

Cold comfort in cabin fever

The combination of two excellent actors and a winning set – by director Joh Hartog – give *Brilliant Traces* at Bakehouse Theatre, an uncommon strength.

PETER BURDON, The Advertiser



The first ten minutes of Cindy Lou Johnson's *Brilliant Traces* are as good an opening as you're likely to get.

A woman in a lacy wedding dress, Rosannah, bursts into a remote cabin – in Alaska, and in the middle of a snowstorm – and unleashes a stream of consciousness tirade.



Much to the astonishment of Henry, the cabin's occupant.

In the course of some 80 minutes, these two, played with deadly seriousness by Krystal Brock and Brendan Cooney, reveal something – but by no means all – of themselves and the reasons both have sought, or been driven to seek, such extreme isolation.

Rosannah's story seems simple enough, an unstable character, and a case of cold feet (literal as well as emotional, given the weather) at the altar, but her flight both from reality and her demons, is a whole lot deeper than that.

Henry's story takes much longer to unfold, but is every bit as searing in the unfolding.

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In the hands of a less gifted team, the deficits in the script, particularly the extent to which the mundane and the obvious intrude upon tense moments (of which there are many) could easily pall. With this ensemble, however, it works.

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Hartog's *Brilliant Traces* is a very compelling piece of theatre.

Brilliant Traces

Bakehouse Theatre

until October 5