

lives? The poetry of space travel remains rooted in the realms of science fiction.

In a series of stylized, snapshot scenes in a humming antiseptic laboratory suspended in a firmament of planets (great design by Stewart Laing), we meet other astronauts, notably Trevor Peacock's grizzled old moon-walking veteran who describes the surface's grey biscuit colour, and the eclipse of the earth with his thumb; their disgruntled or supportive partners; and the head of the unit (Nigel Terry) who allocates the shuttle spaces. Paul's sharpest exchanges are with a Texan spacegirl (Annabelle Apsion) who really does see nothing remarkable beneath the visiting moon. Curiously, for all his research, Godfrey ends up with no theories, not much meat and a rather interesting, idiosyncratic and well-written play about why this should be so.

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Sat, Jan 30, 2021