

Review on *War of Fictions*

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published on the 25th of October 2011.

<http://www.dn.se/kultur-noje/scenrecensioner/war-of-fictions-pa-mdt-tidigare-moderna-dansteatern>

“For a long time the one and only question in the performance “War of Fictions” is: when will the performer Luís Miguel Félix stop crying hysterically? He sobs in anxiety, whines and suffers, trustworthy and convincing but still inexplicable for the audience. Minute after never-ending minute, he suffers as a wounded, dying soldier.

But he doesn't die, not even after ten nor fifteen minutes. He even manages to infect (or transmit) his immense pain on his scenic fellow conspirator Sidney Leoni. Soon, they suffer together.

The Stockholmer who openly took a biking tour out to Skeppsholmen a cold Friday evening in hope for some dancy, theatrical entertainment couldn't have ended up more wrong. “War of Fictions” at MDT is performance in the pure, strictly conceptual school. Any possible entertainment does in the best occur in the mind of the spectator. What the Brussels based performance duo Sidney Leoni and Luís Miguel Félix contributes is a bunch of partly contradictive, scenic – as physical as they are inexplicable and elusive configurations. In short, a series of scenic fictions in a row, preferably crossing each other. Besides crying together, the duo fights, stares distant and bounces strangely on bended legs.

Already the re-arranged room at MDT enhances the theme. The audience sits diagonally on the stage. To the front-left black curtains: the theater room. To the right, the curtains reveal the white walls of the room and the windows become visible: the reality, or at least yours and my fiction of the reality.

As in Sidney Leoni's incredible darkness-performance ‘Undertone’ at Weld last spring, the audience is suggested with different smells – lovely and awful smells – during the performance. Light and sound also plays with the conceptions and delusions of the audience.

‘War of Fictions’ offers a consequent, purely conceptual, intellectual but also experiential alternative to the scenic conventions that for example has marked this week's premieres by the three established choreographers Su-En, Örjan Andersson and Björn Elisson (at Dansens Hus, Arkitekturmuseet, Dansmuseet) where the audience always knows where the stage and the performers are and where the spectator can lean back. Such unashamed audience pleasing and scenic conventions, Sidney Leoni and Luís Miguel Félix couldn't care less about. As it should be. Leoni and Felix are needed performance rebels.