**CRÉATIONS INTERDISCIPLINAIRES WE ALL FALL DOWN**

**REVIEWS**

**PAPILLON (2020)**

[*https://www.scotsman.com/arts-and-culture/edinburgh-festivals/edinburgh-festival-fringe-dance-physical-theatre-circus-reviews-papillon-taiwan-season-since1994-bakla-nomad-4259066*](https://www.scotsman.com/arts-and-culture/edinburgh-festivals/edinburgh-festival-fringe-dance-physical-theatre-circus-reviews-papillon-taiwan-season-since1994-bakla-nomad-4259066)

**By Kelly Apter**

A solo, by its very definition, takes place on its own. But this blistering show from Montréal-based company We All Fall Down, gifts us three dance solos all at the same time. Each one fuses elements of contemporary and street dance and has a free-flowing, almost improvisatory quality. Nindy Banks, Mecdy Jean-Pierre and Maude Laurin-Beaulieu are all compelling, so the first challenge is working out who to focus on.

But somehow, it’s never really a problem. After you settle into the space, and allow these three solos to creep under your skin, they just co-exist.

Despite all three dancers pouring similar styles into their work, their output is distinctly different. Banks has a wonderful intensity that’s sharp-edged and swift; Jean-Pierre’s moves have an almost spiritual gentleness, punctuated by popping, locking and krumping; while Laurin-Beaulieu is flexible and earthy, bending fluidly into the music with her entire body.

Which brings us to the music itself, and the cast-iron grip it has on you. From a few solitary bleeps, the sound swells into a cacophony of rhythm and sound that has your foot tapping and head nodding.

Musicians Walid Moon, Roger White and Ted Yates build the soundtrack before our eyes on drums and synth, until we’re hypnotised by the whole glorious unity of music and movement. All six of the performers look lost in the process (in the best possible way), swept up in a wave of creativity.

Yet surprisingly, this doesn’t produce a chasm between artist and audience. Instead, they take us with them, the beat of the drums calling us inside the vortex. A few moments of synchronised connection between the dancers would have elevated Papillon into perfection. But regardless, rarely does individuality foster such a sense of community.

[*https://www.festmag.com/edinburgh/dance-physical-theatre-circus/review-papillon*](https://www.festmag.com/edinburgh/dance-physical-theatre-circus/review-papillon)

**By Francesca Peschier**

Three dancers pulse under the beat of the lights. Underscored by an almost overwhelming, electronic bass played live on drums and synths, they start to move across the stage. Each seems to be mapping out their own trajectory like planets, moving through their independent revolutions, occasionally colliding. These are bodies orbiting through space with majesty and command that is nothing short of awe inspiring.

Papillon translates as butterfly, but the title here is misleading. There are no flapping wings or transformation metaphors. Instead there is an intense hour of exploration through rhythm and shape to a constantly shifting sound landscape. There is no pause, it's a relentless display of physicality and virtuosity. The choreography fuses contemporary with hip hop, yet the final form is harder to define as it is so based within the dancers own improvisation.

As an ensemble, the musicians and dancers of the We All Fall Down company feel linked, even while seemingly engrossed in their own movements. Helen Simard's direction is bold and self-knowing as each individual's flow runs through and into the others like river tributaries carving and connecting through rock.

The choreography is inspired by chaos theatre and equations – and for those of us who might not know what that means, it can all feel very clever and earnest. However, the magic of Papillion is that although it is clearly constructed with deep intellectualism and gravitas, it's in your bones and gut that it truly hits.

[*https://broadwaybaby.com/shows/papillon/797814*](https://broadwaybaby.com/shows/papillon/797814)

**By Laura Tucker**

The work of Canadian experimental arts company We All Fall Down (WAFD), Papillon brings us three dancers, three musicians and a stage. What ensues is a human canvas upon which you can paste your own desires, fears and beliefs.

Inspired by chaos theory and complex mathematical equations I later learn, Papillon asks what – if anything – can we predict in a world governed by unpredictability?

The dancers move individually, in their own worlds, playing with diverse styles and pacing to keep us rapt for the full hour. I attempt to ascribe meaning to the fierce facial expressions of Nindy Banks and her electric intensity, imagining intimacy between Mecdy Jean-Pierre and Maude Laurin-Beaulieu, two of the most captivating dancers I’ve ever had the pleasure to watch. My intellectual mind oscillates from considerations of gender, race and sex, never settling on one.

Though the three dancers exist within their own spheres, they are pulled into sync at various moments, sharing brief physical connection and fleeting eye contact. The music meanwhile is common ground for all of us, a hypnotic soundscape produced by Roger White and his band who blend discordant electronic beats with jazz, hip-hop and drum’n’bass.

At some point, I realise that my inability to ascribe meaning is kind of the point. The effort is the art. Sweat stains the dancers’ clothing and drips freely from proud chins, pushing the bar of physical expression to its limits. And though I leave clueless as to the intentions of director Helen Simard, I understand that where our minds land is where the truth lies. We want the dancers to connect, we want them to fall into a pattern, we long to understand.

Which means, ultimately, your guess is as good as mine!

[*https://edfestmag.com/papillon/*](https://edfestmag.com/papillon/)

**By Katie McCulloch**

A beat begins, the rhythm of a drum shimmers and three movers articulate their bodies, luxuriating in the spontaneity and flow of the music.

Canadian choreographer Helen Simard and company, we all Fall Down (WAFD) Interdisciplinary Creations are inspired by chaos theory and complex mathematical equations. The collaboration of movement and live sound from composer Roger White and co is met with curiosity from the three dancers. They mostly move autonomously with occasional spurts in unison displaying a stylised show of street and contemporary dance.

This scattered piece is playful to experience and is a fascinating hour of watching poetic poses and joyfully jerky movements somewhat sync together. It is captivating to watch different interpretations of the mood of the music. Silhouettes flicker against the wall and the dancers contort themselves into geometric, aquatic looking creatures. ‘Papillion’ has a glint in its eye and does not take itself too seriously. The piece may have benefited from more moments of togetherness; however, each mover and band member captivate the viewer in their artistry.

Limb’s flail, bones jut and fast, floor work flows to galactic and hypnotic sounds. ‘Papillon’ creates calmness within its chaos, leaving the viewer in anticipation for the next WAFD project.

<https://lesartsze.com/eclats-de-papillon-une-danse-entre-lordre-et-le-desordre/>

**Par Jacquline van de Geer**

#### Dans l’enceinte de l’Usine C à Montréal, la salle 2 a accueilli le spectacle Papillon de Helen Simard. Cette chorégraphe et chercheuse, accompagnée du compositeur et concepteur sonore Roger White, propose une expérience captivante où le mouvement et le son se rencontrent dans un dialogue réinventé.

Helen Simard, une artiste basée à Montréal, explore les territoires de l’inattendu et du chaos à travers ses performances interdisciplinaires. Son travail, caractérisé par des motifs spatiaux complexes et une utilisation habile de la répétition, nous plonge dans des univers hypnotiques où les frontières entre conscience et subconscient s’effacent.

En collaboration avec Roger White, elle crée la compagnie Créations Interdisciplinaires | We All Fall Down, où le corps devient le médium d’une expression plurielle, mêlant danse, musique et improvisation. Leur production initiale, Papillon (2020), conçue pendant la pandémie et diffusée en ligne, ouvre désormais ses ailes sur scène pour une expérience immersive en direct à l’Usine C.

Papillon fusionne les esthétiques de la danse de rue et contemporaine avec une bande-son expérimentale en direct. Trois solos se tissent dans un enchevêtrement complexe, explorant les frontières entre l’ordre et le désordre, invitant l’imprévisible à chaque pas.

Portée par les interprétations vibrantes de Nindy Banks, Mecdy Jean-Pierre, Maude Laurin-Beaulieu, Rémy Saminadin, Roger White et Ted Yates, la performance évolue dans une symbiose captivante entre danseurs et musiciens. L’espace scénique devient le cocon où le public est témoin de la métamorphose constante de ces papillons dansants, portés par la direction musicale envoûtante de Roger White.

Sous les lumières d’Hannah Kirby et les costumes de Nindy Banks, Papillon transcende les frontières de l’ordre et du désordre, plongeant le spectateur dans un état hypnotique où la transformation devient palpable.

Une création à ne pas manquer, soutenue par Danse-Cité et plusieurs institutions culturelles, offrant une expérience immersive et transcendantale à tous les spectateurs présents.

<https://sorstu.ca/papillon-a-lusine-c-symbiose-totale-entre-le-son-et-le-mouvement/>

**Par Sonia Semere**

Du 12 au 15 mars, la chorégraphe Helen Simard et le compositeur Roger White présentent leur œuvre Papillon à l’Usine C et mêlent à merveille la danse de rue et la danse contemporaine. Sors-tu? a assisté à la représentation de ce mercredi 13 mars.

We All Fall Down, c’est une compagnie de danse menée par Helen Simard et Roger White. La première est chorégraphe et chercheuse, le deuxième, compositeur et concepteur sonore.

Ensemble, les deux artistes créent une parfaite symbiose entre le son et les mouvements du corps. Avec leur œuvre Papillon, ils nous le prouvent.

C’est dans une salle sombre de l’Usine C que le spectacle se présente à nous. À la manière d’une battle de danse, les sièges sont placés tout autour de la salle, comme si le public allait assister à une confrontation.

Les musiciens se présentent d’abord sur scène, puis les trois danseurs, Nindy Banks, Mecdy Jean-Pierre et Maude Laurin-Beaulieu, prennent place. Leurs mouvements sont lents, comme s’ils s’adonnaient à une exploration de l’espace qui s’offre à eux.

Au fil du temps, les mouvements deviennent de plus en plus saccadés, le rythme s’accélère au gré de la musique. Tout va plus vite, tout s’intensifie : le son, les mouvements et la gestuelle. Du côté du public, ça crie, ça encourage. Ça bouge assurément! Près de la régie, Helen Simard observe avec tendresse ses danseurs.

**Une ambiance futuriste**

Si le spectacle est centré sur les mouvements de danse et sur la musique, la mise en scène se veut également soignée. En effet, sur les murs de la salle, les ombres des danseurs apparaissent et créent une atmosphère bien particulière. Chacun des danseurs navigue à son propre rythme, capture l’instant à sa manière et vit la musique selon son propre ressenti.

Au fur et à mesure, la musique s’intensifie et les mouvements s’accélèrent, les projecteurs se dirigent tout droit vers nos trois danseurs, créant à nouveau une atmosphère bien spéciale : une ambiance futuriste.

Soudain, les artistes commencent à entrer en contact, alors que jusqu’à maintenant, les danses se voulaient individuelles. Un véritable jeu se crée entre eux. La musique les transporte, ils sont comme habités par le son, se mettent à rire et relâchent totalement leurs émotions.

**DANS LES BRAS DE MORPHÉE (2024)**

<https://montrealrampage.com/review-dans-les-bras-de-morphee/>

**By Jacquline van de Geer**  
  
In this show aimed at a young audience, choreographer Helen Simard, five performers, and a musician on stage cast a new light on the surreal worlds we frequent at night.

Simard orchestrates a surprising and playful group piece in which the boundaries of reality are constantly redefined. Repetition, combined with spatial patterns creates a superb, hypnotic, dreamlike performance. This fantastic show opens with a spotlight focused on the guitarist, who accompanies the dancers with his repetitive chords. While the music transforms, a parade of creatures, funny, mysterious, energetic or calm, come to the stage . More and more images emerge in the mists of sleep. The dreamer dares to dive into this plunge of imagination and he travels through the performance, meeting strange beings, masked and skillfully manipulated by the strong ensemble of dancers who give it their all.

I was lucky to be surrounded by young kids who talked when strong images appeared, “Oh look at the shadow”, “Ooh there is someone looking behind the curtain”, and so on.

During 50 minutes, we encountered outbursts of madness, a fantastic bestiary of masks and lighting effects, and ingenious references to video games and comic books. Dans Les Bras de Morphée is a refreshing performance for young and old because whether we are big or small, the night plays tricks on us… magic tricks, blurring the boundaries between conscious and subconscious. A must see!

**BECAUSE YOU NEVER ASKED (2023)**

<https://thedancecurrent.com/review/because-you-never-asked-is-a-haunting-rallying-cry-against-hate/>

**By Philip Szporer**

Because You Never Asked documents a prescient moment of intergenerational connection. The interdisciplinary work is based on relatively recent conversations between director and composer Roger White and his recently deceased grandmother, Dr. Marianna (Goldmann) Clark. The 70-minute piece combines fragments mined from his grandmother’s diaries and letters with what I feel becomes the centrepiece: the recorded conversations from her 90s with her grandson. She talks about a life lived under the Nazi regime and a world just prior to that. These conversations are what fuelled the imagination of the show’s choreographer, Helen Simard, who is co-artistic director of We All Fall Down and married to White.

In a time when artists are searching to create work with the potential to affect social and political change, this arresting new creation probes memory in an abstraction that leaves plenty of room for audiences to dive deeply into their own histories. The show includes excellent performances by David Albert-Toth, Marie Lévêque, Brianna Lombardo and Maxine Segalowitz.

Ultimately, Because You Never Asked is about intersections. Clark was born into a mixed Christian-Jewish family in Hamburg, Germany. After the passing of the National Socialists’ Nuremberg Race Laws in 1935, nationalism brutally emerged as fascism. Clark’s parents’ marriage was deemed illegal and their citizenship revoked, and in 1939 they fled to England.

In the soundscape, audiences are privy to Clark’s surprisingly matter-of-fact recollections of events no longer aberrations. Her factual anecdotes relate various incidents with a calm remove, an observant voice that is not scared. What is striking is how Clark seems to transcend the terror of the time and the overt displays of antisemitism. Her recollections include: being in the stadium at the 1936 Berlin Olympics, seeing Hitler, her friendship with Hans Leipelt of the White Rose (a resistance group that published and distributed leaflets denouncing the state dictatorship) as well as stories about summer camp, cherry season and a moment in 1933 when she relates her parent’s decision “to get the Jewishness out of the family.” That period in her life, lasting six to eight years, is the content of White’s exploration. The rising musical score and Clark’s audio recording seem to be competing forces, particularly in the first half of the show; at times, the sound mix makes it difficult to understand what she’s saying.

When Clark and her grandson met to record this audio, they shared tea and bananas while stories emerged that now pivot between humour and darkness.. The night I saw the performance, pockets of the audience erupted in laughter over their exchange. White, who wasn’t raised Jewish, knew there was some Jewish thread in his lineage. Through his encounters with his grandmother, he began to gain better insight into a life of which he had little prior knowledge. At one point, he asks why he never knew any of these stories. Clark’s response gives us the meaning behind the title.

Audience members are seated opposite one another in the MAI|Montréal, arts interculturels gallery space. What distinguishes the piece is how carefully and keenly the dancers seem to be listening in the space, attentive to what’s around them. The clarity of the performers’ focus registers. There’s a beautiful simplicity to the movement. They skip, run and slide across the space, highly suggestive of the oppositional forces at play during the Nazi era. There’s a fragility and an innocence to these dancing bodies; they seem to float in the movement.

Displacement figures prominently in the piece. The gallery’s huge four concrete pillars obstruct views of the performance at times, but that seems thematically accurate, highlighting what we can or cannot see. Likewise, lighting decisions by designer Tiffanie Boffa beautifully complement the shifts in tone, with her cues controlling what’s revealed. At many points, the performers seem distanced from one another, near but never connecting physically. There’s a macabre section where the performers are swallowed by their oversized trench coats (costumes by Tricia Crivellaro) and manifest as a chorus of spirits – hovering, evoking totem-like figures of the dead. These ghostly incarnations call to mind memories of forgotten souls and loved ones.

On occasion, the performers sidle perilously close to the audience. It’s an effective, powerful method to break a sense of remove, that comfortable perception of distance while watching a show. One wrenching moment came late in the performance for me, when Albert-Toth slid up against the legs of the woman seated next to me. His seated body hunched, I was able to see the slightest tilt of his bent head, a fleeting twitch in his neck. The jolt of this haunting, vulnerable presence in such close proximity demanded that I not look away. The anxieties that built up in the piece now concretely inhabit a place in our psyche.

Because You Never Asked can be interpreted as a rallying cry of sorts against hate, not just the hatred and violence loosed by Nazi Germany but the hatred of our current realities. But it’s also a reminder to keep those close to us ever closer, to embrace the wisdom in our midst and to be bold and ask questions that shed light on our identity.

<https://montrealrampage.com/review-because-you-never-asked/>

**By Rachel Levine**

Four dancers stand in a row in the dimly lit gallery space of the MAI with their hands resting on one another as if packed on a train. They glance about, nervous and uncomfortable as they jostle with the train’s movement. Where are they going? Is it the morning rush of a subway headed to work? Are they being sent to the death camps of Nazi Germany? Are they refugees headed to an uncertain new life? It’s a tense moment that leaves me anxious about what is to come.

So begins *Because You Never Asked,* a production that examines the nature of memory and specifically how memory is constructed and reconstructed throughout life and then continues to be taken up by subsequent generations. Composer and artistic director, Roger White, based the show on his half-Jewish grandmother, Marianna Clark’s experiences before her family fled to England during Hitler’s rise. Throughout the show, we hear excerpts from her diary, letters she wrote to a distant friend (possibly a boyfriend), and even interviews with White. Optimistic, the family thought Hitler would eventually be ousted and they stayed in Germany long enough to see their window of escape nearly slam shut. Details of life of an upper class family losing its rights in Germany through this period convey moments of horror, friendship, and beauty. In the cafe space are Clark’s photos and memorabilia that tie into moments of the play and suggest some of the other stories lived in a surprising life.

Accompanying the spoken portions drawn from Clark’s words is a soundscape of contemporary music also composed by White and a soul-demanding engrossing performance given by four dancers (David Albert-Toth, Brianna Lombardo, Maxine Segalowitz, and Marie Lévêque) under the direction of Helen Simard. The four stay in motion for much of the show in complicated movement patterns that repeat and sometimes speed up. Given the themes of the show, the choreography reminds me of the way memory is constructed as the hippocampus replays an event over and over again. but also how that memory fades and decays with time.

Initially, I found the show a bit abstract and confusing, especially as the movements of the two dancers in jumpsuits didn’t match the narrative about attending Jewish Summer Camp for Communists. But just as recalling a long forgotten memory, as the show continued, their movements began to take more identifiable forms. And it wasn’t long before the dancers in conjunction with Clark’s words became the most evocative part of the play. One particularly moving segment had the four dancers transforming raincoats into human-like puppets while Clark spoke about seeing Hitler’s give speeches. One by one, the raincoats “died,” as if to capture the situation of survival as others fled, were taken away to death campus, or were killed. For me, the most moving part of the play consisted an interview about seeing long-jumper Jesse Owens in the Olympics with a masterful choreography that combined racing starts out of imagined blocks and leaps with a flight for one’s life.

The story behind the show is also remarkable. White did not know of his grandmother’s experiences until he began interviewing her in 2012. Only then did he find out about his family’s obscured history. The fragility of the transmission of memory from one person to the next is very much a part of this show. During the interviews, we hear Clark explain to White that he’s never heard these stories “because you never asked.” But this further highlights that the effects of genocide, like the holocaust, are losses. Individuals and their histories are erased with no one to record them and the loss becomes ours.

All in all, *Because You Never Asked* is a moving piece, important in its message and beautiful in its interpretation.

<https://www.forgetthebox.ca/arts/becauseyouneverasked-areview>

**By Sandra Soulard**

An archive of memories and artifacts, a beautiful assemblage of a difficult history. Every object, sound, and written word was representative of intergenerational storytelling. With the opening show being sold out, I was lucky to have gotten there an hour early. I had just enough time to look through the glass enclosures filled with passports, letters, pictures, and a well loved doll before the room was too crowded. Seeing all of these things left me with a mixture of tender nostalgia and hurt.

When the crowd moved a bit, I was able to squeeze past to listen in at one of the audio exhibits. When I covered my ears with one of the two pairs of headphones, I was lulled by letters read through the voice of a family member that was still here. A youthful voice for a letter that dated, a beautiful thing I thought. On a television nearby, I watched a series of old clips. A child dressed in a frilly costume holds up a sign that reads “Evil” in black, while the other boy holds one that reads “Good”. A stranger soon joined me when they put on headphones too. We greeted each other with a tight smile before turning back towards the film. We watched as the children laughed deviously in the way kids do, posed in front of the camera, and ran away. Colorful, kind, nostalgic.

As choreographer Helen Simard pointed out to me, these moments were chosen to be filmed with intention. With the cost of the film itself at the time, it was just what people had to do. Film was a luxury. I thought about how there was something so delicate about needing to choose what to remember and what to document, it felt attentive and loving. Choosing to share those videos lived in that space as well. Paraphrasing from Helen: the world is burning and everything’s on fire. Might as well go about it with care. Considering everything they had gone through, this felt like a manifestation of just that.

I tried to picture someone from the photographs writing a letter or filming another. I wondered- what made those moments so important? How did they choose what was worth documenting at that moment? I stood, listened and watched until the film was set back to where it had started. I could barely pull away. Roger White spoke of how building this was a difficult, but informing process, one that led to a lot of change and letting go. He had mentioned to me that in this search of understanding his family’s history, he realized that their experience in fleeing Nazi Germany was only a small fraction of their long life, something that was easy to get lost in. The more he spoke with his grandmother, Marianna Clark’s (born Goldmann), the more he discovered other parts of other stories that were just as important; even one as simple as the fond memory of a childhood friend who happened to be Hans Liepelt, a member of The White Rose Resistance who stood in “opposition to the National Socialist (NS) dictatorship and an end to the war all over Munich” ([Weiße Rose Stiftung E.V.](https://www.weisse-rose-stiftung.de/white-rose-resistance-group/))

I was told that in watching this piece, in listening to the letters, and in reading the program, everyone would be captured by different parts. I found that I was drawn most to the confrontational nature of the venue. The space dared to rearrange the audience with the bifrontal placement of the seats. Choosing where to sit carried weight, as every eyeline was partially blocked by four gigantic cement columns. I decided that I would sit between them to not miss any part of the show, which was a false perception on my part. As it went on, I realized that they didn’t hinder the experience at all. They were part of the show too. Striking, resistant, impenetrable. The dancers hid behind the cement columns, suddenly disappearing from my line of vision. They explored shapes and movement with the shadows cast from both the columns and their bodies. Those parts of the show visually inaccessible to me were like the memories of the events themselves. We didn’t get to know it fully in fact and feeling because we weren’t there when it happened.

The space itself forced me to choose where to look and how to listen. When I couldn’t see the performers, I instead listened harder to the silence, the audio recordings of conversations between Roger White and his grandmother, or I listened to the music that played in the space. When I did so, I discovered that the show itself, the use of sound and voice, was a hybrid sort of verbatim theatre. It was alive in the reading of letters, yet it also lived in a multidisciplinary space of contemporary dance.

When the source material was initially directed to being a performance of some kind, Roger White had originally pieced it together as a traditional play. As he put it bluntly, it didn’t work. It didn’t capture everything that it should have. It then shifted in a different form, allowing the exploration a broader narration of experience while keeping the source material as its focus. The result allowed the dancers to work closely with the source material, which was mostly text, daring them to reshape narration and the nature of their verbatim.

The form it took on was so much more tangible to me and informed the work deeply. Rather than understanding it like I would have a traditional script with actors, I felt it all in my gut. I felt it like I felt for the doll in the glass enclosure, like when I watched the clips. The interpretive movement allowed for layered comprehension of both fact, feeling, and memory.

This beautiful experience as a whole was a multilayered playback documentary; one that bravely captured the feeling of seeking safety, as well as existing as an homage to Marianna Clark’s life. Hearing their voices speak to each other was remarkable and incredibly touching. I felt that Roger White’s explorations of his own family’s history was attentive, experimental and brave; A well grounded experience that left me with misty eyes and a full heart.

<http://surlespasduspectateur.blogspot.com/2023/04/sur-mes-pas-en-danse-une-rencontre.html>

**Par Robert St-Amour**

Pour ma deuxième partie d'un jeudi "danse", mes pas me portent jusqu'au MAI pour découvrir "Because You Never Asked" de Helen Simard et Roger White . Leur proposition prend racine dans des terreaux d'inspiration fort différents que ce que j'ai déjà vu de cette chorégraphe et de ce musicien. En effet d'Helen Simard, je me rappelle de la trilogie "No fun", "Idiot" et "Requiem pop", toutes colorées de rock alimentées par la musique de Roger ! Les deux premières propositions "décoiffaient" et la troisième terminait plus doucement cette trilogie. Il y a eu aussi "Papillon", tout "street dance" sur l'effet du battement des ailes d'un papillon et de ses répercussions tout au loin que j'avais pu apprécier en ligne en novembre 2020 à cause des restrictions sanitaires dues à la pandémie.

Cette fois, c'est de Roger White et de son passé familial que prend racine "Because You Never Asked", celui de sa grand-mère juive qui a fui l'Allemagne nazie vers l'Angleterre. Et comme le décrit le site du MAI, "l'œuvre juxtapose des extraits de journaux intimes et de lettres écrites par Marianna de l’adolescence au début de la vingtaine, avec des enregistrements captés lors de ses 90 ans." Et cette œuvre, c'est devant une salle comble que je la découvrirai, incluant plusieurs membres de la famille de Roger White, venant exprès d'Angleterre. Elle sera incarnée par David Albert-Toth, Marie Lévêque, Brianna Lombardo, et Maxine Segalowitz (toute une distribution serait tenté d'ajouter le spectateur de danse que je suis et qui s'avère à la hauteur !).

Bien installé en première rangée dans la galerie d'art du MAI avec ses quatre colonnes (lieu délibérément choisi pour cette présentation), le moment de débuter arrive. Et c'est au son d'un wagon qui se déplace sur les rails et les quatre interprètes "entassés" qui bougent en fonction des soubresauts du train que débute notre expédition dans les confidences et les propos de cette femme. Des propos qui résonnent dans ces lieux pendant que les gestes me captivent. Le devoir de mémoire de ces souvenirs enfouis et révélés avec ses zones d'ombre, je le ressens fort bien durant les différents tableaux. Si tout au long, des éléments m'échappent (question de langue et de perspectives), il en reste que de cette trame narrative riche de ses mouvements, je reste captif et captivé ! Je découvre encore une fois, comment les gestes permettent de transmettre et de rehausser un propos Une mention spéciale à Tiffanie Boffa pour les éclairages dans ce lieu atypique qui amplifie notre perception de la proposition.

Dans la séance de questions réponses qui a suivi (moments que j'apprécie toujours !), je ressens le bonheur de Roger White, les bons commentaires de certains membres de sa famille. En toute fin de cette séance, pas le temps de poser "ma" question, mais "ma" réponse je l'aurai, en partie à tout le moins ! Deux des interprètes ayant des origines juives, j'étais bien curieux de savoir ce de qu'ils ont ressenti tout au long ! Et c'est David Albert-Toth qui me la fournira et sa réponse est fort riche !

De cette époque fort troublée de notre histoire que bon nombre d'œuvres de toute sorte ont exploré, encore une fois je découvre qu'il est possible de nous la présenter avec une perspective originale, mais surtout très touchante. Merci Roger et Helen pour cela !