

Getting the Picture... in Ashlee's Mirror

Szalai György, p, 2014-05-30 20:25



There is no way that anyone who in the past few months has been around the Malom Theatre wouldn't recognise her, at least by sight. A little bit "out of the ordinary" because she always finds a reason to smile - when the sun is bright and shiny, she is happy because it does not happen too frequently - and when it rains it's because, even if she is far from home, it still feels a bit like foggy Albion. And this nature of hers is "infectious".

Anyone who has ever been in contact with her, even just once, will agree.

Last Sunday night, however, she introduced herself as a movement artist - I'm not even sure if this concept exists at all. She brought countless mirrors in her huge invisible bag with her, and held them, one after the other, in front of the audience. From time to time we just marveled... *this is really my life*. She used all manner of styles, from the traditional contemporary dance and the familiar techniques of pantomime, to the idiosyncrasies of a circus clown, in order to enable us to recall certain moments almost all of us have encountered in our lifetime. It was about happiness... a heart wrenching struggle... people pointing fingers at each other... the "logical" search for a solution... the unrestrained moments of "escape" offered by alcohol and drugs - which of course ends in a horrible awakening... I could go on and on about the "bag's" content.



And then there's a "ring" - you can look at in awe; you can explore it, and play with it. The "magic ring" may be small or big; the important thing is that it gives you something that might truly change your life... permanently. A few days ago I ended up with similar thoughts when I saw some paintings at an exhibition. Coincidence...? I do not think so.



The fact that she was able to convey these thoughts through a perfectly harmonised variety of styles - at least in my opinion - shows clearly why that despite her young age she's been invited to many places to teach. By the way, the veil got lifted off her "secret" as well; provided we were observant enough...

Since a photo report should not be just words you can click on the individual pictures within the gallery to bring up photos from the night.

We were there.... It was great... Thank you.

