



MIET WARLOP GHOST WRITER AND THE BROKEN HAND BREAK

DO 15. JUNI 20:00

FR 16. JUNI 20:00

SZENE SALZBURG

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SALZBURG**

MIET WARLOP

GHOST WRITER AND THE BROKEN HAND BREAK

“What is your true matter of practice?” a ghost writer asked Miet Warlop once. “Electric jellyfish”, she said. “In transition. From tension to attention, from breathing to singing, from focus to staring, from staring to starring. Vibrating with the smallest detail in galaxy. And there is no frame to add, only gravity. In obeying its pull I will stick one of my hands to the heaven and the other one to the ground. My voice chords will tremble, but I will stay calm. My right ear will tune to the left, and my left one - to the right. Boundlessness will kick in. Without ever stopping the movement I will start singing songs you wrote about matters of life, death and shapeshifting. I will not be teaching wet plaster how to dry this time. Two or maybe more bodies will be spinning around their axis next to me, but keep in mind - it is not me who is in the center, neither you nor anyone else whose biography you wanted to use. Their speed will be different. They will be in all kinds of futures and pasts, making sounds with their instruments and tongues, all aligned with their feet. No culmination will clap on a horizon – the horizon is in circle too. When a time will come to stop, we will look at our own palms and break the spell of never- ending transition. The truth is always somewhere there.”

“What an odour of suggestions to follow,” the ghost-writer thought and went to write the songs. They turned out to be about illusion, perceptual gags, invisible break ups, self-optimisation, present and now that it all started, nowciousness. Nothing remained true to the cyclical order of things.

by Miet Warlop and Raimundas Malasauskas

“Every once in a while you can experience a performance reminiscent of a uniqueness often missed by so many others. *Ghost Writer & The Broken Hand Break* by Miet Warlop is one such anomaly. In experiencing this performance, something in your being is created and triggered, something that makes your heart beat just a bit faster - because you are not just a viewer, but also an active participant in its birth.”

Evelyne Coussens – De Theaterkrant.nl

Konzept & Regie: Miet Warlop

Performance: Wietse Tanghe, Joppe Tanghe, Miet Warlop

Musik: Pieter Demeester, Wietse Tanghe, Miet Warlop

Lyrics: Raimundas Malasauskas, Miet Warlop, Pieter De Meester

Technik & Produktion: Jesse De Roo, Thomas Vermaercke, Patrick Vanderhaegen

Soundtechnik: Bart Van Hoydonck

Lichtdesign: Henri Emmanuel Doublier

Kostüme: Karolien Nuyttens

Produktion: Miet Warlop/Irene Wool vzw & NTGent

Kontakt & Distribution: Frans Brood Productions

Mit Unterstützung von Flemish Authorities, City of Ghent, Actoral 17, Marseille. Dank an Carl Gydé, Jérôme Dupraz, Ian Gyselinck, Michiel Goedertier (LaRoy NV), Janis Van Heesbeke (ongezien), Maarten Van Cauwenberghe, Brahim Benhaddou, Seppe Cosyns, Elke Vanlerberghe, Niels Antonissen, Mathias Batsleer, Carla Beeckmans, Midas Heuvinck, Arno Truyens, Bennert Vancottem Mit Unterstützung von: Flemish Authorities, City of Ghent, Actoral 17, Marseille. Eine Koproduktion von Arts Centre Vooruit Gent, HAU Hebbel am Ufer Berlin.

Do 15. Juni
Fr 16. Juni
20:00

SZENE Salzburg
45 min
Textpassagen in Englisch
30/15 €

Artist Talk: 16. Juni, im Anschluss an die Vorstellung

mietwarlop.com

MIET WARLOP

GHOST WRITER AND THE BROKEN HAND BREAK

Break the hand break
Roll the wheels
Use them as a jacket
And hit the wall

Roll on
I do look forward
I love the past
Now sucks when you pull a dead end
And there's no ball to roll on

Suspended resolution
Like an eyelash in my cocktail
I was born in the shadow of my future self
Like an eyelash in my cocktail

Suspended in a flight of escape
Like an eyelash in my cocktail
Whose pedal is in my head
Like an eyelash in my cocktail

Round the sweat
Round the handrail
Like an eyelash in my cocktail

Falling high
Swinging in desire
Like an eyelash in my cocktail

Falling through
I feel unwired
Like an eyelash in my cocktail

In the middle of night
The middle of the middle
Like an eyelash in my cocktail

In the middle of night
The middle of the middle
Like an eyelash in my cocktail

Like a house without a door
Or a pimp without a whore
Like a bird without wings
Or a voice that never sings
Like a junk without drugs
Or a soldier without guns
Like a child without a mother
Or a sister without brother

I'm a living metaphor or
I'm a winner without score
I'm running in slow motion
I'm an oily oily lotion
Playing football without feet
Like a hand without a finger

Melting ice cube in the heat
Like a gun without a trigger

I'm the ending of eternity
I'm the border in infinity
Like a mirror without reflection
or a talk without connection

Absolute
Relativisation
Relative relative
Absolution

Well, take your moment
Where are you now
Everybody is watching
We are all around
This could be a remedy
We can't see an approaching enemy
Our body is an arrow
Pointing at the inside

Absolute
Relativisation
Relative relative
Absolution

I am a message in a bottle
Oil and numbers, all in water
Latex spirals, slips and slaps
Spilling lies and silent claps

And in the middle of the word
I slip and fall
Besides the world

So what's that word, what's that word?
To which I fall
Besides the world

I am a message in a bottle
Spilling ripples in your pocket
Floating freely in a spiral
I belong like a song to vinyl

To the moment of transition,
zero chance and hard decision

And in the middle
of the word
I slip and fall
Besides the world

So what's that word, what's that word?
To which I fall
Besides the world

To the moment of transition
Zero chance
Hard decision

To the moment of transition
Zero chance
Hard decision

And when your cigarette is out
I feel so lighter
Like without
Like without

Limits are your revelations
in infinity of spaces

I am a message
in a bottle
Spilling ripples
in your pocket
Floating freely
in a spiral
I belong
like a song
to vinyl

And in the middle
of the word
I slip and fall
Besides the world

So what's that word,
what's that word?
To which I fall
Besides the world

And when your cigarette is out
I feel so lighter

BIOGRAPHIE

Miet Warlop (°1978) is a Belgian visual artist born in Torhout. She lives and works between Ghent and Brussels. Miet Warlop holds a master's degree in Visual Arts from KASK, Ghent. For her graduation project *Huilend Hert, Aangeschoten Wild*, an 'inhabited installation consisting of six tableaux vivants and a crawling subject', she won the Franciscus Pycke Jury Award and the residence prize for Young Theatre Work 2004.

Festival Actoral. 17 (Marseille) invited Miet Warlop for "L'Objet des Mots", which resulted in a new project *Ghost Writer and the Broken Hand Break* – a production that premiered in September 2018 at NTGent (Ghent). Warlop cooperates with author and curator Raimundas Malasauskas and musician Pieter De Meester.

During the Covid lockdown, Miet Warlop started a series of online episodes titled *Slamming Doors*: a sitcom format that will function as a pleasure platform for the artist practice, collaborations, sources, and open talks ... A series of episodes has been produced to go against the age-old niche thinking about art and experiencing art, gradually gaining popularity, and transcend the live performance's momentum.

Moreover, Miet Warlop / Irene Wool has developed the idea to create an online platform to share a live database with archive material with a glimpse into the daily artist practice.

In autumn 2021, Miet Warlop is revisiting the twelve-year-old piece *Springville* under the new title *After All Springville*. Warlop commemorates her much-loved piece in a new era and repositions the work within her oeuvre. The revival mixes an existing show (*Springville*) and an installation (*Amusement Park*) into a new whole and premiered in August 2021 at the Internationales Sommerfestival Kampnagel (Hamburg).

Miet Warlop / Irene Wool created *ONE SONG : Histoire(s) du Théâtre IV* (NTGent, 2022) in 2022, as the fourth director to accept the NTGent commission. *ONE SONG* premiered beginning of July at Festival d'Avignon. She is also researching on her new production, *Delirium*, in collaboration with Kunstenfestivaldesarts and Kaaitheater. *Delirium* will premiere in Spring 2025.

SOMMERSZENE 2023 **PERFORMING ARTS**
FESTIVAL **12-24. JUNI**
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