

9 WORKS IN PROGRESS

COWBOY

"In a desert, four cowboys try to handle the ominous heat.

They have to bear with each other, their existential questions, their white-man guilt. Hah, and what if an Indian arrived on the scene!

Jo la Botte is forever looking for his dog; Georges lines his inner silence... and that of the others, with never-ending anecdotes; Job curses and mutters, splutters through his mood, infuriated by centuries of bloody History and human stupidity. Fortunately Micky is there, well, sort of... Something is or happening and our cowboys, imbued with a host of joyful blunders, hit the limit of their absurd routine.

Here follows a melody of scenes, a few selected arrangements, of our corrosive musical phrase."

AMAZONES

The snake exists in most visions produced under the effect of Ayahuasca, hallucinogenic plant which we also call "liana of the dead" in Amazonia.

Through dreamlike images which appear like visions, we journey through time, through the history of this demonized figure, from Catholicism to Bacchantes and their chthonic mothers, to discover an archaic universal related to the wild woman.

SEX PLAY, MA PANTHERE, MON JOYAU

I'm sitting on my little lavender-blue beach towel. My chubby body of a child, my bobbed hairstyle and the wind blowing through it. Occasionally the sand whips against my skin. In the distance, my father rides the surf. Beside me, my mother drifts off to sleep, lulled by the flow of the waves. I'm alone. I turn over on my stomach so that the warming sun tans my naked bottom. Behind the dunes, I notice a little boy my age who's looking at me in a strange way. I get up to go and see what he's doing. He's wearing green trunks with yellow stripes, he's pulled his little friend willy out of his pants and he's having fun playing with it. Quite naturally, I sit down opposite him, with my bum cleft right in the sand. And, to join him, I also start to tickle my jewel...

My panther, my jewel, my gem is a fictive autobiography. For this first stage of work, Camille Husson chose to invite us to discover several fragments of this portrait. Accompanied by Isabelle Bats and Mathias Varenne, who watch and stimulate her, she questions this elusive thing known as desire, sexuality, and what is and isn't accepted.

BRUITS D'EAUX

In a place surrounded by water, a protagonist is in charge of counting the number of dead bodies which wash ashore around him.

Sakinah, Youssef, Jean-Baptiste, Jasmine... He brings these women, men and children, who had fled their countries, back to life: "what choice did they have? You may think free will...".

Above and beyond the desire to become immersed in this amazing text, there is determination to continue to search, decipher, analyse, to equip oneself to get over the shock, the stupefaction and to get our critical mind (back) to work.

PAYING FOR IT

"Paying for it" means "paying for sex" but also paying the price be it moral, economic or social. It means paying the cost for this practice perceived as guilty. Paying for it talks about the working conditions of sex workers in a neoliberal world. After its Blackbird (David Harrower) performance, the collective pursues its research at the heart of areas of humanity which society prefers to shun. Documentary theatre where spectators 'break into' the kitchen of a brothel, and discover behind the scenes. A place where clients never go. The place where "the girls" are alone, during their break. They talk to us about their job, their life, themselves, about us. They know are innermost secrets. And they can let all hell loose.

C'EST PAS LA FIN DU MONDE

It's not the end of the world.

Yet, it very much seems like it is.

Because we really have to face the facts: Bernard Minet was wrong.

Not only have we not "changed anything", but apparently we don't even have enough time left to even try to.

When others are stocking up their cellars with supplies, buying a shotgun or choosing not to have any more kids through selflessness, Cédric and Julie are cooking. Crucially, passionately, gluttonously. As if resistance was now.

What about you... if you could choose your last meal, what would it be?

HOME

It's a space where nothing happens, where it's warm.

It's a communal room;

a place for being together,

a place where you feel alone.

Based on documentary research carried out in a nursing home in Ixelles, in Belgium, we chose to focus on the temporality, on the atmosphere specific to these care homes and in what way these establishments influence those who live there.

Three young actors, two girls and a boy.

A table, two chairs, a clock, an armchair, a radio.

They're waiting for a doctor, a call, a visit.

LES LOIS

From the word 'go', the actors shout it out clear: they're not Clytemnestra, Agamemnon or Iphigenia. Tough luck for the tragedy, they're not going to replay the myth. All that matters is the performance place and time.

No artifice a priori, not even characters or fiction in this play where Christina Ouzounidis attacks Fathers, great figures of power, and gives the theatrical through a worthwhile kick, hitting on it from tragedy through to political theatre.

SKRIK

Scream of two sisters in response to the revelation of their childhood mutilated by a pervert, their uncle. Memories repressed for ever-so long in the depths of their memory. Through oneirism, SKRIK transcends the theme of traumatic memory and the silent crime of paedophilia. Blending theatre, movement, classical and electronic music and calling on the myth of Erlikönig (Goethe/Schubert) and on the Scream/Skrik (Munch).

The 7 actors & musicians play an active part in the pursuit, the quest for resilience and the freedom of speech.

4 PROJECT PRESENTATIONS

ET JE VOULAIS RAMPER HORS DE MA PEAU...

Two modern-day witches, survivors, resistant, are on stage.

What is this power, which appears to be engraved in the DNA of humanity, which pushes us to seek realms beyond ourselves, to transcend our profane condition, to invite otherness, an elsewhere into our lives?

In their grotto, their desert, the vastness of the sky, they plot and scheme...

Hazardously, they adventure through time... places... beings... souls...

Leaving the body behind, vanishing...

CONTINENT NOIR

Through works which she composes and sings, Sarah Espour takes us on a musical, sensorial journey where she explores the question of destiny.

Destiny of our lives which make us fantasize, destiny of beings whom we idealize and who suddenly disappear, destiny of fates which fail, destiny which suggests that our existence is other, elsewhere.

What are our dreams made of?

Through her own imaginary drifts, her personal perspectives, she questions this state of desire, of dissatisfaction, of lack of being.

She freely draws her inspiration from ill-fated feminine figures, from Marilyn Monroe's poems, from the myth of Ophelia – where the innocence of death irrevocably attaches the feminine subject to childhood – as well as from *Summer*, the novel by Monica Sabolo.

But I am Laura. I am sad. God, I'm sad again! Why! I miss laughter and a day where time is spent with my friends who don't care what I think of late at night. They don't hate me for sometimes dreaming late at night, with my hand buried between my legs, ashamed, and of how I wish that my other hand would simply pull the trigger.

Jennifer Lynch, *The Secret Diary of Laura Palmer*

SAUVAGES

Sauvages (working title) is a collection of accounts, interviews, landscapes, sounds, reflections captured in this particular place outside-the-world yet in-the-world, aka an Indian reserve.

Between theatre and cinema, H el ene Collin questions the clich e inflicted on "Indians" whose identity is forever trapped between westerns and the myth of the good savage; making them one of the most isolated and misunderstood ethnic minorities of North America. Through her encounters with the Atikamekw, the Mohawk and the Innu, she reveals to us a little about their relationship with the world, so different from ours, and raises the question of the savage in us and of who is the savage of whom.

JE SUIS UNE HISTOIRE

In a small village, nothing has changed, the local caf e, Le Lautrec, has the same fa ade though a bit blackened over time.

The priest has been baptising, marrying, burying for some sixty years.

Then there's Robert, the caf e regular. He was a poet, a sailor, he even sailed around the world. Well, that's what people say. There's Lisette the grocer, everybody knows her because when they were all just kids, they all broke their teeth on her "chews".

Patrick and his marbles, this African kid who they picked up from school and sent back to his

country. There's also Terry, as a kid he was the punchbag, most bullied, in school and by his mum. A myriad of stories, stories of villages, for ordinary people, there's no history books, just a few words in the snug of a bar and then life goes on.