

SHORT NIGHTREVIEW BY MELANIE SUCHY: "EVERYTHING FLOWS. BUT WHERE TO?" – WORLDPREMIERE "EXUVIE" AT FLOW DANCE FESTIVAL 2014



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Everything flows. But where to?

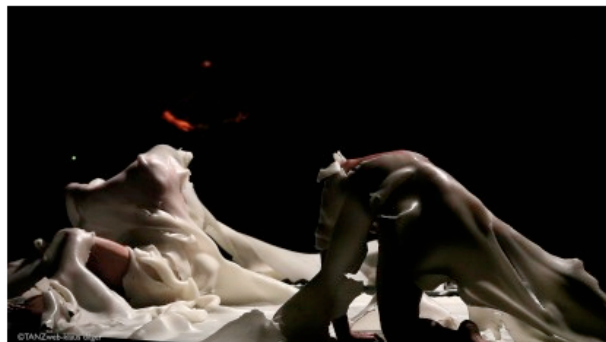
review by Melanie Suchy
translated by Silvia Werner

One has rarely seen such strong and long applause for performances at Wachsfabrik / Barnes Crossing. Shortly before the Flow-Dance-Festival stops its flow for this year, it was able to present a premiere, a piece that actually dedicates itself to fluidity. A specific fluidity: wax.

It is a changeable material. The choreography's title "Exuvie" speaks of a shell or skin. Yet it also always seems to indicate that what is covered by a shell, contained and embraced. Inside and outside, including all processes of in and out and everything around. Liquid paraffin is poured from preheated tubs onto the stage and into a low, square pool that is wrapped in black foil.

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Like water. Soon a soft, white layer shows upon the surface. The solidification happens very slowly. After a while it looks like ice mixed with snow; one could imagine it to be a lake or a piece of Arctic Ocean. The French dancers and choreographers Christophe Béranger and Jonathan Pranlas-Descours (alias "sine qua non art") now enter this landscape. First they examine it with caressing hands, then they step on it with long, stiff and grinding steps in leather boots. "Freeze" is a well-known term in theaters, meaning to stop, "freeze" a motion. When at first the men's slow dance flow sometimes stops, it does not seem like cutting and ending it, but the impression of vastness, an imagination of flowing into infinity evolves. Paradoxical.



Due to this one realizes that outstanding dancers are at work. Later they will literally submit themselves to this viscid mixture and crawl underneath it as if it were thick skin. Thus, their "Exuvie" is an elaborate and also very sensual performance. The wax eludes complete control, it is slippery, it freezes sometimes faster, sometimes slower, according to its ambient temperature, it stretches or rips apart when someone gives it a tug. Thus it is given a strange half liveliness, tempting or even forcing man into a kind of communication with it. The dancers also practice such tuning with each other and the space.

More to that later on.

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