

**"IS THAT YOUR REAL NOSE?"
WOODY CAME TO WILMERSDORF:
DAVID TABATSKY IN THE BAR JEDER VERNUNFT**

What furies are driving him? Breathless, the comedian philosophizes his way through German grammar. "Deine Damen und Herren", he finally tries; the possessive pronoun will not pass his lips easily. His juggling of the pink balls is just a side act, illustrating his pun on growing up: "When I was seven, I discovered I had balls, when I was eighteen, I learned how to use them, today I just play with them." David Tabatsky tells initiation stories and big city stories. With the New York Sunday Times, the world's biggest newspaper, as his club, he beats his way through the jungle New York City; accompanied by blasting Wagner music, he travels to Germany, where he discovers the "Jewish identity thing", and he spends more and more time on the phone with his worried mother: "What about your roots?" He fantasizes, the bar stool becomes a couch, kicking and gurgling about the trauma of circumcision: "That's supposed to be a penis?" - "He's ten days old, give the boy a chance!"

It's a pity that the American does only speak his native tongue (what else!) When will the biggest stages in Berlin finally treat us to a poetic rattlemouth with that much chutzpah? More than an 'announcer of the next number in the cabaret', a 'commentator and conscience of the times', as Friedrich Hollaender once described the conferencier, Tabatsky demonstrates just how suggestive such a commenting conscience can be; he pokes around in the sensitive feelings of the German as well as his own mischpoche. The philo-semite drags him to her bedroom, "Is that your real nose?" The bar crowd gets free beer at Tabatsky's expense, because, after all, everybody wants to be loved and Jews "are people too". The nervous word acrobat juggles torches and colored scarves climaxing verbal slapstick into zero gravity; the furies are dancing. There, a torch drops to the floor, every now and then a joke breaks right in the middle.

Woody Allen, welcome to Wilmersdorf!

der Tagesspiegel 22.6.95