

Göteborgs Fria Tidning

GEST Brilliant again!

Reviews

"People don't go to the movies to get depressed - that's what the theatre is for." So reads one of many brilliant one-liners in Marie Jones' play. In this context, it is an enormous paradox, to be depressed after seeing 'Stones in his Pockets' is completely wrong.

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Theatre

Stones in his Pockets by Marie Jones The Gothenburg English Speaking Theater
Directed by Malachi Bogdanov Cast Mike Rogers and Gary Whitaker

The Gothenburg English Speaking Theater has become a trademark for quality theatre. Their previous production; Kristina Brändén Whitaker's thought-provoking and beautiful 'Expectations', was a real experience. Now their latest production 'Stones in his Pockets' offers theatre brimming with talent in all categories.

The plot is straightforward and uncomplicated; Jake (Mike Rogers) and Charlie (Gary Whitaker) become friends when they are extras in a movie. The film in question is a major Hollywood production that completely takes over the Irish village they live in and has unpredictable effects on its residents.

As usual GEST has eminent actors, the theater's co founder Gary Whitaker is in good company with the directly imported Mike Rogers, a very good acquisition. Considering that this play is an acting risk project, fortunately, there are no such concerns here.

All characters are played by Whitaker and Rogers and both completely shine. Skillfully they switch between the roles using body language, sometimes just a gesture or tone of voice is enough as indicators of character. In the wrong hands it might be confusing, but with such distinguished actors, there is no danger of this. Furthermore, the actors relish in playing them all.

Stones in his Pockets is a comedy, but not the farcical type, despite the actors comedic talents and physical drives. Marie Jones' text gives the characters a depth that Malachi Bogdanov's direction beautifully makes use of and Whitaker and Rogers cleverly embrace. With warmth and love for the characters they take on board the comic as well as the dramatic.

The play is full of jibes at Hollywood, both verbal and physical. The Prima donna, always accompanied by Chris DeBurghs Lady in Red, becomes Whitaker's Renée Zellwegeresque diva with little sense of reality and the director is a parody of Woody Allen. There is even time for a splendid humorous take on the all-Irish dancing Riverdance, with an Irishman who has a kilt. Moreover, I am fully convinced that Mrs Jones had laughed at the Irish attempts by stars such as Brad Pitt and Tom Cruise when she wrote the screenplay.

Stones in his Pockets has been a success worldwide and has been translated into numerous languages, but I'm glad I saw it in its original language. Grab the chance to see this. Now! Before anyone decides to perform it in Swedish and likely destroy it.

Helena Krantz