

Rest of the week's theatre

★★★★★ **Royal box** ★★★★ **Front row stalls**
★★★ **Two in the circle** ★★ **Stand at the back** ★ **Stay in the bar**

Aurélia's Oratorio

Lyric Hammersmith,
W6

★★★★

Once upon a time, there was a fairy tale that didn't tell a story and didn't have characters. Victoria Thierrée Chaplin's 75-minute show is like that: a series of dreams that, like a lot of dreams, don't quite tell a story, they just occur, and they have no ending, but just stop and turn into something else. A quirky divinity shapes their endlessness. The show could have been created jointly by Jacques Tati and Marcel Marceau. No words are spoken: it is a series of

pictures about people and objects, and what they can do to each other. You are doing your knitting; an animal bites off your leg; you knit yourself another. You hang out your washing and water it from a can so it can dry. Do you take off your cloak, or does your cloak expel you? Aurélia Thierrée and Timothy Harling are the two performers, brilliantly inventive, superbly agile, sly, funny and attractive: magicians at the crossroads between life and dreams.

John Peter