

# Compagnie Catherine Diverrès

## New piece 2019



# Jour et Nuit

## Day and Night

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**Jour et Nuit will see the light of day in 2019. The creative process will begin in 2018, developing through a number of residencies at our partners' venues and at Studio 8.**

Let the metaphors fly – our imaginations are definitely triggered by these two words: a union which does not include mixing, a fluttering of wings, alternating, contrasting, periods of wakefulness and rest, the scansion of time. From lightest to darkest, shadows which grow larger and smaller, being dazzled, almost like being blinded, grey or tender dawns, and night skies with shooting stars.

Swinging, turning upside down: but the two principal stars are not in juxtaposition, instead they follow and complement each other.

The nine dancers will embody their dream, their energy, Eros, darkness, secrets in an interlacing of paths, of singular landscapes. Leaving room for feelings, emotions, images to fill the movement, the shapes. Supported by a hybridity of songs, both popular and classical, recounting and exposing “our” days and “our” nights. A festive day and night, of freedom, nostalgia, mild delirium, alternating tears and laughter, vain combats and cruel, intimate and collective battles.

Fears, dangers, consolations, love. “Required” to “be”. What would one Day one Night mean to you ? This will be the question we will ask our dancers and collaborators, but I am asking you as well. Day and night, conjugated in the plural – the meaning may be different but everything is allowed, everything is possible, if you open up a space in your imagination and your thoughts. Is there meaning in the alternating of day and night ?

For this (last) work, I am allowing myself complete stylistic freedom. Moving between the baroque, expressionism, lyrical abstraction and romanticism – who cares! And with such joy ! No expressive constraints will be allowed, just the idea of opening the poetic space at the heart of each dancer – this should bring us, you – together, or perhaps it will divide us ?

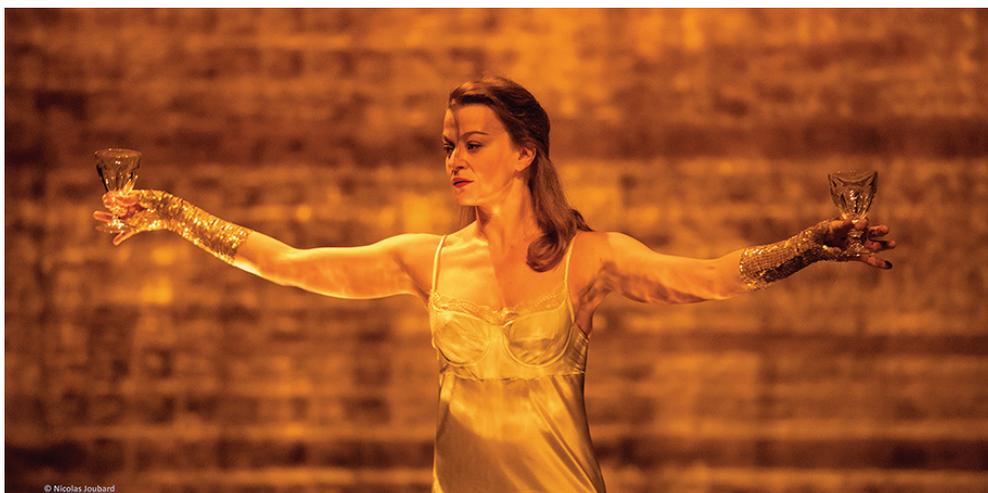
The step we take will be out of reach. Flowers are immortal. The sky remains whole. And that which will happen is only a promise. Ossip Mandelstam - may 4, 1937

Catherine Diverrès, March 2017

Catherine Diverrès seems often to be channeling the poets, the wayward, intractable ones, and over the years has created a unique body of work, including more than thirty pieces which have indelibly changed the contemporary choreographic landscape. Her delicate yet powerful dancing, including a number of different styles, is often used to create abstract lines as well as to completely transform the bodies of her dancers.

Now, with a company of ten dancers, the choreographer is beginning a new creation, structured to be in two stages, with the rigor of her taut vocabulary allowing for the interpolation of metaphor and dream – as well as the delightful humor in the wearing of special finery and disguises. It is up to each of the dancers to choose his or her terrain, his or her projection into an intriguing universe of woven webs and themes. With bursts of movement, lively or launched into the air, between glimpses of light, flashes and sudden disappearances, the dance is revealed, as if emerging from behind multiple veils, somewhere between day and night, shadow and light, the past and the urgency of the present.

Irène Filiberti



© Nicolas Joubard



# Distribution

## Choreography

Catherine Diverrès

In collaboration with the dancers

## Artistic collaboration and scenography

Laurent Peduzzi

## Lighting director

Marie-Christine Soma assisted by Fabien Bossard

## Technical Direction

Emmanuel Humeau

## Sound

Kenan Trévien

## Costumes

Cidalia Da Costa assisted by Anne Yarmola

Thanks to Emilio Urbina to the costumes of *Back to black* and *l'homme sac*

## Dancers

Pilar Andres Contreras / Alexandre Bachelard / Lee Davern / Nathan Freyermuth / Harris Gkekas / Capucine Goust / Isabelle Kurzi / Rafael Pardillo / Emilio Urbina

## Texts

Novalis, Extraits In *Hymnes à la nuit* et In *Chants Spirituels*, Paris, Les Belles Lettres, 2014, dits par Isabelle Kurzi et Frode Bjornstad  
Poèmes de Lee Davern

## Music

Jean-Luc Guionnet et Thomas Tilly - Seijiro Murayama - Alec Wilder, Billie Holidays with Ray Ellis and his Orchestra - John Stafford Smith, Jimmy Hendrix - Keith Miller, Glen Mason, Shirley Bassey - David Bowie - Palle Mikkelborg, Miles Davis - Hazard - Ludovic Navarre, St Germain - Georges Jacques, André Verchuren - Amy Winehouse, Mike Ronson - James F Hanley, Jo Goodwin, Tiny Tim - Béla Bartók, Pierre Boulez & BBC Orchestra - Alban Berg, Pierre Boulez & BBC Orchestra - Cole Porter, Comedian Harmonists - Dolores Fernandez - Alex Gifford, Shirley Bassey

# Calendar

## Rehearsals

- 16-26 April 2018, Studio 8, Vannes
- 9-20 July, Le Manège, Reims
- 3-15 September, La Coupole, Saint-Louis
- 24-28 September, CCN de Tours
- 10-21 December, La Ménagerie de Verre, Paris
- 5-9 January ICI CCN, Montpellier ou CND
- 16-20 January 2019, CDCN Pôle Sud, Strasbourg
- 31st of January until 10th of february, Viadanse, Centre chorégraphique national de Bourgogne Franche-Comté, Belfort

## Tour

- 9 February // Viadanse / MA avec GRANIT, Belfort
- 13 & 14 February // MAC / Festival Faits d'hiver, Créteil
- 20 March // La Coupole, Saint-Louis / Alsace
- 26 March // Théâtre d'Orléans
- 3 & 4 April // Le Manège, Reims
- 26 April // Les Quinconces - L'Espal, Le Mans
- 3 May // Le Volcan, Le Havre
- 12 November // Halles de Schaerbeek / Charleroi danse, Bruxelles
- 16 November // Quai 9, Lanester
- Festival TNB (sous réserve), Festival Instances - Espace des arts, Châlons-sur-Saone (sus reserve)

# Production

Compagnie Catherine Diverrès / association d'Octobre

## Coproduction

Le Volcan - Scène nationale du Havre / Les Quinconces - L'Espal, Scène nationale, Le Mans / Le Manège - Scène nationale de Reims / Charleroi danse, Belgique / Les Halles de Schaerbeek, Bruxelles / Festival Faits d'hiver / La Coupole, Saint-Louis / Alsace. Dans le cadre de l'Accueil studio ICI Centre chorégraphique national, Montpellier - Occitanie - Direction Christian Rizzo, dans le cadre du programme de résidences de recherche et création / Pôle-Sud, CDCN, Strasbourg / Ballet de l'Opéra national du Rhin - Centre chorégraphique national de Mulhouse / Centre chorégraphique national de Tours / Centre chorégraphique national de Nantes / Viadanse, Centre chorégraphique national de Bourgogne Franche-Comté à Belfort, MA avec GRANIT, scène nationale de Belfort Avec le soutien MAC (Créteil) / Théâtre d'Orléans / Quai 9, Lanester / Ménagerie de Verre dans le cadre de Studiolab / Cette série de représentations bénéficie du soutien financier de Spectacle vivant en Bretagne / ADAMI



# Novalis, Extraits In Hymnes à la nuit

Is it always necessary for morning to return? Does earthly power never end? An ominous business consumes the celestial approach of night. Will the secret sacrifice of love burn forever? Light has its own time, which is measured; but night's domination extends beyond time and space.

As for me, I focus on the lower depths, the sacred night, indescribable and mysterious. The world lies far far away – buried inside a deep vault – somewhere deserted, lonely. A deep melancholy whispers inside my chest. I want tears of dew to trickle down, to melt into the ash. – Far off memories, the dreams of youth, our childhood dreams, the fleeting joys and vain hopes of a long complete life – they're all draped in grey, like an evening mist after sunset. The light has gone, building in other spaces its jubilatory tents. Will it never return to its children, who are waiting for it with their naive faith?

What rises suddenly from the heart, filled with premonitions, swallowing up the tender breeze of melancholy? Is it possible we pleased you also, dark night? What is it you hide under your coat, which pierces my soul with such invisible strength? A smooth balm pooling and dripping from your hand, from the poppy wreath. You lift the heavy wings of the heart. We feel animated, in an indescribable, obscure way, both joyous and somewhat startled, I see a solemn face leaning toward me with sweetness and contemplation, showing me under her tousled curls the mother's gracious youth. The light seemed strangely poor and pathetic in the moment and how joyful and blessed it was to say goodbye to the day. So it is only because night has deflected away from you your servants, sprinkling the immensity of space with sparkling spheres, proclaiming your omnipotence and announcing your return from where you had gone.

## Poèmes de Lee Davern

### Night

Does night not temporarily conceal and in equal measure reset and erase.  
Its depths drawing, soothing the slate clean.  
Digesting the murky mind, mistakes, regret and heartbreak, triumph, cheer, pride and generosity.  
Unselfishly, unbiasedly engulfing.  
Sliding, roiling, flooding in, revitalising and destroying simultaneously.  
Protecting and endangering this finely balanced circle.  
The world for senses we don't possess, us, without the steadfast roots to absorb the richest of liquid shades.  
The blue blank Mirror of your present you.

## Novalis, Extraits In Chants Spirituels

[...]  
We wandered in the night like blind people  
Filled with regret and desire at the exact same time.  
Each venture seemed to us to be a crime  
Man, an enemy of the gods,  
And the sky, if it seemed to be speaking to us,  
Spoke only of death and suffering.  
[...]

But the infinite eyes which night has opened in us seem more celestial than the sparkling stars. They see farther than the palest of these countless legions: they have no need of light to be able to exchange looks, down to the depths of a loving heart, filling with an indescribable pleasure a superior space.

One day I was crying painful tears, when my hope, quickly fading in suffering, trickled away, while I was alone near the dry knoll, whose dark, narrow space seemed to hold the shape of my life, solitary as no other solitary individual has ever been, hounded and driven by an unutterable anguish, without strength, I was scarcely the embodiment of distress; but then suddenly, while I was looking around, seeking help, unable to advance or retreat, caught by an infinite nostalgia for a fleeting, evanescent life, I felt a twilight shiver channeling the blue distance, the peaks of my former happiness – and its connection to birth, the chain of light, breaking up in one fell swoop. Far away, terrestrial splendor vanishes, and with it my mourning, and melancholy coalescing into a new world of unfathomable depth – yes, your world, your nocturnal enthusiasm, the sleepiness of the sky coming to me: the site moves quietly, and my spirit, unbound, like a newborn, floats above it. The knoll disappeared in a cloud of dust, and through the dust I saw the transfigured features of the beloved. Eternity in her eyes – I took her hands, and my tears turned into a sparkling, unending stream. Farther down and in the distance, millenia were passing like a storm. I cried ecstatic tears into its neck, in front of this new life. – It was the first, the unique dream – and since then, my faith is unmovable, eternal, and in the night sky and its light – the beloved.

### Day

A Hundred and eighty miles a second, hurtling out in all directions,  
helpless to resist, we turn to face.  
Burning through a culmination of past experience and expectation,  
witnessing and happening.  
In this place we think, we feel, we feel we think.  
The sense of self, anchored in the illusion, the perception of the exterior,  
looks and sees the bird, the sense of self, the bird looks back.  
Now is the unfolding of our gods, our constraints, constantly turning over  
like dogs sniffing the others ass.  
The graft the struggle, the dig and the lay, the action in keeping the devil at bay.  
Another chance to reconnect to a finely tuned survival.  
Another chance to outdo addiction and habit.  
Another chance to feel the effects of what was produced eight minutes ago,  
on our faces, on our skin,  
bringing us back, thrusting us forward.



## Catherine Diverres, a strange meteor

With her dances, Catherine Diverres has profoundly changed the landscape of contemporary dance over the last thirty years. Those lucky enough to have seen her dance onstage have been touched by her strength and her extraordinary grace.

Her encounter with the great Kazuo Ohno, with whom she studied in Japan – was essential, the beginning of a journey, which – as soon as she returned to France – allowed her to develop her own unique vocabulary, which she has now shared with several generations of dancers.

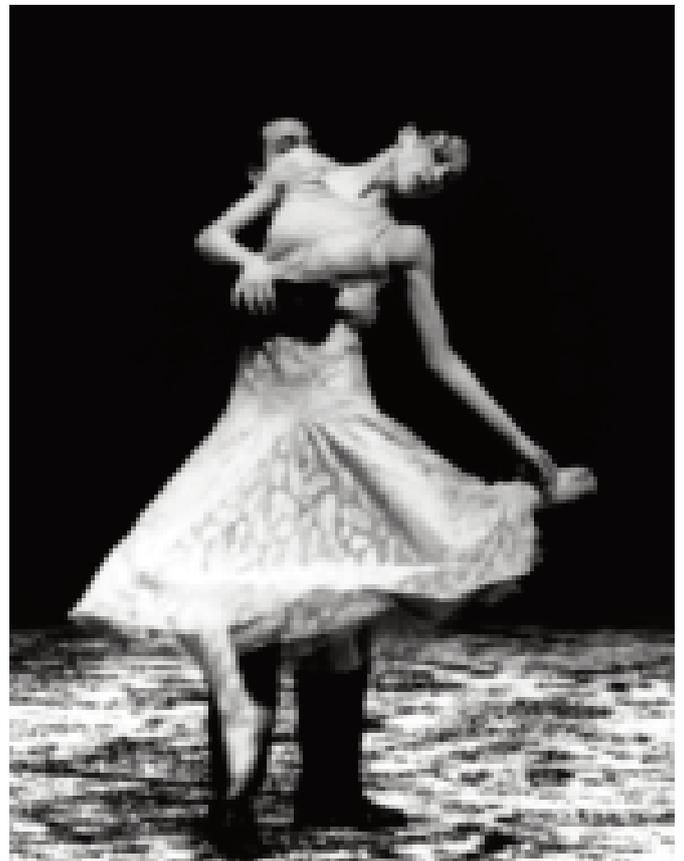
After spending fifteen years directing the CCN in Rennes and Brittany, she begins a new chapter in her life with the company she founded, l'Association d'octobre, as well as her residency in the city of Vannes at Studio 8

### Principal works

Instance (1983) | Le Rêve d'Hélène Keller (1984) | Lie ou le sol écarlate (1985) | L'Arbitre des élégances (1986) | Le Printemps (1988) | Fragment (1988/1989) | Concertino (1990) | Tauride (1992) | Ces Poussières (1993) | L'Ombre du ciel (1994) | Retour (1995) | Fruits (1996) | Stance I et II (1997) | Corpus (1999) | Le Double de la bataille (1999) | 4+1 (Little song) (2000) | Voltes (2001) | San (2001) | Cantieri (2002) | Echo (2003) | Solides (2004) | alla prima (2005) | Blowin' (2007) | La Maison du sourd (2008) | Encor (2010) | Ô Sensei (2011) | Penthésiléas... (2013) | Dentro (2015) | Blow The Bloody Doors Off ! (2016)

### Currently on tour

Stance II | Solides I | Dentro | Blow The Bloody Doors Off ! | Petits Solides (ateliers - démonstration) | Blowin' (ateliers chorégraphiques)



## Principal publications

**2014** National Dance Encounter – Surveyors of the 80s, between legacy and transmission. Conference proceedings organized by the Fédération Arts vivants et Départements, the Addav56, the City Hall of Vannes and the Théâtre Anne de Bretagne - Vannes.

**2010** Passing memories. Work detailing Diverrès' research and œuvre, directed by Irène Filiberti and co-edited by the Centre national de la danse and L'œil d'Or.

**2006** Panorama of contemporary dance, 90 works. Rosita Boisseau, Editions Textuel.

As for dance n°4. Magazine Le Mas de la danse, under the direction of Dominique Dupuy, Editions Images En Manœuvres.

1995 - 2005, ten years of artistic action with the magazine Cassandre. Co-edited by Cassandre-Horschamp and the Editions de l'Amandier.

**2005** World productions. Conference proceedings from the International Symposium (November 4- 6) organized by the Théâtre national de Bretagne and the Champs-Libres Rennes for the 9th edition of the Mettre en Scène Festival. Editions Les Solitaires Intempestifs.

**2004** A day with Kazuo Ohno. Text by Catherine Diverrès, published in the magazine Mouvement #26.

**2002** Dance as a solo, a singular figure of modernity. A collective publication under the direction of Claire Rousier.

Contributors/ writers: Eugenia Casini Ropa, Catherine Diverrès, Dominique Dupuy, Joao Fiadeiro, Isabelle Ginot, Christine Greiner, David- Alexandre Gueniot, Mathilde Monnier, Jean-Luc Nancy, Jean-Marie Pradier, Bernard Remy, Claire Rousier, Rebecca Schneider, Elisabeth Schwartz, Mark Tompkins, Claudia Triozzi. Editions Centre national de la danse.

From flesh to abstraction. Mouvement #4, an interview by Irène Filiberti and A chronicle of Cantieri by Catherine Diverrès.

**1993** Bringing together the informal and the sensitive instinct. An interview by Irène Filiberti. Mouvement - Cahiers de Théâtre.



# Ô Senseï – A state of Diverres

**In a solo and on tour, the choreographer returns to the source  
of her inspiration, in a homage to Kazuo Ohno,  
The great Japanese Butoh master who died in 2010**

Here, in the midst of Avignon winter, the diva, the queen, Catherine Diverres, comes to remind us that dance goes somewhere beyond the body, that it is not just a series of movements or directions but also a vibration, a delicateness barely touching the skin. She is the guest artist at Les Hivernales Festival, invited to perform in its Small theatre, a commission in homage to one her teachers, Kazuo Ohno, with whom she worked between 1982-1983, a man who changed the way she looked at dance.

Knowing the choreographer and her commitment to the instant rather than the ceremonial, the audience did not see what we could call a tribute. This solo, O Senseï, which its creator call « an attempt, like the others, no more, no less » is evoking great floods as well as the simple taste of morning dew, the intimate as well as the universal tragedy. And in order to do this, each centimeter of skin, from the back of the neck down to the fingers, is necessary. This work is not a nostalgic look back at Kazuo Ohno, the dancer and choreographer who was the co-founder of butoh, instead it is a kind of extension, as if being able a dialogue with the dead is in fact the norm. We would have liked to pay multiple hommages to this man who left us in 2010, in the Small community of those who knew him, but this solo of Catherine Diverres goes beyond all of them.

On the bare stage, aside from a white scrim contrasting with the surrounding blackness, she first presents herself like a dirty child, immobile, set off in black by the white scrim. Something is itching at her hands, then at her legs, as if the kamis, Japanese supernatural beings, divinities, have come down to tickle her. A projected overexposed film image now blurs and erases that first image. Seemingly out of nowhere, we see a figure dancing, almost blindly. It is Diverres, appearing to be a martial arts master in the legendary style of Morihei Ueshiba. Now there is another transformation, another entrance : it is Diverres in the flesh this time, and female, wearing a sort of wrap revealing a slash of an old-fashioned shiny red cabaret dress.

A character in a noh play, Diverres is also a wandering creature, belonging to no one, reminding us perhaps of the dancer « La Argentina », with whom Ohno was infatuated, even performing as her onstage. She is at once child, skipping and playing, and tragedian, echoing Mary Wigman or Matha Graham, who also wore those long dresses, strong yet fragile women. She is so unexpected, overwhelming us with the quality and precision of her steps, when she is not simply music itself, to the voice of Ingrid Caven in a ragged, torn-up Ave Maria. It is rare to see such a great dancer, her ego dissolved so completely in the space.

FREE. Choreographer and pedagogue, Catherine Diverres also revived one of her other solos, Stance, which she created and performed in 1997, and which is still the same, perhaps even more spare, danced brilliantly now by Carole Gomes, her neck, her body revealed in its smoothness, sweat, knots and releases. Here again, fragility is the spine of the work. We think of mourners, resisters. The dress has its own weight and the body breathes, the hands float freely in the air. The tiniest breath could Blow it all away. On the floor, on the ground, the dancer finishes her final movement, holding her hand before letting it too fall softly onto the floor. The end.

Catherine Diverres dancing is profoundly feminist and feminine. It consumes us and ravages us without damaging us. We are in her debt, a few wrinkles and an unshakeable Young insouciance.

Marie-Christe VERNAY  
Libération, March 2, 2012



# CATHERINE DIVERRÈS, OF COURSE ...



*Would I like to be a comet ? I think so. Because they are as fast as a bird ; They are suffused with fire ; And are in their purity like children. – Hölderlin.*

(...) Catherine Diverrès is for me one of the major choreographers of today, equal to someone like Maguy Marin. She is less well-known, perhaps: Diverrès is not particularly lovable, she can be sharp, abrupt. Such that not a lot of theatres have established long-term producing relationships with her. Without the Théâtre National de Chaillot and Le Volcan, *Penthésilées* would never have been produced. Something else -- Catherine Diverrès has, since her very first pieces, worked in a mostly solitary fashion. In addition, she seeks a kind of emotion which has few links to American modern dance. If Hölderlin had been a choreographer, she would perhaps have had a soul brother. Instead it was an old, impish Japanese dancer, Kazuo Ohno, who brought Catherine through to the other side of shape, technique and knowledge: until she lost control – as only children or the truly great masters can. Today – to those she lets in, just a little, Diverrès gives out a single name, one she obsesses over: Tadeusz Kantor – the creator of *Dead Class*, *Wielopole*, *Wielopole* and *Let the Artists Die*. Or *I Shall Never Return*. And like Kantor, Catherine Diverrès will not leave a repertory behind her – it would make no sense. She works with the depths of memory, but in the spark of the moment. Wind, time – we experience their passage but cannot hold them or keep them with us. *Penthésilées* is not however a work by Kantor. The art of the editor is different, channeling Godard; humor, lightness, gravity, all with a certain amount of freedom. And grace. However after coming to Les Halles, *Penthésilées* will not be performed a lot. The work will disappear, like shooting stars fading away in the night sky. Except for those who were watching and remain awake. Let's be one of them.

– Christophe Galent  
Director, Halles de Schaerbeek  
November 2013



## Catherine Diverrès faces the music



It is highly unusual that the choreographer Catherine Diverrès sets her dance against a preexisting and standalone musical composition. For her, therefore, the challenge is a big one. She reminds us that she has always considered that “music, or acoustic dramaturgy, creates and adapts itself along with the choreography as it is being created. So they are diametrically opposed!”

However she has also been working closely – for eight years now – with the musicians Seijiro Murayama and Jean-Luc Guionnet. Their nearly telepathic communication is such that Diverrès has allowed herself to break her own rules to create her new work, *Blow the bloody doors off!* The title is a fairly arcane quote from a Peter Collinson film and it accurately evokes the action of kicking or blowing down a door – dance itself is challenged in the piece. The audience at the *Autre Regard Festival* at the *Quinconces* in Le Mans, was privileged to see a premiere with six strong musicians playing live onstage, something which will no doubt not be possible when the work is performed on tour.

The piece is driven by an intense energy channeled by eight dancers, men being in the majority. A large part of this energy consists of competing impacts of movement and sound: Guionnet’s composition is compact, percussive, dense, offering few lines of flight or modulation. The six instrumentalists from the *Ensemble Dedalus* are arranged in two straight rows facing each other onstage. And often, to get to one part of the stage or another, the dancers need to cross through the lines of musicians, and you pick up on a vibe of something forceful, powerful, happening each time they do so.

In her published *Creator’s Notes*, the choreographer evokes how a child lives entirely in the moment, in the instant. And it is this quality of immediacy, of reactivity – that she was seeking in creating *Blow the bloody doors off!* But it isn’t really that either, Diverrès never loses the masterful control she has developed over these many years. It is all laid out, in this high-level technique, requiring that her dancers deliver impressive movements of precision, rigor and commitment, all while following multiple, complex patterns.

As is usual with Diverrès, there are some startling pictorial moments when bodies are flying in collective,

Power to the point of near-exhaustion, in bursts of dance sparking off their encounters with similar structures of sound – this is part of her new work *Blow the bloody doors off!*

aerial lifts, landing in brilliantly laid-out transitions, or igniting in an unforgettable turning duo performed while the dancers hold between them a double-sided mirror, such that you wonder if you’re glimpsing the real or the mirrored image. It is a dizzying aspect of the production.

In its first section, the dance consists of suspensions, repeats, re-directions, punctuated with silences which are not moments of emptiness, rather fleeting expectations of what is to follow. This vocabulary of counterpoint, drawn out to its edges, creates a vigorous temporality in the dancers’ encounters as well as the crisscrossing of the dancers moving through the lines of musicians. Then there is a long central sequence which nearly turns into an endurance race, driving against an acoustic rumbling whose intensity seems to increase inexorably, oppressive and exhausting. The challenge is there. The rest is somewhat confusing, with a number of false endings, like a looping rosary of the Diverrèsian dance vocabulary spinning back upon itself – with a certain radiant power.

*Gérard Mayen At the Autre Regard Festival  
Les Quinconces – l’Espal/ Le Mans.*



# Contacts

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### Compagnie Catherine Diverrès | Association d'Octobre

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