

DRAMA: Tokyo Ghetto and the art of the post mainstream

# This may be the future of theatre 

IT IS difficult to have a peaceful post-show drink these days without an eamest debate on the state of crisis in the theatre and, one might say, hardly without good reason: an awful fot of theatre is plair boring - and irrelevant.

So we need reminding that theatre doesilt have to be so-or consist of plays in the usual sense, or characters, or plot, most of which is dione better on TV.

Gordana Vruk, the new theatre programaner at Chapter Arts Centre is one who talks of "'post-mains'rean theatre", and I guess you couldn't get a better example than Tokyo Ghetto, the latest in Cardiff's Japanese theatre season, from Gekidan Kaitaisha.

The Chadter Theatre space has been crensformed so that the audi-

ence sits along one side, with two TV monitor screens facing, a larger screen at one end, and initially two women int tuderwear on pedestals with heads bandaged.

First a wraith-like womars enters and moves silently around, then a fourth woman comes and slis with ber back to us and a nuan in a sombre dark suit kneels and beats out a rhython on her bare back.

His hands slap relentiessly so that her flesh turns purple and then be turis around, opens her legs and repeats the incessant rhythonic slapping on ter thighs.

It is oic of the most haunting images I have witnessed in the theatre, and I can understand why audiences have intervened and angrily disrupted the spectacle.
it is the first of a stream of usually wordless scenes that afe nesmeric, hauating, oisturbing, and the monitor screens show footage of, for example, samurai swordsm . and Japan's post-war humiliztion and heritage. documentation of a society that seems both to create and yet be separate fom much of what we see live before us.

The performance is clearly about powor as well as cultere, tred the relationship between the twa.

But if theatre has a feture, then 1 suspect we have seen it here.

