



ARLET CAPELLA MARGARIT
MÉMOIRE DE BACHELOR
LA MANUFACTURE
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« -On se retrouve dans une soirée d'été à la fête du village, où comme chaque année, sans savoir pourquoi, tu te retrouves à célébrer les mêmes chansons avec les mêmes personnes que tu connais depuis que t'es né.

Les mêmes chansons et les mêmes voitures qui continuent à passer par l'autoroute qui traverse la forêt. Les mêmes voitures et les mêmes animaux qui se retrouvent dans la forêt déformés par la route, et déformés par les voitures qui les écrasent. De la même manière que la fête t'écrase chaque année.

Et même écrasée tu retournes chaque année dans cette fête, ce village, cette forêt. »

Comme Carles Porta dit:

« posarem llum a la fosc... ».
On va mettre des lumières sur l'obscurité.

I want to thank Claire de Ribaupierre and Gregory Stauffer for their accompaniment.

Thanks to La Ribot and Sarah Ludi for their external and kind eyes.

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To Àngels for her support and the sharings.

To Bice and Marghe

To la technique for making this possible: Amon, Charlotte, Clovis et Ian.

A village in my case, is a place that has known me since I was born. You are known as the daughter of, the cousin of, the niece of, the friend of, or from the group of, that lives in, that did that...

You are born into a label that precedes your own life. Your place in this community is set from the moment a person linked to you steps in the community. A place that you can never abandon because you will always be part of the collective memory of that place.

It's a place where everyone is aware of you. But where you are not really known.

Your image and identity are constructed by what surrounds you and not by who you are.

The environment is set in a way where no one is really themselves, but the things they are.

Almost as if you were a figurant of your own life.

For better or for worse, once you step into this village you are the label that people remember about you. Almost as an identification to locate you on the map.

This sensation of portraying something that you don't feel identified with, or that is the only thing that people relate you with, makes me feel great frustration.

Since my arrival in Switzerland, I have had the feeling of taking part in a TV series. Somehow all the landscapes of the mountains and the lake made me feel as if I was put on a film set, as if I was Truman on Truman's show. As if I could cross the Lac Léman and, on the other side, find a small door where all the TV crew would be working inside.

This feeling of taking part in a fake reality is the same one that I have had and still have when going to the Festa Major of my village.

I refuse to feel and be seen as a figurant in my life. I don't want to be flat as a postcard of the Alps. This is why with this solo I wanted to make something happen. Construct a fiction of a crime that never happened.

This story is the tale of a night that never happened.

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PROCESS AND CREATIVE RESEARCH

I started the research by writing and collecting all the different ideas and referents that were surrounding me at the moment.

Images of spaces, films, songs, pieces, painters....

I know that my creative process starts by locating the space where things are proceeding. In this case, right from the beginning it was clear that all that surrounds my village made sense: the bustling space of the village during summer, the mysterious and scary forest with all its inhabitants, and the unpredictable and dark road.

At the very beginning I was looking to make the space much more abstract. Somehow I wanted to construct the rhythm or the narrative as if we were experiencing it from an outside prism. There were different references that crossed my mind. In the TV series *Adventure Time*, in some episodes, the story occurs at the time room¹. A dimension that exists outside of time when you can see by video different things happening in various realities. Another reference that I had was from a piece of theater made by *The Old Masters*; it's called "*Le cheval qui peint*" and it's a puppet horse dissected by three and played by three different actors. The scenography brings us to the horse's room, where we have the notion that time passes by as if he lived on another planet or at least far from everyone, while the horse philosophizes about life and existence.

The last thought that I had, that brought a dramaturgic line to the solo, was the idea to have a narrator, such as in *Crims* (a very well-known Catalan true crime podcast), where in each episode there's an introduction made by Carles Porta, the host. He's in a radio cabin and he explains while looking at the camera the highlights of the story that we are going to hear; the people involved, when and where it happened. Then the episode starts and we have flashbacks and flashforwards of the different events and people that take part in the story.

¹ [Time Room | Adventure Time Wiki | Fandom](#)

The thought of getting a narrator for the story that I wanted to tell, plus all the ideas on how to construct the space on stage accompanied with technique, got more and more clear, so I decided to follow this line.

With lights, scenography, music, and the body, I could construct the image that I wanted, and a narrator adds an entity that relates with the public and what's happening on stage, but also breaks the tempo and images, jumping from one scene to another in a way that cuts what we expect to see as a normal progression of what's being developed on stage.

A narrator can also present the different characters, and because I knew I wanted to develop different physicalities, even if I didn't want to impersonate specifically distinct characters, it gave me the possibility to cut and change moods and spaces whenever I wanted.

Regarding the body material, I had two clear referents that I wanted to work on. Here I will present all the different physical parts that I explored throughout this project. The ones that arrived in the beginning, and the ones that arrived later.

- FESTA MAJOR

The Festa Major literal translation would be: the main festivity. It's the biggest or most important celebration that occurs annually in a city, village, neighbourhood... It's normally scheduled during summer, this means that you have a festa major, in every village, happening one after the other.

As a kid, one of the meanings of dance for me was all that surrounds the body language and all the dances you can find during la Festa Major. Where there were various parties and the presentation of the annual choreography that we learnt during the precedent weeks.

One of the starting points of this project was to reencounter myself with the videos of these choreos throughout different years of my preadolescence.²

² link to the videos: [drive carpet, choreos videos.](#)

Watching these videos brought me a lot of mixed emotions. This event of the year had a big meaning for me. It meant discovering the song of the summer to which you were going to dance to, learning the choreo, and afterward showing it to the whole village.

For two weeks we met at 16h while everyone took a nap, to go practice in the civic center while it was 30° outside. It was quite a ritual. It happened the same way every year, but at some point you got older and you got to choose the songs and make the choreographies (this meant agreeing with 12 other girls).

I didn't like the songs we chose nor the movements, but I took part in it because it was what kids of my age did during the summer afternoons in my village, and also because at that point in my life it was important for me to be part of that.



Arlet in Talamanca and the dance many years ago...

The other part of the body material that was in my head throughout the process was the way that the mothers danced in the parties.

I've always looked at them, mesmerized by how well they played their role in that kind of event. Somehow everyone in the village knew their role when it comes to how to act in the parties;

- The kids are running, screaming, and playing around. Sometimes dancing to the most-known songs and showing the dances that they had learned, towards the end of the night they got tired and sat around sleeping or crying because they didn't want to leave.
- The teens were constantly in or out of the dance floor drinking and smoking, waiting till the afterparty finally arrived. They usually took part in subplots that occurred during these summer days, and that kept all their attention out of where the adults were.
- The older generation are sitting, drinking, and eating at these white plastic tables while looking at what's happening on the dance floor; maybe at some point couples end up dancing a waltz or a paso doble.
- But the mothers' routine in these parties amused me: they came really well dressed, and they sat at the tables with their husbands and all their group friends. At some point the husbands sat together around the table or went to get a drink while one by one the mothers entered the dance floor to dance quietly and effortlessly to a song they liked.

Afterwards they rested, and as the night advanced, they dared more and more. All the group of mothers danced together to a song of their youth, while they danced crazier after some glasses of alcohol, and just after some songs, *Saturday Night* by Whigfield succeeded in reuniting a lot of people to dance to it.

As every year, the mothers go behind the younger generations to learn the steps (as if they didn't know already...). Now they made the dance floor theirs, and they smile and laugh while they dance, for me quite unbothered movements. Towards the end of the night, they talk and

laugh a bit with younger generations. They are a bit more drunk, so they can make the effort, and finally they go back home.

And this always happens in the same way.

I couldn't understand the smiles of the mothers after seeing them dancing. How could they be so happy and calm after that? For me, they weren't really dancing, and at the same time, the way they got on the dance floor was on point, not a stain of sweat, not a scream, any movements more low, energetic or more rhythmical than what they thought was enough, a very elegant catharsis!

When I went to the dance floor, I was mostly accompanied by my mother and my two aunts. Dancing with them meant touching each other, singing, sweating, stepping (sometimes into one another), and we used the clothes that we put on till the end. We sweated them and left them. I always found that when dancing with them I felt, I felt strongly.

They surprised me, the women; I felt they were fake. Felt them off. But watching the whole image, somehow they manage to keep their composure. This kind of not leaving your meticulous learned role made me feel that being alive and feeling and sweating was somehow dirty, and it was perceived as if you were naked; you showed everything, too much.

This feeling of self-consciousness of your own body while dancing or while being seen in a public event joined the feeling that I had while dancing the choreos as a kid. We all know that to growing up is kind of a demoniac ritual that we all pass through. Alone and in different ways, but to what everyone can relate.

Specifically the body changes. Where you conceive yourself in relation to the world changes completely overnight. As Marjane Satrapi explains really well in *Persepolis*³:

³ Satrapi, Marjane. (Director). 2007 (*Persepolis*), [Film]
Link to the extract in the film: [Persepolis | From Girl To Woman](#)

- *"Little did I know a drastic change was about to occur, I completely transformed from a girl into a woman overnight. This was a period of incredible ugliness. First I grew eight inches taller, then my face changed, my head got longer, my right eye became bigger and my chin followed, my right hand became enormous then my left foot, my nose tripled in size, my breast inflated like balloons then my but expanded, restoring my center of gravity. And last but not least an enormous beauty mark provided the finishing touch."*-

I have a good memory of making these dances when I was little, but as you grow up, the situation changes. You feel uncomfortable and insecure with your own body. Because of the perception of the others towards you, because you feel you are doing/showing too much. This first contact with the notion of self-consciousness was triggered in me when doing these dances in front of our village.

And looking at the videos only lets me see this emotionless, joyless, confusing situation that we were passing through. This feeling that in some way still resides in me. That sometimes in doubtful moments reappears, almost as a ghost. I perceive it as a feeling of a disappearing soulless body. A body that left doesn't go elsewhere, but rather stays quieter and deeper inside.

The question that came up surrounding these body images was:
¿how to dance without dancing?

- PUTTING IT TO PRACTICE

The way that I wanted to address this subject was by replicating these movements that stayed in my head, to represent these bodies and dances. I started exploring both choreographies and songs that you could dance to in small unbothered movements.

But at the beginning it was really difficult to somehow master these physical guides, without falling into copying the image. There are infinite ways of approaching this body material and each one of them would give a fully different dramaturgic to the piece. I tried to repeat the movements constantly and go

backwards or forwards, I tried to change the space and direction in each repetition, I tried to change rhythms, from small to big, taking more or less space...

When creating the choreo I was first setting the steps to a song that as a kid I would have never danced to in my village, a song that for me wasn't part of that imaginary. So it could give me another base to create and to be able to get away from the image of the choreos we did, I chose **Club Bizarre** by U96.

Since the beginning it was clear that I had to construct the choreo and give it a turn to get closer to this feeling of bizarreness or discomfort.

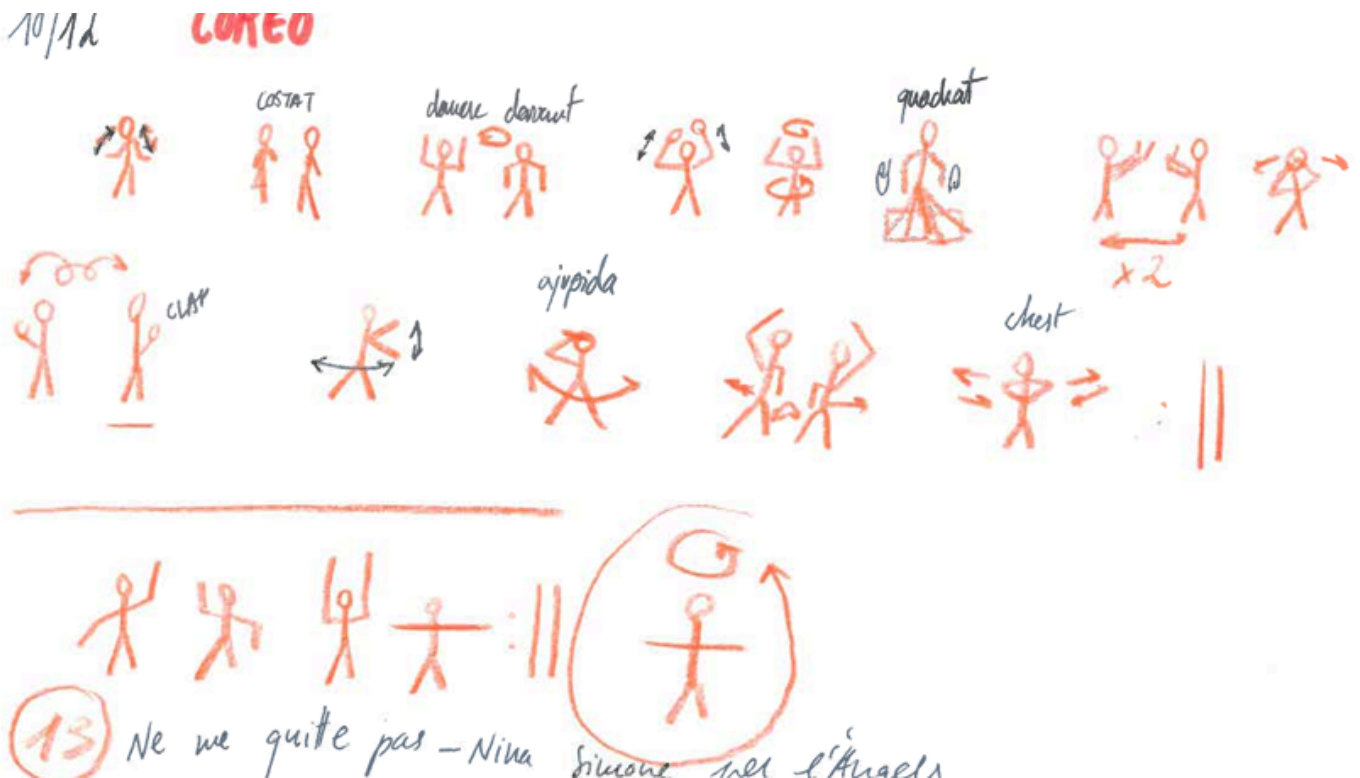
Building the choreo took me quite some time. The song that I had wasn't working, the movements were getting too much into cheerleading or aerobics vocabulary and I was getting stuck in copying what for me felt as if I was doing "kids" movements, and it wasn't working. This choreography worked when I was completely engaged and not acting the movements, but following the music and the steps.

I found the song **Yes Sir, I can Boogie** by Baccara. It's playful, rhythmical, with a catchy chorus. An anthem for many, it has this nostalgia and repetition that makes it quite unforgettable. As for the movements. I wanted them to be precise, easy to follow and dynamic. Like the ones that I liked to do in the choreos.



The decision to start from the back came really at the beginning. I was exploring turns in different directions and this one was quite a strong direction that made sense. The image that this created in my head was that I was dancing towards a band playing this song, while the people looking from the back are the people sitting at the tables surrounding the square where the dance is happening. I know that you are there, it's not my intention to leave you out, I'm just following the steps, but I see you.

Once all the sequence was created I had to find more ways to deform it, to expand it. This is when all the turns started to appear and where the taking of the space was coming more often.



La Ribot, one of my mentors during this process, in one of the first encounters, shared the thought of the perception of time passing. She said that it would be interesting to add to the choreo this sensation of how different it can be depending on how the person changes throughout the years. The square where we present the choreo feels big when you are a kid in comparison with how small it seems when you are 12 years old. How as a kid you are all nervous and excited to perform, while when you are older you just want to get over it.

She encouraged me to explore all of these changes. She also, as some other people did, proposed to me to twist the choreo more by not following only symmetrical steps, to get stuck in a loop, to stop and retake the choreo, to miss or forget a step. Various people encouraged me to do that so the choreo got more and more strange.

Regarding the mothers' movements I played with them by putting on some heels and playing with different music. At first I put on typical Spanish music from the 60's to the 90's: Marisol, Raffaella Carrà, Rumba Tres, Las Grecas... Very simple stepping movements that repeated themselves, in a square, in a line or sometimes doing circles.

When thinking about how the mothers transformed during the night my idea for them was to somehow construct movements that started slow and afterwards became quicker, so there was an idea of developing material that took $\frac{1}{4}$ then $\frac{2}{4}$ then $\frac{3}{4}$ and finally $\frac{4}{4}$.

I also tried to develop this transformation of their dances by putting it in a dembow song. Playing with the heels and falling around. Simply portraying a duality of simple vertical movements that turn into a brutal lack of coordination that cannot stay upright.

As the work advanced I left aside the idea of portraying the dance of the mothers. For me it's part of the base of this solo, but much more as a working tool rather than a physical one.

- *Memories of Murder* (2003) Bong Joon-ho

This film remains as an eternal reference to me. I'm going to start talking about the interest in this film that I had at first for this project.

This is a crime thriller where a group of investigators try to find the serial killer that has been raping and murdering girls during the rainy nights in a small town in South Korea.

The team of investigators is quite unprepared because they had never had a case as serious as this one, so they team up with a detective from Seoul to try to uncover the responsible.

They struggle to find the identity of the person, and on each rainy night they go out trying to find him. But they don't, so they keep finding the bodies of these girls lying on the fields.

For this solo I wanted to work on these dead bodies. Since I watched this film, these images struck me, they stayed forever in my mind.

These images struck me in a way that triggered a fear and a commotion that in some ways were relatable to the feelings I had surrounding my village, the bodies there and the woods.

From the start there was a clear contrast between the bodies of the mothers in my village and the bodies of these girls.

Though now it's quite difficult and feels somehow feels shallow to explain, those two images in comparison with one another gave great sense to the feeling I was trying to portray.

A FILM BY BONG JOON-HO

살인의 추억

MEMORIES OF MURDER

CJ ENTERTAINMENT PRESENTS A SIDUS FNM PRODUCTION A FILM BY BONG JOON-HO "MEMORIES OF MURDER" "살인의 추억" SONG KANG-HO KIM SANG-KYUNG PARK HAE-IL ROE-HA KIM JAE-HO SONG HE-BONG BYEON SEO-HEE KO NO-SHIK PARK
MUSIC BY TARO Iwashiro CINEMATOGRAPHY BY HYUNG-KU KIM EDITING BY SUN-MIN KIM PRODUCTION DESIGN BY SEONG-HEE RYU ART DIRECTION BY SEONG-HEE RYU SET DECORATION BY HONG-SAM YANG COSTUME DESIGN BY YU-SUN KIM
PRODUCED BY SEOUNG-JAE CHA MOO-RYOUNG KIM JONG-YUN HO CO-EXECUTIVE PRODUCER JAE-WON CHOI EXECUTIVE PRODUCER KANG-BOK LEE
ORIGINAL STORY BY KIM GWANG-RIM SCREENPLAY BY BONG JOON HO SHIM SIMS-BO
DIRECTED BY BONG JOON HO



As I explained before we have these scrupulous mothers that behave in a meticulous proper way to their own standards, women that detach from any self expression. To my eyes, they try to not be seen unguarded or vulnerable. While these girls are inevitably caught in a very dramatic vulnerable position, we catch them in the act of being accidented not by choice. They don't have the choice; they are dead. Something greater than them, decided to leave them in these vulnerable and shocking positions.

Here I also asked myself who has the possibility to escape this situation. If I think about my village it's not all the women that are like these mothers. It's a very specific group that has the power to decide what people see from them. I now compare these two characters (the mothers in my village and the victims of the film) as Bong Joon-ho also does very well with his characters.

It's the women that have a room to hide, that have a net to fall into, that are accompanied⁴... The ones that do not have the necessity to be open and transparent towards the world, instead of for example the woman that during the parties is working in the bar for her 12th hour of the day, that cannot hide the tiredness or the frustration. Neither can that grandmother that at her age no one thinks she has nothing to hide or to offer, to be secretive about, that passes by without being noticed. Nor the kids that are still not able to comprehend the social rules that later they are going to pass through.

For me these two ways of being seen are not contradictory, but what I tried to do while searching in these references was to find where these meet. And though the effort and determination of the mothers to domesticate themselves and then when death arrives, all bodies are just like a wild animal run over on the road. Bones and flesh.

⁴ Here I think about this fragment of the book, where Woolf explains why women can or cannot write books, given their social status. Woolf, Virginia. (1929). [1935]. *A Room of one's own*. (p. 158) [A room of one's own : Woolf, Virginia PDF](#)



- PUTTING IT TO PRACTICE

In the practice engaging physically with these ideas it was a beautiful exploration for me. There's something in me that allows me to easily surrender to heaviness.

I started exploring this material by putting all my weight on the floor and working in parallel with the image of a crushed animal on the road and the positions of the girls in the film. I spent long periods of time working from a pose to start little by little moving and rolling. This practice took me a lot of time, being very meticulous with every inch of my body that moved, and trying to go into the idea of a motionless body. It was great to take time to explore this. I wanted the rolling to appear as an outside image rather than the body moving by itself. As if a car passed by and made the body roll.

At the beginning I was playing with different songs until I found the song *Cançó de Na Ruixa Mantells (Fragments)* by Maria del Mar Bonet (The lyrics in Catalan and French in Annex n.3, p.29). This song talks about a mythological creature from the

Balearic Islands. Na Ruixa is a water fairy with siren traits, also recognised as a water woman that we find in the Catalan and Balearic folklore.

The song explains how she roams along the coast, because she has a captive love in the sea, so she awaits moaning a strange song. A storm arrives one evening and takes Na Ruixa into the water, and her body is found in the sand and someone buries her.

At first when I heard this song I wasn't noticing the lyrics I just danced to it, improvising the floor movements but also turning while standing. A lot of material came up before I noticed the lyrics of the song.

Realising this coincidence, I took it as an approval to use this song.

So I looped it in these strange sounds that she makes, as the lyrics say, and improvised with it for some more days.

- IN A DRAMATURGICAL LINE

I saw this film for the first time two years ago. Bong Joon-ho, followed by Park Chan-wook, are two film directors that inspired me greatly. Even though they are both completely different: Bong Joon-ho works towards social commentary, presenting the intricacies and absurdity of society and presenting the flaws of social structures. While Park Chan-wook explores the unpredictable and mysterious psyche of humans, constructing wild psychological thrillers such as *The Handmaiden* or *Oldboy*.⁵ But in both directors there's this unpredictability of not knowing or seeing the person guilty of the fatality of the plot until the very end. Their way of setting the tension and the lore that surrounds the situation happening, even before we have met the culpable, amazed me.

They play with it in a way that keeps us anchored in the film, and at the end the culpable is not even that interesting. But how every piece in their projects makes us arrive to feel this crime scene.

In the case of *Memories of Murder* the film starts by showing us the first victim, we arrived already late. Then we see the film

⁵ [Bong Joon-ho vs. Park Chan-wook: A Head-to-Head Style Analysis](#)

through the lens of the investigators that follow this case; every hint, every thought. As the film advances we see other victims, we see the places where the murderer killed, we listen to the song that he asks to be played on the radio, but still without knowing him. Somehow the mood of the film depends on a character that is unknown to us. All the tone of the film rests onto the traces of an unknown responsible.

All the elements that appear in my solo were set towards constructing an imaginary. All of it together, even if independently each one of these materials has a unique meaning and sensation for every person that encounters them. When added to a shared sensation or plot, all these materials make a collage and a mood that separately could be perceived differently:

- The first song Yes Sir, I can Boogie. To me it's a melancholic tune that places me in the parties in Spain during the 80's/90's.
- Pierre et le loup is an orchestrated tale that I listened to while we were driving through the woods towards my village. With all the suspense and instruments, for me it made a terrifying soundtrack through which I never knew if we were going to find one of the animals in the middle of the road.
- The road and the cars remind me of this small road filled with curves, and how unpredictable it was to cross a high speeding vehicle. Or when going back home after the party and crossing the road to go home the wish to not find any car or animal in my way.
- The woods, a spacious place I found beautiful and inviting during the day, and by night a place I wanted to avoid, given the fact that by night I felt lost in it.
- The animals, beautiful and changeable. You can see deer, wild boars, and foxes from far away. But their reactions are unknown to us. They are victims of the hunting and the urbanization of the woods.

- ET LE LOUP, ET LE RENARD, ET L'OISEAU, ET LE CERF ET TOUS LES AUTRES ANIMAUX

For the animals, the third part of my solo, they appeared towards the middle of the process.

I was working with Samuelle Etienne from [Mars-25] for an opening of a workshop that they had. In the performance we were doing, there was a moment where we went into the "gradin" and we moved around together or on our own as animals caught by the light of a camera flash that kept on coming and going as we moved around the "gradin".

This image of animals looking at the lense of the camera, caught by surprise, started a new line of exploration for me.

Talking afterwards about it with Gregory Stauffer, he mentioned the photographer George Shiras, a nature photographer, pioneer of nighttime flash photography.

George Shiras: In The Heart of The Dark Night is the book where he collects various of these nighttime photographs of the animals.



George Shiras. *In the Heart of the Dark Night*





Samuelle Etienne et moi en salle 90. (December 2025)

One day I was dancing to a dedicated song (p.30. annexe), specifically to **Piú dí cosí** by Mina, when I just started to imitate a bird. The material of the turning hands side to side I had already found, so all around there was the idea of animals in very different ways.

But to randomly improvise to a song to play the animal, gave me the courage to accept that as a possibility. I'm going to imitate animals, yeah ! Something I had never done before. To understand the material I was setting myself into I did a bit of research. At first I was trying to find information about how animals are represented in folkloric dances and how different a same animal can be played⁶. I found some dance references, at first I found a youth ballet from the 90's that performed *Pierre et le loup*⁷, I watched *TRACES* by Ultima Vez⁸ where they imitate the horns of the deer, Maurice Béjart with the *Bolero de Ravel*⁹ where the arms and the chest gave me inspiration on how to work the upper body and *Beach birds for camera* by Merce Cunningham¹⁰.

After watching these references I was filled with information but not finding a clear line on how to develop this material. I started to play different animals on the song **Mise Au Point** by Jackie Quartz. Playing the animals on this song brought a whole new idea. The combination of the song -talking and singing-

⁶ [Danza del venado \(México\) The Bear Dance \(Romania\)](#)

⁷ [Peter and the Wolf - Royal Ballet School 1995](#)

⁸ [TRACES, Última Vez \[mín 1:12\]](#)

⁹ [Bolero de Ravel - Maurice Béjart](#)

¹⁰ [Beach Birds for Camera \(1993\) - Merce Cunningham Dance Company](#)

made me play with the transformation of animals into a woman and the other way around.

There was a clear image for me developing there. The song addresses a clear audience while she asks for compassion for being a romantic heart broken girl (in very few words).

The tone of this song made me construct the animals in a way as if they were addressing the dance to a man. I imagined it as if it was the hell of a person that was not good to women nor animals in his lifetime. A song that repeats again and again in eternity with the same song and with the same animals that he saw during life.

Now a scene from a film comes into my head where I find this idea I try to explain.

In Dumbo we find this scene in the circus where he accidentally gets drunk, and an elephant parade appears in front of him¹¹, very beautifully but also in a scary cabaret-esque way, almost like a nightmare or paranoia.



Dumbo. Sharpsteen, Ben (1941)

I worked on these two songs in parallel. On one hand **Píu dí cosí**, because of its rhythm and the way the song explodes in the chorus, gave me the possibility to start constructing all the physicality of each animal and then make them run through the space and explode. While on the other hand **Mise au Point** gave me a more performative way of showing the animals and mixing them with the woman's body.

¹¹ [Dumbo. Elephants on Parade](#)

I showed a version to Gregory of these more performative animals and he advised me to also look for the animals in their natural form, in the woods, without the music.

Even though it brought a funny sense to the animals when placed in these songs, I was depending too much on the music to develop and move as an animal. I was not able to develop a real vocabulary of my own.

I decided to give it a try and I created a soundscape. I downloaded thousands of different sounds, from videos I found on [You Tube] and I mixed them; the ambience sound of the woods, the owls, the birds, the deer and the wild boars grunting, the fox screaming, the sound of cars passing by...

Then I started to construct the movements not guided by the music but by really trying to imitate and embody the animal. This way the transitions between animals or the energy changes in them came from a more authentic and organic place, rather than being guided by the music and having to follow it.

Throughout this process of embodying the animals, there was something that kept appearing. When doing the cat, and others, the movement easily went into something really seductive. I'm perceived as a female body and I cannot escape that. My body as I put it on stage gives an image. Tight clothes and when doing the cat, arching my back... There's a sexualization. I don't play with it in that way, but I accept that it's there and I try to commit very much to the animalistic movements to bring another possible perception of my body. I try to transform.

(2011) ESPAI ANIMALS



ABANS D'O
MIX MAX ANI

- 1 GAT
- 2 CAVALL
- 3 OCELL
- 4 CERVOL
- 5 TREMOLORES + CAVALL
- 6 MIRADA OLIVA + RIVRE GUINEU
- 7 GUINEU CUB + OCELL
- 8 AIXECAT AMB CERVOL - OCELL
CORRE CAP A BAIX

The trajectories of the different animals (tryouts)

DRAMATURGY AND STAGE TOOLS

This story is the tale of a night that never happened. It comes out of the wish that something really happens. A wish to trigger something that, to my eyes, always stayed silent.

The girl, the animal, the road lit up by the lights of the car that drives by.

The lights of the car are tracing all the time the piece.

This piece could be the story of the same character going through different situations or it could definitely be the story of three different characters that are going through their own situations at the same time, not very far from each other.

This piece is structured by three different physicalities that take on one another. These physicalities belong and arise from each of these characters/situation.

The story and the space are a collage, even though there are three distinct parts, all of the spaces and characters collide inside each other. I play putting together elements that evoke different spaces, to create an oniric space. Where there appears impossible time and spacial relations.

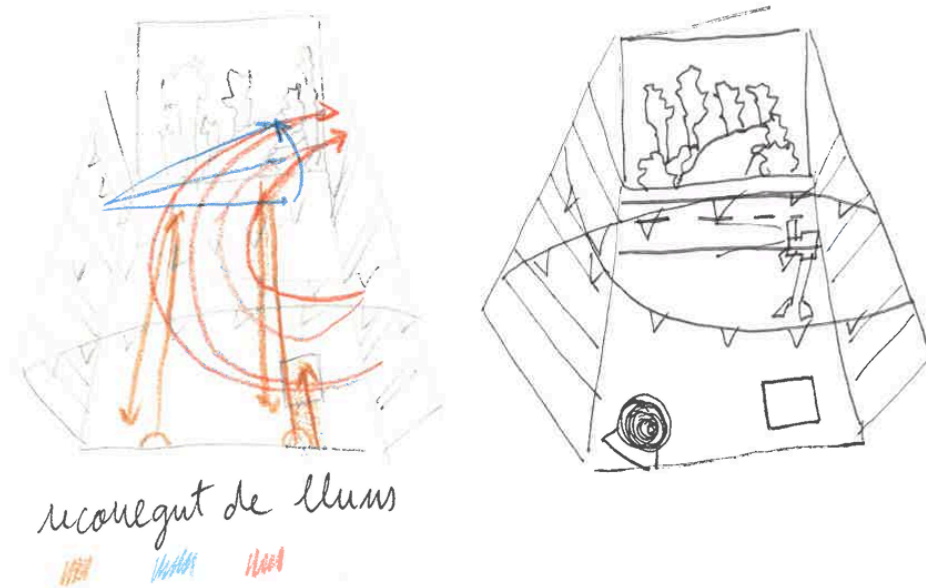
[the village vs the road vs the woods]

I'm almost threatening all the different environments by putting them together. I was looking to provoke a spacial tension by putting in relation these elements. Environments that may not be used to, or know how to relate to one another.

We have small metallic birds attached to the table and the chairs, which for me was a clear decision to bring the animals / the savage into the village.

There's also a garland touching the floor, hanging and falling down the wall, there are also the tables twisted and thrown.

These two decisions are made so that the accident that occurs in the story line of the dance and the solo, is not an isolated situation, but something bigger that has shaken everything, even the scenography.



First tryouts and reflections on the scenography.

I constructed the scenography so that I could in the same stage re-enact three different spaces. The square in the village where we gather to party and to dance. The road where cars, people and animals cross. And the woods where we find the animals.

- The colorful triangular garlands and the white plastic table and chairs are part of the imaginary of the village space.
- The road more than in the scenography is set by the lights. We have during the show two round lights that simulate the car headlights, passing every now and then and always in different directions. Exactly to give the sensation of unpredictability of when and where will the cars come from. Somehow you can always be surprised by the car coming towards you.
- The curtains with the images of the woods accompanied by the projection of the image, resemble the woods and are where the third part is set. The animals.

With the last image of the solo, what I wanted to let there, was the overlapped image of the woman, the animals and the accident.



EPILOGUE

The first day I presented the solo, I was behind the curtains listening to all the public entering the salle 120. Not knowing

when the lights were going to turn off, not knowing when it was going to start, made me sweat, made me wonder...

What if I don't get in? What if I decide to stay behind the curtains? What if I enter and I don't remember the choreo? What if....

I thought hesitation was getting inside of me, until the stage lights and the music started, and then it all happened, I magically walked and I entered the space.

I started the choreo backwards. Until that time, every time I turned during the rehearsals, there were only 3 or 4 people in the salle.

But this first time as I turned I saw everyone, I gagged. Getting surprised like that in the beginning after dancing towards the wall, was hilarious. 120 people there! with me!

After 9 weeks of pure delirium in the studios of Manuf I was there showing it for the first time, doing it for the first time, with a live audience, with people who didn't know me, with their reactions. And it was beautiful and fulfilling and relieving.

I was finally doing the thing. It's important to start and to finish, and I'm grateful for how it has ended. Grateful that during the two days I started and I passed through the whole piece. Grateful to have done this, to have gone there.

Now for the next step of this work, I wish to re-encounter myself with the whole or bits and pieces of this solo, in any way that may come.

Maybe the next step will be a never-ending choreo, maybe just animals, maybe the curtains will transform into the costume.

Many possibilities may happen.

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ANNEXE OR OTHER THOUGHTS

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1. Here I leave various links to videos that take part on the construction of the imaginary of the party in the villages (songs and videos of that period)

[Raffaella Carra "Hay que venir al sur"](#)
[Rumba tres - No sé, no sé](#)
[LA TRINCA. FESTA MAJOR](#)
[Paquito Chocolatero - Orquesta Galaxia](#)
[Tothom a ballar country, no rompas más mi pobre corazón](#)
[#solimar #conjunt #festamajor #festa #barri](#)
[Mix Balls Diumenge amb Xarop De Nit](#)

2. At some point of the project I was doubting my way of constructing.

It's difficult to understand the way of creation that people have. I know that for me I'm interested in developing material that I've been in contact with before, even if it's not considered as dance material or a specific technique.

Sometimes I feel it's difficult to defend what you are interested in and what you show or work on.

In this process I found a definition explained by a dancer and choreographer from Catalonia, that really resonated with me. He explains two ways of creating movements, and what differences he sees between choreographers.

Dansa referencial: "agafar danses que formen part d'un imaginari col·lectiu i barrejar-les amb altres "com un cocktail" per crear nous significats."

Referential dance: "take dances that are part of a collective imaginary and mix them with others "just like a cocktail" to create new meanings."

He also gives two definitions of choreographers:

the ones that create meanings ≠ movements sculptors

These are the auteur choreographers, were in each

show they develop a different body, linked to the concept of the show.

These are style choreographers,
they are obsessed to put a specific
body/physicality in stage. A style
you always find in their pieces.

3. Cançó de Na Ruixa Mantells, Maria del Mar Bonet. (French translation)

link to the song in Youtube:

https://youtu.be/ZyY7qKdUtUY?si=GD2_Mv1Y9KKp0vQn

Passant gemegosa com fa la gavina que volta riberes i torna a voltar, anava la boja del Camp de Marina vorera de mar. Descalça i coberta de roba esquinçada, corria salvatge, botant pels esculls; i encara era bella sa testa colrada, la flor de sos ulls. Color de mar fonda tenia les nines, corones se feia de lliris de mar, i arreu enfilava cornets i petxines per fer-se'n collar. Així tota sola, ran ran de les ones, ja en temps de bonança, ja en temps de maror, anava la trista cantant per estones l'estranya cançó. "La mar jo avorria mes ja l'estim ara des que hi té l'estatge l'amor que em fugí. No tinc en la terra ni pare ni mare, més ell és aquí! "La mar el volia, jamai assaciada de vides, fortunes, tresors i vaixells; i d'ell va fer presa dins forta ventada Na Ruixa-mantells. (...) Així tota sola, ran ran de les ones, ja en temps de bonança, ja en temps de maror, anava la trista cantant per estones l'estranya cançó. Un vespre d'oratge finí son desvari:	Passant en grognant comme la mouette qui tourne les berges puis fait demi-tour, la folle du Camp de Marina marchait au bord de la mer. Pieds nus et couverte de vêtements déchirés, elle courut en liberté, rebondissant sur les récifs et sa tête gonflée était toujours belle, la fleur de ses yeux. Ses poupées étaient de la couleur de la mer profonde, des couronnes qu'elle fabriquait en lys de mer, et partout elle enfilait des cônes et des coquillages pour se fabriquer des colliers. Ainsi, seule, le long des vagues, que ce soit par beau temps ou par mauvais temps, la femme triste chantait parfois cette chanson étrange. « Je l'aime depuis, et je l'aime depuis que je suis enfant. Je n'ai ni père ni mère sur terre, mais il est là ! « La mer le voulait, jamais rassasiée de vies, de fortunes, de trésors et de navires ; et il le saisit dans un vent fort selon Na Ruixa. (...) Ainsi, seule, le long des vagues, que ce soit par beau temps ou par mauvais temps, la femme triste chantait parfois cette chanson étrange. Un soir d'orage, sa folie prit fin :
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son cos a una cala sortí l'endemà; i en platja arenosa, redòs solitari, qualcú l'enterrà. No té ja sa tomba la creu d'olivera, mes lliris de platja bé en té cada estiu, i sols ja hi senyala sa petja lleugera l'aucell fugitiu...	son corps sortit dans une crique le lendemain ; Et sur une plage de sable, un endroit solitaire, quelqu'un l'a enterré. La croix d'olivier n'a plus sa tombe, elle a plus de lys de plage chaque été, et seul l'oiseau fugitif lui montre son empreinte légère...
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4. SUSANNA RECCHIA REFERENCIATING DEBORAH HAY

Ask yourself the question, then this thought is going to be there with you.

You ask and then you receive.

WHAT IS MY JOURNEY?

5. DEDICATED SONGS.

These songs are each song I danced everyday as a practice to dance to a song someone sent me. It's not linked to the project, but this was part of my process. Each day I danced one song at some point of the day, to dedicate a dance for this few minutes to the song that these people gave me.

1. Samba - Clea Vincent . Marghe
2. Si la Muerte - Diamanda Galas . Àngels
3. Falling Man - Blonde Redhead . Marghe
4. Que Me Maten - C. Tangana . Nico
5. Dettagli - Ornella Vanoni . Bice
6. It ain't no cure for love - Leonard Cohen . Ricard
7. Caballo Viejo (I) - Simón Díaz . Àngels
8. El Suïcidi i el cant - Tarta Relena . Ricard
9. Ave Cesaria - Stromae . Arlet
10. La cançó de Na Ruixa Mantells (Fragments) - Maria del Mar Bonet . Àngels
11. Sea of Love - Cat Power . Rita
12. Spooky - Dusty . Nico

13. Ne me quitte pas - Nina Simone . Àngels
14. The Tiny Desk of Buika and Omar Montes- Arlet
15. Tonight - Sibylle Baier . Rita
16. Aguas de Março (JOGA BOSSA) - Smoke City . Gabriel
17. A me mi piace 'o blues - Pino Daniele . Bice
18. System - Brotherly . Cala
19. Funnel of Love - Wanda Jackson . Rita
20. Mise Au Point - Jakie Quartz . Martin
21. Tudo que você podia ser - Quarteto Em Cy . Nico
22. Caliente Caliente - Raffaella Carrà . Arlet
23. Sciroppo - Sfera Ebbasta (feat. Drefgold) . Marghe
24. Sky - Sonique . Lee-Ann
25. This Must be the Place - Talking Heads . Rita
26. Cantar das Kandakinhas - Pedro Ricardo . Bice
27. Ohhh Baby (Armand Club Mix)-Veda Simpson . Gabriel
28. Construção - Chico Buarque . Arlet
29. The Ladder - Nic T. . Bice
30. Johnny Glamour - Rusowsky . Martin
31. Me debes esto - Sen Senra . Ona
32. Murmullo - Buenavista Social Club . Marghe
33. Wuthering Heights -Cecile McLorin Salvant . Àngels
34. La Travesia - Juan Luis Guerra 4.40 . Arlet
35. Piú dí cosí - Mina . Àngels
36. Pequeño Vals Vienés - Sílvia Pérez Cruz i Raül
Refree . Àngels
37. Mediterráneo - Joan Manuel Serrat . Ricard
38. Naborí - Cheo Feliciano . Arlet
39. Smells like content - The Books . Marghe
40. If I don't care - Any Other . Bice
41. Augusta, Angélica e Consolação - Tom Zé . Arlet
42. Banho de Folhas - Luedji Luna . Arlet
43. Barefoot in the park -James Blake(feat. ROSALÍA) . Cala
44. Bloodstone - Amon tobin . Irina