

**BlackMirrorSolo**  
Premiere



# And who are you?

Première

At first everything is black. Upon the instruction "Everybody come on stage!" the crowd that will soon be the audience passes through the auditorium and takes a few steps up to find itself in a dark room in which actors usually stand in the spotlight. What usually is the stage is swallowed by the darkness. The first part of the three-word title "BlackMirrorSolo", Katja F.M. Wolf's newest performance, has already manifested at the première on Tuesday in the FFT chamber theatre, before the artist has even appeared.

She doesn't keep us waiting for long, peeling herself from the darkness and revealing fragments of her body to the spectators in the light of a projector.

Only just accustomed to the darkness and suddenly confronted with the bright light, they initially believe this to be an optical illusion, but then a second figure appears out of the beaming light... or is it the same?

Je est un autre...

The performer establishes close contact with this stranger, who is nevertheless her self and simultaneously her companion, lover and rival. Video projections (Christian Hiller) confront her at times with her own image, and at times show abstract scenes in a soundscape by Dutch composer Esther Venrooy. The dancer meets her own projections and finds herself in a dilemma: The nearer she comes to herself, the more impossible the meeting becomes. When the body unites with the projection, it throws its shadow onto the image and even becomes the projection surface. The moment the canvas swings open to reveal a huge mirror on the wall, the trance-like mirage of light and shadow, projection and reflection receives a further dimension. The dark space is transformed into a kaleidoscope displaying wondrous worlds on the walls, ceiling and floor.

It does not answer the question about the "where". It offers, however, numerous associations: Platon's cave in which the people bound in the darkness regard the shadows of things as reality. Or somewhat more optimistic: a dark tunnel and at the end a bright light. Self realization?

The pivotal point remains Ms Wolf's meditation about her self. And whoever allows the thoughts to wonder any further, meets the antique narcissus who was so absorbed by himself and his image in the reflecting water surface that the world around him became a secondary matter. The end is marked by the question "And who are you then?" It has to remain unanswered.

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