



**Ali Moini**

**2021 – France/Iran**

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**mer. 15.06**

**20h**

**Bazaar St-So**

**Lille**

BAZAR  
LES HALLES  
CRÉATIVES

LATITUDES CONTEMPORAINES  
FESTIVAL DE LA SCÈNE CONTEMPORAINE



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**Avec ±, Ali Moini nous entraîne à la découverte d'une série de scènes plastiques, musicales et imaginaires. Il évolue à travers les constellations dans un costume-espace toujours mouvant, et donne forme, d'univers en univers, à plusieurs personnages et atmosphères tous différents les uns des autres... La chorégraphie et le chant donnent lieu à un voyage aventureux, doublé d'une introspection radicale.**

« En tant que chorégraphe avec un passé dans le théâtre et la musique, la chorégraphie est infinie pour moi. Je ne me sens en aucun cas tenu d'obéir à des limites. Ceci est l'origine de ma prédilection pour Pasolini : autodidacte du cinéma, il créait comme le volcan crée de la lave, en toutes formes et matières. Certaines de ses œuvres brûlent encore, d'autres non.

C'est cela qui m'émeut le plus dans l'étude de son travail. Cela aussi qui m'inspire, plutôt que de réinterpréter son parcours artistique, à faire usage de toute ma créativité pour faire naître mes propres histoires. »  
Ali Moini

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**Conception, chorégraphie, scénographie :** Ali Moini

**Musique :** 9T ANTIOPE

**Libretto :** Sara Bigdeli Shamloo, basé sur les textes originaux d'Ali Moini

**Traduction des textes en français :** Massoumeh Lahidji

**Dramaturgie :** Myrto Katsiki

**Structure, lumière et régie générale :** Samson Milcent

**Lumière :** Manuella Mangalo

**Son :** Florian De Sèpibus

**Assistante artistique :** Fanny Richard

**Production :** Selon L'heure

**Production déléguée :** Latitudes Prod.- Lille.

**Coproductions :** Ménagerie de Verre, Theater Freiburg, festival NEXT.

Soutiens et accueils en résidence : Ménagerie de Verre, Paris ; Espace Pasolini, Valenciennes ; Théâtre de Vanves / Scène conventionnée ; Theater Freiburg ; Villa-Médicis, Rome.

± a bénéficié de la mise à disposition de studio au CND Centre national de la danse.

± reçoit l'aide à la création de bande originale dramatique et chorégraphique de la SPEDIDAM. La compagnie Selon l'Heure bénéficie d'une aide à la structuration par la DRAC Ile-de-France, et d'une aide à la création par la Région Ile-de-France.

# Livret de paroles

## Tableau I

You don't caress me, so I will  
You don't comb these long long hair of crimes, so I do

You don't plow these eternal sins,  
From underneath the deep ass filth, so I plow

So may god rise from the dirt,  
And may wealth praise his shitty dirty shape

I'm off to do it, so you can rest in peace  
I'm off to do it, so in your swamp you may sink

Rest in peace, darling  
Rest in peace  
Rest in piss  
Rest in pieces  
Rest in peace amidst your pieces

# Tableau II

Do as I do  
Do as I wish  
Do as I want  
Do as I squish  
Do when I want  
Do it to say hi  
Do as I say  
Do it to say bye  
Do it beneath me  
Do at a pace  
Do it to please me

Do it for every bite of foodie, any moody,  
by-itslef stooody, healthy bio bullshits

Do as I do  
Do as I wish  
Do when I buy  
Do when I lie  
Do when I lay  
Do it for one hour  
Do it for 10  
Stop  
Stay

Do it for every single greasy head masked  
behind a calm, pretentious, correct face

Do it for every single greasy head  
Masked behind their stupid crooked smiles

Do it for every single greasy head

Hiding under roofs made of ergonomic surfaces,  
neither changing the climate nor a thing.

Do it now  
Do it hard  
Do it well  
Don't be shy  
Do as I do  
Do as I wish  
Do when I buy  
Do when I lie

Do it and die  
Do it and die  
Do it and die  
Do it and die  
Do it and die  
Do it and die

Do it for every bite of foodie, any moody,  
by-itslef stooody, healthy bio bullshits

# Tableau III

What the fuck, fuck the what  
What the fuck, fuck the what  
What the fuck, fuck the what  
What the fuck, fuck the what

There is a new cohesion, number 22 22 69

What the fuck, fuck the what  
What the fuck, fuck the what

The world hasn't seen it till now, 22 22 69

What the fuck, fuck the what

You clung yourself to me  
Cling clung  
Cling your knees to mine  
Push it, Push  
Melt your knee into mine  
Cling clung  
Cling clung

What the fuck, fuck the what  
What the fuck, fuck the what  
What the fuck, fuck the what  
What the fuck, fuck the what

Number 22 22 69

Cling clung  
What the fuck, fuck the what

Cling your forehead to mine,  
your eyebrows to my nose  
Cling clung  
Push; press them together  
Press them

Melt your head into mine  
Cling clung  
Melt your belly into my hips,  
melt your dick into my hand,  
melt your pussy into my thigh  
Push it  
Push

Cling clung  
Cling clung

It's time to abandon you at the slaughter house  
where your wounded, melted body  
will be slaughtered once again

What the fuck, fuck the what  
What the fuck, fuck the what

I'll remember not to loosen my hand  
I'll confess though, that I don't give a damn

Cling your fucking shit somewhere  
Cling your what the fucks where you enter  
Cling your fucking shit somewhere  
Cling your what the fucks where you enter

# Tableau IV

Not towards nude beaches  
Not towards citizen kane,  
Bonnie and Klyde,  
Or Lawrence of Arabia speeches

Not towards unparallel lines  
Dispersed here on the ground,  
The yellow farms  
and static flowers all gowned

Not towards the wars of Ukraine or Mars  
Not towards the mobile medical units  
Not towards tummies, even empty of junk food  
Not towards white sand of Sardinia beaches

The sky is raining stars  
the infinite planes are blackened with tar  
doors are closed to any warm breath  
or any upsetting soul, from afar

The sky is raining stars  
the infinite planes are blackened with tar  
Floating on the air, I'm swimming

Not towards Hafiz's grave,  
neither to the one of Bach  
Not even towards  
where dreams meet the clocks

Where nightmares and labor ally  
and somehow make resilience  
Not towards the well known frequents



And not towards the aliens

Not towards the indestructible buildings and their aspects,  
Not to make something that's better existent than absent,  
Not towards all the dreams that I have never dreamt  
Not towards something that I have never prepped

Towards Power  
Towards power  
The power I devour  
Power is sweet, Power is right  
Power is shapeless, Power is tight

Towards Power  
Towards power  
The power I devour  
Power is sweet, Power is right  
Power is shapeless, Power is tight

I am floating in power  
My right side kidney moves me to the left  
my left side ovary pushes me to the right

I am floating in power  
I am swimming inside out  
I am floating in power  
I am swimming inside out

Towards Power  
Towards power  
The power I devour

Towards Power  
Towards power  
Towards Power

# Tableau V

Am I gone? Do I know it?

-You are here, we all know it.

Shall I say? Or just play it?

- We'll let you know, be a good kid.

Am I here? Should I know it?

-You are with me, it does not matter!

Am I gone? Do I know it?

-You are here, we all know it.

Can I have you in my arms

Cause I would see you, need you, bleed you

Steal you in my arms

Cause I would need you, bleed you

Shall I say? Or just play it?

- We'll let you know, be a good kid.

Am I here? Should I know it?

-You are with me, it does not matter!

Can I have you in my arms

Cause I would see you, need you, bleed you

Steal you in my arms

Cause I would need you, bleed you

In the pool, I always try to stay calm when the older ones try to play with me under water. One of them once asked me to open my eyes in water, look at any round shape, "curved" as they're called, and count to 365.

- Do you want ice cream?

Ice cream, ice cream, walnut butt  
Ice cream, ice cream, bubble gum  
Ice cream ice cream, gun gun gun

I kill you, you kill me  
and it's done!

# Tableau VI

QQ Was born from the father  
From smoke, from poison and clot

The bridges turned vertical confronting QQ  
The roots grew skyward affronting QQ

All the blood shed, bled back into the veins  
Fallen ruins turned, into foothills and planes

Genitals for peace  
Genitals for peace  
Genitals for peace

The bridges turned vertical confronting QQ  
The roots grew skyward affronting QQ

Genitals for peace  
Genitals for peace  
Genitals for peace

Blood pulse of Father and Mother  
Of sister and brother, all merry  
Intensified, beating, till all their genitals turned red,  
like ripe juicy cherries

The bridges turned vertical confronting QQ  
The roots grew skyward affronting QQ

Genitals for peace  
Genitals for peace  
Genitals for peace

QQ Was born from the father  
From smoke, from poison and clot  
The bridges turned vertical confronting QQ  
The roots grew skyward affronting QQ  
All the blood shed, bled back into the veins  
Fallen ruins turned, into foothills and planes

Genitals for peace  
Genitals for peace  
Genitals for peace

Genitals piece by piece in blood  
QQ was born from the father, with a thud.  
From smoke, from poison and clot

# Tableau VII

# Tableau VIII

PPP here  
PPP swing, swing  
PPP here  
PPP swing

Wonderland is waiting  
Swing swing swing  
Wonderland is reaching  
Swing swing swing

As you go and as you know  
As you move to and fro,  
You flow and you'll be shown  
You grow and you'll be known

Cute and wise and mazed and sweet  
Wonderland is yours to meet  
You swing

PPP here  
PPP swing, swing  
PPP here  
PPP swing  
PPP here  
PPP swing, swing  
PPP here

As you grow and as you show  
As you move to and fro,

You show all things  
This and that, those and these

Honeyed, smart, candied and sweet  
Wonderland is yours to meet  
You swing

open arms waiting  
huge smiles baiting  
to and fro  
Sway and twirl

PPP here  
PPP swing  
PPP here  
PPP swing  
PPP here  
PPP swing

# Tableau IX

## Tableau X

Beyond the distance of 2 eyes  
the eyes that speak, and you, a fool  
Beyond the distance of 2 lips  
Lips that are ripped, and your eyes occlude

Beyond the distance of 2 eyes  
the eyes that speak, and you, a fool  
Beyond the distance of 2 lips  
Lips that are ripped, and your eyes occlude

Beyond the distance of 2 hands,  
Hands that carry an axe, and you run  
Beyond the distance of 2 trees,  
Trees that are on fire and you stun

Beyond the distance of 2 rivers  
Rivers that smell like ammonia,  
but you don't know how to swim anyway

Beyond the distance of 2 cities  
Cities that don't exist anymore, and you are sitting in this  
fucking theater

Beyond the distance of 2 mountains  
Within the distance of 3 mountains  
And on every one of its rocks,  
the footprint of your preys



As if they were your shadow  
preys that moan  
preys that have been slaughtered  
preys that are expelled  
Preys with ropes around their necks  
preys that are roasted  
preys that are crying  
preys that are under un-stoppable pressure  
Satirized  
Frustrated  
Castrated  
Born  
Raised  
Grown  
Raped  
Dead

# Ali Moini

Ali Moini est né en 1974 à Shiraz (Iran). Il intègre à l'âge de 17 ans le Jeune Orchestre de Shiraz en parallèle de sa formation en chant lyrique et composition musicale. En 1997 il commence des études intensives d'interprétation dramatique et rejoint le « Mehr Theater Group » où il occupe des fonctions d'acteur et de compositeur musical. Il joue dans plusieurs de leurs créations dont *Dance On Glasses*, pièce comptant plus de 80 représentations en Proche-Orient, Europe, Amérique Latine et Amérique du Nord. Il est titulaire d'une Licence en représentation dramatique délivrée par Soureh High Educational University of Tehran et conclut en 2009 le Programme d'Etude en Recherche et Création Chorégraphique du Forum Dança à Lisbonne où il reçoit l'enseignement de chorégraphes internationaux tels que André Lepecki, Deborah Hay, Emmanuelle Huynh, Jeremy Nelson, João Fiadeiro, Julyen Hamilton, Lisa Nelson, Mark Tompkins, Meg Stuart, Loïc Touzé, Vera Mantero... C'est dans le cadre de ce programme qu'il crée le solo *My paradoxical knives* qu'il dansera par la suite au festival Montpellier Danse, au Tanzquartier, au Théâtre National de Chaillot, à Bonlieu entre autre... A l'invitation du festival Montpellier Danse il crée en 2012 la pièce de groupe *it shocks me but not you*. Sera extrait de ce spectacle le solo *talking in/to myself* présenté au festival d'Automne, la même année.

En 2013, sa collaboration avec le plasticien Fred Rodrigues, *Lives*, est créée dans le cadre du programme New Settings de la Fondation Hermès au Théâtre de la Cité Internationale. Ali Moini conclut en 2013 un master en Performance & Chorégraphie dans le cadre de ESSAI au CNDC (Angers). En 2014 et 2015 il est interprète pour Hooman Sharifi dans le spectacle *Every order eventually loses its terror*.

En 2016 il crée un nouveau solo *Man Anam Ke Rostam Bovad Pahlavan* à l'invitation du festival Montpellier Danse et du programme New Settings de la Fondation d'Entreprise Hermès.

Au printemps 2017 il initie une période de recherche avec le soutien de l'Institut Français, de la Tanzhaus nrw Dusseldorf et de l'EMPAC dans le but de préparer Gaugemancy une pièce de groupe dont la création aura lieu le 2 octobre 2018 à La Passerelle Scène Nationale de Saint Brieuc. En 2019 il chorégraphie à l'invitation de James Carles le solo *Psaume #3* que James Carles interprète.

Ali Moini mène, depuis 2019, des workshops en Iran auprès de jeunes artistes pluridisciplinaires dans le cadre du projet en construction Mentorat, porté par plusieurs structures en Europe. Sa nouvelle création,  $\pm$ , a vu le jour en 2021 dans le cadre du report du festival transfrontalier NEXT. Depuis 2020, sa compagnie, Selon l'Heure, a entamé une nouvelle collaboration avec Latitudes Prod. Il travaille actuellement à une performance musicale en trio, qui reprendra les instruments électroacoustiques conçus pour Gaugemancy en 2018.



## LA SUITE DES SPECTACLES DE LA SEMAINE #2 LATITUDES CONTEMPORAINES

### **Farm Fatale**

Philippe Quesne  
jeu. 16 et ven. 17 juin à 20h  
maison Folie Wazemmes, Lille

### **Cindy Pooch (live) Senny Camara (live) Dombrance (Dj set)**

ven. 17 juin à 20h  
l'Aéronef, Lille

### **ENTRE-DEUX**

Ivana Müller  
sam. 18 juin à 18h  
la Manufacture, Roubaix

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Plus d'informations sur  
[www.latitudescontemporaines.com](http://www.latitudescontemporaines.com)

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