

Exchange/Échange in S303: criticism

Explosion of clowns by *Marion Gerbier**photo: Andrew Turner*

If one still crosses clowns with the daily newspaper, in the street or anywhere, their appearance on the boards and in the spectacles rarer, is limited to the world of the circus or the rigour diverted for large sanguinary productions of horror with psychopaths. With Studio 303, one hides some behind the curtains...



The annual event *Exchange/Échange* is programmed by Studio 303 in collaboration with New Dance Alliance of New York, on the mode of twinnings of cities and exchanges correspondents of when one had the age to go to the clowns. This year, Nathalie Claude threaded the pink costume flashy of the clown montréalais, in duet with Regina Rocke of Large apple, to animate a program of four numbers, two from over there two from here. The clowneries were rather with the honor in scene also, with white charlots and hens, cannibals of motorcyclists, the insane ones fixed on the moon as with the sun and some decentralized puppets all of the party.

For the clan of Montreal, one is been useful as pets since invited to find with pleasure *The study of physics* of Anne Thériault, always in building site and blood, and the Big-bang accelerated of *Now I got worry*, trio rebounding of Andrew Turner surrounded of Simon-Xavier Lefebvre and Shink handbook in gravitation.

In the first case, the study of Anne Thériault continues by revisiting the proverb of the scientist Antoine Laurent de Lavoisier: *nothing is lost, all is created and changed*. Matter presented at Tangente at the beginning of season indeed evolved/moved with regard to the episode of the motorcyclists. The paper screen is preserved, behind which a scenario of helmeted shades is woven which play the race-continuation until the tearing crash landing. Small change: one operates this time one 90 degrees to reveal one moment the lower parts of the pre-accident. An advisability of better appreciating the choreographic play and the costumes of the two roadhogs before they finish ensanglantés with ground, and puffed out by a rather famished trio of interpreters.

According to another saying: *one does not change a team which gains*, the number of Andrew Turner apparently did not move of a hair, and due, one would change nothing of it. And if with the first viewing the effect of surprise were irresistible, the second time one trépigne of impatience which arrives the following plan, which one accomodates with a burst of laughter quite as frank. In addition to the overflow of complicity, comic irresistible and natural, and choreographic as much sporting than it takes as a starting point the the parodies of servant boys band, the part questions a metaphysical matter intelligently: laws of improbability, and yet... Reality is what it is, and although our existence is due to an infinity of multiplication of weak fractions of probability, one IS, share of this reality, and in or in front of this choreography. Powerful setting in abyss and retrospective of the last 4,6 billion years, which make of an existential philosophical masturbation a quite pretty digest of dance, humour and humanity.

As regards our American neighbor now. **Cori Olinghouse** is not the last of the clowns, as it had shown previously, but on what a occasion already?! In any case she recalls good memories accomodated to the same place: *The frying Side' S too wide* of Sarah Bild and Susanna Hood presented in February the year spent, or the invaluable poultries Amélie Rajotte and Marie-Adeline Choquet in *In fact I' m large*. As much to say an unquestionable taste of the autodérision and a beautiful culture of comic through the ages, without despizing of Charlots of the screen, uncles de Tati and pros of the stumbling clappers. In Laurel&Hardy (with Eva Schmidt) capped straw hats to ribbons and affublées of broad trousers with straps re-installed with the armpits, our two flocks begin a ballet of Dupont&Dupond stuck one to the other. Adjustment désaccorde rather quickly to leave room to awkward efforts to keep the rate/rhythm and to adapt to an unknown universe. They will finish out of a little lost poultries, having sexy only their behaviours of feathers to the balcony and the bottom. *The animal series: Experiments in light comedy and metamorphoses* is gloussante with wonder, and that that made of the good of longer in the strings of the traditional visual gag.

Cloudburst of **Mana Kawamura** develop a style in shifted particular, where one suspect minus the laughter that the dramatic one which is woven in slides. The four interpreters evoke ripe women in their role of family, in any case badly faggoted arranged behaviours and slightly anti-seduction. Pleated skirt, right and full jacket, badly cut out dress with same flowers, of truths getups of austere teacher... Also one transposes oneself without effort in the context of a sober routine,

which with unexpected of a memory replonge in the madnesses of its youth. However there are not all same childhoods, and personal wild imagining or not, those are flown over planes which mitraillent and which knows mushroom clouds or less destructive explosions. Thus each one their turn, they brutally take down their installations of vase badly engoncée to collapse with half-dead. If the caress machinale of a jewel can wake up the one night memory hot, the objects contain sometimes rawer and painful images. The part is however not black, being watered with the désarticulations of the quartet of dancers. The direction which definitively escapes leaves on its hunger, or rather makes curious about what there can be well in back of the gestural one. Apparently, the life and its daily bearing are due only to one wire, that of the memory.