

Concert paper about blue man group

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**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

Sarah DeMattio LA 321-801 Concert Paper 2/2/13 Though I had often heard of them growing up, I never really knew who, or what, Blue Man Group was. When my nineteenth birthday came along earlier this past January, my best friend decided that in celebration of my birthday, we would be solving our own age-long mystery about Blue Man Group. We were going to a show to see what exactly it was that these blue men did. My initial reaction was certainly less than satisfied when my best friend told me that she got us tickets to see Blue Man Group for my birthday.

I remembered a discussion we had had a few months prior when we spoke avidly about how our parents always made references to something called “the blue man group” as we were growing up, and that we still to that day had no idea what it was or why it was being referenced in the first place. Though still not completely convinced, I bit my tongue, thanked my friend for the gesture, told her I could not wait to see the show, and calmed myself with the thought that at least finally, my questions of the smurph band would be answered. On January 6th, 2013, my friend Kaya and I made our way downtown.

We had tickets to see the 8 p. m. show of Blue Man Group at the Astor Place Theater. Upon arrival to the venue, my reservations about the experience became even more acute; the theater looked like some kind of underground grunge dungeon I’ve heard about and warned of. We entered the theater lobby where I immediately noticed the concession and souvenir stand, because aside from the usual assortments of cookies, popcorns and soft drinks, the top recommended item to buy was a poncho. My suspicions instantly hit their zenith. “ Kaya, what the heck did you bring me to?! Kaya

laughed off my remark and once we were seated, elaborated about the ponchos. She told me that contrary to typical shows, where the closer your seat is to the stage in orchestra, the more expensive the seat becomes, Blue Man Group actually offers a discounted price for the first 5 rows of Orchestra. The “ splash zone,” if you will. And that of course, explains the need for ponchos. Our seats happened to be the first row behind the last row of the “ splash zone”, so obviously I spent the entire show holding my breath a little in fear that bodily fluids of any kind would make their way to me. They didn't, thankfully.

Blue Man Group consisted of three men that were all bald, blue, wore black clothing, and had extremely large mouth capacities. My favorite moment of the entire 105-minute show is hard to decide, both honestly and to my surprise. One of my top favorite and most impressed moments of the show was each time the men played their large bongo-type, garbage receptacles as drums. Two men played their own drums simultaneously while the third man stood in the middle of the two and squirted different colored liquids onto the drums, thus splashing colorful water everywhere and creating some kind of a rainbow waterfall.

It was both visually fantastic and musically pleasing. The Blue Man Group's abilities varied, but certainly never failed to impress. I cannot really describe what they played, or even did. They seem to have a knack for making instruments out of anything but instruments, and creating art with anything but art supplies. The combination of the sarcastic, poking-fun-at-society nature of the Blue Man Group along with their quirky abilities, talents, and

looks, was what made the entire experience such a pleasantly surprising and enjoyable one.

I am not a big fan of freaky looking characters that do odd things, spit into the audience, and chew Captain Crunch cereal in harmony, but for Blue Man Group, I made the exception and would again and again in a heartbeat. The show was unlike anything I've ever experienced. It is a different and interesting approach to having fun, and I am determined to make any other doubters in my life see what Blue Man Group is all about for themselves.