



**ROYAL**  
**DE LUXE** NANTES

## **The Grandmother fallen from the galaxy into a field in Munster**

**Creation 2014  
Limerick**

Here is a living tale which we suggest you attend, whilst keeping children and parents away from this show, as terror, sorrow and sadness could trigger in them a psychological depression worthy of the harshest moments of the Irish famine in 1845.

So I ask you not to pay any attention to this flow of incoherent yet real images, such is our inclination to protect your delicate and revolutionary spirits.

Anyway, one day an Irish Grandmother Giant, having fallen from the sky, found herself legs spread wide apart in a potato field in the middle of Munster County.

The peasants, who were surprised by her apparition, put her up in a barn on their property, and they fed, took care of her every day as best they could. However, after a certain amount of time, they couldn't afford to keep her anymore and so they put her on a train to Limerick.

To welcome her, men built up a wall of light made of car lights like the stars of a tidy galaxy. As soon as she had arrived at the railway station, she was greeted by thousands of people who had come from all over Ireland.

As her language was more incomprehensible than the most ancient Gaelic, a translator who had some knowledge of her speech was swiftly located.

By chance, her personal safe, which contained the memory of Limerick, also fell from the sky onto a car in the city. This enabled her to tell the legends and stories of great battles endured in past centuries that had fallen into oblivion a long time ago.

Here and there, some images that had emerged from her past encumbered the city.

Eventually, she will leave, standing up, towards her own burial to sleep, carried away by the current of the Shannon which will scatter her memories throughout the rest of the world; carrying the pride of Ireland in her luggage; swarming innumerable communities witnessing the courage and faith of a people full of an incredible strength launched into the future like a silver javelin.

The Grandmother Giant, crossing the galaxy yet again, will wait for the day when she will fall once more into the potatoes of Munster.

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