

WIM VANDEKEYBUS OPENS SCENE SALZBURG (Festival)  
**ABOUT BEING YOUNG, ABOUT BEING OLD, AND ABOUT THE WEIGHT OF LIFE**

Wim Vandekeybus is becoming reflective. Things that in his previous pieces seemed exclusively wild and daring now have a message, as shown in Thursday's premiere of the dance drama *Always the Same Lies*.

With the 80-minute premiere of *Always the Same Lies* Scene Salzburg opened its summer festival Thursday (ends August 24). For this program director Michael Stolhofer has attracted "old" Scene friends with the theme "the recognition of the foreign bodies." This year choreographers who are all searching for new dramaturgy, context and form can be observed in their quest.

Wim Vandekeybus has retained his trademark. He still forces acrobatic body action. His unusual dancers, three women, four men, and Vandekeybus himself, work with knee and arm pads. They throw themselves like a flash to the floor and jump up again unexpectedly, both one at a time and in groups. The more people are involved, the more brilliant the entanglement becomes. Wim Vandekeybus knows, however, that such an seemingly destructive tour de force cannot fill an entire evening. Skillfully he intersperses hazardous action, this time with brown eggs on which people balance and which are tossed like balls from one to the other.

What is amazing this time is the seriousness and thoughtfulness which weave throughout this new piece. The young Vandekeybus made the acquaintance of an old man, an artist from Hamburg, and has obviously had a critical look at youth, age, and the weight of life. In the beginning of *All the Same Lies* the dancers watch a film of the 88-year-old Carlo Verrano. In the following scenes one can recognize an analysis of aging and the loneliness of old age in the dramatic and musical conglomeration (language and rousing jazz by Peter Vermeerch).

The never-ending energy of youth, demonstrated in the crashing handstands, receives a new status. Radical ruthlessness conflicts with a reflective softness. At the end this sentence is uttered: "This hour with you was my most beautiful in fifteen years." This may have been said by Carlo Verrano, and this may have touched Wim Vandekeybus deeply. It works.

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July 20, 1991