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By John Highfield

In a run-down open space dominated by a mermaid fountain, a strange and ill-assorted group of people meet in a bizarre dance of passion, danger and raw sexuality. The key to choreographer Jasmin Vardimon's study of humans and their behaviour probably lies with that mythical aquatic symbol for the females all gradually emerge as strong, seductive and dangerous. In the early scenes it is the men who dominate – one electrifying routine is a testosterone-fuelled display of overt masculinity, sweaty and threatening. For all their bluster and brutality, though, these preening, strutting emblems of the male of the species are quickly stripped quite literally back to their animal origins as they metamorphose into a dog, a monkey, a chicken.

Frequently very funny, with some marvellous flourishes of visual humour, Vardimon's work can equally be repetitive and frustrating. Nevertheless, you can't help but be caught up in the excellence of this extremely sexy young company's stage presence – their ensemble pieces have the sort of perfection we too seldom see in contemporary dance.

It's an evening of transformations in the style of a modern fairy tale, baffling and sometimes beguiling and just when it threatens to take itself too seriously, there's a sort of conspiratorial wink at the audience, a reminder that we shouldn't worry too much about the meaning but enjoy an enthusiastic piece of outrageous theatre.