

# Viereinhalb Sätze

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MIET WARLOP TRIPTYCH

writing by Sasha Amaya

Miet Warlop: Mystery Magnet. 16.09.17., Berlin Art Week, HAU2, Berlin.

It is clear that something has gone terribly wrong, but then, like a green balloon suspended in the air, we remember it's fun. Weaponised, the cruel jeers of skinny legs prove bullies can make beauty, the most of beautiful of gases, the heart of dog — still, it's important to take care of the things we love. A small stool, a precious companion. Slapped in the face by the perversity of the equestrian, untenable legs, things take a turn for the worse when we lose our protagonist... process is product, medium is messy, but Germany (Berlin? the art audience?) titters at the crucifixion, nervous, titillated, uneasy. Inflatable heads bellow harmonies before everything lies still as ash... who will sing to us now?

Miet Warlop: Dragging the Bone. 16.09.17., Berlin Art Week, HAU3, Berlin.

The intercom speaks, and I learn some lessons first: humour, it turns out, is the old word for human (did you know!?), so that when we say the « human race » we might as well say « humour race » or « humour resources », for that matter, or acknowledge, as we must, that « we are all just humour after all ». Equipped with this fundamental but largely forgotten knowledge, I learn a few more things: the power of light, the inexhaustible power of creation, and the ability of clay to teach us about the ability of time. The fascination with watching is extreme, even gripping: as clay hardens, worlds are born and smashed and born again. And yet, perhaps the miniskirt, in all its gypsum force, teaches us the bluntest lesson about the laughable constructions we create amongst one another. Height, flexibility, core strength -- time, impossibility, darkness!

Miet Warlop: Fruits of Labor. 16.09.17., Berlin Art Week, HAU1, Berlin.

Sound stretches and doubles over me, inflates my ears, plumps my heart, lanky boys swoop and slide on stage, notes are embellished with our most cherished musical tropes: haircuts, glittering women, the look of the lucky ingenue! A rock cord is played... forever... but the question persists: what is trapped inside a song? An investigation is necessary, precarious, methodologies from incarnation to forensics are deployed as the stage and its players are mobilized, deconstructed, repositioned, and decorated — it's such great fun! The lick of hot lights and the thrill of my heart lead to different discoveries as the crowd leaps to its feet, terrified, happy, and touched. Mind refastened on the object of the concert.