

THE ANARCHIC WORLD OF DAVID TABATSKY

He is a skilled juggler. He is an effervescent comedian, rattling on wittily and intelligently in the best American stand-up tradition, as if every word he says just popped into his mind that very same instant. But those who do not have at least a working knowledge of English hardly have access to the anarchic-eccentric world of David Tabatsky. But that is the only flaw of the wild haired scatterbrain with the manic-romantic eyes. He could be seen for two evenings at the elegant Bar jeder Vernunft with his worked over program, "The Man With Three Balls", which he already presented quite successfully at the Scheinber, Chamaleon Variete and UnArt Theatre, among others.

He seems so annoyed at first, as if he was thinking "I suppose not one of these nitwits will understand me, as usual." Skillfully clumsy, he juggles 3 balls and expressing almost nothing but boredom; he tosses some confetti. And he talks. He talks himself into it, so to say.

His experience as an American Jew in Germany and the resulting adventures with his family in a mythical New Jersey hotel ballroom are told as indulgently and flamboyantly as his boundless love-hate relationship with the concrete Moloch, New York City. He almost wets his pants at a nightly mugging, but when the mugger just leaves, he complains, "Is that all? What am I supposed to tell my friends tomorrow?" Tabatsky doesn't tell jokes. He tells stories. Comical stories, but you'd wait in vain for a punchline. There is none. The comedy is in the way he tells them.

Tabatsky entertains mercilessly like the "wild and crazy guy" Steve Martin, with a deeper meaning like George Carlin and a dry Jewish humor like Woody Allen. He stumbles across the stage, continually changing characters and telephones all the time with his hysterical mother, who nearly gets a stroke when he confesses having married a German.

As with every good comedian, life on stage and real life merge during the show. The fact that Tabatsky is a new father is made clear not only by baby bawling on tape but by his grotesque pantomime of the new problems of fatherhood. In between he juggles, with fire torches, with blocks and for the finale, with handkerchiefs. That way, even those for whom the extremely comical tide of words passed by somewhat uncomprehended still get their fun out of the show.

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