all the same, the oldest fruit of the theatre does not hang from the word.

Joan Brossa

Translated by Kenneth Lyons