

INSTANCES



MI-OCTOBRE
SERGE RICCI

Choreographie et interprétation **Serge Ricci**

Artistic collaboration

lighting **Boris Molinié**

Music **Bérengère De Tarlé**

visual arts **Fabien Almakiewicz**

costumes **Alexandra Gilbert**

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Duration : 15 à 18 mn

Création the 11th og july 2005

Coproduction : Compagnie Mi-October / Serge Ricci - with the funding of Micadanses (Paris).

The Mi-October dance company is funded by the DRAC Ile-de France.

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*Visible and mobile, my body is a thing among things;
it is caught in the fabric of the world, and its cohesion
is that of a thing.*

Merleau-Ponty, *eye and the Mind*, 1960

Instance, a moment suspended between two states that coexist and emanate from the same desire.

To invent a process of acceleration that consists of mixing epoch, moment and time, leaving time escape it's own chronology, that axe that gives time it's progression in one direction or another.

The notions of before, and after, meld, resting on the command of another order, space shrinks and becomes the reflection of a time that has lost all it's thickness and that has become a circular structure caught in a subjective duration.

Searching for the shape of contracted matter and being, the erosion of energy of one system, where the body unveils itself at the moment when we would want to veil it.

A proposition to follow the metamorphosis of a body, and to enter into a confusion analogue to what governs the dream state.

Perceptions

There is in this project the physical adventure to attain beings in their most immediate presence, one of their flesh, the other of the environment.

This territory materialises thru the relation of movement and environment - that moves to the contraction of matter and being, to the advancement of an invisible action, a dilution of contours.

In the same way that the dancer/performer informs us, as to the space of the theatre which becomes a fundamental element of the performance. At centre of stage, the place in which converges the axes of circulation and visual lines constitute multiple centres of gravity where figure and background consider each other and inflect each other thru intermittent plasticity's. Soon there after the subject shifts; a body is shifted in relation to the environmental setting. Transformation.

Space is not only the medium at play. It possesses it's own dynamism and modifies itself accordingly, becoming a veritable protagonist. The transposition of one domain to the other where by diverse plastic materials are superimposed, both psychical and theatrical, invites us to write unspeakable dialogues between the architecture of the theatre and body. (Within the shared space, skin defines their common edges), forming a delicate negotiation between the sensorial cartography of our skin and the space that englobes it, the skin of the theatre.

The absent body that these souvenirs designate puts itself beyond the circle of its consciousness becomes something that is obvious and that never stops to resonate with new questions. This makes us experience the division between lightness and heaviness. This is where dance creates its territory. The state of things get tangled up, in a way a thread gets tangled, like a pile of cloth, everything eventually converges. This spatial in-between underlines the slide between image and identity, there where the body (in Instance) hesitates and no longer occupies a position of a solid in a rational space.

What interests me is the breadth of the relationship between the interpreter and the choreographer. This project brings me once again in collaboration with artists that have participated in the creative work process of the dance company Mi-October. Dance as choreography still remains the matrix of the work. But it is this joining of forces that invites us to draw on other disciplines in which interpreters of the group have been trained and enriched these past years: Costumes, Alexander Gilbert, Sculptural Propositions, Fabien Almakiewicz, Lighting, Boris Moliné, Images, Antonin Lambert, Sound Matter, Bérengère de Tarlé.

Within the project *Instances* include from one to numerous solos that will apply themselves to follow an object that is in perpetual transformation and in which at the same time must be built.

What is important to me are these diverse fields, this network of reciprocities, between visible beings that will vibrate an invisible reality. There are numerous levels of writing carried out by both the choreographer, as well as those carried out by the interpreters, thereby putting in place a mechanism. We are gardeners, we meet as such! Our shared reflexions question the sensorial apprehension within the creative process. Each person feels and gives meaning to the movement, all while communicating their desires to the group. Representing in one's self something that is abstract, a character in a show, to act, to incarnate, to personify.

*What dominates me is the sentiment of being pushed forward
by my refusal to go forward*

Maurice Blanchot, *Thomas the obscure*

Alone?

Otherness in ones own body, searching for a definition

A solo, a garden, an intimate space; fenced, endlessly rebuilt, unfinished or unfinishable, where one must endlessly fight against proliferation, against what creeps and accumulates hoping for a peace that never gets declared.....

The soloist is never alone on stage whatever the style of performance. He faces the spectators for whom he performs. Alone, and not alone, this situation becomes a source of tension.

The terrain occupied by the solo is one of incessant slides immersed in the group experience. Man dons a body, of human form, or animal; he represents something that is abstract, a character in a show. The dancer in his mass state, creeps, stand's up erect like a tree in a forest of trees. Becomes diluted, from water in the water then multiplies the portraits that simultaneously constitutes a self-portrait. Sensitive to other peoples gaze on his own image, clandestine to himself, like a witness he walks on paths that he does not recognize, and that do not recognize him.

Mobile and animated this project replays the experience of an encounter, in which image and body meld together in a space where they cannot be separated. In an attempt to appropriate the transformations of human nature:

*The distance that separates us from the foreigner is that same
distance that separates us from ourselves*

Edmond Jabes

I hear the legs and fall backwards, thus I can better feel the comfort of detachment. There are so many clouds in my soul that they appear as a veil, a purée, a shadow zone, a sensation of discomfort and as far away my thoughts could possibly go, I did not have one want, not one desire unsatisfied. Clandestine, absent to myself, spread out eyes open in a singular state, I feel empty, without contact to what surrounded me, Happy to be seen by nobody, I felt «deliciously far». Only the monotonous rumour softened by the big empty silence quieted my ear. And the black monsters over there, were going to suck me up into the night, to come and carry me far to the other side of the sea towards strange lands where man does not live

Knut Hamsun, *The Hunger*

How many are we in this multiple body? Masked or unmasked by the eye, open or discovered by the mind of bodies that move over and under the dance.....

How to stand out as an individual so as to refine one's singularity inside the mass? The idea of the solo is not without a common plinth, it designates group getaway, a return trip between oneself and the immersion into the group experience, all within the conditions of rupture, multiplicity and discontinuity.

It is a project that takes its source inside or outside (sound, image, object, materials...) so as to create from diverse sensorial information a coherent image, a repertoire of reactions to the environment

Parallèlement, des oeuvres littéraires qui me suivent régulièrement sont là pour conforter ou interroger nos échanges. Notamment *La Faim* de Knut Hamsun. Aucune histoire, aucune intrigue, la faim est le sujet même du livre avec tous les troubles intellectuels et les déformations morales qu'entraîne une inanition prolongée. Également *Thomas l'Obscur*, de M. Blanchot : un glissement, une immersion, une secousse syntaxique... La chair, peut-être aussi ce fond d'irrationnel qui me met sur la voie de la matière.

We will be exploring the different relationships and the different presences of the body to its environment; it will be the occasion to come into contact with different materials, with architectures or singular spaces, and to put this living body in the service of an intention, an intuition, to encase the gaze of the witnesses and the accidents of these compositions.

A vast soliloquy to be shared or the group getaway in an attempt to form either one or perhaps numerous solos. A dream of solitude within a common and global world that never ceases to connect us to the rest of humanity, to mix ourselves up and tangle us in each other.

« The clandestine reads into the non incorporation the sign of his nature disturbed by the uncertainty of the places connected to his first identity, the body; a cellular identity, an identity of the flesh. He draws geometric figures in a sketched space, divisible to infinity, but whole in each of his parts. His journey is drawn from the group thru double exposures, the construct of the piece transforms from one day to another. Foreign to the events being staged, the epoch is causing him to have trouble drawing a free breath.

He does not freely outline diagonal routes in the ordered existence of others. But by stepping backwards or paralysis he anticipates ou precipates the actions of apparitions and disappearances. Hence playing with with the framework, he brings rhythm the interdeterminance of the vanishing point between the spectator and his horizon line.»

At what moment are we no longer unknown to the world, to ourselves?

Amnesty International defines the clandestine, as he that hoped to enter or sejour in a country without respecting the laws relative to the situation of foreigners.

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