

Salto mortale

"/.../Nebojša Pop Tasić conceives a world where Death has been banished, or rather where she is nothing but a strange little outsider. A world where she is a constant acquaintance from the obituary pages and thus repeatable and not unique; a world where medicine assumed the role of God and Final Judgment. Silvan Omerzu's puppets are always a sublimely exposed mechanism for articulation and movement on the stage, where the puppet is revealed as the natural state and metaphor; having always been skeletons, Death becomes them. There is no fundamental difference between mortals and Death, except when it really comes to pure Death, as is the case here. The roles are also exquisitely distributed, as are the transitions between the acting and animation parts, both within individual roles and in terms of the whole play. The actors are masters of dosage, thrillingly cold narrators staring motionlessly at the audience, and deft animators of the puppets gone wild, when this is required. Take your time (at least) for this Death. It will only take an hour./.../"

(From *Who Dances the Danse Macabre*, a puppetry review by Petra Vidali, Večer, 18th May 2012)

"/.../While the upper level of the stage hosts a dance, which at times escalates into fevered orgiastic seances, the episodic scenes below on the lower level of the stage appear as light-hearted comic interludes in which Tasić utilized a healthy dose of street humour. On stage, this is also reinforced by the animators, who are throughout dressed as undertakers and as such do not allow to overlook the omnipresence of Death. The performance thereby acquires an air of inevitability – despite the wit and light-heartedness wafting from certain scenes – and the medieval parable, transposed to modern times, subtly raises the eternal questions on the meaning of existence and essence./.../"

(From *On the Meaning of Existence and Essence*, a puppetry review by Špela Standeker, Dnevnik, 18th May 2012)