

grupo de rua

Bruno Beltrão, Artistic Director

Table of Contents

	Page
“Running Backward in Advance of Oneself” (review) CORPUS, May 24, 2008	2
“Hip-Hop Away From the Street” (review) DE MORGEN, May 15, 2008	3
“Brazilian Hip-Hop on a Flemish Theatre Stage” (feature) DE MORGEN, May 10, 2008	4
“Hip Hop Without the Cliches of Hip Hop” (review) DE STANDAARD, May 14, 2008	5
“Grupo de Rua de Nitero” (feature) BALLET MAGAZINE, August, 2006	6
“Grupo de Rua de Niterio” (review) THE GUARDIAN, August 25, 2006	9
“Boys from Brazil Break Mould of the Festival” (review) EVENING NEWS, November 29, 2005	10
“Upcoming Choreographer of the Year is Bruno Beltrao” (feature) BALENTTANZYEARBOOK, August, 2005	11

ZUNGE

THEMEN

ANALYSEN / KRITIKEN

[Running backward in advance of oneself](#)

Per Taxi nach Wien

Der Sieg

Eine Stadt, zwei Wirklichkeiten

Modern Fettgespräch

Vaudeville Heldentode

Ungesehene Aufführungen (4)

Ein Hund in der Zielgruppe

The Ballet Giggles and Gets Naked

Peinlich: e) (Un-)Sichere Zonen

Peinlich: d) Die Brille des grossen Vogels

Peinlich: c) Troublemakers and Mavericks

Freischwimmer 08: Sprung in die Brause

Peinlich: b) Klampfe unterm Arm

Skizziertes Grauen

Peinlich: a) Fatale Auditions

Ungesehene Aufführungen (3)

Freischwimmer 08: Besoffene Brut!

Take a walk on the wild side, and talk

Luzifer, der wartende Hund

Burning down das Hirschgeweih

Goethe in der Lacke

Ungesehene Aufführungen (2)

"Warum ist nicht alles schon verschwunden?"

Feldgleichung junge Choreografie

Ungesehene Aufführungen (1)

Soap und Säcke

"Revenge on pixel-ised faces and flattened physicality"

Charaden von Schachtelmenschen

Code: Sacre du printemps

Wiener Diskursmarathon 1

Wiener Diskursmarathon 2

Reverse ghost busting – prick up your ears!

VIENNALE 07: Einleitung

Visiting the VIENNALE (part 1)

Visiting the VIENNALE (part 2)

VIENNALE 07: Drift

No story, either

Tanz der Nachbars

Fröhlich mit den Schwestern Brüll

The existence of something else

Analyse statt Empathie

The Sound of Silence

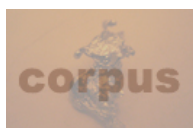
Ceci n'est pas un nu

Im Kasten mit Lynch und Hopper

Die utopische Wirklichkeit

Baktruppen tanzen

A choreography of disquiet



RUNNING BACKWARD IN ADVANCE OF ONESELF

BRUNO BELTRÃO and GRUPO DE RUA premiere *H3* at Brussels' KunstenFESTIVALdesArts

by **Jeroen Peeters**

Expanding hip-hop with yet another movement dialect has never been his interest. For that, he is too critical of hip-hop's branding strategies, just as claiming a single language is too narrow a space for developing complex thought. That we humans are anyway all too keen on pursuing habits and patterns is one of the concerns that underpins Bruno Beltrão's ironic deconstruction of hip-hop dances with his Grupo de Rua. Recurring strategies in Beltrão's pieces are embracing contradiction and exposing hip-hop's phraseology to other cultural languages, not in the last instance that of the theatre. Still, the potentially rambunctious energies of clashing languages were always tamed by captions and waterproof dramaturgy – Jérôme Bel's mark on the work.

If the new creation *H3* lands in another place, perhaps this is why: it exchanges dramaturgy for a choreographic approach and speaks beyond irony. For the first time, Beltrão moves beyond the predominance of hip-hop lineages and focuses on the exploration his Grupo de Rua's idiosyncratic languages. There is still plenty of dribbling footwork and popping chests in *H3*, but the ambiguity, richness and density of gesture makes one forget about hip-hop. The latter's virtuoso but customary chatter gives way to doubt and the wayward mind of a major artist that starts to find his own language. *H3* has some flaws and lacks in radical choices when it comes to music, but it is Beltrão's most complex and compelling work to date.

Brimming gestures

The stage is dimly lit, wrapping its edges in shadow, dark areas for the dancers to hide. Very slowly, over the course of fifteen minutes or so, they will trickle one by one into the lit area up front, joining the others seated there cross-legged. A projected window glides along the walls while we hear persistent street noise: as if we were in a dance studio somewhere in Rio de Janeiro. Seated close to each other, two dancers make frenetic gestures along their bodies' contours, gestures that waver between mapping absence and shielding off, marking the sphere of interaction with the other. But then they change quickly into exploring the other's proximity with abrupt moves, challenging each other's kinesphere.

Duets are *H3*'s main form: both a choreographic and a social frame imposed upon hip-hop's figure of the macho solo performer showing off in a frontal setting. The variety is large: teasing and shadow-boxing, patting and covering each other's backs, some unison and counterpoint, but also wild interaction reminiscent of krumping, throwing and trashing the other. Whether slow or fast, each gesture is brimming with energy, exuding as often conflict as playfulness. The movement's centrifugal quality exudes very different overtones: from reaching toward the other, standing in the world, to getting rid of the violent forces one is haunted by. The duet introduces an altogether different understanding of identity, which departs from intersubjectivity. That the spatial setting initially harks back to hip-hop helps to keep the other extreme in view.

Negotiating spaces

After a while, the choreography is pulled into space, with the dancers juxtaposing and mingling their duets into all kinds of permutations and configurations. The stage is now fully lit, an electronic soundtrack accompanies the dance. Now we are so to speak in a theatre, a space that requires negotiation as well. The frontal space of the solo performer is extended to the theatre's vertical plane, and then flipped down, underscored by the light design that marks a square on the floor. A black mirroring floor, by the way, that is also present in the screeching noises of sneakers, which also return as samples in the soundtrack. Yet, all these dramaturgical elucidations are already evident in the choreography itself, which plays with levels and negotiates the space's borders in bodies spinning and whirling all over.

Again, it is on the level of gesture and attitude that *H3*'s many spaces show their depth and meaning. Most prominent are the various moments in which the dancers are running backward rapidly, one by one, in duets after being thrown into the arena by four colleagues, or everyone together. Once more the dancers embrace absence, this time including the endless space behind their backs, symbolizing their own blind spots. Variations are throwing one's head in the neck and remain wandering slowly: insecure as movement, powerful as a gesture of exposure. Though *H3* is often spectacular because of its highly energetic flow, it doesn't seek to end on a high note. While the light has by then opened up the horizon once again, flooding the space, the dancers break up their phrases, ramble on a little. Before you can realize the choreography suddenly falls apart, it is swallowed by a black-out. It is like running in advance of oneself, blind into the unknown – understood as a deliberate and utmost contemporary statement about vulnerability and subjectivation.

Dates and Links

www.grupoderua.com

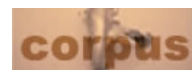
22–24 May, Hebbel am Ufer Berlin (www.hebbel-am-ufer.de)

1 June, Festival Internacional de las artes de Castilla y Leon Salamanca (www.festivalcyl.com)

18–19 June, Grand Théâtre du Luxembourg (www.theatres.lu)

[Next >](#)

[\[Back \]](#)



De Morgen, 15/05/2008

Bruno Beltrão op Kunstenfestivaldesarts **Hip-hop away from the street**

Brussels. Bruno Beltrão is once again a guest at the Kunstenfestivaldesarts. For many years he has worked with Rio de Janeiro street boys, creating a sort of choreography that reconsiders hip-hop for the classic scene. His former creation for KFDA, H2, combined the best of these two dance universes. The follow-up, H3, is a sequel that emphasizes new accents.

By Peter T'Jonck

This time, Beltrão chose for 9 dancers instead of 12. At the beginning of the piece, sharp and bright patches of light appear at the back of the stage. They are like sunlight coming through a window. Immediately, it becomes clear that the place where this imaginary piece takes place isn't the street but a dance studio. Beltrão subtly makes it clear that his purpose is not to thread astonishing little dances one to another like street artists. He wants to explore something. That's why you never hear the pumping beats characteristic to hip hop. Mostly the piece is silent, although sometimes one hears some acoustic percussion or soft jazzy funk. In the background, sounds of cars and trucks can be heard. In other words: the dancers may have stepped out of the street to develop their dance idiom in the studio, but they are still close to this world.

Most impressive in H3 is certainly the fact that dance follows clear choreographic patterns. When the dancers are all on stage, they do not merely support each other's tricks. You could read this choreography as everybody's individual search for contact. In his group movements, Beltrão is a master in using a movement that you seldom see in hip hop or contemporary dance: his dancers move rearward with unthinkable speed, running in large circles. That they don't bash or bump one against one another is a real riddle. Here again, intense commitment in the ensemble, in the group and a strong trust in each other matters greatly. Nevertheless, Beltrão never loses sight of the brutal energy of hip-hop. At some moments, you even enjoy some hip-hop tricks. Beltrão never loses touch with the roots of this art of dance and just shows that there is so much more to his shows than threading showcases one after another.

Raffinerie, Molenbeek till Sunday. See more critics of KFDA on demorgen.be

Website DeMorgen, 10/5/2008

Brazilian hip-hop on a Flemish theatre stage

Brazilian Bruno Beltrao is no longer unknown in Flanders. The choreographer and philosopher is one of these few artists who knows how to turn the energy and social significance of hip-hop into a classic theatre stage without abuse and without making art look funny.

His Grupo de Rua consists of street boys of Rio de Janeiro that are all tried and tested in the explosive and virile body culture of hip-hop. However, his ensemble is more than a dance company. It is also a social project. He wants his young dancers to emancipate themselves by giving them theoretical training.

In 2003, he went on stage at Klapstuk before being chosen by the Kunstenfestivaldesarts. In 2005, he created H2 in which he explores the relation between space and dance. If in classical dance this relation can be called the alpha and omega, in hip-hop it is not considered simply because hip-hop was born in the street, not the theatre. With 12 performers on stage, Beltrao proved how this research could fundamentally change the quality of dance.

In H3, Beltrao explores this research with nine dancers starting from a simple basic notion of hip-hop: lots of movements in this dance style arising low on the floor. Beltrao deconstructs these codes to reach a new working piece.

H3, 12-17/5, La Raffinerie, Manchesterstraat 21, B-1080 St-Jans-Molenbeek.

De Standaard, 14/05/2008-Cultuur&Media

Kunstenfestival 08

Until the end of May, the Kunstenfestival presents 31 projects from sixteen countries: From Maori-activists to Brazilian hip hoppers. Our editors plunge into the adventure.

HIP HOP WTHOUT THE CLICHES OF HIP HOP

Whirlpool

Danielle de Regt
Brussels, (about Zan Yamashita)(...)

H3, Brazilian choreographer Bruno Beltrao's and his Grupo de Rua's work excels in extreme limits of formalism, and it works like a good blood pumping circulation! H2, a performance that we saw in 2005 at the Kunstenfestival was a captivating search for the ways/ means on which the angular and rigid writing of hip hop can burst open. Beltrão linked this search to the starting point that the theatre space is a coercive environment for dance that that the street is its natural habitat.

H3 elaborates these questions but is less stylized than its predecessor. Scenography, lighting and music are stripped bare. The window projected on the wall reflects the rehearsal space where the performance was taking shape. You can also see the mirror effect on the glittering floor or in the way the nine dancers let their movements bump or run into one another. This 'breaking-in the personal space' is an unusual twist in hip-hop. Beltrão throws his dancers from the safe glass cage to let them smash one's own windows, watching what it brings about. It is as if the dancers got in a whirlpool that threw them back and forth.

They stay near the floor, another basic principle of hip hop that Beltrão throws open to complex, fluent line patterns of splintered ellipses and crossing glazes. Continually dancing duets and groups come into being and crumble again away in a flash. But these fragile contacts don't happen without striking a blow.

H3 does not only focus on the virtuosity of the dancers but also on the way the audience enjoys this virtuosity. Beltrão consciously inserts blind spots using backwards patterns, making some energetic dance explosions implode. This voltage gives the quality of the movements of this ensemble extra subtlety.

In Beltrão's hands hip-hop extricates itself from the clichés without loosing a single heartbeat. The choreographer explores a dimension that is totally averse to showiness, giving instead a reflected register of movements.

ballet.magazine

Grupo de Rua de Nitero

'Me And My Choreographer In 63', 'Telesquat', 'H2'

August 2006

Edinburgh, The Hub

by Ian Palmer



© Lucy Van Gerven

Hip hop stands at the proverbial crossroads. On one side lie the estates, the concrete, the alleyways that have become the petri dishes in which street dance has evolved. Here is the MTV generation, here is the beating heart, here is the life-blood through which hip hop pulsates. On the other side, lie the theatres, the international stages, the acceptance of hip hop as a respectable contemporary dance medium and (dare I say it) the financial sponsorship which necessarily results. If any artist is to survive as performer, choreographer, or whatever, he or she must court such benefactors, cruel and harsh as it may be.

To these crossroads many artists have come and gone - some successful, others flounder. Perhaps two of the most influential artists who have striven to take hip hop down the road of theatrical respectability are Lorenzo "Rennie" Harris in the USA (whose company, Puremovement, some may recall having seen at the Peacock Theatre back in 2003) and the UK's very own Jonzi D, who thanks to his artistic association with London's Sadler's Wells (due in no small part to the wide-ranging vision of its astute Artistic Director, Alastair Spalding) has curated no less than three hip hop conventions at the theatre over the last few years. But successful and splendid as these weekends most definitely are (as both Louise Bennett and I reported back in April) there is little doubt that at crucial points of hip hop's development towards theatrical and artistic credibility it lacks a sense of vision, of forward momentum, of new creation. Luke Jennings, in his wonderful summing up of the 2006 Convention, in his May 7th *Observer* column, hit the nail exactly on the head when he wrote "for all the performers' energy... breakdance is standing still. Its various elements - the up-rock and the down-rock, the spins and freezes - are much as they were a decade-and-a-half ago." The vocabulary of hip hop, he continued, "hasn't yet successfully morphed into an expressive dramatic form. It's a bit like classical ballet in the mid-19th century."

And this is exactly the problem which faces Jonzi D and "Rennie" Harris (and any other artist attempting to take hip hop down the "other" road): hip hop needs a Petipa. To this eternal conundrum comes a young Brazilian choreographer called Bruno Beltrão, who I predict is set to inflict seismic shock-waves upon the hip hop world. Young and extremely gifted, he has done everything you would expect a precocious genius to have done: he taught himself hip hop aged 15, formed his own company aged 16, hit the Rio dance scene aged 21, began international touring aged 22 and now, aged 26, he is invited by Sir Brian McMaster, (in his out-going season as Edinburgh International Festival's Artistic Director), to garner the dance programme, by presenting his entire dance repertoire for the very first time in the UK. If his mother isn't proud of him, then there is no pleasing her.



Ugo Neves (left) and Alexandre Lima (right) in *Telesquat*
© Douglas Robertson

As with any young talent he has set about tearing apart the conventions of hip hop, and by doing so has estranged himself from the hip hop community (he need not worry, the Prodigal Son is always welcomed home). Thus, music is gone, the very force and energy of hip hop ripped untimely from the womb. Instead, the dance is performed to other sounds, unconnected to traditional hip hop, but strikingly powerful. In *Me and my Choreographer in 63* the dance is performed to a recorded conversation between Beltrão and the dancer Eduardo Hermanson whose soubriquet is "Willow" (the number of the title refers to the hotel room in which the conversation was held and the work conceived). It both informs and mystifies our perception of the dance. We hear them speak of God and love, of mushrooms and chickens, of everything and nothing. As we watch "Willow", (his short, rather squat body masking an irrepressible and bewitching power) flickering in short, muscular spasms, every fibre of his body seeming to be under the most astute control, under the intense gaze of a bright spot-light (he reminded me of watching Guillem in *Maliphant*) we ask ourselves whether text and dance are connected, are "Willow's" thoughts indelibly linked to the movements of his body? Which flows from which? Text to dance, or dance to text? Who, what, why is "Willow"? We neither find the answers, nor do we want them. It is the very fact that Beltrão has taken hip hop and made us think that is the crucial thing here and is set to give the street community a sock in the eye.

The same is true of *Telesquat*, his 2003 work (the term apparently refers to what happens to you if you watch too much television - children beware) which investigates the relationship between action, narrative and meta-narrative. The dancers perform behind a laser-display board (you will be familiar with such a device if you listen to *I'm Sorry, I Haven't a Clue*) which projects text out to the audience. From the first few minutes it becomes clear that the text is to provide an ironic, often humorous commentary upon the action - as the four dancers remain still (in silence), one lowers his eyes, another slowly falls to the ground, another bends and the other attempts to suppress laughter. As we watch and wonder what the devil is going on, the screen projects

the text "This man has lost his money. This man is looking for it. This man is helping. This man has found it". Thereafter, the hip hop dance explodes into both narrative and conversation off-set against the projected text, which both comments and subverts what we see on stage (for example a dancer might jump high into the air, whilst the under-lying text reads "He is still now".) But the very fact that movement and text are so opposed to one another, forces us to understand that the hip hop vocabulary does indeed have its own language, its own narrative structure, because we are forced to think, "the dancer is not doing *that*, he's doing *this*" and as soon as it becomes a noun, it automatically becomes its very own language . The point is drilled home to us when "Willow" once more appears and, in a kind of *Give us a Clue* moment, performs a series of movements and then asks random members of the audience what they see. The answers are simple, yet telling - sorrow, joy, happiness. It is hip hop responding in its own narrative language to human emotions.



h2 by Bruno Beltrao/Grupo de Rua de Niteroi
© Lucy Van Gerven, Academie van Anderlecht

If I have begun to make Beltrão sound like a contemporary dance choreographer living in a hip hop body then his brilliant *H2* will confirm him as such. Presented in the much larger space of the Edinburgh Playhouse, and marketed as much more Old Skool (it isn't, hence the reports of people leaving amid cries of Bull****), it struck me as his most refreshing, challenging and ultimately most satisfying work presented in Edinburgh. It is a symphony, an exploration of the quintessence of hip hop, it reveals the dance as if we were looking at a crystal under a microscope, or reducing chemical compounds to their individual elements (hence to the title *H2* perhaps?). We see it expanded, set at *molto lentissimo*, (locks which seem never to pop) once more (after a brief burst of Rimsky-Korsakov's *Flight of the Bumble Bee*) to silence, or to a vast heart-like a-rhythmical beat. It was fascinating, seeing Balanchine's *Agon* two nights before, watching this piece and seeing how they both work to reveal an inner clarity to their respective dance languages (and how similar those languages actually are, many hip hop moves begin and end in either fifth or second position). It presents traditional hip hop in an entirely different perspective. It presents it as if were an extraordinary privilege arising from an aristocracy. And here I suppose is the problem which faces the street dance community, for their language is not an aristocratic one. And thus too is Beltrão's difficulty and one which I think he needs to be wary of: there cannot be a Balanchine until there has been a Petipa. Then the B-boys and B-girls will take him seriously.

Grupo de Rua de Niteroi

Playhouse

Alice Bain

[The Guardian](#),

Friday August 25 2006



Implausible energy ... Grupo de Rua de Niteroi. Photograph: Murdo MacLeod

A sentence shines appealingly across a huge stage screen: "Hip hope loves the beat of music." Three dancers step into squares of light and whip into what the audience has come to see - head-spins and stands, hand-jumps, turns, tumbles, all so fast that it's over before you can take a breath. Then they're gone. One word at a time is removed from the sentence above. "Music" is the first to go. A solo dancer steps out and doesn't move. Then he does. Then he doesn't. He body-pops and locks with the attitude of a boxer. Gradually, "the beat of" disappears, and "loves" comes into focus - 10 big guys turn to each other in a fun-fuelled snog.

But after that we're in a no-man's land. The middle section of this hour-long performance, choreographed by young Brazilian Bruno Beltrao, sets a more monotonous pace that has spectators at best curious, at worst walking out. The performers - solo, two by two, four by four - make their shoes screech like tires as they run in reverse. Steps are improvised, repeated, taking them nowhere recognisable. There is no music, just an electronic whine and a sound like a Buddhist bell. As "hip" is singled out on the screen, the company risk losing us.

The tension is suddenly, surprisingly broken when the funky sounds of French band CQMD rush to fill the space and the full company of men respond with a surge of almost implausible energy. In the final minutes of H2 (aka Hip Hop), dance is reunited with music, and the previous downbeat segment makes complete sense. It's where these men, no ordinary street dancers, are at: raw 21st-century expression, sullen and daringly obscure in parts, vivid and reassuring in others, and sometimes extraordinarily brilliant. Next time you walk out of a show, try running home backwards - fast.

Boys from Brazil break mould of the Festival

BRIAN FERGUSON

THEIR bone-shaking breakdance and hip-hop moves have been honed on the dusty back streets of Rio de Janeiro.

Now the contemporary dance world's "boys from Brazil" are heading to Scotland's capital to showcase their virtuoso talents at the Edinburgh International Festival.

Brazilian breakdancer-turned-choreographer Bruno Beltrao will be bringing a dance spectacular to the Edinburgh Playhouse which promises to be like nothing staged before at the world-famous Festival.

At least a dozen specially-selected teenage dancers are expected to wow the crowds in the latest show lined up in an attempt to shed the Festival's "high-brow" image.

It is thought Beltrao's Grupa de Rua de Niteroi - performing for the first time in the UK - will stage one of the Festival's hottest dance tickets for years.

Details of the dance maestro's debut were announced today as Festival organisers offered a sneak preview of the 2006 programme - the last put together by director Brian McMaster before he retires. Mr McMaster said: "I hope our audiences in Edinburgh will love Beltrao's company. I saw them in Brussels and it was wonderful stuff. He has basically taken this street dance and used it as the basis for contemporary dance, and all the performers were street dancers.

"We're hoping to have one big production at the Playhouse and a smaller one at somewhere like The Hub. We set out each year to provide challenges but also to entertain audiences. We're also looking to give people a potentially life-changing experience that they will remember for years to come."

Other highlights include Balanchine's full-length ballet Don Quixote, to be performed by US choreographer Suzanne Farrell's renowned Washington-based dance company. Next year's event will see the first appearance at the Festival for 20 years by the American Repertory Theater company, who will be tackling Chekov's Three Sisters, in the first English language venture by acclaimed Polish director Krystian Lupa.

Sir Simon Rattle is expected to conduct Berlin's celebrated Philharmonic Orchestra and there will also be a new full-scale opera - jointly staged with London's Royal Opera House - to be created by young Scots composer Stuart MacRae, who was appointed a "creative fellow" by the Festival earlier this year.

A new play to be written and directed by Scots playwright Anthony Neilson, who directed this year's opera The Death of Klinghoffer, in a co-production with the new National Theatre of Scotland, will feature. And German director Peter Stein will be at the helm of Shakespeare's Troilus and Cressida, in a joint production between the Festival and the Royal Shakespeare Company.

The Festival will also see the return of the acclaimed Nederlands Dans Theater company, while controversial Catalan theatre director Calixto Bieito, famed for his bloodthirsty and raunchy productions, will be back for Mr McMaster's swansong.

Other big names lined up include American pianist Richard Goode, Donald Runnicles, the Edinburgh-born musical director of San Francisco Opera, the Orchestra of St Luke's, from New York, and the Budapest Festival and Minnesota orchestras. A Festival spokeswoman said: "

We hope that this information on our planned programme will help persuade potential visitors to book flights and for locals to start inviting friends to the Festival."

The full programme for the 2006 Festival is announced on March 22, with priority booking for Festival supporters due to open the same day. Public booking is due to open on April 8.

BalletanzYearbook

Upcoming choreographer of the year is Bruno Beltrão

(ballet-tanz 06/05).

His work with young hip hoppers from Brazil, "H2 - 2005", met with such a broadly positive response that there has been talk of a "hip hop revolution", with some critics maintaining that his influence is comparable to that of Forsythe's on ballet.

This is maybe a little hasty, but understandable: the excellence of the dancers and the intelligence of the choreographer create exciting choreography that is never just concerned with

effect; which, with apparent calm, penetrates one's optic nerve so convincingly that some critics claim it marks contemporary dance's return to movement, after an increasing rejection of actual dancing, while still providing the greatness and wholeness of a clever composition.

Livro do Ano da Revista Balletanz, edição 06/2005

Coreógrafo revelação do Ano: **Bruno Beltrão**

Seu trabalho com jovens *hip hoppers* brasileiros, H² – 2005, teve resposta tão amplamente positiva que existem rumores de uma “revolução hip-hop”, com alguns críticos sustentando que sua influência é comparável à de Forsythe no ballet.

Talvez seja um pouco cedo para essa afirmação, mas é compreensível: a excelência dos dançarinos e a inteligência do coreógrafo criam uma coreografia empolgante que não se preocupa somente com efeito; que, com aparente calma, penetra o nervo ótico tão verdadeiramente que alguns críticos afirmam marcar a volta da dança contemporânea ao movimento, depois de uma crescente rejeição à dança genuína, com a grandeza e totalidade de uma composição inteligente.