

...The siren call of theatre

[...De sirenenzang van het theater]

(...) In *Incantus* he explores this path further. Again, Dupont works out light and sound with an astonishing finesse. At first he stands before a closed curtain pontificating in an invented language. In front of him a small table, on it there is a strangely shaped box with a yellow LP on top of it. He holds it against the light and hands it to a DJ on the right side of the podium. He then proceeds with turning around a black object. This appears to be a hand harp. A 'zither' like in the movie 'The Third Man'. Only, while Dupont scratches the snares, this one appears to be severely out of tune and broken. So he hands it over to a percussionist on the left side of the stage. As he continues pontificating, he rips of the curtain behind him which were hiding a stage surrounded by curtains.

The DJ on the right side, the percussionist on the left and Dupont himself are now producing a strange electronic concert. His own voice is electronically modified until it's barely recognizable. Just as strange is what's happening on the newly revealed stage. In the flickering dusk three shapes are forming themselves and driven by the sounds of Dupont and his musicians, those shapes are like sleepwalkers, ghosts who wonder in this podium box. Their little substantial deeds come to express them at the end with a fabulous murder scene. The one after the other the three actors stab each other dead. They fall over, to rise again shaking, to beat death. Read: What happens on the stage is pointless, has no consequences. Dupont's role in his work is quite ambiguous. During a long period he appears to be the master, the architect of the story. As if we were to look under the roof of his skull. But in the end he goes lying down on the curtain he first took down, and during the stabbing scene he melts with the curtain. The closing image is seeing him walking with that curtain on his head, to the back wall of the stage. The lighting gives the impression of a thing, a beast walking under the floor rug. Scary and brilliant.