

Play Reviews

CAMBRIDGE
Stampede

THIS show was devised by Matt Adams, Will Kittow and Ju Row Farr. It was very physical. What it meant, I have no idea.

We wandered into open space at the Junction. Menacing music played (the sound was superb) while an actor was watching television. A woman actor fiddled with milk bottles. Actors ran about and rotted on the ground. A woman actor made an inflammatory speech. There was wizardry with computers and interactive television. One actor interviewed another lengthily about motives. The company put on cowboy hats and hi-stepped up and down, accompanied by a slide of a horse. My feet ached.

Promenade products are yester-

day's fad, along with theatre in the round and 'happenings'. There were long, awkward pauses between non-episodes while the audience coughed and thinned. A woman sat on a chair, shredding *Time Out*. A man smashed her chair with a hammer. She of the inflammatory speech confessed to selfishness, so presumably we were invited to disapprove.

A screen was then up-ended to form a wall, which was athletically climbed. A man brought on a dog, which howled, apparently disturbed by the portentous music as a girl spun

on a rope from the ceiling.

Finally we were all shunted into a corner behind a white sheet. After several minutes they let us out and there was dutiful applause. Not much, but some. There was a discussion after the show when a shrewd young person asked what was the point of corralling us at the end. The answer was mumbled, so I still don't know.

The company, called Blast Theory, committed the unforgivable sin. They were boring.

Valerie Grosvenor Myer