

LISABON WUPPERTAL LISBOA

There is a strong Portuguese inclination, and mainly in Lisboa, to react to any image of “us” developed outside. As Eduardo Prado Coelho wrote in his Wednesday chronicle about “*Masurka Fogo*”, “a part of the audience felt aimed on it’s status of sublime Lisbon inhabitant, because there were «marialvas», pieces of fruit on the ground, the television stupidity, all of them items that have already appeared on other shows by Pina Bausch, but that would gain a negative portuguese connotation.” With the desire (and we’re happy that it exists) of cosmopolitanism and in the refusal of the “very typical”, there is sometimes the inclination to deny the signs of a difference.

But here we find another equivocation: Pina Bausch doesn’t make “portraits” of the city. With her unmistakable geniality, she inspires herself on her feeling of a place, transforms it into a mental item that transfigures into the flooding energy of the bodies.

“When will we be able to find in the others regard what we have of pure and expansive in our own regard?”, Prado Coelho asked. Retrieving the “when”, we could say that someone was able: Fernando Lopes when he directed *Lissabon, Wuppertal, Lisboa*, a documentary that follows the work of creation of “*Masurka Fogo*” since the initial workshop in Lisbon until it’s premiere in Wuppertal.

Curious fact: Fernando Lopes is the director that best knows how to film Lisbon. And, however, understanding what there is of mental and physic in Pina Bausch’s work, he totally focused on the interiors, on the real work (with the single exception, the only image that leaves us apprehensive in the film, of a taurine “tertúlia”). Naturally the dancers are there, but not as, for instance, in “*Un jour Pina a demandé*” by Chantal Akerman. They don’t make explicit their work with her, who dominates, calm and sovereign, magus, goddess, sorceress – and obviously Lopes was bewitched.

It is, however, interesting to notice that his regard is there. Since “*Berlarmino*” we find on his work a musicality that in certain moments of “*Nós por cá Todos Bem*” and “*Crónica dos Bons Malandros*” explicitly points to a choreographic route. The domain of editing, masterfully present in “*Uma Abelha na Chuva*”, is once again evident in *Lissabon, Wuppertal, Lisboa* – and how incredible it must have been to edit in a very short period of time 45 minutes out of many hours of film.

Maybe it is truly his most beautiful movie since “*Uma Abelha na Chuva*”. It was, to say the least, the one that most moved me, maybe because it was touched by the grace of Pina Bausch. And like “*Masurka Fogo*” is a effusive and euphoric work, the film makes us happy for being able, when we see it, to share the transfiguring experience of a sublime art.