

## Review from UK Theatre Network ` 10-07-09

This unusual and riveting piece of theatre, written and directed by Peter Scott-Presland is a labour of love. As such the plot (such as it is) elaborates on composer Kurt Weill's time in America, with many enjoyable excursions into the musical world(s) he created whilst there. The acting is consistently impressive, with a cast who share in common sensitivity of expression and lungs of iron. Despite having few characters per se (other than Kurt himself played by Gary Hughes) they manage the difficult task of engaging the audience in the emotional landscapes created by the music, and in some ways each song is a miniature play in itself.

With showstoppers like *I don't Give a Damn*, *How Long*, *Oh God?* and *Mr Right* giving some idea of the breadth of Weill's talent--director and writer Scott-Presland talks of his virtuosity, "Wherever he went after he left Germany, he fitted in, musically."

An enjoyable introduction to Weill's work for those who have yet to hear it, with excellent choreography by Cecilia Darker and exceptionally strong acting by the cast: Titus Rowe, Johannah Jolson, Hughes and Mychelle Colleary.

As Scott-Presland notes, it was Weill's eternal struggle to fit into the musical landscape of America, and on this evidence he certainly seems to have done so. However, the songs that will stay with you are the ones he wrote about the heartache of being alone. As the eternal immigrant he would have felt the loss of home, and with his serially unfaithful wife, perhaps the loneliness of this state was what drove him to be the most patriotic of American citizens. Whatever the reason, Weill's music still has the power to move, and with such able performers you will be hard pressed not to be haunted by Weill's work.