

Ovo: Human-insect hybrids infest Portland



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The beginning acts include a striking red spider with a white head dotted with black insectile marks. She moves across the stage in an arachnid's dance of curious exploration. She has and covets a baby sized glowing egg with love and gentle guarding fierceness. Then the egg is gone. Her expressions are as close to the bug like glances of its head and eyes that a human performer could ever achieve. The view from the second row premium seat gives an intimate view of her delight and beauty as she performs her intro. As the opening performances progress, the lights dim to reveal new scenes and variations in the light and fog levels as groups of ground and air dwellers reveal themselves to an already enthralled audience.

The funny Master Flipo, an ambiguous old guy, is the obvious leader of the bugs and trouble making as they come, gets the whole community of bugs worked up into an introductory

performance of the different kinds of creatures and their amazing and impossible seeming feats of tumbling and gravity twisting stunts. This dance fades into the dark regions of the stage as the light dims.

A dragonfly, in a shiny blue and winged outfit performs amazing feats of balance and contortion that seem to go on forever and never ceases to amaze. Several bugs start to almost materialize out of the growing and thickening fog and start to dance. The music and routine seems almost like Michael Jackson's "Thriller" for a few moments.

The bug world unfolds in a story of their miniature society as magnified and presented by the incredible production. A rotund and cooing ladybug that exudes delight and airy happiness fall in love with a stranger. The strange bug has all the inhabitants intrigued and curious about a huge egg he has brought with him. The stranger is a comical and crazy fly-like

It's a romance that has its trials and tribulations. Like a movie review, this one will not reveal the ending of the show.

Some highlights of the performance that gained more applause included a diablo slinging firefly that had four of the flying weights going at once after a few failed attempts. A spider contortionist that bent herself and balanced in ways that made the audience gasp and another who was a master of the slack rope were favorites. The trapeze show by the flying scarabs was spectacular in spite of more than a few falls. Forgivable, since it was the first performance at a new location.

Slapstick comedy and audience participation by the stranger and Master Flipo had the crowd roaring with laughter. The bizarre was represented by a dancing creature called Creatura who seemed almost to be a dragon caterpillar. The erotic was acted out by a high altitude and spinning metamorphosis of a cocoon into a butterfly from

in an almost copulating dance on the stage of two butterflies after a dizzying and gravity defying display of love and play. During their act, a huge flower that is part of the set extends and opens up as they seem to climax. The experience is accentuated by a sweet floral smell that fills the air. A trapeze performance by grasshoppers is a very dynamic presentation of tumbling and gravity defying wall walking. Cringes and covered faces were abundant as they bounced inches from colliding or seemed as if they would fly off the stage. Shows are

wednesday through Sunday and some Tuesdays until May 20. The show starts at 8 p.m. Wednesday through Saturday and 5 p.m. on Sunday. There is a 4 p.m. show on some Thursdays and Friday and Saturday. Check www.cirquedusoleil.com for specific weekly information.

Depending on seating the price is \$143.50 for premium seating and \$43.50 for the worst seats with options in between. Students, seniors, and military all get discounts: \$130.50 for premium seating and \$40 cheap seats. Children, ages 2-12, cost \$104.50 for premium and \$33 for basic seating. Parking is \$8 at the Expo Center.



Top: The cast of Ovo takes a final bow.

Left: Crickets bounce towards the audience. Right: "Hustle of the Bouncing Fleas" stacks skill on strength.



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