

**Quite well dreamt!**

(Petra Kohse)

(Description of the poster, explains the origin of the term *Live Art*)

*Live Art* should not be mixed up with theatrical multimedia-avantgarde, stresses Matt Adams from *Blast Theory*. It's completely independent from traditional theater. "We are culturally literate", he and his partner Ju Row Farr are saying, which means: They are spelling pop culture. Which goes very well with their self-representation in form of loose sheets in a CD- cover.

(Says that in relation to e.g. Schlingensiefels theater work, which is by now part of the german bourgeois theater scene, british teater must be horribly laid back since it is so important for the protagonists of *Live Art* to emphasize that they "speak a contemporary language". Long interpretation of the installation *Ground Plans for Paradise*. Speaks about *Speak Bitterness* as a piece in which the performers constantly finding themselves guilty for committing more or less ridiculous crimes, at the same time being serious and ironic about talkshow culture.)

Moreover: While the performers are not busy with admitting anything, they all have this strange and artificial expression of perplexity and demonstrate a kind of super-concentration used by members of *Blast Theory* when kneeling at the end of the stage. This must be a particular british disease. But apart from that, everything is great about *Something American*, the latest *Blast Theory* production. It's a comic performance about projections and longings, three performers introduce themselves and letting the audience know that they had been in Amerika only twice or even not at all. Listening to Björks music and having sucked in this "old world" flair, a fourth one dresses up as a typical cop. While chatting about his allday life with a heavy american accent, biographical data about Liz Taylor and Richard Burton is projected onto a 12 Meter long screen. To the song "I was born under a wandering star" the group moves slowly and pathetic as walking on the moon. Later a comic landscape will be projected and behind the screen the shadow of a performer clumsily walks around. At another

time everyone is jumping around like Bugs Bunny while you are informed that there are 7.238 Elvis-imitators worldwide. Interfering images, gags, the cop goes on telling his story until he mixes up football with baseball and reveals that he is an englishman. The gulf war and other explosions, George Bush and all kinds of interludes come across and after maybe an hour and a half the voice of an hypnotiseur counts to ten announcing the end of *Something American*. A similar virtuous and fast technique of collage does not exist in german theater. *Something American* is both universal in its imagery and particular (personal) in the choice, it's affirmative and ironic, its a revue and at the same time a *truly mythological story*. (*Die großen Erzählungen* is a term which derives from postmodern philosophy and is used as a metaphor for universal ideological, political or religious models like communism, christianity etc. There must be a specific word in english for that, too.)

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