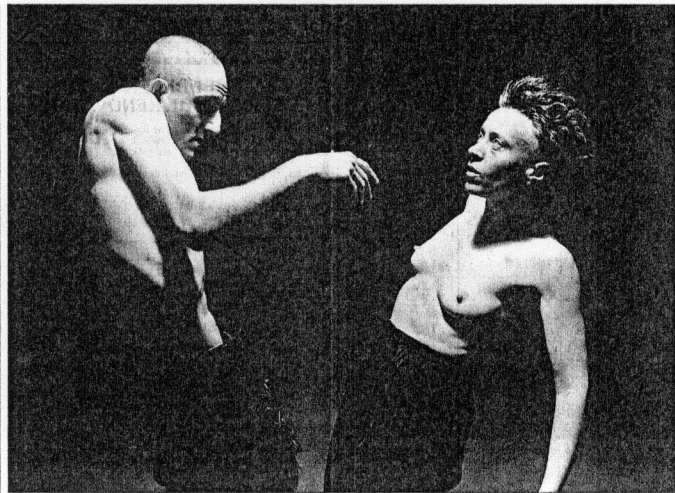


## KULTUR & DEBAT

KULTUR



Stuart Lynch og Tess de Quincey skjuler mere end de afdækker i Identity. - Foto: Freddy Tornberg

### Zombier i mørket

Stærk Butohdans i krydsfeltet mellem liv og død

■ DANS

Nationalmuseet: Identity. Koreografi og dans: Tess de Quincey og Stuart Lynch. Lys: Frands Christiansen. Lyd: Peter Kyed. Video: Hungry Dog, Video Subver- tigo, Carmen Olssen. Til 2711.

LARGER THAN LIFE toner huller frem oppe på lærredet som et menende var-tegn. Omgivet af hofteskålens knokkelskygger er det selve livets åbnings, men samtidig den mørkede kanal, som vi ryger ud gennem, hinsides.

Det er i den passage, Identity udspringer sig, en butoh-multimedia-performance, skabt af englenderne Tess de Quincey og Stuart Lynch. To skaldede eksistenser med sorte jakker og indadvendte blikke, lige så krovragede som den identi-tet de søger at trænge ind til benet af.

Bag dem slår eksistensen

kors for sig. En søjle af vand strømmer ned fra oven for at krydeses af en tværgående strøm. Et krydsfelt af ener-gier, liv kontra død, kvinde kontra mand samt videobil-ledeets groft skulpturelle flader kontra kroppens dunkle mikroliv.

Identity foregår i halv-mørket med et ekko af dump klokkeklang, som var døden det faste grundlag for livsudfølelsen. Et aflangt stykke plastik på gulvet ud-gør den snævre grav, som de to dødelige må kante sig omkring, men bliver snart løftet op, slynget rundt og vredt ud af facon, for at genopstå som gennemsigtig regnfrakke. Ligesom de mørke jakker afskastes som en ansværende haan for at åbenbare et stykke med vidtloftige maver, kriblende rygge, antenne-arme eller andre sævre former for liv.

Transformationer er, lige-som i al butohdans, det, det handler om. En stadig kæde af forvandlinger, af figurer, kroppele, tilstande, ofte med en nærmest uopdensen-le kredsen som var der tale

om en demonstration af butoh-teknik (de Quincey har utvilsomt en exceptionel teknik). Men samtidig skrider Identity også frem med skarpe brud fra sekvens til sekvens, ligesom lydskidens stadigt skiftende transistor-skrat. Tilværelsen er som en evig pendlen rundt i for-søget på at stille ind på den rigtige kanal.

DET HAR forestillingen i sig selv svært ved. Zapper-formen er klart nok en kon-sekvens af et zappende liv, men de enkelte billeder kommer snarere til at udvis-ke end uddybe hinanden. Sådant er det måske i livet, men nu er det engang kunst, vi har at gøre med. Så da manden i regnfrak-ken, med de ædlere dele ta-pet fast til læret griber om mikrofonen for at give et bud på HVORFOR de to roder rundt som butoh-zom-bier i mørket, virker det ik-ke bare som et skægt ind-slag, men også som under-stregning af, at Lynch og de Quincey i deres forsøg på at trænge ind til benet, med et

overbud af ideer kommer til at skjule mere end de af-dækker.

Less is more, ikke mindst når man har så meget at hyde på. To stærke perfor-mere, hvor de Quinceys ud-tryksfulde blanding af sår-tyd og sejhed er godt match-et med Lynchs mere rastløst udførende provogemyt. Og Identity er i mange her-seender rigere på billeder, ideer og bevægelsesmateriale end den danske standard-ware. Frem for alt er det velgørende at mærke, at der virkelig er noget på spil, an-det end økonomi og salgbar-hed.

De Quincey har for år til-bage været del af den hjem-lige dansescene (Rhea Le-mans The Ladies) og har nu sammen med Lynch, efter et årelangt arbejde i Japan hos butoh-mesteren Min Tanaka, etableret en base herhjemme. Med Identity som første livstegn, kan de forhåbentlig sammen med andre spirende kræfter væ-re med til at skabe grøde i det uindpante landskab.

MONNA DITHMER

POLITIKEN-24 NOVEMBER 1994

### ZOMBIES IN THE DARK

Strong Butoh dance in the cross-field between life and death

LARGER THAN LIFE a hole looms up out of the video screen as an emphatic landmark. It is surrounded by the bone shadows of the pelvic basin and is the very opening of life but at the same time the canal of darkness that we are flushed out through and beyond.

It is in this passage 'identity' is enacted, a butoh multimedia performance created by Tess de Quincey and Stuart Lynch. Two bald existences with black jackets and introspective gaze, as bare as the identity they are trying to penetrate to the bone.

Behind them the cross of existence is struck. A column of water streams down from above to be crossed by a transverse stream. A cross-field of energies, life versus death, woman versus man and the roughly sculpted expanses of the video images versus the body's obscure microlife.

Identity takes place in half-darkness with the hollow echo of clanging bells as if affirming death as the firm basis for the development of life. An oblong piece of plastic on the ground makes up a narrow grave that the two mortals corner around, then lifted up, slung around and wrung out of shape it is resurrected along with transparent raincoats. The dark jackets, like a constricting skin, are cast-off to reveal a composition with details of the stomach, squirming backs, antenna arms or other strange forms for life.

Transformations are, as in all butoh dance, what it is all about. A constant chain of transmutations, of figures, body parts, states, often with almost over-elaborate detail as if this were a demonstration of butoh-technique (de Quincey has undeniably an exceptional technique). But at the same time Identity also proceeds forward with sharp breaks from sequence to sequence, similar to the continuous shifting of the sound's transistor static. Existence is like an eternal pendulation attempting to tune into the right channel.

It is precisely this that the performance has difficulties with. Although the zapping breaks of form are clearly enough a consequence of a zapping life, the individual images come closer to erasing rather than enhancing each other. Maybe it is like this in daily life, but here we are dealing with art. So when the man in the raincoat with his private parts taped onto his thigh, grasps the microphone to comment on WHY the two of them are wandering around like butoh zombies in the dark, it doesn't just function as an amusing interlude, but also underlines how Lynch and de Quincey in their attempt to get to the bone with an overflow of ideas actually come to hide more than they reveal.

Less is more, not less when one has so much to offer. Two strong performers where de Quinceys expressive mixture of delicacy and toughness is a good match for Lynchs more restless and outgoing provocative temperament. And Identity is in many respects richer in images, ideas and movement material than the danish standard-ware. More than anything else, it's refreshing to feel that there really is something at stake other than economy and saleableness.

De Quincey has in years previous been a part of the local danish dance scene (Rhea Lemans The Ladies) and has now together with Lynch, after many years of work in Japan with Butoh master Min Tanaka, established a base here. With Identity as the first sign of life, the two can hopefully together with other spiring forces create a growth in an otherwise impoverished landscape.

MONNA DITHMER