

Springback Academy 2022

Review



"Anna-Marija Adomaityte makes a stunning footprint in the history of *pas de deux*."



Hang Huang

Three glaring overhead lights, a bright blue square of carpet, pounding, percussive electronic music: this is the setting that greets us and that we are invited to sit closely all around. Inside the square a couple are poised, suspended in a state of tension, ready to dance. They look fragile, androgenous, almost awkward, and their suspended stillness seems to last forever.

Without warning they jerk into motion. In a hopping, repetitive jig, they mechanically rotate through each corner of their blue dance floor. Their stony expression accentuates the automaton nature of their rapport. And yet, as their fractal dance endures, each minute adjustment of the clasp of their hands, every slight shift in direction, claims our scrutiny and divulges an almost overwhelming tenderness in their shared exploit. Once and once only, he lifts her high in the air. If you blink you miss it. Abstraction, endurance and duration breathtakingly evoking the unfathomably complexity of human experience.



Oonagh Duckworth

In a picture of visual polish, three lit rectangles suspend low above a royal blue carpet, framing man and woman, braced. The nucleus of their movement is a bounce, revolving on the spot, fixed in coupled form. The piece thickens through mutations on this perpetual repetition, small but loud alterations of heels, eye focus, hand grip, that torturously obfuscate the question of who is guiding who.

It's repetition but certainly not meditation – otherwise, why do I feel so uneasy? Vast music layers itself, new sounds corroding old ones. She is alert and untrusting. He is frozen between unwillingness, and tangible fear. Only twice, she launches cuboid high, or perhaps he propels her. Deviant, she skips beats, rupturing his solidity, and a suppressed arm wrestle halts them both. As if withdrawing a Jenga block, she cautiously detaches herself.

Now facing each other, an absence of eye contact is blatant. We are thirsty for it, but they tremor as if locking eyes might detonate a bomb. The word 'brink' is redefined by a 40-minute threshold of preparation, that ultimately, seems more like a glitch doomed to loop eternally. Minimalism at its most infuriating, and most compelling.



Georgia Howlett