

MIET WARLOP

SELECTION OF PERFORMANCES

GHOST WRITER AND THE BROKEN HAND BREAK

Beneath its seemingly playful abundance there is always a relentless inquiry at the heart of Miet Warlop's endeavor. Brazen and unperturbed as the action in pieces like *Mystery Magnet* or *Dragging the Bone* may seem, Warlop and her performers are tangled up in lofty existential quests. They try to wrest themselves free from restrictions, and pursue and explore their individual autonomy. How is subjectivity formed? How does intuition fare versus rationality? Where and when does creativity originate? These are the questions that Warlop tries to answer head on, using the physical body as epistemological locus: how are we to know anything, if we aren't able to experience it, to feel and process it firsthand?

The staged visual experiments of Warlop are less concerned with the timed display of rehearsed gestures, than they are impassioned celebrations of curiosity and risk-taking. Classical dualisms abound, the most fundamental one concerned with the opposition of order and chaos. Form is not a static given in this artist's universe: nothing is fixed, everything is in flux. Warlop's work is fat and ripe in its glorification of immediate experience, and it is here that its inescapable energy is generated. Warlop's beliefs are not a priori: she hurls herself into hi-octane sensory encounters with the world, forcing off layers of rational logic until she is able to stir the primordial soup. Touch! Smell! Taste! Hear! Feel!

Ghost Writer and the *Broken Hand Break*, Miet Warlop's roughly 40-minute long stage piece for three performers including Warlop herself, is a temporary culmination of sorts in her self-styled niche of hyperbolic performance pieces, that combine aesthetic overload, iconoclastic impulse, and ecstatic release. Arguably the most minimalist of her staged pieces thus far, *Ghost Writer* and the *Broken Hand Break* uses a technique associated with sufism, the dervish' repetitive whirling, as theatrical structure for a three-performer choreography of whirling and musical performance. Where in earlier work scripted processes of entropy allowed the artist to explore the productive tension between creation and destruction, *Ghost Writer* keeps the chaos in check: it is exactly in the precarious balance between physical endurance and joint musical-performative execution where this work is generating its impact.

Warlop invites the audience to informally huddle around the performers' circular perimeter, so as to be able to amplify the physical intensity that is a crucial aspect of this durational performance. The increasingly noticeable panting and sweating produced by the three whirling figures, who all

engage in their straightforward gyrational task in different – personal - formal idioms (basic-angular, expressive-exalted, with light-footed elegance) emphasizes how spiritual release is counterpointed by the banal reality of the physical body. As is per usual in Warlop's pieces, *Ghost Writer* and the *Broken Hand Break* slowly but surely unfolds towards a high point. The artist intuitively connects the traditional mystical connotation of the dervish' whirling, which is aimed at spiritual transcendence, to another, more secular kind of climax, that of the experience of dance music.

The success of *Ghost Writer* turns out to be highly contingent with the performers' ability to maintain their posture and balance while executing increasingly coordinated musical tasks. After a ten minute first act of 'clean spinning', focusing on an adjustment of the senses and finding a stable whirling rhythm, the three performers start to slowly form a musical ensemble. One starts to create rhythmic patterns by percussively tapping drum sensors attached to his body, while the other starts laying down lyrical rock guitar riffs on a Stratocaster offered to him and grabbed mid-whirl. Miet catches a cymbal. Hits it. First, slightly off-beat. (The whirling – it makes timing so hard!). Then, she hits it tighter. Songs start to form, one blending into the other, the trio winking at rock, hip hop (including take-a-turn MC-ing), and electroclash in an omnivorous celebration of pure playfulness. Eventually, one of the voices shouts: one, two, three, four... Lights snap on, and suddenly the world stops turning. What remains are three stumbling figures, trying to fixate their gaze on the hands they hold outstretched in front of their eyes, for balance. The hands are painted red, yellow, and blue – the chromatic foundations of, here, now, everything.

Xander Karskens





BIG BEARS CRY TOO

Big Bears Cry Too is a performance that deals with the vulnerability that people experience in this large and incomprehensible universe. A series of objects literally fly onto the stage, each with something to say about individuality in the world. There is a large – a too large – plastic heart that can only be restricted by letting a small amount of air out. Then there is a massive tablet that is supposed to make you happier, but the actual result is that you no longer recognise yourself. And then there is a bear that falls victim to its own excessive cuteness. We end up in a universe of coloured rain and never-ending symbols.

Springville, Dragging the Bone, Mystery Magnet, Fruits of Labor – each one an intriguing title of an equally intriguing show that was successfully unleashed upon the world in the last 15 years by artist and dramatist Miet Warlop. Today she is busy at the Antwerp youth theatre hetpaleis fine-tuning *Big Bears Cry Too*, her first production for an audience of six and older. Why would a person who is internationally praised for her refreshing view of the performing arts dare to take on a show for kids?

Miet Warlop: 'In recent years people have on occasion drawn my attention to the fact that the visuality and fantasy of my work could also appeal to children. I can imagine that a young audience can easily follow a show such as *Springville* but my work has developed since then. That means I'm now once again looking for a form that will also work for kids. My biggest struggle at the moment is the language – I'm no longer used to thinking and writing in Dutch. I worry about how much I should explain. Under normal conditions I show a series of images that speak for themselves, but will that also work for children?'

Incomprehensible universe

Miet Warlop: 'Children ask adults the same questions. They also think about the endlessness of the universe, about the black hole and the immensity that is ungraspable. They also have fears that they can feel but not understand. *Big Bears...* it's about the futility of humanity in that large and incomprehensible universe. The show finds us on the balcony of the world – "Ready for take-off". A series of objects literally fly onto the stage, each with something to say about individuality in the world. There is a large – a too large – plastic heart that can only be restricted by letting a small amount of air out. Then there is a massive tablet that is supposed to make you happier, but the actual result is that you no longer recognise yourself. And a mouth from

which the front tooth shoots out and shatters into a thousand pieces...'

'At the conclusion you end up in the universe and it emerges that the freedom you experience as a person on earth is just imaginary. There is no beginning and no end. You change shape constantly, being a body now but soon you will be something else entirely. On stage we translate that using coloured paint as rain, dropping it onto a platform of four by four meters filled with milk. When detergent is shot into the mixture, the fat in the milk starts to separate and beautiful drawings in a variety of colours appear. It's a dynamism that can continue forever, just like the universe itself. There is something meditational about it, and it is representative of life too: a droplet that very briefly escapes the whole but that irrevocably returns to it.'

So what about the bear in the title?

Miet Warlop: 'The bear explodes. He blows himself up because he is too cute; a fact he thinks is hilariously funny. It takes minutes for him to exhale like a balloon in the space above us. And when he eventually collapses, he is dissected and his ears, snout, nose and rump are thrown around. It's not horrible at all; in fact, it's an overdose of cuteness. It serves as a cushion against what we do not want to exhibit: the vulnerability of our souls.'

'You can make yourself as afraid as you want to. You often create the things that you fear most in your own head. Your anxiety can be as extreme as you want it to be. But at the same time we live in turbulent times, and a lot of fear is generated. So what is the solution? Prescribe antidepressants for the entire universe? We have to teach kids to deal with their fears and help them to rationalise them. That is why I have shown the dissection and the ghost with the rolling ping pong ball eyes.'

'I want the kids to somehow create a type of soundscape of the production. We are currently experimenting with microphones in the stands – wouldn't it be great if the children could provide their own live commentary to accompany the scenes they are seeing on stage?'







FRUITS OF LABOR

Flemish choreographer and visual artist Miet Warlop and her acolytes compose with Fruits of labor an energetic and zany concert, a true theatrical as well as a musical performance. A drum set, two guitars and a few mics make up the setting of a cluttered and flashy scenography, where visual cacophony underlines melodic harmony.

Perched on a polystyrene platform, dressed in a combination of silver sequins or a sober rock dandy outfit, the members of the quartet turn their backs on us and sing a melody with folk sounds in a chorus of soft voices.

The white cloth that covered their instruments is suddenly sucked in, and the concert begins. For nearly an hour of stage and sound games follow one another in a cascade: a slender and dishevelled musician walks along the stage with a rhythmic pace and alternately makes each instrument resonate with a single sweep of the brush; a pedal activated by the singer at the back of the stage is connected to a mechanical arm that marks the tempo on the snare drum. Little by little the stage is strewn with coloured cables, shreds of curtains torn in a squeak of fabric, trampled by the musicians who install the machines and instruments themselves, equipped with a headlamp.

A rock tune fades into a song distorted by their muffled and cavernous voices, a few steps from a lunar and restrained approach, then a singer declaims an operatic tirade in a hesitant French, tremolos in the voice.

Musical instruments and their accessories are used here both for their sounds and for the scenic possibilities they offer: drum sticks become in turn the spikes of a toreador or the nails of a pathetic crucifixion; inserted in a polystyrene cube they appear a set of mikado whose rods each give a note. The instruments are also mixed with a vast inventory of objects: they are the occasion for ingenious discoveries such as this milky disc affixed to a plate that reveals the long whirling of the stone; sometimes more fanciful and superfluous, when the singer equipped with a censer waters the scene with white sand, which she immediately collects with the help of a vacuum cleaner hidden in a finger-shaped sculpture. The songs also draw on the rhythmic resources of the gesture, and the words of a slam are punctuated by the dull sound of a basketball dribbling. A singer recites a ritornello while wrapping a strip of fabric on a rotating base with one hand; the cattail is soon watered by a rain that falls as a deluge on the stage, the drops cascade down on the cymbals that ring

with a soft white noise. The rain calms down on the devastated plateau for a last song, harsh and soft as the glowing lights that sweep over the crowded scene of objects animated at their own pace: a white sphere wanders on the plateau and sometimes falls into the pit, the cattail swirls, the finger vacuum slowly rotates on its base, while a powerful coloured water jet collected in a hollow box draws a circular arch over the singers.

Miet Warlop and his versatile musicians offer a theatrical concert here, for music that is listened to mixed with stage games. The coherence of this exuberance sometimes hangs by a thread and the debauchery of energy sometimes masks the accuracy of their musical play; however, we can only appreciate their invigorating boldness.

Céline Gauthier, 2017





DRAGGING THE BONE

Taking our seats before the start of Miet Warlop's 'Dragging the Bone' at HAU Hebbel Am Ufer, we are confronted with an arena of smoothly fashioned plaster forms. The onstage sculptural elements vary from more figurative casts of limbs and clothing to more abstract, minimalist creations. Some are self-supporting, others held up by metal stands. Standing silently like a sculpturally interpreted acropolis, the installation awaits the activation of a human presence. Warlop enters this peculiar field dressed all in black, with her hair covering her face. As the piece commences, an audio monologue proclaims the status of humour; a collection of inflatable white sculptures towards the back of the stage cackle along with the speech. Harmony between artist and the fruits of artistic production prevails at this early stage in the performance. Warlop establishes herself early on as the protagonist, having designed and produced the work as well as performing alone. As she wrestles her way through the abundance of material, artist and medium become merged. Over and over again, the concept of a realised artwork is denounced and deconstructed. When artistic labour is involved, production is a never-ending endeavour.

Plaster is Warlop's supreme material of choice in this performance, which is shown projecting across all the stages of its life-span. We watch it tumbling into a bucket in powder form, a plaster-soaked rag drying on a rack, which we later see smashed to pieces once dried. The act of working with plaster is often confined to the unseen casting studio, but 'Dragging the Bone' over-exposes the perils of its production to us with pronounced extremity. At the same time, Warlop's frenzied destruction of her sculptural set heralds an assault on creative production; falling victim to the wrath of the artist, the seemingly finalised artworks around the stage meet dramatic ends. As we watch multiple casts be demolished, I sense certain audience members wince. Perhaps this reaction is testimony to the awareness of the painstaking process of casting, or the admiration for plaster that antiquity has drilled into us.

Despite its absurdity, the entire performance feels packed with commentary, most notably a critique on the pressure on women to conform to beauty standards. Warlop periodically takes a break from smashing her sculptures in order to fling and pull her hair through a set of brushes elevated on a steel rod. The gesture draws some laughter from the audience, yet as she moves to do this a third time, her fatigued body language draws an unpreventable pathos as she tugs her hair free; we feel a certain guilt in indulging in this image as entertainment.

Despite the manual labour she subjects herself to, there is inherently a grappling for approval, a striving for her own external perfection. Before she pours plaster from the height of a table into a bucket of water or rolls up crushed plaster fragments into plastic, her hair must not have knots. The most harrowing sector of the performance comes later when, wearing high heels, Warlop squeezes herself into a frilly plaster skirt. As if this is not torture enough, she proceeds to roll herself around the set. The sound of plaster and the artist's bones knocking against the stage echoes throughout the theatre. Watching Warlop hurtle through and destroy some more upstage sculptures, the work evokes an element of voyeurism, as if witnessing a strip-tease turned violently on its head.

Historically, the effect of theatre was contained within the creation of illusion, of transfixing audiences through smoke-and-mirror effects. Warlop's work similarly transports us to an alternative reality in which we are catapulted along with her through a series of actions urgently needing completion. But it is all done in real-time, time even becomes an irrelevant notion, and while Warlop is performing for us, her activity is undeniably real. Watching her in this frontal theatre setup, we are at once distanced from Warlop's turmoil and also distinctly present, embodied by her as she hurtles us through a sculptural crash course.

As Warlop's performance draws to a close and we look upon all the debris strewn across the stage, we are prompted to reflect on the unrelenting struggle of artistic process. Throughout the performance, Warlop's activity communicates like a performed counteraction to the rhetoric of capitalism, which asserts that our worth is determined by our level of productivity. While initially ludicrous, her tasks become increasingly less out of kilter, as we witness Warlop tumble, slide, roll and dance through the outcomes of her artistic production. The piece is rife with references to the manufacture of art and the necessity for a human hand in its creation. Perhaps it is the presence of plaster with its historic fine art background that makes this association so explicit. Above all though, the impact of 'Dragging the Bone' lies in its generation of human empathy that allows us to place ourselves in Warlop's position.

Katharine Doyle, 2017







MYSTERY MAGNET

Miet Warlop trained as a visual artist, but her way of dealing with images – her intuitive way of responding to images, and her way of pursuing them – has propelled her into theatre. This medium swap has resulted in a body of work that challenges and reanimates the conventions of theatrical representation from the perspective of its physical and material foundations. Warlop recognises the affective potential of images all around her, extracts them out of the blur of our media saturated life, and pulls them into focus by giving them concrete, physical shape. She does not deduce her visual ideas from verbal concepts, nor does she unite them in a pre-conceived narrative. Instead, she follows the conditions and demands that an image poses once it becomes materialised, becomes a picture. It can be helpful to make a distinction here, between ‘images’ – those spectral entities that travel across space and time, between minds and media, and constitute a shimmering reality of their own – and ‘pictures’, the materialisations of images that we can physically perceive, and relate to, in this or that medium.

Giving the image a preliminary, sculptural form in her studio, engaging with it in probing gestures, Warlop lets herself be caught up in the sculptural process. Like a hunter chasing beautiful specimens of some rare species, by following the trail of her visual fixation, she frequently finds herself in an uncharted terrain. Her working process proceeds by tugging at the picture, nudging it into this or that direction, provoking it to yield a response, reveal an attitude. It as if she dares the image to speak through the material dress it has taken on, to give a sign of where it wants to go. And materials, as any craftsman will tell you, are stubborn and recalcitrant, yet open for negotiation – on their own terms. It is a “dump this, try that” kind of work that evolves in circles of experiment, frustration, discovery and release. Transparent and yet strangely fascinating, Warlop’s stage pictures make it almost possible for the viewer to trace how its various elements evolved, how attitudes arise from materials, how gestures are acquired from objects.

Stage pictures are not like paintings that carry a frame that delineates them. Like sculptures, they are sensitive to the issues of placement, both in physical space and in time. Just like the images that they give body to, these pictures are fundamentally and eternally displaced; they do not belong anywhere in particular. This is perhaps their most vital feature and a central concern in the development of Warlop’s dramaturgies.

From Warlop’s early performance-installations such as *Crying Deer/Shot Wild* and *Sport Band/Trained*

Sounds via the solo performances under the collective title *Big Heap/Mountain* to the slapstick ensemble fantasy *Springville* – pictures have been increasingly claiming primacy over the human subjects on stage. The latest addition to this catalogue, *Mystery Magnet*, appears to be a synthesis of Warlop’s preoccupations and formal strategies. A sleight of hand, transparent illusionism, coupled with a careful attention to the visual and sculptural detail, has been a consistent feature of Warlop’s work, a strategy of image summoning that in *Mystery Magnet* has turned into the main presentational vehicle and a ritual of sorts.

In the course of the past year and a half, Warlop has been working in her studio, developing a variety of materials – short acts, visual characters, living sculptures and videos – without a narrative or even an overarching theme to link them. (She trusts her intuition to choose which visual idea to pursue.) Some of the working titles that were used in various stages of the development of *Mystery Magnet* offer glimpses into the formal evolution of the concept. ‘Act/Collection’ was the title used in the first phase, the results of which were presented in two versions at Vooruit, Ghent in March 2011 and Kunstenfestivaldesarts, Brussels in May that same year. From the beginning, the notion of single, independent visual units collected under a common umbrella, but retaining their status as separate entities, was a defining feature of the work. In the autumn of 2011, Warlop pondered over ‘Valley View’ as a possible new title. This title evokes a cartoonish panorama of humans, animals, machinery, each going about their own business, seemingly oblivious of one another. Seeing them as belonging to a shared narrative would be a question of perspective, or, in this case, a question of fine balance between visual, spatial and temporal dramaturgy. With the final title ‘Mystery Magnet’, the artist points at an inexplicable pull, an attractive force that holds these various elements together.

Another one of Warlop’s title ideas, “Let’s make our heads real”, seems to suggest that the piece is about the realisation of the imaginary. However, whatever there is to be seen of conscious choice among the performers, seems trumped by something greater and more insidious than one person’s line of intent. And for all the coordinated instalment of materials onstage, it is only superficially that performers are in control of the picture.

What is the governing agent in *Mystery Magnet*? We are presented with several options. Is it the “performers” dressed in black, installing pictures as a form of entertainment, of voyeurism, of pastime?

Is it the “characters”, the more spectacularly shaped, theatrically behaving creatures that the performers from time to time inhabit, who require the materials and objects to configure according to some dramatic purpose? Or is it an absent, all-powerful agent at work here, to whom everything and everyone, the director herself included, is subjected? An agent hidden in full view – let us call it ‘Image’ – that pulls the performers and the objects into various configurations of itself? Image would then be the sculpting agent, stage pictures its sculpted objects.

On a blank stage, Image is gradually revealed through addition, like the invisible man from the eponymous movie, chiselled out of the shared unconscious, propelling the performers to action as a way of adding up to itself. Perhaps Image is the true main character, harbouring secret intentions, wringing itself into ever-new configurations. And as the various elements merge, so a picture emerges, a character rises. A character who is visually and materially defined, gesturally outlined, but who remains a mystery. It may be the full-bodied, human-like Fat One or a strange, misshapen incarnation like the Horse. The picture is all the more effective when it is an incomplete but strangely suggestive resemblance. Warlop’s stage pictures are, in her own words, “objects of obvious frailty”, stand-ins for those humans who are installing them, who are watching it all from the wings of the stage, or from the audience.

The mystery of Warlop’s magnet may quite possibly be located in that pull of the images, the way they condition our desires, reconfigure our aspirations. What may look like a performative conceit in the way Warlop constructs her spectacle, may just as well transpire as an animistic ritual, summoning Image from its spectral life into a concrete living form on the stage. This collective ritual carries Image on a fragile support, like those precarious stairs for the girl in a silver dress to climb on, carried by her co-performers.

Yet the way Warlop (re-)materialises images renders them not as enigmas that mystify and diminish the viewer, but on the contrary, calls for involvement on equal, companionable terms. By placing the installers next to the picture installed, even if it is only a brief flash of technical necessity, Warlop also stages the viewing experience, mirroring the audience vying for the definition of the picture. The total spectacle that we are presented with – the sight of the picture with its own making – is a conversation of sorts. When stage pictures are presented as composite products of a collective effort between objects and humans, between the attitudes of materials and the human imagination, the stage becomes not only a medium of

communication, but a habitat, in the ecological sense of the word.

What we see, in this folding together of layers of fantasy and technical reality, is also Warlop’s process of creation, hidden in plain sight. What Warlop is hunting in her work is what she calls a “nervous picture”. A picture which, if the magic works, will have a certain fizz about it, have an agency and a life of its own. Miet’s pictures subsist on the theatre’s outside, feeding on the temporality of the stage, its unity of space, yet never quite growing together *into* theatre. As they materialise, the pictures suck themselves onto the stage like parasites, and in the clamour for a life of their own, exhibit a true showmanship. They exemplify, in an exaggerated or even parodic form, some defining aspects of theatre, while continuing to exist in a time-space continuum of their own. The proof of this vitality of Warlop’s pictures is their capacity to be extracted and transplanted, to live outside of her shows. In *Mystery Magnet*, this sustained non-coagulation between theatre and pictures is underlined by a large white implant set, a stage-with-in-a-stage, serving as a blank background on which the pictures are installed.

This collapsing together of representational forms, of the pictorial and the theatrical, tilts Warlop and her performers, the objects and the images they help materialise, into one plane: a plane of self-creation. It is a place to reflect on the relationship between the evasive image, the picture as its transient, material container, and the beholder, always doomed to try to decipher and make sense of that which is going on before his/her eyes. We are enticed to try to bridge the gaps between one picture and another, fill the voids that Warlop deliberately leaves open. Maybe we would do better in just looking, and letting the pictures look back at us.

Namik Mackic, 2015









SPRINGVILLE

Misery is the river of the world, Everybody row!

Tom Waits

In Springville the decor comes to life in and around a cardboard house of a man who is everyone and nobody. Right in front of the audience a succession of strange creatures meet: a set table with women's legs and stiletto heels instead of table legs, a walking and 'jumping' electrical cabinet, a mysterious, rattling and sniffing moving box, a modal jogger but with a very long body and a total size of nearly two and a half meters. One by one they go on, after which it's the turn of the house's downfall. On the basis of this contemporary performance, we analyze in what follows how artists can teach us something about today's catastrophic thinking.

The Wonderful Warlop World: Slapstick with the chaotic order of things.

Miet Warlop studied 3D/multimedia at the Royal Academy of Fine Arts (KASK) of the Hogeschool Gent and won in 2003 with her graduation project *Huilend Hert/Aangeoten Wild Theater aan Zee* in Ostend. Afterwards she made *Sportband/Trained Sounds*. She worked for two years at the studio project *De Bank van theaterhuis Victoria* in Ghent, where she realized *Grote Hoop/Berg*: a series of city performances and two solos. With *Springville*, Warlop not only omits the ambiguity in the titles of her work for a moment, she also makes the transition from performance to a theatre performance of which she is both director and actress in a company of six, with two technicians.

Starting from the title one might think that Warlop wants to refer to the film *Dogville* by Lars von Trier because it brings a play in the film medium of film, while *Springville* actually brings a silent film in the medium of theatre. Despite this, Warlop, with the title *Springville*, mainly wants to refer to a place that is everywhere and nowhere, like there are countless anonymous villages with the same name in the U.S., or like the now infamous Springfield from *The Simpsons*. Or closer to home: just like every Flemish village has or had its café *De Sportvriend* or *Het Hoekske*. With this Warlop emphasizes not only that the catastrophe makes no distinction in race, gender or origin and can therefore strike anywhere, but also that fate from an individual point of view does not necessarily have to be a world disaster. The universal is in the concrete; As we all know, the small, private sorrow, the personal gravitation

breakdown, is often a true disaster that can turn our entire world upside down.

With *Springville*, Warlop is actually doing in the theatre what an earthquake does to a city, or a hurricane with a park: the order of things is totally mixed up and chaos is replaced by a new and meaningful regularity. During a studio conversation Warlop showed a book with photographs that testified of the passage of catastrophes; A car stands upright, with the front facing the sky, against the side of a house. A burnt-out banquet hall was decorated with bizarre, lush patterns on the initially white, boring walls by the flushing water that drained away. A chair that stood neatly in the garden now stands on the roof. The blossoming tree from the front garden is in the bedroom. A flooded holiday home was transformed by the sudden freezing cold into a snow-white palace of snow, rhyme and ornate ice cones, etc. In this rearrangement Warlop finds playful poetry and a transversal beauty. This aesthetic also serves as a starting point for an experiment with materials, objects and her own structures. During the creation process she is not guided by big ideas or overarching schemes. On the contrary: from one thing to the next, with trial and error she and others work together step by step to create something that is worth watching and keeping watching. This way she arrives at sketches that attract the full attention but for which you don't have a ready-made label. They are now like that but they could just as well have been completely different. In *Springville* these sketches were brought together in a certain order and within the time frame of a performance they form an imaginative story.

What is striking from the beginning of the performance, and what also makes it special, is the systematic reversal in which the props seem to come to life and play the piece, while the actors take on the role of extras or set pieces. When the audience enters, it sees only a large cardboard house at the centre of the scene. The performance begins without the room light being extinguished. A long plume of plastic smoke appears from the chimney of the house. Suddenly, a man in a suit throws a grey garbage bag through the window with the necessary grace. A little later, a brown packaging box walks on two legs from behind the house and sniffs it into that garbage bag with a round paper mailer tube that is pushed between the folds of the closure of the box. The first character seems to have appeared only now; an indefinable and intangible thing, possibly a metaphor for vermin, or a homeless, or a forgotten storage box full of neglected things and memories, the excluded

'other' in his abstract self, a reincarnation of our waste, the revolt of the packaging, and at the same time nothing of this. The box' is more like a figure from a comic strip or an animation film than a character from a piece. But just like the other figures in the performance, it has its own sensitivities and character. The 'man' returns a number of times and thus keeps the story between the figures going. Suddenly, he walks through the improvised door of the house, positions himself in front of the audience and ostentatiously starts reading a newspaper. When the newspaper opens, of which we only get to see the back and on which nothing is printed, the tune of the once very popular TV series *The A Team* starts playing. The sigh of the media for sensation and spectacle is so aptly portrayed without words. When the box looks up the man with the newspaper, and the life of every day calls him to order, he knows no answer at all. With socially adapted aggression, to put it that way, the cause of the unrest is efficiently removed. The next time the man storms outside, he collects the figures for a group photo; the tried and tested social ritual that serves as a substitute for a sense of belonging or as a surrogate for comfort and love. Moreover, the camera is mounted on a glitzy, remotely-piloted off-road vehicle, so that it represents, among other things, one of those latest gadgets that always perform as well as neutral subject of conversation at family parties. The last time the man comes up, it is to manually saw the jogging giant that just dived through the window of the house in two. The result is a *sujet barré*, but literally. The other, one might think, has to be castrated because he threatens to confront us with a way of being that is not ours, and with which we consequently know no advice and have no place at all. Or worse: the other person must be destroyed because otherwise, sooner or later, he could steal our pleasure.

After all the figures have undergone their personal catastrophe (the electrical cabinet continues to fire; the table set finally kneels and crashes; the box smokes, falls over and crashes; half the bottom of the jogger runs to crash against the wall) and when the man hangs out of the window for death, the global catastrophe looms from all sides at the same time. A smoldering cloud sizzles under the house like a poisonous lava stream. From behind the house a gigantic air pocket is blown up, which lifts up the house like a plastic tsunami and sets it blank. Then the house simply falls apart into two pieces, leaving only a fragile polystyrene inside in the same shape. In the first performance at Buda Kortrijk this black fairy tale ends with the melting of this inside like an iceberg but in an ammonia bath. Because of the strict

safety standards of our theatre houses, Warlop had to provide an alternative for this in later revivals; the house implodes as it does with the last destructive shock of an atomic bomb blast. This stunt sometimes turned out to be a bit of a nuisance during the later revivals, so that the end was somewhat lacking in its appearance as the end. The question can be asked, however, whether a catastrophe can fail and thus whether the failure of the representation of the final catastrophe is not just a good end?

Theatre as a performance of fragile attractions

There is a lot to say about Warlop's artistic method. For example, just as today's post-cinema often returns to the time before the classical narrative film, back to the amazement for the new of early cinema, so Warlop's wordless movement theatre also returns somewhat to the time before the text theatre. Not to the spectacle of variety, but to the world of silent film. Warlop remediates the experiment with effects and tricks of early cinema, in which showing the "filmed" was more important than telling a story. There she shows things that act directly on the viewer, make them amaze, without the detour of text. Springville clearly has something filmic and is related to the slapstick *à la* Buster Keaton: physical sketches with a wink, a game of action and reaction in which one looks for the irony and emotion contained in the collision, the falling and falling over, the striking quarrel in which cakes are thrown and the pursuit, on foot, on horseback or by car.

Warlop does not bring a dramatic and noisy stage, but tries to inspire us for the logic that is contained in the course of simple things, such as the toppling over of a pile of buckets. Through an improper use of things, independently of the concrete plans we have with them and regardless of their usual functions, their usefulness and the accompanying instructions for use, Warlop can surprise with a frivolous play of forms. The figures she created are not readable prayer cards but autonomous appearances that captivate us about what they do, rather than what they could mean. Despite his hilarious moments, Springville is not a comedy either. In fact, it tells a very serious story. It presents a successive death struggle that the audience should watch out for completely. Yet this does not result in horror: as with slapstick, very bad things happen but nobody dies. 'Pain that does not matter', as Warlop likes to call it. And as in cartoons, we see how banal things are transformed into something impossible; they are lifted out of their handles and then just there to be, hang or stand. It is this force that effortlessly holds

the viewer's attention, lifts us up, and at times makes us wonder what we are actually doing all these godly days or sometimes make us so busy.

The fascination of the slapstick in Springville is made possible by at least three special strategies. The first is fictionalization. Because Warlop mainly does not want to bring any actual representation, the staged game is disconnected from our daily reality. The fiction that replaces it, however, offers an ideal diversion to feed back to everyday life from a sufficient distance. Along the way, expectation patterns are pierced or evidences are put in jeopardy in a way that the viewer can hardly miss. As with animated films, fiction is sometimes the quickest way to say something about the real world.

Secondly, humor. Warlop confronts the catastrophe without raised fingers, world-enhancing preaching or complaining. Irony and even hauberk are given the forefront so that the performance finds direct access to its audience. As with stand-up, humor is an instrument to avoid censorship and self-censorship, to say wrong things correctly, and especially to put seriousness into perspective and disarm drama. Finally, the distinct performance quality. Warlop manages to hold the attention of her audience because the staged sketches clearly arise here and now and can actually go wrong at any moment. When, for example, the covered table in front of the audience slowly sinks through its legs, the audience mainly looks at the reactions of the other audience; Who laughs? Who will collect the coffee bag? And does anyone dare to save the uncorked bottle of champagne? The fragile performance character of the sketches, which for example evoke the same tension as a magic trick or a circus act, is magnified in Springville by the absence of the classical theatre context: there are no curtains to hide something behind, the light stays on in the hall, there is no music that plays the emotions, no beautifying lighting effects, etc. The sketches are naked in a bare room. The only effect that can be seen comes from the figures themselves. Or the reacting audience.

The specific live aspect of Springville, which Warlop has a good command of, as a performance artist, actually puts the performance in a whole new perspective. Rather than wanting to capture the momentary or the passing of time, for example, or confront the viewer with an angular presence, she plays with the risk that the sketches may also go wrong. By drawing attention to the stunt-content, Warlop manages to avoid the "look-at-me" attitude that is unfortunately common to many performance artists. The performance remains exciting, partly because it is not covered. The outcome is uncertain, the actions

fragile. And it is precisely in this fragility that Springville finds a critical, even a political potential. After all, this light but solid performance does not want to make or explain anything but simply to show something, without moralism or historical ballast. It shows the fragility of everyday figures and contrasts it with the violence of destruction. Springville is not so much political because, as a fleeting work of art, it cannot be sold and therefore cannot be recuperated by the art market, but because it puts the uncertainty of our lives on stage and focuses its nullity in the light of the apocalyptic.

Springville is therefore not only extremely relevant to today's catastrophe because it puts a multi-part image of the catastrophe on stage, but especially to the way in which this is done. With the precarious nature of the attractions in the performance that this performance essentially still is, Warlop indirectly shows her audience two crucial things at the same time. On the one hand she emphasizes the vulnerability and instability of our contemporary culture. And that this in itself is actually very expensive. Culture is a temporary staging, a construction that inevitably falls short and can be wiped out in this way. Away. This insight thwarts contemporary self-satisfaction, the misplaced consumption ideology that everything is ultimately renewable and replaceable, and the denial logic that a lot is currently going wrong and that we urgently need to do something about it before it is really too late. On the other hand, Springville's sketches emphasize the artificial character of our global culture: fake, cardboard and plastic. Which also means that things should not necessarily be as they are. We can change them if we want to.

Extract from text by Robrecht Vanderbeeken, 2010



MIET WARLOP

SELECTED EXHIBITIONS

THE BOARD

Bozar, Brussels, 4 June 2017

On the occasion of the closing of the *Pol Bury. Time in Motion* exhibition, five men will observe and view works that are installed in the exhibition. Always in a swarm, a cluster, like trees made of men, they pass by, observe, laugh, they ridicule. They look the same, a uniform identity of the neoliberal 1%, who feels special and unique, those who prefer to laugh rather than think and genuinely experience.





TIME IN MOTION

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HORSE A MAN A WOMAN A DESIRE FOR ADVENTURE

Bozar, Brussels, 28 March 2017

On Tuesday, March 28, 2017, to open the great retrospective it dedicates to the inventor of the happening in France, Yves Klein, the Bozar organized a performance session in the large entrance hall of the Palace designed by Horta. On the menu: the plastic and sexy game on the femininity and colour of Miet Warlop and the happening of hooded colours by Pieter van den Bosch. Two colourful proposals to lead to a wiser retrospective: thematic, inhabited by Klein's spirituality and very seriously articulated around his search for the "Theatre of Emptiness".

While a free entrance crowd is concentrated near the bar in the majestic hall of the Bozar, electric guitar riffs enjoin us to follow the rhythm of two well-rolled creatures: one wears a magenta dress, the other, nothing on his superb ass, except a ponytail. While climbing the stairs that lead up to the exhibition, the two nymphs climb one on top of the other. With this sexy, funny and critical performance, Miet Warlop makes a pretty wink at Klein's "prints" and her way of exposing women in her performances. We had been given yellow earplugs (or everything but the obese blue IKB) and we saw a series of performers dressed in black suits and hoods to make a big noise in a voluminous and mysterious tent, but when the shots went off, we were still scared. The colour sprayed against the white hanging in this performance-attempt by Pieter van den Bosch, which was as reminiscent of Niki de Saint-Phalle as it was of Yves Klein, the happening revived by the terrorist appearance of the ten or so actors themselves painted in Brief and intense colours, the performances on the eve of the opening of the Yves Klein exhibition in Bozar paid a fine tribute to the artist, who died in 1962 from a heart attack at the age of 34. To be perfectly in the clear, they may have lacked a long discussion session led by a worthy heir to Pierre Restany, but fortunately, the exhibition itself did this work of putting things into perspective.

And this one, entitled "Le théâtre du vide", was at the same time classical, thematic and effective in resituating and classifying Yves Klein's works among the "serious" and "inspired" corpora as well as "pioneers" or "marketer of the performing society". We begin with childhood in Nice and the initial spirituality of man who is initiated into emptiness through judo. Yves Klein inherits the sky in the sharing of the universe that he does with his two friends, Claude Pascal and Arman. He learned the art of gilding with leaves in London, discovered the art of fresco in Italy with Giotto. Then we switched to colour: Since the monochrome paintings of the 1950s, there has been a real work of staging both the artist and the void. He

decides to reduce his palette to attract attention and summarizes his monochromes in blue.

And we learn that in fact the patent is never registered for IKB Blue but for fixing it. Through this blue, Klein seems to announce before Gagarin goes into space that the earth is blue. But Overseas France was difficult to extend and Klein began to use sponges with lunar traces that he gradually took out of the canvas to give his autonomy to the colour. Moreover, this passionate lover of the void and stunned visitor to Hiroshima is interested in the power of destruction but also in the creation of fire, he gauges, adopts his blue flame and decides to expose only what the flame leaves. In 1961, in Krefeld, he exhibited his "ardent bushes", he also threw his naked and wet models against a canvas which he then passed with a blowtorch. The works are just the ashes of his art and for Klein, what matters most is the idea.

We also move on to anthropomorphs, videos of performances and traces to support them, and the Bozar reminds us that there is not only blue but also pink, as in the flesh of the Christian incarnation, before ending up both on the radiance of the great blue works IKB that shine and on the artist's most famous performances: the angel's jump and the "zones of stabilized artistic sensitivity that he "sells" in Italy. The exhibition gives a good account, sometimes with a serious and sometimes a little chilling, of Yves Klein's research. She hypothesized that every action in her theatre was inhabited by a somewhat tragic spirituality full of meaning and responsibility. It also allows you to see and review in various formats about fifty of his key works, which easily interact with the two performances of the opening evening... A retrospective not to be missed.

Yaël Hirsch



NERVOUS PICTURES

The Weekends
KW Institute for Contemporary Art, 19 – 20 January 2017

For the performance Nervous Pictures (2017) Warlop introduces a plastic language that is created under the eye of the audience, through a succession of theatrical vignettes consisting of physical actions, sculptural props and scenic interventions that artfully cancel each other out on stage. Each scene reveals the immaterial processes that go into the work and turns them into a sculptural live event creating a temporary fantasy that begins to crumble in the moment of its completion.





CRUMBLING DOWN THE CIRCLE OF MY ICONO- CLASM

KIOSK Gallery, 28 November 2015 – 31 January 2016
Curated by Wim Waelput

KIOSK presents two new exhibitions with works by Miet Warlop (1978, Torhout, BE) and Nel Aerts (1987, Turnhout, BE). Both artists create universes that, in various guises and with different media, leave an immediate, poetic impression. Once immersed in them, the visitor will smile and grin at their ambiguous image worlds, before being left, moved and deserted.

Miet Warlop creates performances, actions and public interventions that stand midway between absurdist theatre and autonomous 'tableaux vivants'. Warlop creates a visual language in between theatre, dance, and exhibition and freely plays these disciplines against each other.

Titled *Crumbling Down the Circle of My Iconoclasm*, Warlop's show at KIOSK presents an installation in which smaller spatial arrangements of objects, props, gestures and performers interact and set out an ever-changing choreography within an exhibition's set chronology. Like a contemporary iconoclast, Warlop takes over the dome room to visualize her interpretation of the Greek notions of *eikon* (representation) and *klastès* (breaker): a process of simultaneous creation and destruction.

In Warlop's visual universe, all elements are interconnected in an infinitely spinning loop of references that may take the form of a scratch on a record, a plaster cymbal, or a skirt-shaped object rolling in circles on the floor. The different objects are activated during brief interventions, unannounced temporary sculptural installations. The appearance of a new image inevitably coincides with the disappearance or crumbling of other images. Every action or movement adds a visual or auditory mark to the overall picture, resonating through and with the dome room.



FUSIFORM GYRUS

Lisson Gallery, London, 12 July – 7 September 2013
Curated by Raimundas Malašauskas

Alex Bailey, Liudvikas Buklys, Eduardo Costa,
Koenraad Dedobbeleer, Gintaras Didžiapetris,
Elizabeth Hoak-Doering, Phanos Kyriacou,
Aditya Mandayam, Darius Mikšys, Elena Narbutaite,
Rosalind Nashashibi, Sasha Sukhareva,
Ola Vasiljeva, Miet Warlop

'At first I thought it was about food. Fussy politics or lint cake baked in Greek week. We are all in greek week, are we not? Goods baked in no goods. But certainly multiplications. Certainly it was moving; I saw it, a usi-ff-form, from the corner of my eye. Which eye?' – the poet Uljana Wolf dispatches from the left of the gallery floor.

Ruff's Orgy I Sum and Frigs Fumy Sour stand next to her. The first sounds like birds in Buenos Aires and the second moves like a trail of light. They have more in common than being anagrams of this group exhibition of sculpture: their properties belong to many different orders of life, including their own selves, yet their favourite mode of being is moving through those orders. 'Group' stands for the totality of the senses, 'sculpture' dreams of plasticity at large. This sensual plasticity applies to time, subjectivity, the body, and also to the face.

The idea of a face that exceeds its portrait and disappears into its moving parts is key. The title of each work is an anagram of the title of the exhibition, 'Fusiform Gyrus', which is the name of a particular area of the brain: the lobe that neuroscientists attribute with facial recognition facilities. Thus each work is a cognitive and spatial version of the exhibition itself (and vice versa). After this exhibition is over, the titles may mutate or change in their significance.

Meanwhile, one can walk through the expanded laser sculpture of Elena Narbutaitė; it hovers above the ground like one of the sculptures in Koenraad Dedobbeleer's room. In fact, these two rooms open up like a double solo show; how can we trust one identity? Split between genres and volumes these scenes smell of peanuts and pistachio.

Scent enters the conversation where a breakdown in the relationship between parts and the whole is one of the ways to explain face-blindness. If scent – and the nose – belongs to an interior recognition rather than that of the face, there is a chance we may not recognise the person whose nose it is; we may exit the interior through a new door that opens a new trail of passage rather than separating inside from outside.

An exhibition as hologram brings this spatial conceptual logic into a continuous loop. It also refers to the early history of Lisson Gallery, when holograms of Margaret Benyon were displayed in laser light.

'I relate face-blindness to de-personalisation, to stripping the subject down to an object, inanimate object, abstraction and therefore looking at it through a different dimension.' – Ola Vasiljeva writes. Her work takes you along the countless dimensions and versions of the same figure of thought. There

is a synesthetic quality in almost everything (even her concepts). A fully dressed coffee-table turns into Miet Warlop. During a performance at the opening of the show she will find the history of sculpture in her blood and liquify it. In Phanos Kyriacou's collection, pottery rejects come across as poetry. Rosalind Nashashibi blinds objects of desire with wit, with their own power to enchant. 'Anything that bends light is a lens. All sorts of things bend light. Anything with mass. You do. I do. The Earth is a lens. My slippers are too.' – claims Aditya Mandayam, who travelled around and across the Earth to meet himself in various guises of unrecognisability. One of these guises is a yoghurt sculpture composed of three different types of yoghurt.

Alex Bailey shrugs and tells a different story on a similar matter (or substance). Before Gintaras Didžiapetris became an object of archaeology of the future, he took photos of a city on the other side of the Hudson River.

Phanos Kyriacou's sculpture of light is not so heavy – almost the same weight as a hallway furniture piece by Liudvikas Buklys, which is based on the measurements of the indica cannabis plant. Sasha Suhareva makes her own mirrors based on ancient formulas that refract abstraction and narcissism. As one approaches, they dim.

A robot reprogrammed by Liudvikas Buklys wanders like a character from an infinite screensaver, occasionally shouting out names people have given to it. One can hear it in the background of the conversation that Eduardo Costa is conducting in the language of the birds that land every day on his balcony in Buenos Aires.

From Uruguay there are two canvases that Eduardo Costa produced in 1987 as a response to Fontana's cuts. And a 'life-size' Pinocchio (or Burattino) has been crafted by a carpenter at the gallery, as requested by Darius Mikšys.

Elizabeth Hoak-Doering has taken an artwork's point of view to write a guide to the exhibition as well as to draw the artwork for the poster. A limited edition of the catalogue of the exhibition will be released in the form of home-made lenses by Aditya Mandayam.

'Anna O's face-blindness extended to flowers, she was able to see a rose (nose) but never the whole bouquet, hers was therefore trans-species blindness and only poetry could catch up with her later: Kurt Schwitters's Anna Blume poem is actually a poem about Alice and Anna debating how practical it would be to have a face where things could be switched up a bit, otherwise how would you recognise anybody?' – Uljana Wolf continues.



TRAGIC HEROES

The 11th Baltic Triennial of International Art
MINDAUGAS TRIENNAL
08 August – 09 September 2012

Curated by Defne Ayas, Benjamin Cook, Ieva Misevičiūtė, Michael Portnoy

Tragic Heroes will unfold as a sequence of short dynamic units on stage – tableaux vivants, living sculptures, and short acts. In the development of her work, Warlop gives her imagination free reign. We can expect hairy creatures without a face, headless women, giant men's trousers and awkward conversations between body parts. In *Tragic Heroes* Warlop unleashes a string of strong, free-standing images that together conjure up a singular world. Warlop is a visual artist turned theatre maker. In her current work she's exploring ways to cross-breed visual art and the stage, through the presentation format itself.





Miet Warlop ° 1978

Lives and works in Brussels and Ghent

Master Degree In Visual Arts from Kask School of Arts, Belgium

AWARDS AND SELECTIONS

- 2015 **Kontrapunkt Award for Best Performance**, Kontrapunkt Poland (Mystery Magnet)
- 2014 **Stückemarkt Award at Theatertreffen**, Berliner Festspiele (Mystery Magnet)
- 2010 **Selected for Theater Festival 2010** (Springville)
- 2010 **Award for Best Performance**, Kontrapunkt Poland (Grotehoop/Bergpropositions)
- 2004 **Young Theatre Award**, Taz, 2004 (Huilendhert/Aangeschotenwild)
- 2003 **Franciscus Pycke Award**, 2003 (Huilendhert/Aangeschotenwild)

PERFORMANCES

- 2018 **Big Bears Cry Too**, 45', Produced by Irene Wool Vzw and Het Paleis
- 2018 **Ghost Writer And The Broken Hand Break**, 50', Produced by Irene Wool Vzw and Ntgent
- 2016 **Amusement Park**, installation, Produced by Irene Wool Vzw and Arts Centre Vooruit Gent
- 2015 **Fruits Of Labor**, 60', Produced by Irene Wool Vzw and Gessnerallee, Zurich
- 2015 **The Violins**, 2015, 10', Produced by Irene Wool Vzw and Gessnerallee Zurich
- 2015 **Rocket**, 6', Produced by Irene Wool Vzw and Beursschouwburg Brussels
- 2014 **Dragging The Bone**, Solo Performance, 60', Produced by Irene Wool Vzw and Latitudes Contemporaines
- 2013 **The Big Bad Cold**, 15', Produced by Miet Warlop and Lisson Gallery London
- 2013 **The View**, 20', Produced by Miet Warlop and Lisson Gallery London
- 2012 **Mystery Magnet**, 60', Produced by Campo, Arts Centre Vooruit and Nxtstp, with the support of the Culture Programme of the European Union
- 2011 **Air Ruin**, Produced by Miet Warlop and Arts Centre Buda Act/Collection
- 2011 **Trailerpark**, Produced by We Love Productions, Kunstenfestivaldesarts, Campo and Arts Centre Vooruit
- 2010 **Talkshow**, Lecture Performance, Produced by Miet Warlop
- 2009 **Springville**, Produced by Arts Center Buda, Campo, Arts Center Vooruit, We Love Productions, Workspace Brussels, Festival Aan De Werf Utrecht
- 2005-2007 **Grote Hoop/Berg**, Produced by The Bank Victoria Ghent: Proposition 2 (2007): Reconstruction / Proposition 1 (2005): Reanimation
- 2005 **Herish The Cherries**, Produced by Miet Warlop and Arts Center Vooruit
- 2005 **Sportband / Afgetrainde Klanken**, Produced by Villanella, Arts Center Vooruit and Taz
- 2004 **Huilend Hert / Aangeschoten Wild**, Produced by Miet Warlop

EXHIBITIONS

- 2018 **The View and The Board**, Givenchy, Paris
- 2017 **Retrospective/marathon Mystery Magnet, Dragging the bone, Fruits of Labor**, Hau, Berlin
- 2017 **The Board**, nocturne Pol Bury, Bozar, Brussels
- 2017 **Nervous Pictures**, Palais de Tokyo, Paris
- 2017 **The Big Bad Cold**, Performatik, Beursschouwburg, Brussels 2017
- 2017 **Horse. A man, A woman, A desire for adventure**, opening Yves Klein, Bozar, brussels
- 2017 **Crumbling Down**, Performatik, Kaaithheater, Brussels
- 2017 **Amusement Park**, Vooruit, Ghent
- 2015 **Crumbling Down The Circle of My Iconoclasm**, Kiosk, Ghent
- 2015 **The Violins**, Station to Station, Barbican, London
- 2014 **Staging Interruptions (Stream of Life)**, Southard Reid, London
- 2013 **Fusiform GyruS**, Curated by Raimundas Malasauskas, Lisson Gallery, London
- 2012 **Hebbel Opening**, performance, Hau, Berlin
- 2012 **Tragic Heroes**, performance, Baltic Triennial, Vilnius
- 2011 **Extentions**, screening, Rotterdamse Schouwburg, Rotterdam
- 2011 **In the tradition of the Salon**, Museum M, Leuven
- 2011 **Springville**, S&L Institute for Contemporary Art, Johannesburg, Durban
- 2010 **Alligators**, De Appel, Amsterdam
- 2010 **Art Belge Contemporain**, Le Fresnoy, Tourcoing
- 2010 **Play The Life**, Electrified – S.M.A.K., Ghent, BE
- 2007 **Play The Life**, Videos And Actions, Lifefartfestival – Stuk, Leuven
- 2006 Video: **Striptease**, La Bâtie, Genève
- 2006 **Little Rudy**, Croxhapox, Ghent

SCENOGRAPHY (2000-2006)

- 2006 **Shaman**, Jan Devroede (Groenl), Ghent/Vooruit,
- 2005 **Banket**, Les Ballet C De La B, Ghent/Handelsbeurs
- 2005 **La Mancha**, Jef Lambrecht, Brussels/Kvs
- 2005 **La Mancha 2**, Jef Lambrecht, Brussels/Kvs
- 2004 **Hersenkronkels**, Antwerp/Arenbergshouwburg
- 2004 **Films**, Les Ballet C De La B, Paris
- 2004 **Caligula**, Ravenruel, Kortrijk/Theaterantigone
- 2003 **Holosofie**, Pietergenard, Oostend/Taz
- 2000 **Spa Bruis Festival**, Dominique Hoste, Ghent/Kopergieterij
- 2000 **Rijnzand**, Sam Bogaerts, Ghent/Theater De Waanzin