

UNE PLONGEE ANGOISSANTE AU-DELA DU NORMAL
AN AGONIZING PLUNGE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF NORMAL

Le Soir, Belgium, May 1994

Blending theater, dance and cinema, Wim Vandekeybus has never liked things simple. His performances have always defied classification. Auto-didact, he likes working with untrained people because of the spontaneity they offer. After "Her Body Doesn't Fit Her Soul", a magnificent piece in which the senses were explored, inspired by the integration into the company of two non-seeing dancers, he pursues that direction with "**Mountains Made of Barking**".

One walks in on a hallucinating universe, a stifling nightmare which one won't get out of until the end of the show. In this nightmare one finds images from the past; the words of Carlo, the old German friend who was at the source of "Immer das Selbe gelogen"; gestures from "Her Body..."; the attitudes of Saïd which reflect on the manner in which the other dancers move. One also finds the influence of Paul Bowles, who the choreographer went to Tangiers to meet. An ensemble of gestures, words, sounds from the world of Vandekeybus, who dives here like never before into the horror, the passion, the madness, the animal drive of man, for everyone to observe. "Mountains Made of Barking" is probably his darkest, most violent and animal-like creation. Because of that it is demanding for the audience, as it asks us to let ourselves be led under by what we usually try to stifle within ourselves.

Everything here is dealing with perceptions, and the sharper they become the more one distinguishes things that up until then remained unknown. Fascinating and terrifying. Always on the razor's edge, on the brink of the abyss. Like Saïd in his perpetual night, each evolves within a delicate equilibrium, not knowing if he will be the wolf or the lamb.

Jean-Marie Wynants