

## Atelier

A number of spectators on the tiered seating bank opposite us are in stitches. Others don't move a muscle; they haven't got a clue what's going on. What are they doing, those three bizarre individuals who don't say a word apart from *moules frites*, mumbled by one of them while carting around a bowl full of fake mussels topped with a fat, fake French fry?

Why do they start by laying the planks down on the ground, but so awkwardly that they end up with a precarious, higgledy-piggledy wooden floor over which they constantly come and go? Why are they moving such an assortment of objects, throwing them down on the wooden floor and covering it until it resembles a giant rubbish tip? Why are they going to so much trouble to build a plastic door which they then step through ecstatically as if stepping into another world? Why does the material offer so much resistance? Why do they remind us of Laurel and Hardy with those endless, cheap gags which are all the funnier because we see them coming? And also of Buster Keaton, with the sadness that emanates from all the commotion, from all the fruitless and derisory effort? Why the occasional poetic moments – the bird song, the thoughtful gesture on the part of the fat, bearded man who discreetly tries to cover the top of his pal's buttocks when he bends over?

And did we dream it, or did we really see those three men conjure up fleeting images of *chefs-d'oeuvre*: Breugel's line of blind men, David's Marat in the bathtub, Magritte's pipe, Marcel Duchamp's urinal and so on and so forth? Are we to understand that man is simply chaos creating chaos, capable only of having the occasional perfect forms emerge, as if by accident?

Once again the Flemish collectives tg STAN, de KOE and Maatschappij Discordia have come up with an unconventional show of clockwork precision, which, behind its grotesque exterior, says as much as a play by Brecht...

Jean-Luc Porquet, Le Canard Enchaîné