



The "Real" Thing

Matt Sciple uncovers a Unified Theatri-fringical Theory of Everything, and invents an art-making equation, while digging through 35+ shows at the Fringe.

by Matt Sciple, August 1, 2009

Why did casebolt and smith: Speaking Out make me cry?

All day I've been trying to describe why I loved casebook and smith: Speaking Out so much, and words fail me. It just ends up sounding pretentious or silly, which is okay, really, because that's what the whole show is all about. The words of these good friends and partners provide a running commentary on their movements, narrating, mocking, and supplementing their physical communication in a way that is the very opposite of pretentious. Playful, masterfully performed and choreographed, gorgeously quirky, delicate, bawdy, and strangely moving, this show is the real deal.

And I'm not sure why I cried, either. It's one of the reasons I loved the show so much. Watching dance often surprises me, because I know enough of the rules to be dangerous, but I can't actually do it, myself. At all. And when it works, when I see dancers so in tune with each other that they seem to have formed one fluid organism, it makes my heart gasp. But in this case I think it almost had more to do with the fact that the second dance chronicles--in sections of movement punctuated by dialogue, dialogue punctuated by movement, and then just straight movement--the awkward beginnings, deepening, and artistic fruits of a beautiful, loving, working friendship.

No wait. I've got it! It's like...if Will and Grace were a much better show, and Fred and Ginger danced it! (See what I mean? Just trust me, and see for yourselves! Go on. I'll be fine till you get back. Sitting here...typing away... trying to puzzle it all out.)