



Performers at large

Life is full of paradoxes. Not only is it true that the one person's loss is another's gain, but what one person *considers* a loss will likely be considered another's gain. Reality, once a powerful slogan for people who wanted to reveal the lies of the bourgeois culture (in theatre, art, film, etc.), has turned into marketing concept for entertainment known as "docu-soaps", Reality Television and day time talk shows. On these shows, things you would hardly be willing to tell your best friend are shown on prime time television – people reveal their deepest secrets in order to achieve rapid, short-lived fame.

Who can confess the worst secret? Public apology is on the every-day agenda for anybody who wants to be somebody: if you don't have anything to confess, you don't exist. On talk shows, the secrets to be revealed are even categorised: "Tonight's topic is: I've been having sex with my best friend/brother/mother/father" and so on. What does this tell us? That not even our innermost secrets are unique. One can almost imagine the conversation between a producer and a penitent subject: "Child molester? No sorry, we did that last week. You don't happen to have something more kinky?"

Concerned people wonder if this is the way it's going to be. Is this what the progressive information society has given us? The rapid flow of information forces us to make quick decisions, overruling our ability to think through a dilemma. We respond to information like lab rats – what's here today is gone tomorrow. Information, wrote Thomas Jefferson, is the currency of democracy. Some would argue that there are enormous differences between types of information, like, for instance, the difference between education and entertainment.