



KANO

COMPAGNIE LES ARGONAUTES

History just repeats the same movements. Always. Men seek their lives elsewhere when their territory can do nothing more for them, that's how it is. You have to know how to prepare the boats and leave when the wind blows and that the omens are good. To delay is to give up.

Jeanne Benameur – *Ceux qui partent*

KANO

It's decided. They are leaving.
Two men, two women... oh and a violin, but
Does that really count?
Of the four, they are three.
Three journeys, three stories, three bodies in the same
boat.
Plus a violin, but we don't have to acknowledge that.

They are four, more or less, and they are leaving.
No fanfare to send them off.
Just a small air of déjà-vu.
The tune of violin, on unknown ground.
A circus show in the colours of Eldorado
Where hope and storms, traditional music, contortions and
Instinctual life are all crossing paths.



Three one-way tickets

Memories are sometimes the identity of strangers. But time fuses around memories. It bears the refugees that the past abandons and leaves without a trace.

Mahmoud Darwich — *La terre nous est étroite et autres poèmes*

Time passes. The sand streams down. The days fade into one another, tirelessly.

No alternative. No going back. They are en route.

Confined, halfway between the back of a truck and a boat hold. Hoping to reach their destination.



There is this woman. She left because sometimes misfortune decides to fall with an extravagant imagination on the fate of some. Catastrophic wars, more or less natural, she flees misery and those who remain there. She has lost her loved ones. She has no more ties. So she weaves, she knits like she always did, in order to get back into her habit of taking care of others. Of course she gets tangled sometimes in her thoughts and her threads, but strives to get her head out of the water by the strength of her arms.



And then a man, activist in his soul; an intellectual suspect who can, better than anyone, testify to the fact that thinking can sometimes have consequences harmful to one's health. He feels like the Cyrano that he cherishes so much. For his cape, his peninsula, but above all for his big mouth. It was because of him that he had to run away. Save his skin, and his works. In his suitcase: books and a little sand — a token of his country, this precious sand, the apple of his eye.



Third travelling companion, this individual from another gender, filled with distrust and devoid of any baggage. Where they lived, their very existence was fought against them. It can be hard to be born a woman in some countries, but sometimes worse not to be one. For who wants, do not come into the world androgynous. Hidden under thick protective layers, this convoluted, contortionist bends over backwards to stay straight in their quest for identity. And it will be left for us to see, perhaps, through a double-tainted mirror, *her* perception of the moment, of her heart and her chest.

Why circus

In KANO, there's no text. It's the body that speaks and the circus performance that is at the service of the subject. It is there to give boldness to the image and depth to the story. In turn, dance, acrobatic movement, contortion and the aerial ropes speak and remind us that the circus is a universal language. And that with this, we can tackle everything.



What about the violin, do we talk about it?



The violin says that to emigrate is to continue to hope.
With valiance. With the strength of those who have nothing left
but their desire.

Jeanne Benameur — *Ceux qui partent*

Ah yes, the musician... this musician who leads the dance
and sways the acrobatics.

He knows this fragile vessel like the back of his hand. He has
seen broken lives and desperate hopes pass by.
He is an encyclopedia of memories; a passer of time and
emotions. He is in no hurry to arrive. Arrive where actually?
He knows what he has but no longer remembers what he
could have had. With his violin he plays his origins and sings
the hopes of all present.

Corentin Boizot-Blaise, composer of KANO, was inspired
by French and Quebecois music and popular traditions,
striving to draw on timelessness of both in order to produce
a universal soundtrack.

By relying on the trance that emerges from the “tune for
a dance” he shows us the emotion in evening melodies.
The interpretation of pieces from his compositions as well
as traditional repertoires are done live, thus scrutinising
the sound wave spreads from body to body. Our violinist is
therefore the narrator of the various epics told in KANO.

For as long as we can remember...

There was a time, not so long ago, we, Europeans were the ones looking for an oasis to escape the war. In a more distant time, we, Homo sapiens, decided to leave the African continent, to which we are all children.

Whose turn is it today? And tomorrow? Play your cards if you'd like, all bets are off.

Who will say goodbye and who on the contrary who will open their arms welcomingly?

Try your luck ladies and gentlemen because who knows, according to the whims of men, of their leaders, of oil or of the climate, maybe it's your day. The wheel of misfortune turns, again and again, unscrupulously approaching his target. Then it will point its finger to the unfortunate chosen one.

Then that one too will have to leave.



Let us not forget that behind this somewhat cold term of “migrants” there are men, women and often children. For many of them, death seems more acceptable than staying on their lands. This definitive choice demonstrates the character so desperate in their decision. By talking a little more about them — only dull and cold statistics — it might be possible to fight against this ignorance, the fuel of hatred of the other.

Philippe Vande Weghe
Director of KANO

KANO

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| Artistic director | Philippe Vande Weghe |
| Collective authorship | Les Argonautes |
| Dramaturgy advice | Claude Lemay |
| Circus artists | Marina Cherry Anke Fiévez Aurélien Oudot |
| Musician-Composer | Corentin Boizot-Blaise |
| Scenographers | Arnaud Van hammée Mathieu Moerenhout Christian Gmünder |
| Costumes | Carine Degreeef |
| Light creation | Valentin Boucq |
| Regie technique | Simon Renquin |
| Video | Victor Salvador |
| Factotum | Christian Gmünder |
| Photos | Valentin Boucq Antoinette Chaudron |
| Booking | Annaig Bouguet Anne Hautem Cassandra Prieux |

Les Argonautes

were born [the exact day has been long forgotten... sometime in autumn in any case : I remember it was raining leaves] in 1993, around four white plastic cupfuls of black coffee and idyllic thoughts.

That took place in Brussels. Before that, they were scattered everywhere. Which is still the same, but there are four of them. In fact, there are five of them, just like the Three Musketeers. [But that doesn't change what has just been mentioned.]

In search of the most curved path between two straight lines, over thirty years they have created around ten shows, and vice versa.

Their creative approach is collective, co-managed, collusive, concurrent, comic, sometimes hot tempered and always with great complicity. Incidentally, they also do performances.

trailer video



www.argonautes.be

infos & booking



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Co-productions ATRIUM57 Centre culturel de Gembloux, Latitude 50, Pôle des arts du cirque , Perplx, Up - Circus & Performing Arts, Central La Louvière
Merci à La Roseraie, au Palace - Ath, à la MCFA - Marche en Famenne, au Centre Culturel de Ciney, au Centre Culturel du Brabant wallon, à Écrin - Eghezée,
à l'École Supérieure des Arts du Cirque | Avec le soutien de la Fédération Wallonie-Bruxelles – secteur des arts de la rue, du cirque et des arts forains