**avant un mois** je serai revenu et nous irons ensemble en matinée, tu sais, voir la comédie où je t'ai promis de te conduire.

(2002)

# **avant un mois** je serai revenu et nous irons ensemble en matinée, tu sais, voir la comédie où je t'ai promis de te conduire.

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**a proposition by** christian rizzo
**with** : matthieu doze, cédric courtois, wouter krokaert, la bourette,
éric martin, pascale paoli, pascal queneau, gaël sesboüé.
**light installation** : caty olive
**sound creation** : gérôme nox
**costume accompaniement** : misa ishibashi, didier despin & la bourette
**video accompaniement** : charles carcopino et jean gabriel periot
**stage manager** : judicaël montrobert

duration : 1h20

"I listen to the riffs of saturated, amplified, electric guitars and I dream of a labyrinth in which all the steps would bring light on the shadow to put light on post-tempest creatures. I imagine a community of men, and a woman, characters from *scorpio rising* played by Bernard L'hermitte, hybrid creatures, alternately decadent dandies, gothic faces, pop emanations, (un) restrained bodies which put on pearled carapaces, golden prosthesis which are there, waiting for someone to live in them. *Avant un mois…* is a perceptive walk-rebus in a skeleton of baroque gardens where sculptures and clumps have been replaced by composite relics, in which rock, preciosity and mystery live.

Thus, this project is the place of transformation, like the Shakespearian island or forest, the theatrical place envisaged like a springboard to phenomenons of initiatory passage rituals (for a community to change?)

I want to question the observation of a geography of the body which is put into pieces, flirts with the notion of disappearance to reconstitutes itself by hybridization / contamination with the other (this other containing also the artifices of theatre)

The exchange, the gift, the offering are simple words which trace lines of desire which I would like to explore with danced, plastic and musical figures.

The influence of James Lee Byars's work, William Blake and Mario de Sa-Carneiro's poetry is with me today…..

Avant un mois… is a dreamlike wandering in a cinemascope format, a panoramic vision. »

**Christian Rizzo**


We feel very lonely with the scenes, always single, of our dreams. Lonely in them and lonely because of them. On the one side they prevent us from repeating, from telling the others about their importance for us, an importance we don't understand ourselves; on the other side they leave us, by often leaving only scraps of images which, we realise, are watching us, deeply touching us  but which ultimate ins and outs we will never know. The scenes of our dreams leave us alone, sometimes until we reach despair, when we fail to bring them out of this mass of oblivion –our own sleep- in which we feel, yet, that all our lucid life and our thought is brewing (…). What does it mean? That all our extreme images of loneliness are the body by which we touch the community in its largest, most entire, most extreme dimension: for example the community of things to ward off but which happen all the same and agglutinate us in catastrophes, misfortune, worries without bounds. This might mean that all real solitude is a partner solitude. That it collides with scenes, scraps and vestiges, with confusions, displacements and ruins of history. The ultimate point of our imaginary solitude would be nothing else than the ultimate point of our common situation of what takes the shape of destiny for us (…)

Think again about Shakespeare: all the world is a stage…. And think about the converse. The converse is true, if the scene does not represent the world in a figurative drawing but in a rebus of acts, intensities, calculations, paradoxes, disfigurements. Harsh scraps and sovereign vestiges.

**Georges Didi-Huberman in « phasmes, essai sur l'apparition » 1992**

"The floor is strewn with high heels, masks, dwarves and other figurines, the ghostly presence of asexual beings, indirect lighting effects by Caty Olive at the top of her game, as well as earsplitting sounds by Gérôme Nox like an industrial – but not industrious – symphony. Rizzo throws everything into this closed-off world and proceeds to confuse the issue with contrasts, absences, and shifts. Life becomes inanimate, matter comes alive, and our usual notions are reversed. Out of this desolate splendour he creates the setting for a waking dream. Reaching back for a comparable conjuring trick, one is reminded of William Forsythe's deconstructions (and that's quite a compliment!). Coming back to the stage, entirely white and strewn with balls (presumably a tribute to James Lee Byars), you are transfixed and full of admiration. Christian Rizzo has finally let go of the excess references in his previous pieces and arrived at the essence, offering the gift of beauty."
**Philippe Noisette, *Les Inrockuptibles* – 26 March 2003**

"The stage is transformed into a kind of room with a view onto the subconscious peopled by mythological creatures – demigods with horse or bird heads, headless bodies, bizarre Janus figures, and funny but disturbing drag artists. The choreography is like an ongoing metamorphosis, an enchanting kaleidoscope that surreptitiously establishes a grandiose world. The passage from one attitude to another is nearly imperceptible, with striking accelerations that further disturb our visual perceptions and images of the body. The silence onstage at the end of the show is so total that it feels like you have seen a new genre called body opera. And traditional choreography suddenly seems very old-fashioned!"
**Agnès Izrine, *Danser* – January 2003**

**Christian Rizzo goes his own sweet way**
"This refined rock comedy raises certain questions. Since it isn't trying to be a typical dance performance, does it really belong on a stage rather than being shown in a shorter form in a gallery, studio or outdoor venue? Definitely. Why is this kind of protean project always accompanied by dance or other related forms? Probably because dance doesn't deny itself these least identifiable forms. It's heartening to see Christian Rizzo's dreamlike landscapes finding their place in today's theatre world, because he opens up and sculpts space while paring it into an act of contemplation."
**Marie-Christine Vernay, *Libération* – 14 November 2002**

**Models in the Window**
"This time Rizzo has designed the stage like an installation. The visual effect of motionless bodies seems to be a reference to a current hyperrealist form of sculpture that can be used effectively in many different situations, but here the hyperrealist poses oscillate between truth and error since they involve living bodies. The hoods might suggest a sadomasochistic ritual. This is a young man who knows how to portray his times with the right dose of convincing madness. He stuffs the stage with masses of clues, with the skill and cunning of a detective novelist. As a 'writer for the stage' Christian Rizzo seems to have taken the perspective of things. His dancers are no more important than objects – a skull, a motorcycle helmet, a bouquet of flowers in a vase, a stuffed crow, high-heel shoes – a whole range of cold objects meant to signify death and eroticism, kept at a distance from the bodies standing in front of them that are wading through a stream of white plastic balls."
**Muriel Steinmetz, *l'Humanité Hebdo* – 12 October 2002**