

**MIET
WARLOP**



**INHALE
DELIRIUM
EXHALE**

Turning Miles of Silk Into a Theatrical Spectacle

Miet Warlop's work is visually breathtaking, but the Belgian theater artist ponders deep questions beneath the showy displays. By Alex Marshall

LUXEMBOURG — Over 2,100 yards of blue, white and gold silk cascaded from the ceiling of the Grand Theater of the City of Luxembourg here recently, flowing to the floor like a waterfall. Performers thrashed underneath a vast silken sheet that looked like a stormy sea. Cannons shot balls of the lustrous fabric that unfurled midair before landing to leave the stage covered in multicolored ribbons.

This was "Inhale Delirium Exhale," a show by the Belgian theater artist Miet Warlop, in which performers manipulate almost four miles of silk onstage.

Warlop's visual extravaganza has been wowing audiences on a tour across Europe since May. But the artist said in an interview that there was much more to her performances than mere spectacle. "Inhale Delirium Exhale," she said, was an attempt to represent the mental processes at work when we struggle to cope with personal anxieties or world events.

Such pressures sometimes overwhelm us, she said. In the show, performers, said Warlop, try to control the silk, yet the fabric often seems to have a life of its own, wrapping itself around them or slipping from their grasp. It may be a "super visual" show, Warlop said, as many critics have noted. But, in the end, she said, "you've got to feel emotion."

"Inhale Delirium Exhale" still has dates ahead in cities like Madrid; Porto, Portugal; and Nantes, France; and Warlop will also tour two other shows — "After All Springville" and "One Song" — around Europe this spring. Her unusual visual style came to even wider attention when she presented work at this year's Venice Biennale, an honor usually reserved for artists who present their work in galleries rather than theaters.

In Venice, Warlop will present the performance "IT NEVER SSSST," in which singers and musicians will ritualistically move and destroy plaster casts of words. The jury that chose Warlop said in a statement that the high-octane perfor-

mance would have a "rock 'n' roll spirit" and capture the chaotic state of the world in a real and visceral way.

This looks set to be a banner year for Warlop, who has worked a decade or more toward such success.

The daughter of an art therapist mother and an accountant father, Warlop grew up in Torhout, a town in western Belgium. She studied art at the Royal Academy of Fine Arts in Ghent, where her teachers pushed her to experiment with different media.

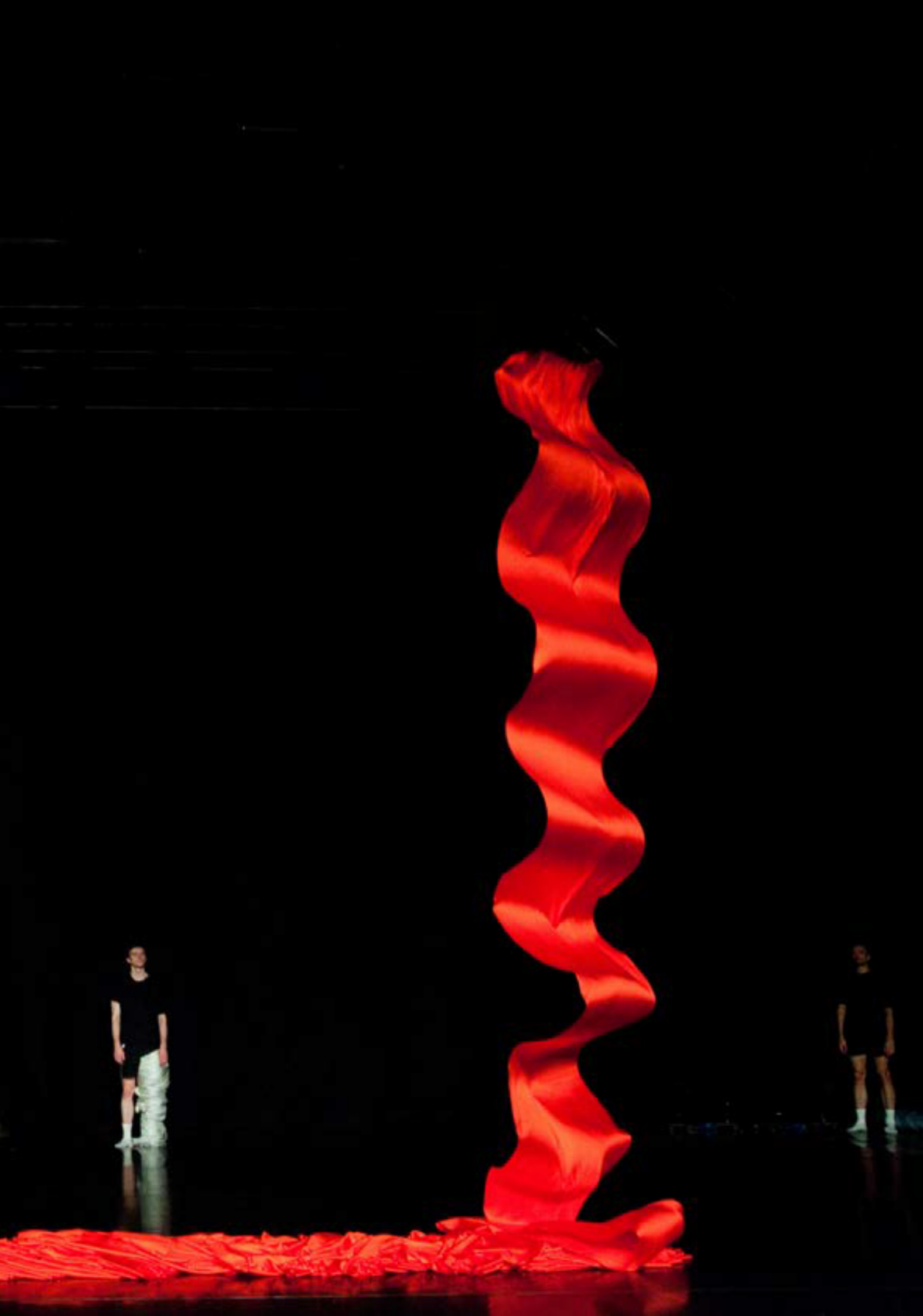
For her graduation project in 2003, Warlop staged a series of scenes with actors, including one in which a woman cried continuously while sitting on a huge pile of used tissues. Although she had created it for a fine arts course, it won a Belgian theater prize, and soon Warlop was staging similarly innovative, sometimes surreal, works across Europe.

Milo Rau, a Swiss theater director who commissioned several works from Warlop when he ran the NTGent playhouse in Belgium, said that Warlop's visual style made avant-garde ideas appeal to a wide variety of theatergoers — whether "children of 6 or someone in their 80s."

That was true of "One Song," Rau said, a piece that he commissioned from Warlop that went on to be a breakout production at the 2022 Avignon Festival. In that show, musicians in sports gear exercised while performing a song about grief. The band's singer ran on a treadmill; the violinist played while walking precariously along a balance beam; the double bassist did crunches as he plucked. Behind them, a group of performers, dressed as rabbit fans, cheered and booed. "One Song" received ecstatic reviews that often focused on the high-energy performances. Writing in *The New York Times*, the critic Laura Cappelle called "One Song" "loud, preposterous and extremely entertaining."

But Warlop said there was something deeper under the show's surface. It was a response to her brother's suicide, she said, that argued society, like a sports team, was united by losing rather than winning.





When she turned to the theme of inner turmoil for “Inhale Delirium Exhale,” Warlop said, she had been thinking about Baroque paintings that use billowing cloth as a metaphor for the turbulence of time, as well as images from old movies of women walking on the beach in billowing silk dresses.

“Let’s take this lame thing — this drapage, this covering the body with silk — and try to make it something mental,” Warlop recalled thinking. Realizing that ambition, however, proved a challenge.

Her budget didn’t stretch to buying miles of expensive fabric, so she first persuaded Hermès, the luxury fashion brand known for its silk scarves, to send her some of its unused material. The rolls that arrived were about 35 inches wide, so Warlop and a team stitched them together to make vast flags and sheets. As she then tried to create scenes with the material, Warlop said, she realized that “if the silk falls to the floor in one second,” so she had to develop ways to keep it moving for a longer time. In the final 50-minute show, six performers and four offstage technicians suspend the silk from lighting rigs and animate it with wind machines and other devices so that the fabric is in constant motion.

Even after the show’s premiere, Warlop said, its development wasn’t over. When her team first used the cannons to shoot balls of silk into the air with weights attached to make them unfurl, some flew dangerously close to the audience and had to be altered on the spot, theater administrators worried because the silk was flammable, so she and her team had to un-stitch all the cloth, get it treated with flame retardant and put it back together. Warlop’s spectacles are always visually stunning, but they are also a chance to confront big questions, she said: “Why are we so lonely? Why are we afraid? How can we find each other? How can we have joy?” Searching for those answers doesn’t have to look dull, she added: “Why would we make work if it was boring?”

By Alex Marshall
New York Times 2026



AFTER ALL SPRINGVILLE DISASTERS AND AMUSEMENT PARKS

Misery is the river of the world, Everybody
row! Tom Waits

In Springville the decor comes to life in and around a cardboard house of a man who is everyone and nobody. Right in front of the audience a succession of strange creatures meet: a set table with women's legs and stiletto heels instead of table legs, a walking and 'jumping' electrical cabinet, a mysterious, rattling and sniffing moving box, a modal jogger but with a very long body and a total size of nearly two and a half meters. One by one they go on, after which it's the turn of the house's downfall. On the basis of this contemporary performance, we analyze in what follows how artists can teach us something about today's catastrophic thinking.

The Wonderful Warlop World: Slapstick with the chaotic order of things.

Miet Warlop studied 3D/multimedia at the Royal Academy of Fine Arts (KASK) of the Hogeschool Gent and won in 2003 with her graduation project Huilend Hert/Aangeoten Wild Theater aan Zee in Ostend. Afterwards she made Sportband/Trained Sounds. She worked for two years at the studio project De Bank van theaterhuis Victoria in Ghent, where she realized Grote Hoop/Berg: a series of city performances and two solos. With Springville, Warlop not only omits the ambiguity in the titles of her work for a moment, she also makes the transition from performance to a theatre performance of which she is both director and actress in a company of six, with two technicians.

Starting from the title one might think that Warlop wants to refer to the film Dogville by Lars von Trier because it brings a play in the film medium of film, while Springville actually brings a silent film in the medium of theatre. Despite this, Warlop, with the title Springville, mainly wants to refer to a place that is everywhere and nowhere, like there are countless anonymous villages with the same name in the U.S., or like the now infamous Springfield from The Simpsons. Or closer to home: just like every Flemish village has or had its café De Sportvriend or Het Hoekske. With this Warlop emphasizes not only that the catastrophe makes no distinction in race, gender or origin and can therefore strike anywhere, but also that fate from an individual point of view does not necessarily have to be a world disaster. The universal is in the concrete; As we all know, the small, private sorrow, the personal gravitationbreakdown, is often

a true disaster that can turn our entire world upside down.

With Springville, Warlop is actually doing in the theatre what an earthquake does to a city, or a hurricane with a park: the order of things is totally mixed up and chaos is replaced by a new and meaningful regularity. During a studio conversation Warlop showed a book with photographs that testified of the passage of catastrophes; A car stands upright, with the front facing the sky, against the side of a house. A burnt-out banquet hall was decorated with bizarre, lush patterns on the initially white, boring walls by the flushing water that drained away. A chair that stood neatly in the garden now stands on the roof. The blossoming tree from the front garden is in the bedroom. A flooded holiday home was transformed by the sudden freezing cold into a snow-white palace of snow, rhyme and ornate ice cones, etc. In this rearrangement Warlop finds playful poetry and a transversal beauty. This aesthetic also serves as a starting point for an experiment with materials, objects and her own structures. During the creation process she is not guided by big ideas or overarching schemes. On the contrary: from one thing to the next, with trail and error she and others work together step by step to create something that is worth watching and keeping watching. This way she arrives at sketches that attract the full attention but for which you don't have a ready-made label. They are now like that but they could just as well have been completely different. In Springville these sketches were brought together in a certain order and within the time frame of a performance they form an imaginative story.

What is striking from the beginning of the performance, and what also makes it special, is the systematic reversal in which the props seem to come to life and play the piece, while the actors take on the role of extras or set pieces. When the audience enters, it sees only a large cardboard house at the centre of the scene. The performance begins without the room light being extinguished. A long plume of plastic smoke appears from the chimney of the house. Suddenly, a man in a suit throws a grey garbage bag through the window with the necessary grace. A little later, a brown packaging box walks on two legs from behind the house and sniffs it into that garbage bag with a round paper mailer tube that is pushed between the folds of the closure of the box. The first character seems to have appeared only now; an indefinable and intangible thing, possibly a metaphor for vermin, or a homeless, or a forgotten storage box full of neglected things and memories, the excluded

'other' in his abstract self, a reincarnation of our waste, the revolt of the packaging, and at the same time nothing of this. The box' is more like a figure from a comic strip or an animation film than a character from a piece. But just like the other figures in the performance, it has its own sensitivities and character. The 'man' returns a number of times and thus keeps the story between the figures going. Suddenly, he walks through the improvised door of the house, positions himself in front of the audience and ostentatiously starts reading a newspaper. When the newspaper opens, of which we only get to see the back and on which nothing is printed, the tune of the once very popular TV series *The A Team* starts playing. The sigh of the media for sensation and spectacle is so aptly portrayed without words. When the box looks up the man with the newspaper, and the life of every day calls him to order, he knows no answer at all. With socially adapted aggression, to put it that way, the cause of the unrest is efficiently removed. The next time the man storms outside, he collects the figures for a group photo; the tried and tested social ritual that serves as a substitute for a sense of belonging or as a surrogate for comfort and love. Moreover, the camera is mounted on a glitzy, remotely-piloted off-road vehicle, so that it represents, among other things, one of those latest gadgets that always perform as well as neutral subject of conversation at family parties. The last time the man comes up, it is to manually saw the jogging giant that just dived through the window of the house in two. The result is a *sujet barré*, but literally. The other, one might think, has to be castrated because he threatens to confront us with a way of being that is not ours, and with which we consequently know no advice and have no place at all. Or worse: the other person must be destroyed because otherwise, sooner or later, he could steal our pleasure.

After all the figures have undergone their personal catastrophe (the electrical cabinet continues to fire; the table set finally kneels and crashes; the box smokes, falls over and crashes; half the bottom of the jogger runs to crash against the wall) and when the man hangs out of the window for death, the global catastrophe looms from all sides at the same time. A smoldering cloud sizzles under the house like a poisonous lava stream. From behind the house a gigantic air pocket is blown up, which lifts up the house like a plastic tsunami and sets it blank. Then the house simply falls apart into two pieces, leaving only a fragile polystyrene inside in the same shape. In the first performance at Buda Kortrijk this black fairy tale ends with the melting of this inside like an iceberg but in an ammonia bath. Because of the strict

safety standards of our theatre houses, Warlop had to provide an alternative for this in later revivals; the house implodes as it does with the last destructive shock of an atomic bomb blast. This stunt sometimes turned out to be a bit of a nuisance during the later revivals, so that the end was somewhat lacking in its appearance as the end. The question can be asked, however, whether a catastrophe can fail and thus whether the failure of the representation of the final catastrophe is not just a good end?

Theatre as a performance of fragile attractions

There is a lot to say about Warlop's artistic method. For example, just as today's post-cinema often returns to the time before the classical narrative film, back to the amazement for the new of early cinema, so Warlop's wordless movement theatre also returns somewhat to the time before the text theatre. Not to the spectacle of variety, but to the world of silent film. Warlop mediates the experiment with effects and tricks of early cinema, in which showing the "filmed" was more important than telling a story. There she shows things that act directly on the viewer, make them amaze, without the detour of text. Springville clearly has something filmic and is related to the slapstick à la Buster Keaton: physical sketches with a wink, a game of action and reaction in which one looks for the irony and emotion contained in the collision, the falling and falling over, the striking quarrel in which cakes are thrown and the pursuit, on foot, on horseback or by car.

Warlop does not bring a dramatic and noisy stage, but tries to inspire us for the logic that is contained in the course of simple things, such as the toppling over of a pile of buckets. Through an improper use of things, independently of the concrete plans we have with them and regardless of their usual functions, their usefulness and the accompanying instructions for use, Warlop can surprise with a frivolous play of forms. The figures she created are not readable prayer cards but autonomous appearances that captivate us about what they do, rather than what they could mean. Despite his hilarious moments, Springville is not a comedy either. In fact, it tells a very serious story. It presents a successive death struggle that the audience should watch out for completely. Yet this does not result in horror: as with slapstick, very bad things happen but nobody dies. 'Pain that does not matter', as Warlop likes to call it. And as in cartoons, we see how banal things are transformed into something impossible; they are lifted out of their handles and then just there to be, hang or stand. It is this force that effortlessly holds the viewer's attention,

on, lifts us up, and at times makes us wonder what we are actually doing all these godly days or sometimes make us so busy.

The fascination of the slapstick in Springville is made possible by at least three special strategies. The first is fictionalization. Because Warlop mainly does not want to bring any actual representation, the staged game is disconnected from our daily reality. The fiction that replaces it, however, offers an ideal diversion to feed back to everyday life from a sufficient distance. Along the way, expectation patterns are pierced or evidences are put in jeopardy in a way that the viewer can hardly miss. As with animated films, fiction is sometimes the quickest way to say something about the real world.

Secondly, humor. Warlop confronts the catastrophe without raised fingers, world-enhancing preaching or complaining. Irony and even hauberk are given the forefront so that the performance finds direct access to its audience. As with stand-up, humor is an instrument to avoid censorship and self-censorship, to say wrong things correctly, and especially to put seriousness into perspective and disarm drama. Finally, the distinct performance quality. Warlop manages to hold the attention of her audience because the staged sketches clearly arise here and now and can actually go wrong at any moment. When, for example, the covered table in front of the audience slowly sinks through its legs, the audience mainly looks at the reactions of the other audience; Who laughs? Who will collect the coffee bag? And does anyone dare to save the uncorked bottle of champagne? The fragile performance character of the sketches, which for example evoke the same tension as a magic trick or a circus act, is magnified in Springville by the absence of the classical theatre context: there are no curtains to hide something behind, the light stays on in the hall, there is no music that plays the emotions, no beautifying lighting effects, etc. The sketches are naked in a bare room. The only effect that can be seen comes from the figures themselves. Or the reacting audience.

The specific live aspect of Springville, which Warlop has a good command of, as a performance artist, actually puts the performance in a whole new perspective. Rather than wanting to capture the momentary or the passing of time, for example, or confront the viewer with an angular presence, she plays with the risk that the sketches may also go wrong. By drawing attention to the stunt-content, Warlop manages to avoid the "look-at-me" attitude that is unfortunately common to many performance artists. The performance remains exciting, partly because it is not covered. The outcome is uncertain, the actions fragile.

And it is precisely in this fragility that Springville finds a critical, even a political potential. After all, this light but solid performance does not want to make or explain anything but simply to show something, without moralism or historical ballast. It shows the fragility of everyday figures and contrasts it with the violence of destruction. Springville is not so much political because, as a fleeting work of art, it cannot be sold and therefore cannot be recuperated by the art market, but because it puts the uncertainty of our lives on stage and focuses its nullity in the light of the apocalyptic.

Springville is therefore not only extremely relevant to today's catastrophe because it puts a multi-part image of the catastrophe on stage, but especially to the way in which this is done. With the precarious nature of the attractions in the performance that this performance essentially still is, Warlop indirectly shows her audience two crucial things at the same time. On the one hand she emphasizes the vulnerability and instability of our contemporary culture. And that this in itself is actually very expensive. Culture is a temporary staging, a construction that inevitably falls short and can be wiped out in this way. Away. This insight thwarts contemporary self-satisfaction, the misplaced consumption ideology that everything is ultimately renewable and replaceable, and the denial logic that a lot is currently going wrong and that we urgently need to do something about it before it is really too late. On the other hand, Springville's sketches emphasize the artificial character of our global culture: fake, cardboard and plastic. Which also means that things should not necessarily be as they are. We can change them if we want to.

Extract from text by Robrecht Vanderbeeken, 2010







**ONE SONG :
HISTOIRE(S)
DU THEATRE
IV**

With ONE SONG, the Belgian visual artist Miet Warlop is creating the 4th part in the series 'Histoire(s) du Théâtre' at the invitation of the Belgian city theatre NTGent.

What is your history as a theatre maker? At the invitation of the Belgian city theatre NTGent, Miet Warlop formulates an answer as only she can. In the long running series 'Histoire(s) du Théâtre' she is the fourth director to accept the challenge of a creation in which present, past and future meet each other in an inspiring way – after Milo Rau, Faustin Linyekula and Angélica Liddell.

ONE SONG - Histoire(s) du Théâtre IV is set in the unique universe of Warlop. A group of performers enters the arena for a mesmerizing ritual about farewell, life and death, hope and resurrection. Together they go through extremes: through sung text, images and objects, oxygen and sweat, they evoke our 'condition humaine'. Again and again, someone stands up to push their boundaries. They defy time and give expression to a deep human need: the moment when we can transcend our thinking body.

In ONE SONG, a co-production of NTGent and Miet Warlop / Irene Wool vzw, a history resonates that has both artistic and personal significance for Miet Warlop. Her reflection on theatre as an art form leads to a physical concept in which we recognize elements from previous productions. The ritual concert with a choreographic pattern was the basis for Ghost Writer and the Broken Hand Break (2018). The invitation to breathe together to exorcise our fears and demons, is as we saw it in Fruits of Labor (2016), using the performance as 'a pain-killer for the world'.

It typifies Warlop's artistic signature that such themes and motifs sometimes resurface years later: in her oeuvre, everything is connected, implicitly or explicitly. It is circular, like life itself, in many ways. The physical effort as metaphor is another element of the research that Warlop started in Sportband / Afgetrainde Klanken (2005), made at the time as a requiem and tribute to her deceased brother Jasper.

Through the metaphor of a live competition/ concert, including a commentator and a

cheer-leader, Miet Warlop invites us in ONE SONG to form a community and lift each other up, as in a celebration. The temporary thus becomes the universal, and the personal becomes something of the collective. That is the subtext of ONE SONG: how one song can give meaning to a whole society. Unity in diversity.





NS REUA

SSSSSSSSSS

ALTIUS FO

12



GHOST WRITER AND THE BROKEN HAND BREAK

Beneath its seemingly playful abundance there is always a relentless inquiry at the heart of Miet Warlop's endeavor. Brazen and unperturbed as the action in pieces like *Mystery Magnet* or *Dragging the Bone* may seem, Warlop and her performers are tangled up in lofty existential quests. They try to wrest themselves free from restrictions, and pursue and explore their individual autonomy. How is subjectivity formed? How does intuition fare versus rationality? Where and when does creativity originate? These are the questions that Warlop tries to answer head on, using the physical body as epistemological locus: how are we to know anything, if we aren't able to experience it, to feel and process it firsthand?

The staged visual experiments of Warlop are less concerned with the timed display of rehearsed gestures, than they are impassioned celebrations of curiosity and risk-taking. Classical dualisms abound, the most fundamental one concerned with the opposition of order and chaos. Form is not a static given in this artist's universe: nothing is fixed, everything is in flux. Warlop's work is fat and ripe in its glorification of immediate experience, and it is here that its inescapable energy is generated. Warlop's beliefs are not a priori: she hurls herself into hi-octane sensory encounters with the world, forcing off layers of rational logic until she is able to stir the primordial soup. Touch! Smell! Taste! Hear! Feel!

Ghost Writer and the Broken Hand Break, Miet Warlop's roughly 40-minute long stage piece for three performers including Warlop herself, is a temporary culmination of sorts in her self-styled niche of hyperbolic performance pieces, that combine aesthetic overload, iconoclastic impulse, and ecstatic release. Arguably the most minimalist of her staged pieces thus far, *Ghost Writer and the Broken Hand Break* uses a technique associated with sufism, the dervish' repetitive whirling, as theatrical structure for a three-performer choreography of whirling and musical performance. Where in earlier work scripted processes of entropy allowed the artist to explore the productive tension between creation and destruction, *Ghost Writer* keeps the chaos in check: it is exactly in the precarious balance between physical endurance and joint musical-performative execution where this work is generating its impact.

Warlop invites the audience to informally huddle around the performers' circular perimeter, so as to be able to amplify the physical intensity that is a crucial aspect of this durational performance. The increasingly noticeable panting and sweating produced by the three whirling figures, who all engage

in their straightforward gyrational task in different – personal – formal idioms (basic-angular, expressive-exalted, with light-footed elegance) emphasizes how spiritual release is counterpointed by the banal reality of the physical body. As is per usual in Warlop's pieces, *Ghost Writer and the Broken Hand Break* slowly but surely unfolds towards a high point. The artist intuitively connects the traditional mystical connotation of the dervish' whirling, which is aimed at spiritual transcendence, to another, more secular kind of climax, that of the experience of dance music.

The success of *Ghost Writer* turns out to be highly contingent with the performers' ability to maintain their posture and balance while executing increasingly coordinated musical tasks. After a ten minute first act of 'clean spinning', focusing on an adjustment of the senses and finding a stable whirling rhythm, the three performers start to slowly form a musical ensemble. One starts to create rhythmic patterns by percussively tapping drum sensors attached to his body, while the other starts laying down lyrical rock guitar riffs on a Stratocaster offered to him and grabbed mid-whirl. Miet catches a cymbal. Hits it. First, slightly off-beat. (The whirling – it makes timing so hard!). Then, she hits it tighter. Songs start to form, one blending into the other, the trio winking at rock, hip hop (including take-aturn MC-ing), and electroclash in an omnivorous celebration of pure playfulness. Eventually, one of the voices shouts: one, two, three, four...Lights snap on, and suddenly the world stops turning. What remains are three stumbling figures, trying to fixate their gaze on the hands they hold outstretched in front of their eyes, for balance. The hands are painted red, yellow, and blue – the chromatic foundations of, here, now, everything.

Xander Karskens





QUOTES

“ONE OF THE BEST PERFORMANCES OF EUROPE ! INCREDIBLE VIRTUOSITY. A WILD, EXHILARATING STUDY OF THE ABSURD.”

— The New York Times

“We consider Miet one of the most important artists on the contemporary scene, uniquely combining performance, happening, and visual arts.”

— Hellerau, Europäisches Zentrum der Künste Dresden

“The imagination Miet evokes in her performances by mixing different styles consistently captures our more than ordinary attention. Transforming her images and content into an eversurprising new form is just one of the reasons why we always enjoy having this fascinating creator with us.”

— NTGent

“The dramaturgy team of the Ruhrtriennale marvels at her combination of seriousness and playfulness, always on the edge of the grotesque. In her work, the deliberate use of sound develops a language of its own, while the comedic, sometimes slapstick-like handling of objects on stage never feels superficial, as it is carefully framed by a political discourse. This makes Miet’s work accessible to audiences of all ages and with varying levels of theater experience. Miet Warlop’s work creates an enchantment that is hard to resist.”

— Ruhrtriennale

“Miet Warlop is an artist who brings immense imagination and originality to everything she does. Everything we have seen from her has filled us with great admiration and enjoyment.”

— London International Mime Festival

“With her love for objects, she creates in *Springville* a surreal universe that intrigues, charms, and even regularly tickles the funny bone. It’s a testament to how something unusually captivating can emerge from amazement at an ordinary cardboard box.”

— De Morgen

“*Ghost Writer and the Broken Hand Break* is a whirlwind, a chillingly controlled performance.” ****

— De Volkskrant

“*Fruits of Labor* jumps to the beat of Miet Warlop’s heartbeat and is a poppy, sparkling gift to a world where every form of sparkle risks being restrained.” ****

— Focus Knack

“In our view, since presenting her first version of *SPRINGVILLE* 12 years ago, Miet has grown into one of the most interesting artists in Europe and will undoubtedly remain an important voice in the European theater and performance scene in the future.”

— Internationales Sommer Festival Kampnagel Hamburg

AWARDS AND NOMINATIONS

NEDERLANDS THEATERFESTIVAL

VSCD Mime en Performance Prijs for One Song: Histoire du Théâtre IV
2023 The Netherlands

SYNDICAT DE LA CRITIQUE NEDERLANDS THEATERFESTIVAL

Prix de la Critique for One Song: Histoire du Théâtre IV
2023 France

PUBLIEKSPRIJS DANCE XXV INTERNATIONAL CONTEMPORARY FESTIVAL

2023 for After All Springville

NEDERLANDS THEATERFESTIVAL

VSCD Mime en Performance Prijs for After All Springville -
2022 The Netherlands

GOLDEN OLIE HET THEATERFESTIVAL

2021 for After All Springville

KONTRAPUNKT FESTIVAL JURYPRIJS

Best Performance Award for Mystery Magnet
2015 Poland

STUCKEMARKT PRIZE

Theatertreffen at Berliner Festspiele for Mystery Magnet
2014 Berlin

NOMINATIE HET THEATERFESTIVAL

DeSingel for After All Springville - 2010 Antwerp

KONTRAPUNKT FESTIVAL JURYPRIJS

Best Performance Award for Grote Hoop/Berg Propositions
2010 Poland

PUBLIEKSPRIJS THEATER AAN ZEE

for Hulled Hert / Aangeschoten Wild
2004 Ostend

FRANCISCUS PYCKE JURYPRIJS

for Huiltend Hert / Aangeschoten Wild
2003 Ghent KASK



Vlaanderen
verbeelding werkt

MIET WARLOP

Prague 4+4 Days in Motion Praha (CZ) – Brussels AB (BE) – Genève ADC (CH) - Düsseldorf Asphalt Festival (D) – Rakvere Baltoscandal (EE) – Londen Battersea Arts Centre (UK) – Berlin HAU (D) - Lyon Biennale (FR) – Genk C-mine (BE) – Ljubljana Cankarjev Dom (SI) – Dendermonde CC Belgica (BE) – Brugge CC (BE) – Torhout CC de Brouckere (BE) – Aalst CC De Werf (BE) – Hasselt CC (BE) – Grimbergen CC Strombeek (BE) – Dilbeek CC Westrand (BE) – Besançon CDN (FR) - Charleroi CharleroiDanse + PBA (BE) - Aarau cirqu’Aarau (CH) – Brugge Concertgebouw (BE) – Madrid Conde Duque, Madrid (ES) – Prato Contemporanea (IT) - Stockholm Dansens Hus (SE) - Turnhout de Warande (BE) – Antwerp DE-SINGEL, Antwerpen (BE) – Dublin Dublin Theatre Festival (IE) - Espoo theatre (EE) – Marseille Festival Actoral (FR) – Brest festival DansFabrik Le Quartz (FR) – Tours Festival Ecoute Voir (FR) – Leipzig Festival euro-scene (D) – Madrid Festival Otono (ES) – Parijs Festival Paris-l’été (FR) - Esch sur Alzette Festival Passages (LUX) – Veszprem Festival Veszprem (HU) – Bochum Fidena Festival (BE) – Baden Figura – Theaterfestival (CH) – Luxemburg Grand Théâtre de la ville de Luxembourg (LUX) – Berlijn HAU1 - HAU2 (D) – Dresden Hellerau European Arts Centre (D) - Hellerau Hellerau European Arts Centre (D) - Hamburg Internationales Sommerfestival Kampnagel (DE) – Szczecin Kontrapunkt Festival (PL) – Brussels Kunstenfestivaldesarts, Brussels (BE) – Genève La Batie - Festival de Genève (CH) - Valence La Comédie de Valence (FR) – Nice La Cuisine (FR) – Nancy La Manufacture (FR) – Paris La ménagerie de verre (FR) – Namur le Delta (BE) - Nantes Le Lieu Unique (FR) - Strasbourg Le Maillon (FR) - Tarbes Le Parvis (FR) – Deinze Leietheater (BE) – Brussels Les Brigittines (BE) – Tournai Maison de la culture (BE) – Malakoff Scène National (FR) - Mantes-La-Jolie Mars à l’ouest (FR) – Grenoble MC2 (FR) – Basel Neues Theaterfestival (D) – Valenciennes NEXT FESTIVAL (FR) - Warsaw Nowy (PL) – Ghent NTGent (BE) – Athene Onassis Cultural Center, Athens (GR) – Essen PACT Zollverein (D) – Paris Parc et Grande Halle de la Villette (FR) – Cergy Points Communs - Nouvelle Scène Nationale, Cergy-Pontoise (FR) - Porto – Agora (PT) - Sfântu Gheorghe PulzArt 2022 Contemporary Arts Festival (RO) – Münster Pumpenhaus (D) – Melbourne Rising Festival (AUS) – Rome Romaeuropa (IT) – Orléans Scène nationale d’Orléans (FR) – Montbelliard Scène nationale Montbelliard (FR) – Sharjah Sharjah Art Foundation (UAE) – NY Skirball (USA) – Leeuwarden Stadsschouwburg De Harmonie - Leeuwarden (NL) – Leuven STUK (BE) – Salzburg Szene Salzburg (AT) – Bordeaux T.n.B.A., Bordeaux (FR) - Douai/Arras Tandem Scène Nationale (FR) – Vienna Tanzquartier Wien & Wienerfestwochen, Wien (AT) – Oostende TAZ (BE) – Barcelona Teatre Lliure ES – Napels Teatro Bellini (IT) – Valladolid Teatro Calderón (ES) - Sevilla Teatro Central (ES) – Porto Teatro Municipal do Porto (PT) – Madrid Teatros del Canal (ES) - Girona Temporada Alta Festival (ES) – Stuttgart Theater Rampe (D) – Rotterdam Theater Rotterdam (NL) – Amsterdam Theaterfestival (NL) - Den Bosch Theaterfestival Boulevard (NL) - Ville Pont Audemer Theatre (FR) – Luik Theatre de Liège (BE) - Théâtre de Namur (BE) –Théâtre Dijon Bourgogne (FR) – Neufchâtel Theatre du Passage (CH) – Paris Théâtre du Rond Point (FR) – Toulouse Theatre Garonne (FR) – Genève Théâtre Grütli (CH) – Mons Théâtre le manège (BE) – Brussels Théâtre National (BE) – Nice Théâtre National de Nice (FR) – Straatsburg TJP - CDN Strasbourg (FR) - Metz Transfestival Passages Metz (FR) – Leeds Transform festival (UK) – Montréal Usine C (CA) – Zurich Zurcher Theater Spektakel (CH)

Venetië Biennale (IT)