

Encore

Choreography Catherine Diverrès

Artistic Advisor and Set Design Laurent Peduzzi

Music Jean-Luc Guionnet

Lighting Catherine Diverrès, Eric Corlay

Costumes Cidalia Da Costa

Sound Denis Gambiez

Technical Direction Marc Labourguigne

With

Carole Gomes

Isabelle Kurzi

Thierry Micouin

Rafael Pardillo

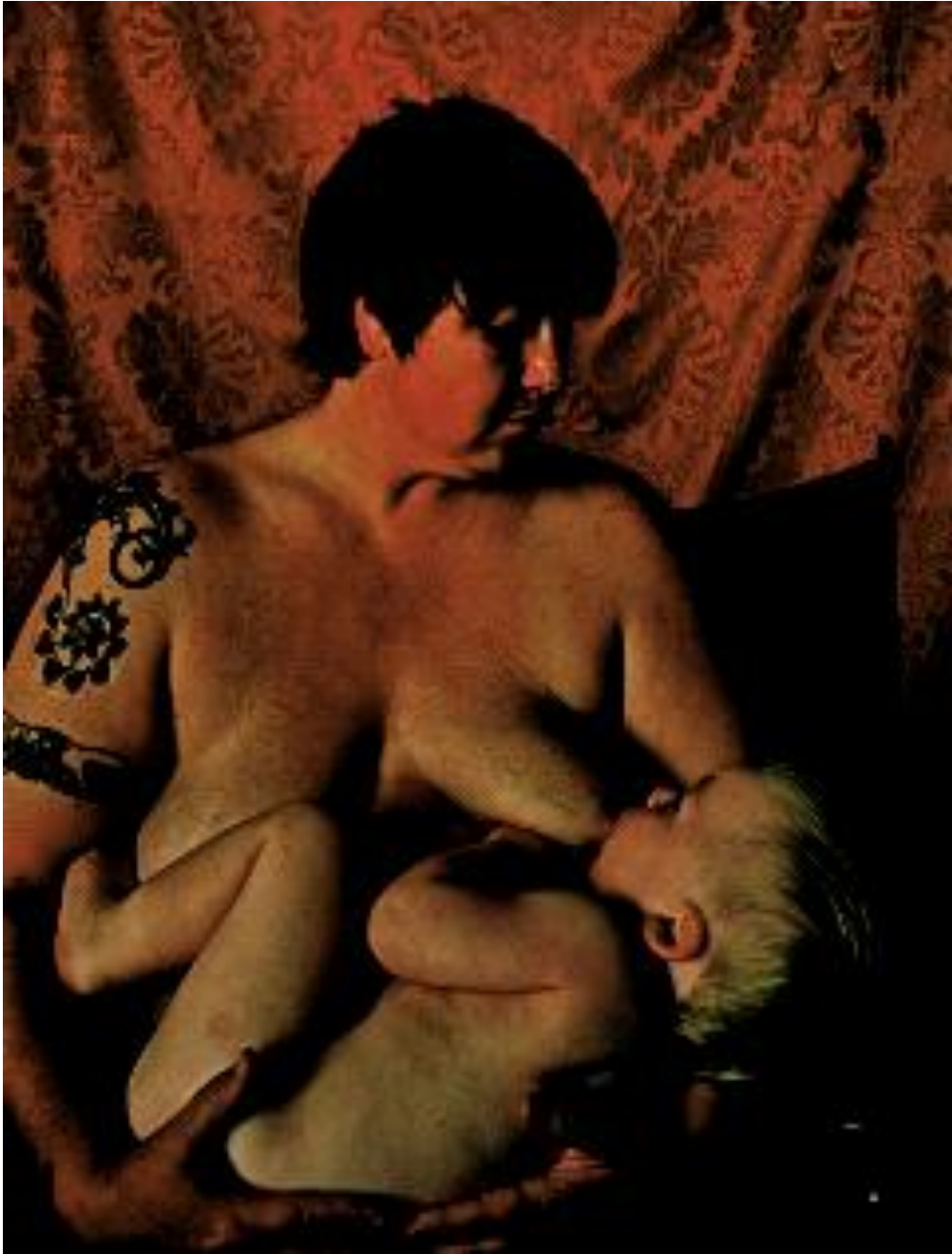
Emilio Urbina

Production Association d'Octobre/Compagnie Catherine Diverrès
Coproductioin Biennale de danse de Lyon, Théâtre national de Chaillot,
With support from the Centre national de la danse
World Premiere September 10, 2010 at the Biennale de la danse in Lyon

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Catherine Opie

Encore

Once upon a time she ...

After leaving my position as artistic director of the Centre Chorégraphique de Rennes, I got the idea of doing a commissioned piece ...

I remembered the process I experienced with *San*, a commission I received in 2002 from Antonio Pinto Ribeiro for the Culturgest in Lisbon: it was an homage to Oscar Schlemmer. I was somewhat reluctant at first but soon I began enjoying the approach to this new material, whose limitations had been pre-set, dealing with a subject not of my choosing, of my will. For me the experience brought a wonderful freedom, a kind of separation from myself ...

My newly rediscovered independence and the multiplicity of choices open to me pushed me to experience again the specific quality generated by a commission as part of the creative process.

I knew that Guy Darnet would be doing his final Biennale in 2010.

So we are both dealing with departures, new departures ...

He answered me with the word describing the theme for that final Biennale: “Encore ...” for which I thank him.

The word may at times be banal and insignificant but it also carries a desire, the will to transmit, a feeling of duration ... as well as a certain gravity.

It is thus with both solemnity and a playful delight that I begin considering the various meanings of *Encore*.

The text by Irène Filiberti covers some of the thoughts which have come to me ...

Catherine Diverrès
October 2009

The quintet form for this next creation has been created for this occasion.

We plan to play with concepts, working somewhere between intuition and reflection, examining the movement and the dance vocabulary around one word, the theme of the Dance Biennale of 2010, *Encore*.

This invitation, sharing and filling time, thus becomes intention, a choreographic temptation to interlace and employ the two primary impulses described by Freud:

“The two fundamental principles of Empedocles ... are, in name and in function, the equivalent of our two primal drives, Eros and Destruction. One tries to bring things together in larger and larger unions, the other to dissolve those unions and to destroy whatever they have generated ...”

So what does the word *encore* mean to us – in dance, to the dancers and to the audience? It is a word filled with promise and desire, evoking growth, life, transmission, strength.

Empedocles developed the notion of love/hate as if it were a world in the making, an experience of both unity and separation.

Following a lead as one would unravel a mystery, digging deep to discover, to reveal the essential elements of this word, real or fictional, but definitely hidden, secret. *Encore* is a weighted word, rich in our imagination, combining our sense of excess with that of the unending cycle of life and death. Perhaps this is where we tie them to the darker impulses of *Eros*, the never-ending party scene. Sequins, phantoms, masks for “re-presentation,” the insatiable orgasm of partying.

Set between gravity and weightlessness, birth and death, how to make us hear the word, its multiple meanings, its excesses, its fugues, its flights of fancy? This marvelous, pitiless cycle of life inextricably linked to dreams of dying but which at its climax, always, still touches Death, in addiction, outrageous, quantitative, resistant ...

Eros and *Thanatos*, once again, fighting, falling.

Whirlwind, dizziness, the path of *encore* follows the winding destiny of fate and torment. And *Chronos*, the greatest choreographer, sets the tangos and waltzes and chooses the tempo.

A certain moving back and forth is required when using the superlative *encore*. Swinging forward means clowning, baroque flourishes, artificial overflows. Swinging backward: supremacist rigor, sparsity of shape, affects, effects, certain resources. And other constructions in French using the word *encore*, timid, austere, faithful yet terrible: *pas encore* (“not yet”), *encore temps* (“still time”) and others: waiting, hope, transmission. The chandelier in *The Music Room* moves, Satyajit Ray opens an eye and the mythical film comes back to us.

In our first, dreamed explorations, *encore* guides us, leads us. The word unlocks the magical abstract circle of intemporality, of time in its purest sense. But it also unlocks the infernal circle of performance, in which man – or woman – measures him or herself, unrelenting to the end. Then the fragile abstraction of dance becomes unsettled. An image emerges: a man, a woman, on tiptoe, jumping and jumping, leaping, desperately launching his or her body, (*encore et toujours*, [“still”] chants the poet, perhaps Verlaine). He and she fall and get up, fall and recover, fall and take off again He and she reaching, rejecting, touching, pushing away, taking, withdrawing ...

The word *encore* also evokes memory. When we say it, we evoke the future, immediate or farther away. When it is repeated extensively, we are impelled, consciously or unconsciously, to evoke the immediate or distant past. There is a humility in repetition, in effort, in fighting exhaustion. Do over, retake, begin again, a time loop, a stuttering, channeling Beckett and the Absurd, these ideas touching upon this conjuring of the definitive, the irreparable. Wanting to suspend this falling toward oblivion for an instant.

- Irène Filiberti