

2009 TOUR DATES

31 January	London (UK)
7 February	Puysserguier (France)
21 March	Utrecht (Nederland)
20 April	Laurence University (Wisconsin US)
15 May	Le Puy en Velay (France)
16 May	Saint Julien Chapeuil (France)
12-22 June	Montréal (Quebec)
30 September	Mont de Marsan (France)
Oct / Dec	Saint Germain en Laye, Saint-Jean d'Angely, etc...

From French to English

In 2005 Marie Celine Lachaud created *Un jour j'irai à Compostelle* for the Avignon Fringe Festival and since then has performed it over 200 times throughout France. She created the English version, translated by Dominic Leggett, at the Edinburgh Fringe Festival 2008, and will be taking it on tour in 2009.

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One day I'll go to Compostela

The story of a woman who went
for all the times she didn't go

Written and performed by
Marie Celine Lachaud

250 performances in UK and in France

31st of January 2009
16h45
St Alban's centre
Baldwins Gardens, London (UK)

21st of march 2009
14h 30 French version / 19h 30 English version
Jacobi Theatre Utrecht (Nederland)



“ A “UTO”, an unidentified theatrical object . Voilà !
 Maybe this is the exact way to describe One day I'll
 go to Compostela. At times colloquial, at times
 perceptive and gripping, this contemporary tale
 takes the audience on an emotional rollercoaster.
 With this work, Marie Céline Lachaud has found her
 own original voice. ”

Louis Paul Astraud (Magazine l'Internaute)



Marie Céline Lachaud

Marie Céline Lachaud is an author of dramatic and musical theatre, a performer, and a Grand Prix winner at the Académie Charles Cros. For twelve years, she directed *Mikado*, a musical theatre company, in Bordeaux, which brought together teams of artists from across Europe. She wrote a number of works reaching large audiences in France, England, and Canada. Among her recent works are *Chansons Devinettes* a collection of songs for children and *Quand la guerre sera finie*, a musical she wrote with Nicholas Skilbeck, an English composer.

She created *Un jour j'irai à Compostelle* for the Avignon Fringe Festival. Since then, she has performed it over 200 times in France, and most recently at the Théâtre de la Huchette in Paris. She presented the English version at the 2008 Edinburgh Fringe Festival. In 2009 Marie Céline Lachaud starts an international tour with *One day I'll go to Compostela* as the American version of *Quand la guerre sera finie* will be premiered the 23th of April at Laurence University in US.

The story

While answering a questionnaire about Compostela, a French woman recalls her previous journey there. She followed Jack, an elderly Yorkshireman whom she'd met by chance while on holiday. He was doing the pilgrimage. The first thing he confided her was his button problem: the one holding up his shorts. Although old enough to be her father... he wasn't. And when he told her "I love you," her feet hurt. Later, upon discovering he had been a judge, she almost ran away. Her daughter was about to get married. Would she get to the wedding in time? Should she bring Jack along, too? And what have a psychoanalyst and a fairy tale cloak got to do with this story? In any case, one thing is sure, this journey on foot turned out expensive because of the planes.

An audiovisual extract of the play on www.mariecelinelachaud.fr



Director : **Marie Céline Lachaud**
 Light design : **François Eric Valentin**

Photos : A Vergnes
 Graphic conception : MA Abesdris

ThreeWeeks

An engaging and lively monologue...
 an original, endearing and polished
 character piece.

STAGE

Moving, especially when touching on
 the character's emotional vulnerability.

FEST
 magazine

A charming tale, told with punchy wit
 and verbal dexterity.

THE SCOTSMAN

A very touching story.

leParisien

A good piece that outshines any star.

CHARLIE HEBDO

A biting, ironic, and moving narration,
 a poetic and funny character.

pariscoscope

A riveting and hilarious adventure.





I didn't tell anyone in my family that I was going on this journey. Heaven knows how my mother got wind I was leaving. I've no idea. Anyway, the night before I left, she phones me:
"Apparently you're off travelling?"
"Err Yes..."
"Where to?"
"On a trip, mum."
She isn't satisfied.
"So why don't you want to tell me where you're going?"
"Because I don't want to. That's all." She isn't pleased.

At two o'clock in the morning, she phones me again. "So, I've been thinking..."
When my mother starts a sentence with "So, I've been thinking" I'm always suspicious of what's coming next.

"So, I've been thinking. If you don't want to tell me where you're going, it's because you're going to do something bad." I could've throttled her right then and there.

"Well, it must be something bad, otherwise you would've told me. "

Her logic is watertight. No use arguing. I'm condemned in advance.

"By Golly mum, you've hit the nail right on the head. I can't keep it to myself any longer. I'm going to sell my body on the streets of Buenos Aires to help pay my taxes ." She hung up on me.

Excerpts from the text

We had hardly been chatting two minutes when he told me about his button problem. The button on his shorts, to be precise. He had lost nearly a stone since he had left "Lo Pouee en Voalay", and he wanted someone to move his button for him, because his shorts were falling down.

Now that is exactly the kind of come-on that leaves me stone, stone cold. Then he stops bang in the middle of the path, turns towards me and sticks his hand down his shorts, to show me the full extent of his problem.

I decided then and there that our ways were going to part very soon.



Suddenly, I couldn't breathe. My stomach heaved. I felt a stabbing pain down my left side.

I was overcome by a monstrous, terrifying, unexpected feeling - a feeling that I had always managed to stay free of in my life up to that moment. I realised I was jealous.

So, here, in this tumble-down little church, in the middle of nowhere, in Spain, I found myself forced to face up to the fact that I was in love with this man who was old enough to be my father - and that I was jealous of an old Scottish spinster who was sitting in the pew, right there next to him, singing a Gregorian chant.

The situation was slightly – how should I say – surreal!

Jack always wanted to stay in hotels. I always wanted to stay in gites: sleeping and eating around other people was new and exciting for me - it felt like an adventure.

On those nights that Jack agreed to stay in a gite, as he didn't speak French, we would always end up joining the English-speaking group – and the conversation was always absolutely rivetting.

Oh, look, at the sky! Ahhhh... Red sky at night?... Shepherd's delight!.... Red sky in the morning?... Sailor's warning!"

The weather! Always the weather! What it was like yesterday, what it is like now, what it'll be like tomorrow.

The English have a real knack for conjugating verbs.

I kept thinking I'd walked into a rehearsal of 'My Fair Lady'.

After some time I yearned for smoky Paris cafés, good red wine, for home I guess.

And, as it happened, when I managed to drag Jack to the gite in Ledigos, I got exactly what I was hoping for.



You know, it's true, this trip ended up being quite expensive - but I more than made up for it in the long run.

When I got back home I stopped seeing the psychoanalyst. It wasn't easy, either. I was seeing him once a week. When I told him I wanted to stop, he said, "Very good, let's move to two sessions a week so we can talk about it." I told him to get lost.

" I won't let anyone treat me like that anymore".





"Touching funny and generous"

"A simple and touching story told with sincerity, humor and generosity. Profound and complex subjects are tackled with subtlety and grace."

"A genuine and poetic story"

"Riveting, excellent, moving, and funny."

"Quality and unusual conviction. "

"Funny and warm, between comedy and the initiatic journey... I really enjoyed this show."

"Absolutely enchanting tale ! "

Spectators' comments

"Captivating performance with lots of meaning, humor, and an ecologically inclined punch line. "

"Such an engaging story, well told ! "

"Insightful journey ! "

"Excellent. One day I will have my story when I go to Compostella. "

"I'm walking the Pilgrim's route next year and will think of you-your play was fantastic !"

"Performance was brilliant !"

"Wonderful storytelling ! Engaging journey, we'll walk with our heads up. Happy journeys ! "

"It's elegant, clever...and funny."



Diffusion 2005-2008 : 250 performances

Festivals :

Edinburgh Fringe (UK), Wetherby (UK), Coldingham (UK), Avignon Off, Morsang sur Orge (91), Haut Couserans (09), Mably (43), Aire sur Adour (40), Paroles d'Automnes (64), Moissac (82)

Confraternities of Saint James :

Saint-Paul les Dax (40) , Pranzac(16) , Saugues (43), Espalion (12), Londres (UK)

Touring :

Conques (12), Orthez (64), Petit Piquey (33), St Chély d'Aubrac (12), Le Carlarret (09), Pau (64), Mimizan (40), Andresy (78), Saint Maur les Fossés (94), Navarrenx (64), etc...

