



WIRED WORLD: Dancers hang suspended from wires and harnesses, signifying the connectedness and entrapment in the modern world.

› dance

Sliding into chaos

WHOSE VOICE CRIES OUT?

Singapore Dance Theatre
Esplanade Theatre
Last Saturday

June Cheong

ARTS REPORTER

WHOSE Voice Cries Out? by the Singapore Dance Theatre was an intermittent cry of human desperation. It was an unexpectedly emotional performance for a show dedicated to exposing the disconnections inherent in the modern world.

The performance, which ended its three-day run last Saturday, began with a masterful solo by dancer Jeffrey Tan.

Clad in a white singlet and dark trousers, he appeared hunched over an imaginary keyboard, his fingers typing furiously as his lower body wound out of control.

Accompanied by a discordant track of industrial and ambient noise, he threw his limbs about as if he was being controlled by an alien force. As he collapsed on the floor, a grotesquely spectacular tableau of women appeared above him.

Suspended upside-down 2m above the stage, the six women

were curled up like foetuses in the womb. The wires from which they hung served as an ironic emblem of both their dependence and their powerlessness.

Choreographer Sakiko Oshima's diatribe against modern man's entrapment within technology was most apparent in the contrast between this scene and the delicate *pas de deux* segments which followed.

While the former was beautiful in its coldly observed set-up, the latter segments were effusive with joy and warmth. Couples skidded delightfully across the stage, flirting with abandon as their bodies snaked around each other.

The darkness returned in the last scene, where Tan bounced from one female dancer to another. Every time he approached one, he would cause her to dissolve into tears or erupt in unbridled anger.

As he slid repeatedly over the shoulder and torso of a seated lover and tumbled onto the ground, the division between him and his desire was heartbreakingly clear.

At the end, the soundtrack and lights were cut off abruptly, the ensuing darkness a lingering question of what constitutes the self.