

European Cultural News

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Alix Eynaudi showed with "Edelweiß - a danced Rebus" at Tanzquartier a performance that deserves its name. Whoever was hoping for resolution might still be pondering.

A young woman in the first row gets up from the audience and slowly steps onto the stage. She takes off her boots and disappears behind a curtain that is fixed centrally in the back part of the stage.

On the left side a man emerges from behind the hanging velvet. He moves slowly, almost deliberately, he bends his knees and tries to get up in a way so that his whole weight is transferred onto the dorsum of the foot, but falls over while doing so. The steps he takes are bizarre, he evokes the impression as if his limbs were distorted. The speaker emits sounds similar to that of a factory.

In the next scene a woman mounts a small wooden pedestal and is holding a big cloth in front of her body. A drawing in black and white shows geometrical lines and areas, that appears to be traced very slowly by a second woman. Soon, they interact with each other, starting to constantly build up new body constellations through pressure and counter-pressure, pull and counteraction and shifting of weight. Simple basic positions develop into seemingly acrobatic rotating and lever movements. The sound has changed, birds are twittering, a dog is barking. A long, intimate kiss of the two women closes the scene.

In a movie one would call it a cut - and that is also how the transition to the next scene feels like. Impetuously one after the other; Alix Eynaudi, Mark Lorimer, Cecile Tonizzo and Alice Chauchat, enter the stage.

They wear costumes made by An Breugelmans, in the style of the reform dresses that Emilie Flöge had designed for herself and Gustav Klimt in the beginning of the last century. The motto had been the following: "Out of the tight corset and shirts with stand-up collars", and, as if An would have liked to translate this gesture into the present day, the long, beige dress of Alice doesn't have any fabric covering the breast. Small singular choreographies, as if each dancer heard a different music, are defining the process now.

Change of scene once more. Now there are two speakers that play the main role on stage. They are emitting sounds that first remind of R2-D2, the famous robot of Starwars. Soon the speakers will be pushed along the stage, turned around their own axis, confronted with each other so that they are able to communicate better.

Apparently the technique is affecting Mark Lorimer who is starting to move like a robot. After a short light-interlude there is an entr'acte with a little wooden sculpture. It is placed on the floor in front of the dancer Alix, lifted by her and presented like a fetish and finally she dances with the sculpture. A wonderful flute music, brand minimal-ethno-music, is underlaying the poetic performance.

Repeatedly one can find movements that imitate swimming fishes. The thumb which is being sucked, the tickling of the soles of feet- everything that is momentary flashing up, one has experienced it in his or her childhood. Quadrupeds are crawling across the stage, it is being dug in the ground, some things are being picked from the trees, or are these associations that only happen to take place in one's own head?