

*DN- Stockholm, Friday 15 April*

”The Host”. Actually, ”The World” would be a better name since it is the central issue of the odd, extremely sweaty and funny dance-piece by choreographer Andros Zins-Browne. At the same time it presents a comical view on the essentials of the male sex and of a man’s desperation to suppress our existence. The plastic tarp that covers the empty rectangular stage is inflated into a number of ever-changing hilltops. Three cowboys - thumbs in their belts, legs wide apart - enter the space and begin to move about in the difficult landscape. When they have reached their climax and their energy fades, a new strategy is born and they deflate the plastic cushions, finally achieving a flat floor upon which a ballet-esque line dance is performed. With Stetson-hats, tense calves and stomping, their appearance as supreme men of the world is as cocky as the logo of the festival. But only until the plastic tarp once again starts to bulge and throws them to the floor. Nothing, and yet everything, has been said. ”The Host” is one of the strange, specific and yet universal statements that the domain of performance-art is full of. It cannot be questioned; if you find an argument against it you have already understood what it wishes to discuss.

*-Ingegard Waaranpera (Translated by Benjamin Quigley)*