

Lullaby's title is ironic, even sick, which rather befits this quirky drama of sex, violence and incontinence on a hospital ward that's introduced by a slapstick dwarf.

Politically correct it isn't, but Vardimon's dance theatre has a compelling dark-magic realism; magnifying neuroses and transforming familiar social ritual into surreal nightmare. Which is what this genre of contemporary dance does best.

Just as its forerunners, DV8, lifted the lid off cruise culture in the uptight, AIDS-panicked '80s with graphic honesty, so Vardimon's updated offering subverts the soap-fuelled sick-bed fantasies we hold so dear, and exposes the sado-masochistic subtexts of the medical encounter.

Doctors try it on with patients, patients take it out on nurses, and biological warfare reigns as patients take the rap for their diseases. Lullaby is danced with the bruising physicality and forensic precision of Vardimon's choreography, while her own live-wire performance steals the show.

Stylish animation and video gadgetry add to its grotesque cartoon aesthetic. Not for the squeamish.