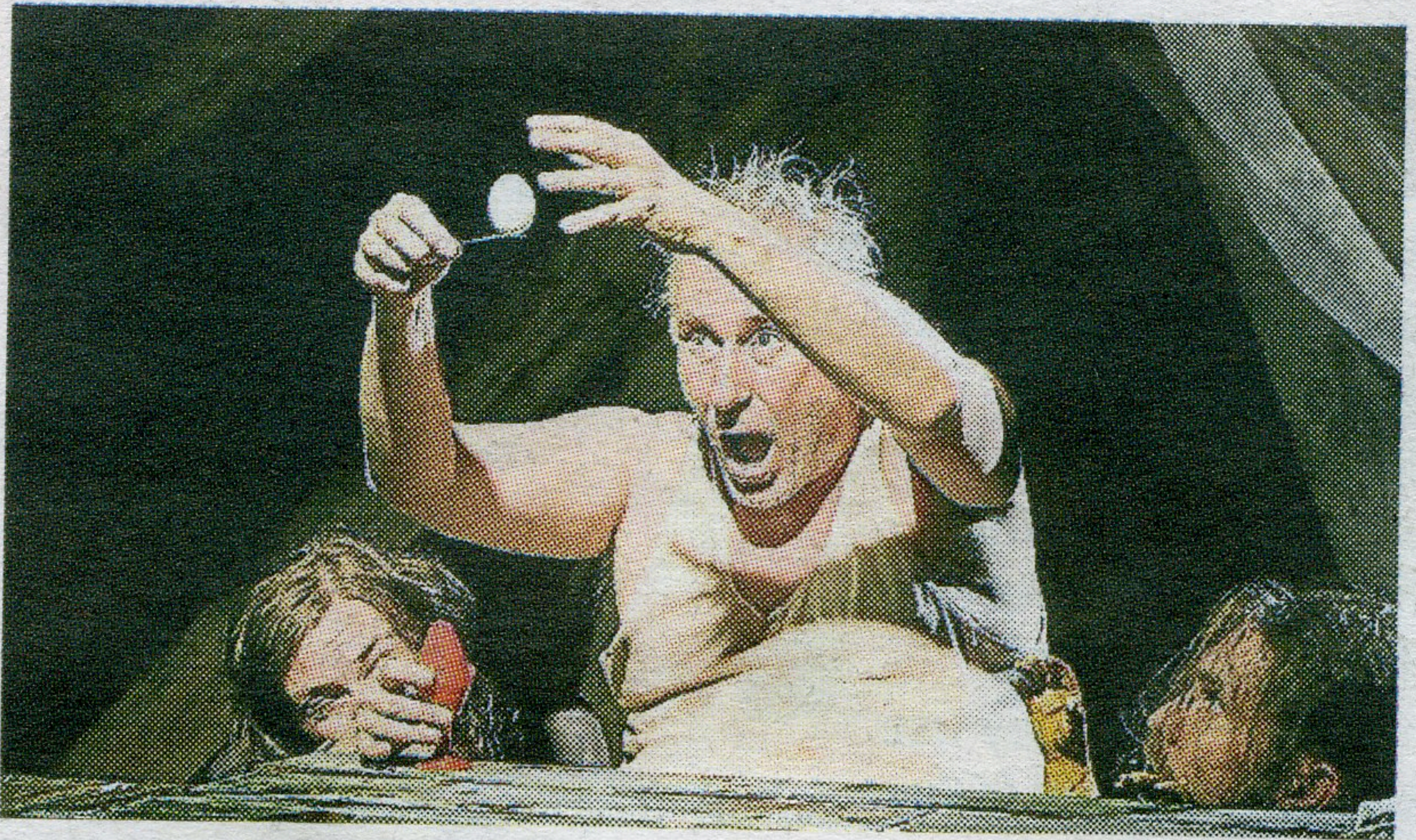


SUNDAY AGE 24/2/08



COOP

Black Hole Theatre. Season ended

An old man, senile, creates a world. Angels and demons soon populate it and humans enrage him with their waywardness. Though he's God, he soon falls victim to a pair of rebellious characters, ultimately lying on his deathbed as the carcass of his only friend, a live chicken, dances across his body to the waltz of *The Blue Danube*. Leave your sense of narrative at the door, next to my request that animal corpses not be manipulated for public entertainment. Confession time: I have no idea what *Coop* is about. I realised this halfway through the work, and was no more enlightened when it ended. Oddly enough, this confusion is counterbalanced by the production's incredible sense of wonder. A reworked version of an earlier fringe show, it contains enough breath-catching moments that the audience's bewilderment is irrelevant, and *Coop* confirms Black Hole as one of the most intriguing new companies to watch.

Theatre John Bailey