**RAIN**

**Anne Teresa De Keersmaeker / Rosas**

Written in 1976 by New York-born composer Steve Reich for four female voices, two bass clarinets, two string instruments, four pianos and six mallet instruments, *Music for 18 Musicians* marks the emergence of American minimalism from the underground music scene. Reich, who could be radical, even surly in his minimalist contemplation of the "minuscule difference," suddenly unfolded this scintillating music with rapid, driving pulse and voluptuous harmonies, dominated by liquid and ethereal wave figures — long instrumental pulses stabilized by the rhythm of human breath.

It was this score that Anne Teresa De Keersmaeker selected in 2001 and asked the Ictus Ensemble to perform for the choreography of *Rain*, which to this day continues to be one of her greatest successes.

The mathematical structures, the relentlessly geometric use of space, the art of constant variation, the phrases danced in canon or in reverse (modeled after musical counterpoint techniques) – all of which have eventually become recognizable signatures of the choreographer, and which perhaps could have risked becoming labeled as mannerisms – are pushed to the limits in this piece, propelled into a panorama that is too wide to take in all at once, where it is impossible for us to see the whole picture.

What holds our attention, by contrast, is a sort of madness of movement, a tide or fire which passes from body to body without ever settling on one particular person. There are no soloists in this “choreographic machine”, to borrow the words of Bojana Cvejić. Nor does the choreography ever settle on a particular image. Instead we witness the surrender of ten dancers to an irrepressible collective energy that binds each one of them to each other. Here we witness the birth of a community that never becomes a mass, but rather a bubbling network that shares its breath, speed, and that strange camaraderie that appears only beyond the limits of exhaustion. De Keersmaeker came to speak afterwards of this creation as a "sudden harvest" – one of those rare moments when one becomes truly oneself, almost without thinking about it – courage and joy being suddenly one and the same.