

cination. But the precision of Vicky Featherstone's production and the four performances also keep us riveted. Faith Flint's photographer is all beady-eyed watchfulness; Eileen Walsh's thieving interpreter is conscious of her authority, while Mary Cunningham as the Imelda Marcos-like dictator's wife, and Myra McFadyen as her alleged chum, enact a private power-play.

It's a tough play to grasp at one sitting. But Morgan, with her shrewd understanding of the gulf between what is said and what is thought, is a talent to watch.

With Zinnie Harris's *Further Than the Furthest Thing*, jointly presented by the Glasgow Tron and the National Theatre, we are on slightly firmer ground; or we would be if the play did not deal with the disruptive effect on individual lives of a volcanic explosion on a remote Atlantic island.

In the first, slow-moving, act Harris traces the pattern of island life on the brink of cataclysm. In

the second, far sharper half she shows how the islanders, on being shifted to Southampton, are consistently lied to by the British government. They yearn to return to a home which, because of its strategic importance, they are falsely informed has been destroyed.

Harris certainly takes her time: three hours to be precise. What she captures, however, is the resilience and pathos of remote islanders forever open to exploitation. Irina Brown's atmospheric

production, with a thunderous sound design by Duncan Chave, boasts a first-rate performance by one of Britain's most under-sung actresses, Paola Dionisotti. She manages to suggest both the stubborn tenacity and exiled loneliness of someone fiercely attached to a lonely rock at the earth's end. She is well supported by Kevin McMonagle as her guilt-ridden husband and Darrell D'Silva as a Capetown businessman. But Dionisotti is the emotional centre.



Women on the verge of a revelation... Splendour