

Regulations control everything; therefore, nothing is predetermined. Antonia Baehr's choreographic performances are either covertly or openly based on scores and game rules. Bound up in liberating corsets of instructions, bodies are thus free to reveal their biggest strength: the inability to do something 'right'. Still, these virtuosic performers stop at nothing to become immersed in their task. They sight-read concertante acute fits of laughter. Or like subordinate dogs they chase after instructions on how to 'be yourself', as if fetching their mistress's stick – doing so, however, so inventively that the question of original and copy gets stuck in our throats like a hiccup we could have done without. 'I' never means just another somebody. Lost in the systematic nonsense of their activities, Baehr's performers almost forget to represent. If such a thing were possible in the theatre. They sensuously rub against the fourth wall of voyeurism and dress up just for fun inside of our fiction of 'normality'. Then we see Antonia Baehr by herself, who is always toting multiple egos to change into (such as performer Werner Hirsch or musician Henri Fleur), exchanging her mundane men's suit for a pair of jeans. Here as well as there, her performances expose identity – in accordance with Judith Butler – as the work of recurrent self-creation, of liberation as the appropriation of existing power structures, and of the spectacle as a modest-immodest challenge aimed at the viewer, the challenge to finally start playing around, or tinkering, with oneself as well.

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