

A dressing of gestures

The lighting by Caty Olive bewitches *BASCULE*, the first collective work by David Wampach. Some clothing seems painted on the skin of his three dancers, although naked. A sensual contradiction slips by there, which grates against the gaze and makes dreaming of the same gestures like another genre of habits. For the duration of one hour, the cadence and monotone sound methodologically evokes other dissociations. Although obstinately simple, marked – balances, inversions – the gestures vibrate at the extreme opposite of nature. *BASCULE* provokes a quality of small vertigos, and opens from the micro empty spaces, that aspire to the spirit with tenacity. This strange, unique taste continues for a longtime to nag at the back of the head, until well after the end of the performance. Masterful and courageous, it astonishingly awakens upon innovating and fertile interpretations of principles that one has too quickly and crudely exhausted (the nudity, the masculine-feminine, the construction of the gaze, etc.)

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