

Jour et Nuit

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Creation 2019 – Belfort





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Day and night, combined in the plural, the meaning is different, but everything is allowed, everything is possible, when one opens the space of one's imagination and thought. Is there a meaning to the alternation of day and night?

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 com-

bats 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.

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 - 4 mai 1937

Catherine Diverrès



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Catherine Diverrière 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.

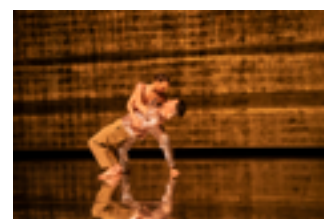
Irène Filiberti

Choreography Catherine Diverrière, in collaboration with the dancers

Stage design and artistic collaboration Laurent Peduzzi | **Technical direction** Emmanuel Humeau | **Lightings** Marie-Christine Soma assisted by Fabien Bossard | **Sound** Kenan Trévien | **Costumes** Cidalia Da Costa assistée par Anne Yarmola | **Performers** 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, told by Isabelle Kurzi et Frode Bjornstad Poèmes de Lee Davern | **Musics** 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

Production Compagnie Catherine Diverrière / association d'Octobre | **Coproduction** Le Volcan – Scène nationale du Havre / Les Quinconces – L'Espal, Scène nationale - Le Mans / Le Manège – Scène nationale - Reims / Charleroi danse - Belgique / Les Halles de Schaerbeek - Bruxelles / Festival Faits d'hiver - Paris / 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 - Belfort, MA avec GRANIT, Scènes nationales - Belfort/Montbéliard | Avec le soutien MAC (Créteil) / Théâtre d'Orléans, Scène nationale / Quai 9 - Lanester / Ménagerie de Verre - Paris, as part of Studiolar / This series of representations has the financial support of Spectacle vivant en Bretagne / #ADAMI #Copie Privée

February 9 // Viadanse / GRRRANIT, Belfort | February 13-14 // MAC / Festival Faits d'hiver, Créteil | March 20 // La Coupole, Saint-Louis / Alsace | March 26 // Théâtre d'Orléans, Scène nationale | April 3-4 // Le Manège, Scène nationale, Reims | April 26 // Les Quinconces - L'Espal, Scène nationale, Le Mans | May 3 // Le Volcan, Scène nationale du Havre | November 12 // Les Halles de Schaerbeek, Charleroi danse, Bruxelles | November 16 // Quai 9, Lanester | January 6-7 // MC2, scène nationale de Grenoble



Teaser Jour et Nuit

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.

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.



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.

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.

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.

[...]



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