

Dance

Time4ChangeTheatre

Silence, A Language, Electric Theatre Guildford



Kate Napier
Thursday, March 8th, 2007

It is acknowledged that we are often betrayed by our body language. It is also acknowledged that Pinter is a master of exposing the anguish that lies beyond the ordinary language of day to day existence.

Night, the first piece in Time4Change's programme(directed by Katrin Riedel) at the Electric Theatre last Wednesday appropriately electrified both of these factors, galvanising from them a poignant piece of physical theatre depicting the decay of a relationship. Tracy Collier and Anthony Straeger searched desperately through the detritus of routine and repetition for what had once connected, but now bound them.

The other three pieces of the evening, a trilogy under the title *Silence: A Language*, did similar work for the kind of silences which Beckett so eloquently explores between and within his characters. Arresting images remain in the mind following this series of pieces: Satya Dunning searching desperately through a mound of jigsaw pieces for the pieces of her life to give herself shape; Sarah Mardel sweeping her enormous crinoline majestically but with increasing desperation over the self-hood of Katrin Riedel and Satya Dunning until finally a small act of subversion released the strings of a straight-jacket and the possibility of personal revolution.

Finally, four men engaged in a manically beautiful – or beautifully manic – dance of avoidance and game-playing. Andrew Hodson as the dreamer was surrounded, invaded, bewildered by the patterned repetitions of Christopher Hawes, Samuel Davies and Anthony Straeger in a juggling, bowler-hatted kaleidoscope of eloquent failure to connect. It was an astonishing, funny, moving evening. Tracy Collier's new company is clearly one to watch for.