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### **Landscape in the mist or the strength of poetry dressed without artifice**

When we accept the pre-eminence of mediated relations (by the Technological tools of today) as substitutes for those that are constituted from the quasi-sacred rituals of corporeity in play and offering, we allow ourselves to be trapped by a perverse discourse that is functional to the systems of domination. The theater, with its pagan sacrament of sacred festivity, revolts against these imposed sentences and rises like a dam for the reciprocal violence in each personal creative encounter. And from its conception as a unique and unrepeatable event, dream craftsmanship, homemade machinery fueled by desire and passion, it is impossible to globalize it, to reduce it to a set of conventions designed to be reproduced in factory. In that confrontation with flat-panel mandates and homogeneous voices, genuine stage production generates spaces where identities are reinforced from non-essentialist positions. Thus, even with collective imaginaries as distant as those we imagine between Hong Kong and Bahía Blanca, we are able to let ourselves be traversed by a spectacle of commendable poetic beauty.

The group of artists from Theater Ronin, composed of members of striking youth, chose simplicity over the often empty paraphernalia of gadgets that cram the stage with nothing to say. With this narrative structure, as old as today, they delivered a careful task and with remarkable levels of representation and presentation. The audience that shared the celebration in the Municipal Theater did not demand to understand the language of stories, texts and songs to consider being invited to a fire rich in images polished in the detail of the talented goldsmith, images that we can be rich for the analysis, without falling in exaggerations of interpretation that invest the ideology of the enjoyed.

Shortly after the action started, painted in a magical dimension of time, it did not matter the simultaneous translation of some texts base, because the playful was installed and each viewer, abandoned his passive position to enter a journey that was familiar and attractive from the careful and minimalist movements and the virtuoso voices of the performers. With a modest but appropriate scenic display, with

peculiarities peculiar to the Eastern conception that Brecht so appreciated, the group builds spaces of claiming the collective, without undesired violence, without stereotyped repetitions, without alienating echoes.

They use objects that acquire symbolic value and demarcate narration times without abusing them. When the over-intellectualization seems to mark ways we come across a creation that rescues the essence of theatricality in the sublime beauty of its incarnated poetry and in the simplicity chosen to embody it. There are no boundaries that can stop the power of an act that chooses such attributes to manifest.

Hong Kong and Bahía Blanca can embrace and such a hug be fruitful when an artistic expression paints their village, because in that painting the greatness and human miseries are shaped.