

If the Cap Fits at Chapter

On your bike to see this at all costs

By IFAN PAYNE

REVIEWS

WHATEVER YOU do in the next three days do not miss this.

If you have ever wondered, sitting up in bed of an evening idly oiling your bicycle, what a cross between Flann O'Brien and Lewis Carroll would look like when staged, then *If the Cap Fits* provides, at least, part of the answer.

This comic play, a series of witty and phantasmagorical moments stolen from time, is the work of its two performers, Gary Stevens and Caroline Wilkinson.

Together they have created a minimalist comedy where every word and action is given poetic, carefully-crafted and weighted significance.

Trapped in a timeless room, the two protagonists interweave fiction and reality, flickering into and out of character, as the inanimate objects around them become invested with lives of their own like props left over from *The Third Policeman*.

As though trapped in some new-wave Beckett production, the two characters wait alone for a post-modernist Godot with nothing but idiosyncratic flights of fantasy

with which to pass the time.

Do not get the wrong impression from this description, for this is a hilarious evening, full of ironic smiles, gentle chuckles and deep-bellied laughs.

Gary Stevens is a Buster Keaton look-alike with the carefully-calculated movements of a silent comedian who has the ability to let the audience see his mind working—and it works in the strangest of ways.

Caroline Wilkinson on the other hand is the poet, investing the most mundane of words with allure and enchantment as well as wit.

Suddenly confused, Stevens turns to Wilkinson at one point and says, "I'm sorry, I thought I was in this thing," and sits down in consternation, unsure of role or reality, amongst the audience.

You have three opportunities to join him in that audience to see this mesmerising, fascinating, highly-original and deeply funny play — today, tomorrow and Saturday evening at Chapter.