



Radiohole Info Pack

Radiohole
294 Macon St.
Brooklyn, NY 11216
www.Radiohole.com



Press

The New York Times

"Deliriously entertaining"
– The New York Times



"Avant-vaudeville mixed with Richard Foreman... riotous displays of props, inexplicably captivating pranks, and perplexing plots inspired by influences ranging from Godzilla movies and spaghetti westerns to Guy Debord."

– ARTFORUM
Best of 2007



"One of New York's most remarkable companies"
– The Village Voice



"An experimental darling... The group poses a significant challenge to the experimental performance aesthetic by creating impassioned, lyrical, and timely pieces equal to those of any group in New York."

– The Drama Review



"The leading innovator in New York's third wave of avant-garde theater."
– Time Out New York



On Radiohole

Since its founding in 1998, the performance collective Radiohole has created nine original performances and supported the work of fellow artists through space grants at the company's Obie Award winning artistic home, the Collapsible Hole. Working collaboratively founding members Erin Douglass, Eric Dyer, Maggie Hoffman and Scott Halverson Gillette have developed a singular and rigorous aesthetic shaped by shared vision and individual passion and experience. The company's rich visual sense, its low use of high technology, as well as its energetic and irreverent performance style, have led to Radiohole's recognition as one of New York's pre-eminent experimental ensembles.



Our Performance space at
146 Metropolitan in Brooklyn, NY



Fluke 2007
Copenhagen PSK Festival



Wurst 2001
Kaaithheater Studios in Brussels

Radiohole began performing in basements and bars around Brooklyn and lower Manhattan, and has since performed at The Kitchen, The Performing Garage, PS122, and The Collapsible Hole. Outside New York they have performed at Seattle's On The Boards and internationally at The PSK Festival in Denmark, The Donau Festival in Austria, the Noorderzon Festival in Holland, The Kaaithheater in Brussels, the BIT in Norway, and numerous other venues throughout Europe.

In 2009 Radiohole received The Spalding Gray Award in recognition of their achievements, and to commission a new work. This piece, **Whatever, Heaven Allows (WHA!?)** premiered at the Walker Arts Center followed by performances at the Andy Warhol Museum, and a four week run at PS122 in New York City.



Performance History

Whatever, Heaven Allows

Prelude Festival, NYC, October 2009
Walker Arts Center, Minneapolis, January 2010
The Andy Warhol Museum, Pittsburgh, February 2010
PS122, NYC, March 2010

FLUKE

Tou Scene Stavanger, Norway, October 2008
BIT Teatergarasjen Bergen, Norway, October 2008
Brut Theater Vienna, Austria, April/May 2008
On The Boards, Seattle, WA, January 2008
Copenhagen PSK Festival, November 2007
The Collapsible Hole, Brooklyn, January 2007
P.S.122, NYC, April & May 2006
Prelude Festival, NYC, October 2006

Wurst

Kaaitheater, Brussels, February 2003
GAle GAtes et al., NYC, January 2003
The Collapsible Hole, Brooklyn, January 2002

Rodan

The Dublin Fringe Festival, September 2004
The Performing Garage, NYC, July 2000
The Radiohole Studio, Brooklyn, December 1999

NONE OF IT

P.S. 122, NYC, November-December 2002

ANGER/NATION

Donau Festival, Austria, April 2008
Noorderzon Festival, Holland, August 2008
The Kitchen, NYC, September 2008
BAX, NYC, November 2007

RADIOHOLE IS STILL MY NAME

Black Box Oslo, Norway, April 2005
Avant Garden Trondheim, Norway, April 2005
BIT Teatergarasjen Bergen, Norway, April 2005
The Collapsible Hole, Brooklyn, September 2004

Bend Your Mind Off

The Collapsible Hole, Brooklyn, February 2001
The Radiohole Studio, Brooklyn, May 2000

Bender

The Performing Garage, NYC, March 2002
Motor City, NYC, April 1999
The Red Room, NYC, August & January 1999
The Right Bank, NYC, October 1998
The Ontological-Hysterical, NYC, May 1998

A History of Heen

DeNachten Festival, Antwerp, Belgium, January 2003
The Performing Garage, July 1999

Company BIOS

CO-FOUNDERS: *The following Radiohole co-founders created and performed all nine Radiohole productions and run the venue The Collapsible Hole. Additional credits:*



Eric Dyer is a performer, designer and technician. He recently appeared as Apollo and the Messenger in Anne Carsons translation of ORESTES directed by Paul Lazar at Classic Stage Company. He has performed with Young Jean Lee, Ken Nintzel, Ann deMare, and the Collapsible Giraffe among others. His design credits include Young Jean Lee's THE APPEAL, SONGS OF THE DRAGONS FLYING TO HEAVEN, and CHURCH as well as Richard Maxwell's END OF REALITY and CAVEMAN. He has been a technical director for The Wooster Group, Richard Foreman and the Builders Association. He is a current Wooster Group associate.

.....



Maggie Hoffman created the role of Dorothy Woodward in Young Jean Lee's THE APPEAL at Soho Rep, and costarred in The Foundry Theater's MAJOR BANG which showed in New York at the Ohio Theater and St. Ann's Warehouse, and toured to Ohio's Wexner Center, Seattle's On The Boards, Nashville's Vanderbilt University, Charleston's The Spoleto Festival, and Australia's Sydney Opera House. Maggie will be working with Jason Grote in his upcoming production of THE STUART.

.....



Erin Douglass studied choreography and danced with Jacque Heim in Los Angeles. In New York she performed in Juliana Frances' directorial debut ST LATRICE at The Collapsible Hole. Erin led movement & dance workshops for New York public school students with Kate Valk in the Summer Institute at The Wooster Group's Performing Garage for the past five years.

.....



Scott Halvorsen Gillette is a performer and professional technician. His credits include Richard Foreman, The Wooster Group, John Jesurun, Goat Island, Mabou Mines, Guillermo Gomez-Pena, Ron Athey, Richard Maxwell, and The Radio City Rockettes. He was the technical director of the New Year's Eve Celebration at One Times Square.

.....

COLLABORATING ARTISTS:



Aaron Harrow has worked in many areas of new media design; 3D modeling and animation for film, television and architectural projects; visual effect design; video and sound editing; interactive website design and graphic design. He is a resident designer at Three-Legged Dog Arts and Technology Center in NYC.

.....



Joseph Silovski is an object-oriented performance artist. He combines his passions for construction, history and theory in live performance. He builds machines, contraptions, puppets and puppet stages out of everything from cardboard to hacked electronics. He uses those machines and puppets to tell stories of obscure, historical figures and the minutiae surrounding them.



Recent Work

Whatever, Heaven Allows (WHA!?)

by Radiohole

with Joseph Silovsky and Mark Jaynes

film & video by: Aaron Harrow & Radiohole

PERFORMED:

Prelude Festival, NYC, October 2009

Walker Arts Center, Minneapolis, January 2010

Andy Warhol Museum, Pittsburgh, February 2010

PS122, NYC, March 2010

Radiohole's newest work is a star-spangled American meta-melodrama inspired by film director Douglas Sirk's 1950s potboilers and Milton's epic *Paradise Lost*. Our heroine is an all-American "Eve" who must save her home from an evil-doer while struggling to find fulfillment in a lasting relationship with a supposedly good man who looks like god.

"I enjoyed it"

– The New York Times

"Vigorous sloppy hilarious Radiohole, put the fun, weirdness, wrestling, and beer back into downtown performance."

– New York Theater

"great physical comedy"

– The Gothamist

"Outrageous"

– The New Yorker

Whatever, Heaven Allows (WHA!?) was commissioned by PS122, The Walker Arts Center and the Andy Warhol Museum through the Spalding Gray Award.





Recent Work

ANGER/ NATION

by Radiohole

film & video by: Iver Findlay, So Yong Kim
& Radiohole

PERFORMED:

Donau Festival, Austria, April 2008

Noorderzon Festival, Holland, August 2008

The Kitchen, NYC, September 2008

ANGER/NATION explores the contradictory puritanical and hedonistic underpinnings of the American psyche by colliding the psychedelic aesthetic of occult filmmaker Kenneth Anger with the histrionic escapades of the self-proclaimed "America's Loving Home Defender," Carry A. Nation -- the 19th century, hatchet-wielding temperance crusader.

"Stunning"

– **The New York Times**

"If you drop acid at just one Off Broadway show this year, make it this one."

– **The Gothamist**

"Radiohole always seems to go further to do something on stage that you won't see anywhere else."

– **PaperMag**

"As at most Radiohole events, audience members are there to witness a cryptic but well-crafted machine in action. Gender roles, mortality and the monotony of erotic obsession are explored amid a barrage of light and sound effects. What's new is the scale and complexity of the set, which is truly baroque."

– **TimeOut NY**





Recent Work

FLUKE

by Radiohole

video design: Iver Findlay & Radiohole

PERFORMED:

Tou Scene Stavanger, Norway, October 2008
BIT Teatergarasjen Bergen, Norway, October 2008
Brut Theater Vienna, Austria, April/May 2008
On The Boards, Seattle, WA, January 2008
Copenhagen PSK Festival, November 2007
The Collapsable Hole, Brooklyn, January 2007
P.S.122, NYC, April – May 2006

Inspired by Melville's leviathan epic, Fluke tosses unlikely shipmates from Captain Ahab to Tokyo Rose around on a claustrophobic, spring-loaded, jury-rigged set that mimics a crowded boat at sea. Featuring the new Audio Spotlight technology.

"By performing most of the show with their eyes closed - no mean feat - the stars of Radiohole show how easy it is to stage an ocean: all you need to do is to close your eyes and imagine."

– **The New York Times**

"Like the Pixies, Radiohole knows how to play soft and how to play loud."

– **Village Voice**

"Radiohole brings an energy and irreverence to their work that theater desperately needs."

– **Brooklyn Rail**

"A welcome shot of adrenaline"

– **Offonline**

"Mind-blowing"

– **NYTheatre**

"As with most of Radiohole's technically brilliant if hermetic works, it's the ingenious stagecraft that haunts you."

– **TimeOut NY**



If Douglas Sirk and Milton Walked Into a Bar and Started Trading Yarns

“ I ENJOYED IT ”

150 First Avenue, New York, NY 10009

This Bud's for you, John and Doug. That's the poet John Milton and the filmmaker Douglas Sirk, the main sources of inspiration for "Whatever, Heaven Allows,"

BEN BRANTLEY

THEATER REVIEW

the latest act of cultural deconstruction (or do I mean demolition?) from the rowdy Radiohole, an experimental theater company that breaks

out the beer when it's time for a toast.

The suds flow freely in this slap-happy hybrid of "All That Heaven Allows," one of Sirk's classic Technicolor soaps from the 1950s, and "Paradise Lost," the epic poem that made Milton famous for eternity. "Whatever, Heaven Allows," at Performance Space 122 through March 14, also simulates the consumption of martinis and Jell-O shots of sticky, clothes-staining substances. But beer (Pabst Blue Ribbon, to be exact) is clearly the tippie of choice.

That's because the members of Radiohole, which has developed a hardy cult following since it began life in 1998, are proud to be brewski kinds of people, at least professionally. The Wooster Group — the venerable downtown company that is in many ways a model for Radiohole — may simulate the effects of a finely graded hallucinogen on a hyper-intelligent brain. But Radiohole aims for the equivalent of a double-six-pack buzz: a jokey, sloppy, burpy state of mind. It wears its highbrow low, and vice versa.

Imagine a frat house made up of maverick members of Phi Beta Kappa. Now try to imagine sitting in that select society's television room, while one member watches a classic cinematic soap opera and the other crams for a Renaissance-epic exam.

Their smart-aleck annotative asides intersect. And what do you know? Milton and Sirk suddenly seem to have a whole lot in common. I mean, think about it, dude. "All That Heaven Allows?" And "Paradise Lost," a poem about some bad angel falling out of heaven?

The correspondences in this production don't get much weightier than that. But it's fun to

watch the performers here — Erin Douglass, Eric Dyer, Mark Jaynes, Maggie Hoffman and Joseph Silovsky — having so much fun themselves. (At least I enjoyed it; my theatergoing companions, accustomed to more urbane avant-garde, were not amused.)

It might help if you knew a little about the source material for this production. "Paradise Lost" explains how we got booted out of Eden by God. (Cherchez la femme, lunkhead.) Sirk's "All That Heaven Allows" (1955),

which stars Rock Hudson and Jane Wyman, follows what happens to a genteel suburban widow when she strays from Eisenhower-era conformity by falling for a strapping (and younger) arborist. (Cougar alert!)

Like the Wooster Group — which practices a more sophisticated kind of genre-crossing theater in works like "House/Lights" (which combined a Gertrude Stein libretto with a bondage exploitation flick) — Radiohole makes varied and extensive use of both contemporary technology

eric, heaven allows

Directed and designed by Erin Douglass. Erin Dyer, Joseph Silovsky and Maggie Hoffman. Video by Samuel Hartman. Music by Jason DeFrazz. Presented by Performance Space 122. Venue: Radiohole, 150 First Avenue, New York, NY 10009. Tickets: \$15-\$45. Run: March 14, Evening 7:30-11:00pm.

Erin Douglass, Eric Dyer, Mark Jaynes, Maggie Hoffman and Joseph Silovsky



“ fun to watch the performer having so much fun themselves ”

“The more you think,
the more you find”

150 First Avenue, New York, NY 10009



CIRCULAR LOGIC
Douglas, Dyer and
Hoffman, from left,
amplify their voices.

fire exits (“Then you’ll find yourself, a giant screaming fireball, exiting onto Second Avenue”), we smell the old danger. He quotes Milton’s Satan, although Dyer’s prelapsarian delight is not God but “Young Jean” (a reference to Dyer’s private life), and his ease with poetry bodes well for the show. An animated, Luciferian tumble through the clouds ends in a clever credits sequence that apes Sirk’s 1955 romance. Hoffman goofs as Jane Wyman and Dyer sports an unforgivable Rock Hudson wig, but we know the Devil has splashed down nearby.

Dive down the Radiohole and grapple with their raw material.

The rest, though, feels by-the-numbers. On a T-shaped plywood stage in front of a screen that looks like a space station’s wings, the five actors slip and career through scenes of Sirk’s film, swinging occasionally into quotes from Rainer Werner Fassbinder’s Heaven-inspired film *Ali: Fear Eats the Soul* and Robert Downey Sr.’s cult oddity *Greaser’s Palace*. They use metatext (“Armpunch! Sexist joke! Ha ha ha!”) to fast-forward through the talky bits, while slowing down enough to give the dramatic moments full weight. At least, after flinging Jell-O shots in their faces, the actors make a sneaky-faced try at it.

Despite the mess, anarchy is the farthest thing from this group’s event horizon. They observe a rigid code; as is too often the case now, Radiohole rips the spine off a literary classic and interleaves it with pulp. Here, the interpolation of texts has a hidden, academic precision: Sirk’s hero hangs out in gardens, persuades a woman of the properties of a certain tree, and then leads her into physical temptation. That same seductive fellow also suffers a terrible fall—just as a certain rebel angel did off his cloud bank. The more you think, the more you find. But in moments of the play itself, Radiohole seems to be straining against their own model. Throughout, there is a carefulness, a repetition of discoveries already made. Perhaps they have taken Satan’s egoism too much to heart: It is time for them to let go past successes, and try to innovate their way back to Heaven once again.

Whatever, Heaven Allows

★★★★★
P.S. 122 (see Off-Off Broadway). Created by Radiohole. With Maggie Hoffman, Erin Douglass, Eric Dyer, Mark Jaynes, Joseph Silovsky. 1hr 30mins. No intermission.

Radiohole finds the (lowest) common denominator between Milton and Douglas Sirk.
By Helen Shaw

In order for you to enjoy Radiohole’s newest drunken whirligig, *Whatever, Heaven Allows*, I’m going to have to spoil it for you first. That’s because much of the show needs affection for—or at least familiarity with—its sources. Indeed, a Radiohole show requires you to sink gently back into your better self (or at least your college self) when you knew that any good result demanded a night of frantic cramming and a beer or two to keep your faculties loose.

It’s true that you could drop by

P.S. 122 without skimming *Paradise Lost*, and you might giggle at what seems to be a campy send-up of Douglas Sirk’s *All That Heaven Allows* based on the video scenery alone. The ensemble has devised its customary blend of high and low art, full of loud dance breaks, groovy technical toys and intentional mess-making. Surfacing amid the flotsam are some sweet performances; Maggie Hoffman, for instance, finds a new and heartbreaking vulnerability onstage. Yet the show feels like the sewing up of an aesthetic phase, the farewell to a too-strict creative process. For all those who know Radiohole as the “lawless,” “anarchic” mavericks that they dress like, that description may sound bananas. But for all its simulated licentiousness, *Whatever* feels somehow circumscribed, stifled into a new kind of convention.

One way to fight the dragging sensation is to follow it. Dive down the Radiohole and start grappling with their raw material. Watch Sirk’s potboiler about a woman who lets peer pressure push her into

loneliness, and try to ferret out the allusions in Radiohole’s multimedia cacophony. You may not find the rambunctious joyfulness of their other shows, but you might discover the quieter thrills of connections made and books reread.

Admittedly, the troupe’s projects have always been, in this way, a bait and switch. Upon climbing to the second floor at P.S. 122, we are immediately plied with free beer. Lubricated, we flop into our seats. (Full disclosure: I didn’t drink. Journalistic integrity screwed me there.) The “bait,” therefore, is the promise of something more of a party than a play, a kegger with great design elements. Radiohole’s events capitalize on a sense of dangerous excess, and early works felt like something you could get arrested for attending. From the beginning, though, the fun has had a hyperacademic underpinning, shooting interdisciplinary references faster than they could huck you a Pabst Blue Ribbon.

At the outset of the show, while Eric Dyer is giving us the pyromaniac’s guide to the theater’s

Tickets: 212.352.3101 www.ps122.org

the village
VOICE

Whatever Heaven Allows (WHA?!)

By Radiohole
P.S.122

150 First Avenue, 212-352-3101



A taste of the
Theater of Gelatin.

**PER
FORM
ANCE
SPACE
122**

“**MARVELOUS**”

Garden Party

Radiohole cracks open
Milton and Douglas Sirk

BY ALEXIS SOLOSKI

Fortunately, John Milton is dead, so he will never see the scrumptious travesty that Radiohole's *Whatever Heaven Allows (WHA?!)* makes of his epic poem. An impious mash-up of *Paradise Lost* and Douglas Sirk's '50s weepie *All That Heaven Allows*, this new show at P.S.122 makes the fall from grace awfully fun. It indeed showcases “man's first disobedience”—and his second, and his third, etc.

The Brooklyn performance group Radiohole has often relied on literary and cinematic inspiration—Westerns, detective flicks, Norse myths, *Moby-Dick*. Generally deconstructive, their work delights in popping subtextual pimples, resulting in plays that are vulgar and enormously satisfying. Happily, Radiohole combines this anarchic spirit with actorly rigor. No matter how chaotic their stage antics seem, the pandemonium results from ample rehearsal and reflection.

Whatever Heaven Allows opens soberly, with the five-member cast decorously clad. They play Chopin records and recite a few of Milton's stately iambs. As simultaneous video indicates, the action gradually shifts from a lake of fire to a leafy New England town and introduces a woman in an apple-red gown (Maggie Hoffman), a new Eve ripe for temptation. Following the arc of Sirk's film, with the occasional Miltonic aside, the actors narrate this woman's taboo attraction to her rugged, Satanic gardener (Eric Dyer). That he's actually an “arborist,” as Hoffman frequently insists, does not quiet the outrage of her children (Erin Douglass and troupe newcomer Mark Jaynes) and former suitor (Joseph Silovsky).

As the play continues, propriety lessens and inhibition dissipates. Skirts untie, buttons come undone, obscenities ring out, and the cast cover themselves in an array of colorful liquids. (I weep for their dry-cleaning bills.) Toward the show's end, Hoffman steps to the front of the stage, seemingly departing character, and launches a synopsis of the film's ending, saying, “This is where the drama that Radiohole won't deliver happens.” Don't believe her. Instead, think back to the dramatic moment, perhaps 20 minutes earlier, when cherry Jell-O plummets from the ceiling, splattering Hoffman and several audience members. It's a marvelous effect: gross and improbably gorgeous, too. A jiggly *Paradise Found*.

150 First Avenue, New York, NY 10009

The New York Times

THEATER REVIEW | 'ANGER/NATION'

Moral Righteousness Meets Down and Dirty

By JASON ZINOMAN

Published: September 17, 2008

Blooming with more than a dozen silver branches, the futuristic tree, dangling passport-size screens, sits below a dark ramp leading up to a moon that glows romantically over a beautifully shot video of a snow-caked landscape. It's a stunning stage image, like something out of a Robert Wilson production, translating nature into sleek technology.

In "Anger/Nation," at the Kitchen, the scrappy New York experimental theater troupe Radiohole has picked up some shiny new toys, and if it doesn't always seem to know exactly what to do with them — the video seems mostly decorative and underused — that might be for the best. Tastefulness and refinement have never been its calling cards. Filled with vulgar jokes, silly dances and bursts of inspired absurdity, this show, whose title refers to the avant-garde filmmaker Kenneth Anger and the temperance crusader Carrie Nation, maintains the company's trademark aesthetic:

down and dirty, shameless and proudly debauched. As usual, there's free beer for all.

Drunkenness, in fact, is a central theme, as Nation (Maggie Hoffman), at one point posturing in front of a microphone in stylized 19th-century-period clothes, preaches about the evils of vice. Ms. Hoffman, who appears far along in a pregnancy, even tosses off her costume at the end of the show to pose naked with no display of modesty. Her stage partner, Eric Dyer, helpfully points a camera at her backside, blowing it up on screen.

In general, the random-seeming narrative here doesn't get more substantive than the typical stage banter of a rock show. It begins with shouting and chaos and ends with a jarring sendup of aftershow pretentiousness that meanders on like an Andy Kaufman routine. While there



Maggie Hoffman plays the temperance crusader Carrie Nation in "Anger/Nation," at the Kitchen.

are a complex sound design of nightmarish noises and some amusing sight gags (giant wigs, rubber hands), the essence of this show's appeal is the magnetic, bizarre cast members and their freewheeling performances.

Ms. Hoffman has a kittenish charm, and Mr. Dyer — bald, gap-toothed and stuffed into a kind-of girdle — exudes the oddball charisma of a natural performer. He alternates between complete ridiculousness and an intense seriousness tinged with a sweet insecurity. In one vignette, after 15 seconds of random, funny dances straight out of Monty Python, he turns to a fellow actor, castigating himself: "I think my timing was off."



Bad Table Manners, but Fancy Names to Quote

By JASON ZINOMAN

Published: October 23, 2004

If you learn one thing about the members of the cult theater troupe Radiohole from their deliriously entertaining current show, "Radiohole Is Still My Name," it is never, under any circumstances, to invite them to dinner. Watching this cast of glamorously grungy performers (Eric Dyer, Erin Douglass, Maggie Hoffman and Joseph Silovsky) tear apart and devour a chicken, burping and licking their fingers through the entire meal, could turn any theatergoer into a vegetarian. It is by far the most shocking scene of a bizarre show filled with nudity, violence and terribly bad manners.

The Brooklyn-based Radiohole, often compared to those avant-garde icons the Wooster Group and Richard Foreman, comes as close to the sweaty, drunken spirit of punk rock as any theater company in New York. They give away beer, spit all over the stage and recite quotations from the French social theorist

Guy Debord, whom the writer and critic Greil Marcus has connected, culturally, to the Sex Pistols.

Radiohole has riffed on source materials as disparate as the German mythological "Nibelungenlied" and Godzilla movies, and this new rambling piece explores the spaghetti western film genre. Characters mosey around the stage and deliver swaggering non sequiturs like, "I was born to trouble, so I'm mighty spooky."

Squeezing the vast expanse of the Wild West into Collapsible Hole, a converted garage in Williamsburg, is not easy, but Radiohole is a resourceful group (a tumbleweed rolls across the stage on wheels) and it makes the most of its booby-trapped set, which looks to be assembled from gadgets and doodads found in the back of thrift stores.

The genre jokes cannot really hide

the fact that Radiohole's primary subject is themselves. The title of the show hints at their struggle to maintain their scrappy company, and the actors frequently break the fourth wall to complain about one another.

Mr. Sivoksy, a mild-mannered type who occasionally looks appalled at the perverse goings-on, says that he's tired of all the sex and drugs and drinking. And the lazy-eyed Mr. Dyer has had enough of the life of the poor starving Off Off Broadway artist. "All these years of dumpster diving and living on ramen noodles," he says at one point. "I'm getting too old for this."

That might be true, but if the motley crew of Radiohole didn't stage their inspired anarchy, what else would they do? And who would have them?

SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 2006

Tickets: 212.352.3101 www.ps122.org

The New York Times

THEATER REVIEW

PER
FORM
ANCE
SPACE
122

Radiohole's 'Fluke' Splashes Around in a Sea of Ambiguity

BY JASON ZINOMAN

The rambunctious experimental company Radiohole may be better known for its occasional nudity, beer-swilling and despicable table manners, but over the years it has also shown a New Yorker's talent for making the most of a small amount of space. In past shows, this Brooklyn troupe has fit a frozen tundra into a black box theater and the Wild West into a Williamsburg garage. Its new play, "Fluke," a collage of enigmatic riffs on "Moby-Dick," raises the level of difficulty, bringing the wide blue ocean into P.S. 122.

Listen closely and you'll hear the gurgling sound of the deep. There's even a collection of electric fish flapping their fins on the cluttered stage. It has always been easier to like a show by Radiohole than to understand it. But while past pieces have featured elaborate minispectacles or brief flourishes of chaos, "Fluke" is a more modest and meditative work, although what is being pondered in this disjointed piece is anyone's guess.

There are a few snippets of oddball dialogue (I've the need of needs. I'm



Lisa Whiteman

From left, Maggie Hoffman, Eric Dyer and Erin Douglass in the Radiohole production of the meditative "Fluke" at P.S. 122.

going to get the score of scores.") and a screaming punk rock song delivered by the always intense Eric Dyer, whose bald head and crooked features make him look like an overgrown and slightly sinister baby.

“A collage of enigmatic riffs on “Moby-Dick”, raises the level of difficulty, bringing the wide blue ocean into P.S. 122”

At his sides are the alluring divas of Radiohole: Maggie Hoffman, wearing a pompadour and a glamorously bored expression, and Erin Douglass, whose corset interrupts an otherwise normal — relatively — look.

There are of course a few avant-garde clichés like shining a spotlight in the audience's faces. But as with every Radiohole show, there are also some vivid theatrical ideas. Early on, each of these performers paints an eyeball on an eyelid, and they spend much of the show with their eyes closed. (They put on sunglasses when they need to see.) It's a nicely creepy effect, making them appear like cartoon characters or dolls whose eyes have popped out of their sockets. And by performing most of the show with their eyes closed — no mean feat — the stars of Radiohole show how easy it is to stage an ocean: all you need to do is to close your eyes and imagine.

"Fluke" continues through May 7 at P.S. 122, 150 First Avenue, at Ninth Street, East Village; (212) 352-3101

150 First Avenue New York, NY 10009 info: 212.477.5288