

Elusive as water

review by Boel Gerell
Sydsvenska Dagbladet (SE), jan 2014
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Dance is the art of vanishing – when the lights go out and the movement stops the work of art itself dissolves. The parts remain; music if there is any, movement documented in sketches and by video, sometimes texts. Opinions of people and maybe reviews. But the totality is lost each time, dependent on time and space and irreconstructible.

When American artist/choreographer Andros Zins-Browne approaches the ballet of ballets – *Le lac des cygnes* – he starts in the parts. Tries vainly to pinpoint the plot in text, writes and rewrites and in a final rage ends up in recipes resulting in tears for the swans to swim in. Salt, water and... onions?

Twelve at a time we are led in to the dark stage at Dansstationen with this infamous libretto in hand. Tjajkovskij's intro thunders from the ceiling but is cut off abruptly when something flickers in a square center stage. A dancer takes place on the floor, appears out of nothing and catches the gaze of the spectators. Her movements, like the text, are searching and frustrated; beats of birdwings, stretching of the neck, feet in flight.

When each short scene is finished the apparition dissolves before suddenly reappearing. There is no physical presence – the dancer Chrysa Parkinson is somewhere else – what we see is a hologram. Unusually well made, where each sound of the foot is intensely present and also the breath; heavy, fighting with the task. The absurdity of the situation is greatest in the applause; we clap and she bows, smiles gratefully and waves towards someone she seems to know well.

The essence of *Swan Lake* is still as elusive as water in spite of all the efforts – or maybe because of them. The poetry of the piece lies not in the inadequate movements or the disrupted words, but in the act of trying. Trying to create something lasting, something that remains.