

PRESS FILE

El Conde de Torrefiel

LA PLAZA

4-26.5.2018

BRUSSEL / BRUXELLES / BRUSSELS

KUNSTENFESTIVALDESARTS

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The Kunstenfestivaldesarts is a space of discoveries. The work of many as yet little-known artists is revealed to a wide audience. A place of experimentation is on offer here, with creators encouraged to dare and to venture into unexplored zones. The artistic work of El Conde de Torrefiel was presented for the first time in Belgium during the festival edition of 2015 with *Escenas para una conversación después del visionado de una película de Michael Haneke*. Ever since then, it has been faithfully supported by Kunstenfestivaldesarts, appearing on its poster two more times (with *GUERRILLA* in 2016 and *La posibilidad que desaparece frente al paisaje* in 2017). This year, Kunstenfestivaldesarts is producing the newest creation by the Barcelonan duo. *LA PLAZA* (premiering 4 May 2018) is a large-scale project consisting of significant research time, a solid production framework, and an impressive network of European partners.

Why has the festival invested this degree of trust and fidelity? Why has so much public enthusiasm built up around the company in just a few years? Why is there such resonance on today's international stages? El Conde de Torrefiel conceives unclassifiable stage works. Using heterogeneous materials, the pair's vision is striking in its sharpness and in its adherence to the current age. Disturbing underneath its pleasant appearance, it reveals, through its humour and its provocations, a disenchanting, carefree attitude. It is eminently *young*. The people who express themselves here, the characters who

populate the derisory scenographies, are part of a young generation. These are the budding adults of the 21st century. They live in the present. The work of El Conde de Torrefiel is contemporary. The actions performed in the productions regularly begin with passive situations (waiting, chatting, or commenting). They reveal an inert society obsessed by the fear of losing that which it has acquired. While often staging a society of leisure, of easy and inconsistent activities, it also denotes, almost innocently, the rise of populism in Europe.

It is when the isolation of ideas and complex forms takes place that closed and protectionist societies are generated. Kunstenfestivaldesarts does not function via thematic reconciliations. But for its 2018 edition, the festival has chosen to present works created in the Europe of today, defying the denial of any complexity, one of the strategies most utilised within populist policies.

LA PLAZA has come into being via many construction sites. It will be an open and exploratory piece that dares to put into play some of the most characteristic artistic principles of the company. By evacuating the text or sometimes summoning it in its excess, by suppressing any living element on stage or by multiplying elements - using sound, object, film, and scenographic material as much as human presences, words or actions. The stage is imagined as a public space, a place of constant tension and transformation where different temporalities and historicities

intersect. This work, today, also attempts to design a future or at least the possibility to imagine one.

March 2018

Christophe Slagmuylder, director of the Kunstenfestivaldesarts



Aside from the simple need for self-expression, what is your intention when creating an artistic object to offer to a varied audience, gathered in your case from a number of different countries? Are you thinking about a single individual, as Stephen King recommends, saying that as he cannot please everyone, he only thinks about addressing his wife, the first person to whom he gives his books to read?

Tanya Beyeler This is something that comes in time. Because when we started to make pieces, we thought a lot about the audience, but less so now. It's not that the audience is irrelevant, it's because I can't control it. Once you understand that, you stop being so worried about what they are going to think. All you have to worry about is opening up channels of communication. I can work on making sure that everything that is done and said is perfectly understood. But how it affects an audience, how they receive it and process it, that's something personal to them. And I don't control that.

What is your intention when you're creating something to share? And where are you now? What is your intention now?

TB We are still in chaos. For me, speaking as Tanya, the focus is very much on the idea of the future as present. The future is being decided now. Given how things are now, what are the consequences? Thinking on a wider scale, thinking in terms of legacy, planning. Not so much a personal present, but about where all this is taking us, what are the consequences of what is happening. The atmosphere is strange, uneasy, where will it end? Who is planning our future? The future only exists in the present. The future is not an utopia, it is something planned, and it is being planned in the present. There are plans that are currently taking shape, and are we aware of this?

With GUERRILLA you refined your tools, and you seemed to have completed a cycle. Are you now going to look for what isn't working, as Pablo commented when we were talking some months ago?

TB We are looking for other ways. We are in a process where we have started completely from scratch. It also corresponds to life phase we are in at the moment. We include the familiar planning (*Tanya and Pablo just had a child*) in our creative planning. We have to think and plan ahead now. We have to do this.

Pablo Gisbert It is also really important to trust other people. The idea of coming together and working with people. Just the process of choosing the people, is a form of creation. It means that you don't choose everyone, but only a dozen people. Once you've chosen them, you've divided the world: "You and us, let's work together". For me, trusting the other artists is liberating. The idea of truly being able to work with others' creativity is a huge step to take. For the pieces we are presenting at the Arts Santa Mònica and the Festival Sàlmon in Barcelona, all the texts are theirs. And this, for me as writer, means trusting the creativity of another mind.

Some people have told me that, compared to GUERRILLA, where they saw huge violence, in The natural histories (an early version of LA PLAZA) the violence is latent. Perhaps in your case this radicalises the discourse?

Interview with *El Conde de Torrefiel*

By *Rubén Ramos Nogueira*

On *22/02/18, in Barcelona*

Published in *TEATRON, website for the performing arts*

Translation *Joanna Waller*

TB The world and my surroundings stimulate me all the time. And it means I am constantly questioning. But that's my problem, everyone deals with this differently, but for me it is stimulating. People, comments and opinions, everything stimulates me. And attacks me and violates me. In the piece, at a particular point, Andy Warhol is mentioned and how his creative process consisted of observing the world and showing it the way it is. This aggression, which I perceive and experience, this continuous stimulation by people, it affects me. And I show it. There is a particular trend on Facebook: I see like-minded people and comments related to me. But the world is not like this. How do we position ourselves? I am wrestling with other realities all the time, and this is how I construct myself as a person. It goes further than what I think, what I am, what I create. Deep down, I am the sum of my very tiny will, of my beliefs, or whatever you'd like to call it, added to everything else, which makes up 90% of who I am.

PG Warhol, when he is putting a burger, or a can of Coca Cola or Marilyn Monroe in front of you, he is showing you what you desire. He is putting this object in your face, simplified and reduced, and telling you: look, this is what you desire. We were all living around this burger, around Marilyn Monroe - today it's Kim Kardashian. We are living around these icons we desire, all of us, all of the time. And one of the most amusing things I have recently noticed is that all of us living in this Western world, turning our backs to Communism, in the end we are communists. We are all listening to the same music, wearing the same clothes, eating the same food, talking about the same books, living in the same cities, with the same topics of conversation, the same way of speaking, watching the same films... We are ultra-communists. We are so neo-liberal that we are communists, ultra-communists. But it's capitalism that brought us here. It is a very strange thing, very strange.

PG Life teaches you that you cannot reduce everything to one present. You have to lift your gaze, rise a little above the simple present moment. This makes you see the familiar, working life, married or artistic life, not as today, but as a curve in time. Lately I am looking at all artistic creations as the pieces of a whole. This way you see what the artist was thinking in 2016, when he or she is making another piece in 2018. And this provides insights. It's like Rothko. At first he used colours, and a few months before he committed suicide, he was painting only with shades of black. Now, looking back, you can see how Rothko gets to the point of killing himself. Because you see how his work which began with colour, gradually shifted to shades of violet, dark colours and in the end, just before he committed suicide, only consists of shades of black. In the end, art is nothing more than an emotional desire to understand the other person. Art is not intellectual, it is emotion.

You now have to get ready for the premiere of LA PLAZA. You have already done four episodes of M.C. In fact, what does M.C. mean?

TB *M.C.* is the name of the project. Just like *GUERRILLA*, which began with a meeting at Espai Nyamnyam in Barcelona and finished with the work we premiered at Kunstenfestivaldesarts in 2016, we have now started the *M.C.* project. We made an early

version in Athens, then another one at the Museo de Arte Reina Sofía in May, at the Arts Santa Mònica and now one during Sâlmon. This all embracing process suits our artistic work. We now have a premiere, a co-production, going on tour. We have to respond to these dynamics. But that doesn't mean we have to go straight to the end result. That's why we carry out an investigative project, and present these fragments to the audience. The title *LA PLAZA* (the square) again refers to this idea of a public space, where public topics are dealt with and where all these public contradictions are found. That's why we chose this title. And that's why we are addressing topics which, deep down, affect all of us in various ways. And we can't control that. This is what we want to bring to the table, what we want to present on stage, which in fact is like a plaza, a public square, where things are presented and displayed.

Is there anything more you'd like to add to this interview?

PG Yesterday, at half past three in the morning, stuck in a car, a friend said something, and I thought: that's true what you just said. He said: on the issue of Catalanian independence, I am capable of changing my mind three times in one day. Because you are overwhelmed by emotions, by perceptions and the chaos is so big you can't position yourself. So you change your mind three times a day. It all depends on who you're talking to, on this *plaza* where we live. Depending on the café where you drink your coffee, on the bar you are going to, on whoever sells you a newspaper, on which friends you smoke a cigarette with, you have a beer with, you're changing your opinion all the time. And it's total schizophrenia. I think *LA PLAZA* will be different from our previous works, because we are going to write about things we don't agree with. I let go of my responsibilities. Everything I write, I can deny. And it seems liberating to me. As artists we are not politicians or priests. We do not have to indoctrinate anyone. We do not have the truth. Of all the professions in the world, we are the only ones able to say that what we do is lying. There is no politician who says: I am lying. There is no priest who says in a Mass: God is lying. But we artists can do that, and this is liberating. *LA PLAZA* will be a piece in which I don't take responsibility for any of the subjects it talks about, just as we would do for all the people around us. All bars, all environments, all social classes, all ethnicities and languages, speak in a different way.

Is art a game? Do you see it as a game, and are you also not responsible for this?

TB I guess not. It's about personal taste. I want it in a certain way, and that's how I do it. And some people will like it and others won't. But it's my game. Because in the end we are the people who devote so much time to it. If we are only thinking about who is receiving it, it wouldn't work. Because if you spend so much time working on this, it has to be something you enjoy doing, which amuses you. And afterwards, I guess, everyone is free to receive it as good or bad.

PG You have to realise that all art, everything human beings create, whether art, music, religion, everything is an aesthetic experience. Isn't going to Mass an aesthetic experience? Songs, texts, lights, smells, vestments, rituals, poetry, heaven and hell, love... Isn't all this an aesthetic pleasure in itself? What isn't an aesthetic experience? A football

match, with hymns, songs, colours, movements, team strip, lights, choreography, that's an aesthetic experience. People seek to escape from their own bodies because it's not enough. Football, art, religion, it's all comparable. It's about seeking gods everywhere, and above all, we are trying to get outside ourselves, lifting ourselves up, whether it's with football, art or religion, because we do not tolerate our own simplicity.

TB I want to add something else. Everyone is talking about the idea of freedom of speech. But we can look at this idea from different angles. Freedom of expression means you can say anything, including things that aren't good, or are not within the general interest. La Plaza, the square, is the place for conversation. We are all free to say what we want, but sometimes we say what we want without really thinking about the consequences, without thinking ahead and we say terrible things. Freedom of speech also allows that: saying terrible things. And that's just what it's full of. Watch TV, read the papers, listen out in the street, many terrible things are said. This too is freedom of speech. What do we do with this? What do we do with this democratic idea of freedom of speech; this idea of anything is possible? Everyone is free to do what they want. It's the big social question. Where does your freedom start and mine end, and vice versa? Freedom of speech is not only for the right-minded people. It also allows people like Trump or Le Pen to say what they say, and be free to say it. And there are many people who support them, and they feel encouraged. It is a very reductionist approach to limit oneself only to the good, to the politically-correct. What is the world like? I have to go beyond my limits and my set of beliefs. It's an exercise in taking ownership. My personal opinion, what I believe, means absolutely nothing, has no weight. And it goes much further. I alone will not change the world. That's it. That's all I have to say.

CHASMS AND WORDS

Tanya Beyeler and Pablo Gisbert construct viewpoints, observatories, research workshops, platforms for scrutiny, terminal panoramas. Almost all their first titles promoted the simple act of looking (from *Observen cómo el cansancio derrota el pensamiento* in 2011, to *Escenas para una conversación después del visionado de una película de Michael Haneke* in 2012, and *La posibilidad que desaparece frente al paisaje* in 2015)¹. And this similar absolute spectatorship among their audience responds to the authorial tension, to the almost absolute textuality they distil, in a naturally paradoxical way: the audience members become “pure” spectators, simply through being first and foremost readers and listeners. They see and hear something which may be nothing; or nothing which may be something; minimized, miniaturized - out at the ends of landscape - all *monks by the sea*, as in the painting by Friedrich whose main observer - the tiny monk figure - barely features as a detail in a foreboding texture of cloud and sea. It is said of the same painting that the viewer feels as if their eyelids have been removed: the traumatic conflict of blindness. Seeing that there is nothing to see is altogether worse than seeing nothing.

Perhaps this stranded compromise with the landscape, as a paradigm of thinking, with the panorama as the terminus for poetic rigour, and now with the *Plaza* as the final negotiating marketplace of the eclipse of any landscape or panorama, is what best defines the singular artistry of the project that is El Conde de Torrefiel.

In an age hijacked by *mediation*, with all distances dismembered and shrunk, there is no more immediate, unprecedented achievement than to commend remoteness as the ultimate form of emancipation. In Gisbert and Beyeler’s work, this claim spreads like a titanic *lapse*, over a backdrop of creation tyrannized by themes of immersion, direct action, emotional blindness, well-intentioned, tentative community action. These sit aloof from this undertaking by the socially soothing powers of corporeality, the exhausted, somatic gospel of the poetics. The liberating sense which invariably greets their appearances at the new generation of festivals confirms that there is still hope for eloquence, that words were invented to say with sharp precision what needs urgently to be said, and that somatization is the last frontier of consent. But the spitefulness of the landscape does not end here: the latest talisman of cultural politics (and the most avant-garde of divinely-ordained quests) is, again in Catalonia, that of *mapping* phenomena. Comfortably combined with a concept of the world dictated by GPS, it is put down to an intellectual unease, an unhappy analysis which are in terms of thought what an ophthalmic problem is to the idea of vision; artistic optimism similarly often proceeds through myopia, astigmatism, blindness and sleepwalking. Overall views are often abstract. In this situation, it is only hallucinations which offer realism and precision. And El Conde hallucinates with extraordinary clairvoyance, formulating its prophecies with perfect scepticism.

Text written by Roberto Fratini, dramaturge & teacher at the Institut del Teatre in Barcelona

¹ “Observe how tiredness defeats thought”; “Scenes for a conversation after viewing a Michael Haneke film”; “The possibility that disappears in front of the landscape”.

Believing that what is real may be recovered, despite consistent reversal, because we go on summarising its coordinates; and believing that universal goodness always has greater hope of being stimulated through jealous enumeration of its multitude of G-spots, are both however part of the current lack of focus, helped by an infinity of satellite-based replacement focus points. Incidentally, within the same principle of hopeful, top-down manipulation come the “roundtables”, the workshops and all those practical activities which here too have squeamishly thrown the idea of work out of the window. So while the Google vanguard has indulged in dismantling syntax to reduce language to a cloud of isolated, confederated words cluttering this self-same language (the last vestige of emancipation), the GPS vanguard which enthusiastically plays around in the nursery of contemporary creation is still indulging in the dismantling of perspective to reduce the territory to a cloud of federated locations, cluttering the self-same landscape (the last vestige of uncertainty). *Language* and *landscape* - or what remains after the disappearance of both; works - or what remains after its *denial* - are precisely what forms the poetic achievement of El Conde de Torrefiel, its vigorous defence of syntax and perspective, so that both are still represented: the two-fold display of language and the world as objects of overwhelming flight, escape, dissipation and loss. Language and world stand here in the present as wrecks of an already seriously damaged future, which the *angelus novus* of speech only glimpses as an irresistible wind drives it towards aphasia, the reality deficit which stares us in the face. Speech and language have no other mission than to perpetuate for ever the non-appropriation of the world and its meanings: the landscape firmly teaches us everything which, while it still concerns us, will never belong to us (everything which will never be ours); although we do not manage to see it clearly, speech constantly teaches us what *it damned well has to do* with us (the house of the senses where we live, without even glimpsing its thresholds).

These days, the *Beschädigung* [damage] which has placed our whole spiritual enterprise under stress - the damaged, injured, compromised situation of the world and of language - is converted into the appropriation and expropriation of an entire world - landscapes and languages, objects and subjects - applied with overwhelming cynicism by our third-phase, post-human and alienating capitalism. The only speech which succeeds in rebuilding, restoring the non-appropriation of the landscape (or the only landscape which succeeds in restoring the non-appropriation of speed) is this speech-landscape which measures from afar the soulless, dumbstruck space, the automatic unreality of the scenarios which our dementia creates or colonises: views of the things which *possibility*, as a residual gift, a promise of the traditional landscape, has simply eclipsed. These terminal landscapes are wastelands, chasms or, more often dumps (that is, both wastelands and chasms at the same time): persuasive hallucinations of what the world will be without us, because they are come together only through our own physical, intellectual, cultural and emotional garbage; remote as the desert may be, whose desertification (whose *desertion*) proliferates *as far as the eye can see* to the edges of a world where the medium and the *media* have annihilated distance, and where

the illusion of seeing everything has completely blinded us. The present landscape is nothing more than the chasm lurking behind the imprudent *selfies* which some idiots take on the brink of death. El Conde de Torrefiel is essentially dedicated to this: offering us an explanation for the foolish smile of a human race in the process of taking its final self-portrait.

The place where we are brought to find ourselves has become the Internet, which makes us *connect* and sometimes *plugs us* together in genital terms. It has left nothing of the old *Plaza*, which was how we used to name that place offering a “face-to-face” void, that spatial paradigm of politics, where each person came to expound and negotiate his or her own “persona”, as the necessary mask of the subject. This new *Plaza* is the electronic place of absolute transparency (and is absolutely totalitarian), where the *public* dimension has been completely replaced by *publicity* and the *public*. From its Renaissance homonym, it retains only a morbid passion for witnessing torture, insult and execution. Being always visible has not made us less invisible or less desperately alone. Here, isolation is collectivised and publicised in its most toxic form, as a real *heart of darkness*: it never means “us”. Here, each person savours the privilege of displaying his or her own execution as permanent pornography. Here, the only thing organic and organised is the orgasm. And since the End of everything has turned out to be another comforting story, the new *Plaza* delivers the serial orgasm as the epitome and summary of all imaginable *ends*: the *game over* which resets our excitability.

Apocalyptic paradigm? It’s possible. In Pablo Gisbert’s poetry, there is a powerful reminder of the chronicity of the *Dies Irae* of which the mediaeval theologians said “*Solvat saeculum in favilla*” (it will dissolve the world into embers). While for decades we comforted ourselves in the belief that the *favilla*, the apocalyptic spark capable of finishing off the human race, would be atomic, it is more likely these days that this spark, the most eloquent signal for *exit humanity* will be the flash from our pocket camera, our toy, our post-human banana skin, the toolkit of our disastrous passion for the present and its gossip, without nostalgia or memory, hope or prospects. The landscape will thus be only time expanded, a cosmic and geological patience which contradicts the impatience, the impermanence of the *Plaza*. Landscape will be our absence speaking for us. Our *Plaza* will be presence, still with nothing to say. The length of time during which El Conde de Torrefiel expose their images to their audience, the eloquent calm of the discourse which accompanies them, belong to the same kind of diluted chronicity: the landscape is the metonymic chronotype (the place-time). But if prolonged exposure *to and of* the natural landscape always extends its meaning, prolonged exposure of the *Plaza* abounding in humanity, dying happy, seized up with its “happy shit” (according to the title of a memorable collection of writings by Pablo Gisbert), always ends by *bringing the colours out* in the almost chemical foolishness of its object; always ends up with the permanent party we have become getting drunk on its false moves and its empty psychedelia. All of Conde’s work recalls the *haunted palace* of Edgar Allan Poe: a sinister place, which presents constantly the visual and

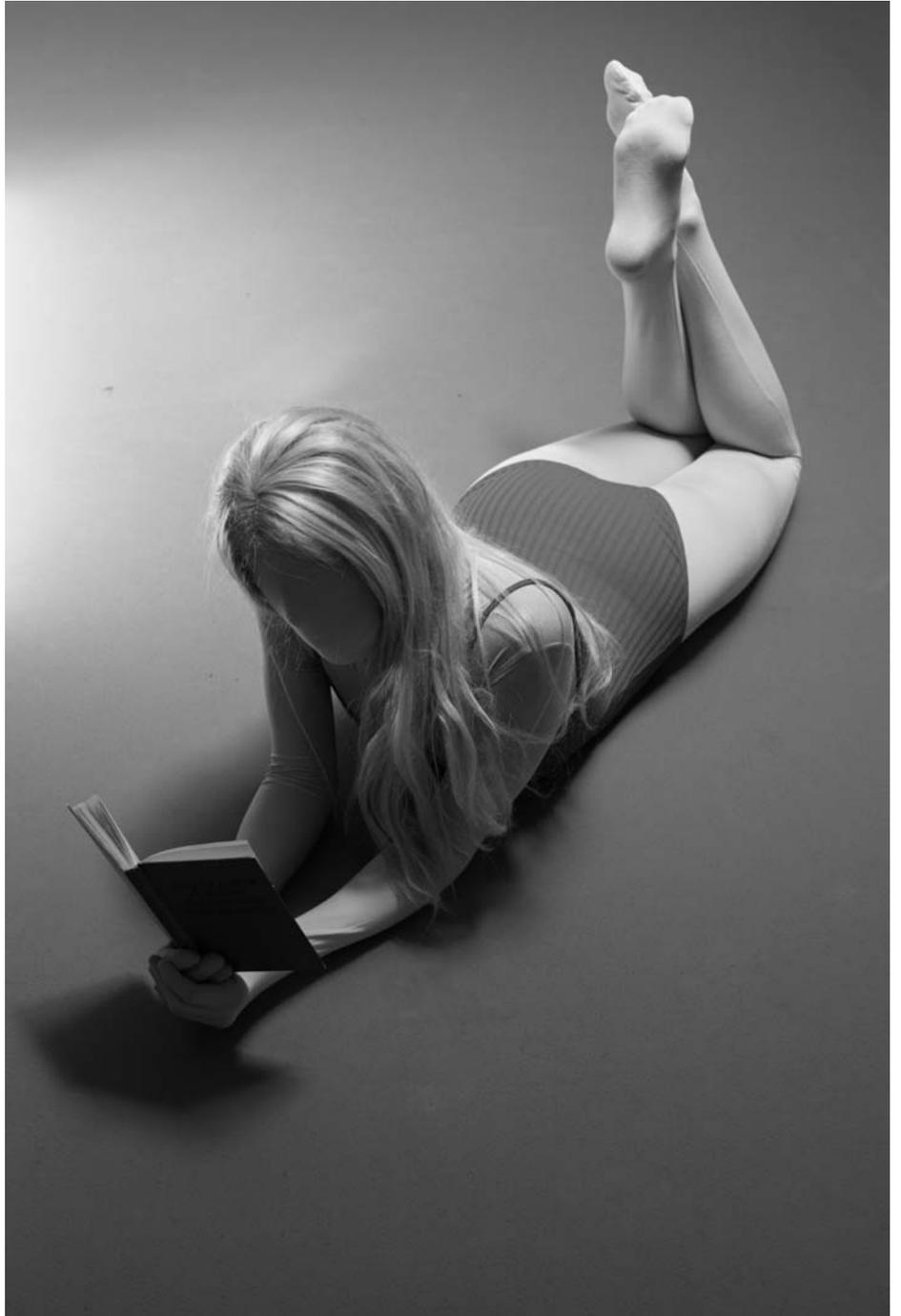
dynamic symptoms of the suicide party which inhabited it; a place whose apparently merry crowd are in fact “installations” of the dead and the gloomy, who “laugh but smile no more”. If at any time I could believe that self-regulation was the Holy Grail of the ecology and the economy, nowadays it would all be to assert that the future is carrying the flag of human deregulation: the cypher of its landscape is disproportion, excrescence, pomposity, inflation, entropy.

Vox clamantis in deserto (the voice of one crying in the wilderness) was how some Biblical prophets described how the fate of the prophecies was to be ignored. In the desert of the real, where “tiredness defeats thought”, El Conde de Torreñiel spells out a literally unheard of post-phency: while its word act confirms the unredeemable future as an already present contingency, its act of staging can be nothing other than a process of dramatizing decay, in itself, of every residual human element. The *Plaza* stands empty, where signs are no longer persons, and displays of feeling no longer even gestures, and language no longer even claims to transform what it demonstrates. Embodied by catastrophe, it always involves the *unredeemable*. And it is accompanied by a patient sound of crumbling: the dark gurgling of the sewer through which flows all the waste that we find exciting.

In this place, speech is somewhat like a surviving distinction. And precisely because speech pertinaciously revokes its own eclipse; because it insists on the impotence of its bare-knuckle fight; precisely because language here *transcends* the deterioration which is its final objectification, so El Conde de Torreñiel exercises masterly dominance of the mimicry of the “styles” of speaking, of the communication jargon, of the pathologies of talking and the dialectic depressurisation which have converted us into the most dyslexic civilization ever. This company speaks our hopeless condition like no other, a chatterbox unable to use words without abusing them. And thus it inhabits, in the forward grids, a very “oblique” dimension of its own, neither crossroad nor hybrid: not theatre of the body, nor theatre of the image nor theatre of words. All these articles of faith are found here simply *disarmed*: and to disarm, offering configurations of shocking simplicity, is probably its way of fighting; and to *disarm* the critical, low-intensity hardware, or the *low cost* political correctness which the audiences of the new theatre have drunk from the abundant springs of the Deconstruction.

Its structural act is really *understatement*: nothing expresses it more literally than simple, de-synchronised and erratic actions, the fringes of happenings plotted by Conde *below* screens placed to pour out an avalanche of desolate speech, blaspheming oratory and astonished observations of which the worst never ends, and of which its infinity is our ultimate substitute for a landscape. The body is not missing from this scene of words and chasms in order to promise new resurrections (which deep down is the hypocritical promise of all conceptual theatre), but instead to assume and consume its structural mistiming, its complete thematic irrelevance in this thing called future. In this respect, Gisbert and Beyeler’s poetry has nothing to do with the procedures of

“poor theatre”, driven entirely by the illusory evangelism of isolating essences: it more often proceeds by subtracting differentials; dissolving the mortar which prevents the illusory sense of time present from fragmenting. Simple questions are always housed within their theatre: what would language be like without us? What would a language be like without world? And a world without language? What would the world be like without us? And us without the world? What would a body be like without a face? And a face without a countenance? Does the Zentai look in *LA PLAZA* perhaps not always speak of this final eclipse of the countenance as the guarantee of speech, the fetish of communicability? Don’t they say, in the culture of *faces* and *profiles* which we have created, and on which we are always congratulating ourselves, that we are now actually nobody? And that our speech is essentially now “no-speech”? A landscape is, in a nutshell, this too: the final resistance front to the *barefaced facialisation* which is disfiguring the world. When it looks at us, the landscape is not looking at us out of any countenance.



Visceral, brilliant and unconventional, there is no doubt that the theatre of El Conde de Torrefiel has been one of the great revelations in recent years. For three festivals now, the collective from Barcelona has won over audiences with a stage device of impressive visual and philosophical potential. Its plays reveal a succession of tableaux vivants above which words of incredible lucidity flow past. Out of this gap between image and meaning comes the underground violence of our contemporary way of life. In their new creation, which is having its world premiere at the Kunstenfestivalde-sarts, El Conde de Torrefiel envisages the stage as a public space where unforeseeable events succeed one other: the “future”. Thus *LA PLAZA* offers a breath-taking journey between the infinitely small and the infinitely large through a space-time that puts the laws of physics to the test and allows us to look at our era from another dimension. A profoundly disturbing cosmic and speculative movement and definitely one of the highlights of the festival!

Conceived and devised by *El Conde de Torrefiel, in collaboration with the performers*
Direction *Tanya Beyeler & Pablo Gisbert*
Text *Pablo Gisbert*
Cast *Gloria March Chulvi, Albert Pérez Hidalgo, Mónica Admirall Batet, Nicolas Carbajal, Amaranta Velarde, David Mallols & locals*
Stage design, props & costume *Blanca Añón*
Light design *Ana Rovira*
Sound design *Adolfo Fernández García*
Stage Manager *Isaac Torres*

CREATION

Kaaitheater
5/05 – 20:30
6/05 – 20:30
8/05 – 20:30
9/05 – 20:30
NL / FR
€ 18 / € 15 (-25/65+)
± 1h 30min

Meet the artists after the performance on 6/05

Presentation *Kunstenfestivaldesarts, Kaaitheater*
Production *El Conde de Torrefiel, Kunstenfestivaldesarts*
Coproduction *Alkantara & Maria Mato's Teatro Municipal (Lisbon), Black Box teater (Oslo), Centre Pompidou - Les Spectacles Vivants, Festival d'Automne à Paris, Festival de Marseille, Festival GREC (Barcelona), FOG Triennale Milano Performing Arts, HAU Hebbel am Ufer (Berlin), Künstlerhaus Mousonturm Frankfurt am Main, Vooruit (Ghent), Wiener Festwochen, Zürcher Theater Spektakel*
Diffusion & tour management *Caravan Production*
Thanks to the Embassy of Spain in Belgium | Spain Arts & Culture Belgium
With the support of *Zinnema (Brussels), Festival SALMON, Mercat de les Flors & El Graner, centre de creació (Barcelona)*
Subtitling with the support of *ONDA*

El Conde de Torrefiel is a Barcelona-based project headed by Tanya Beyeler (b. 1980, Switzerland) and Pablo Gisbert (b. 1982, Spain). Having studied theatre and philosophy, Beyeler and Gisbert are also interested in music and contemporary dance. Indeed they regularly collaborate (within a dramaturgical setting) with dance company La Veronal. As writers for theatre, their creations seek a visual and textual aesthetic in which theatre, choreography, literature and the visual arts coexist. Their work addresses the notion of imminent temporality, with the synchronic analysis of the present and an interrogation of the possibilities of our time as their starting point. El Conde de Torrefiel aims to understand the existing connections between rationality and the meaning of things determined by language, as well as the abstraction of concepts and the imaginary and the symbolic in relation to the image. In fact, the duo's most recent works focus exclusively on the 21st century and on the existing relationship between the personal and the political. El Conde de Torrefiel came into existence in 2010 with the piece *La historia del rey vencido por el aburrimiento* [The story of the king defeated by boredom], followed by *Observen cómo el cansancio derrota al pensamiento* [Observe how tiredness defeats thought] in 2011, *Escenas para una conversación después del visionado de una película de Michael Haneke* [Scenes for a conversation after viewing a Michael Haneke film] in 2012, *La chica de la agencia de viajes nos dijo que había piscina en el apartamento* [The girl at the travel agency told us there was a swimming pool in the apartment] in 2013, *GUERRILLA* in 2016 and *La posibilidad que desaparece frente al paisaje* [The possibility that disappears in front of the landscape] in 2017. Their most recent works have brought the company national recognition, with presentations at major venues and festivals in Spain, such as Mercat de les Flors, Festival de Otoño a Primavera and Festival Temporada Alta. Thanks to favourable reactions from audiences and critics alike, El Conde de Torrefiel has begun to take its first steps beyond national borders, particularly in Europe featuring on the bill of festivals such as the Kunstenfestivaldesarts, steirischer herbst (Graz), Festival d'Automne à Paris, Alcantara Festival (Lisbon) and Théâtre Vidy (Lausanne).

El Conde de Torrefiel at the Kunstenfestivaldesarts

2015 *Escenas para una conversación después del visionado de una película de Michael Haneke*

2016 *GUERRILLA*

2017 *La posibilidad que desaparece frente al paisaje*

15.05.2018 Mousonturm - Frankfurt (Germany)
16.05.2018 Mousonturm - Frankfurt (Germany)
02.06.2018 Alkantara Festival - Lisbon (Portugal)
03.06.2018 Alkantara Festival - Lisbon (Portugal)
07.06.2018 Wiener Festwochen - Wien (Austria)
08.06.2018 Wiener Festwochen - Wien (Austria)
09.06.2018 Wiener Festwochen - Wien (Austria)
30.06.2018 Athens & Epidauros Festival - Athens (Greece)
01.07.2018 Athens & Epidauros Festival - Athens (Greece)
05.07.2018 Grec Festival - Barcelona (Spain)
06.07.2018 Grec Festival - Barcelona (Spain)
20.08.2018 Zürcher Theaterspektakel - Zurich (Switzerland)
21.08.2018 Zürcher Theaterspektakel - Zurich (Switzerland)
22.08.2018 Zürcher Theaterspektakel - Zurich (Switzerland)
10.10.2018 Centre Pompidou - Paris (France)
11.10.2018 Centre Pompidou - Paris (France)
12.10.2018 Centre Pompidou - Paris (France)
13.10.2018 Centre Pompidou - Paris (France)

And many more dates to be announced in HAU (Berlin), Festival de Marseille, Black Box (Oslo), Vooruit (Ghent), and FOG Triennale Milano Performing Arts.

KUNSTENFESTIVALDESARTS

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