

## **Timeless**

### **Extract from The Times**

**29/8/97**

**Jeremy Kingston**

The four instrumentalists are arranged as two couples, one either side of the stage. Likewise, the four actors are kept separate. They are friends, meeting at a bar, sitting around one table, but the table is shown twice and the friends dart or glide from one to the other when intimate confidences are to be shared. The idea may sound daft on the page but it generates sequences of rhythmic beauty and emotional emphasis that represent the to and fro of conversation in a thrillingly theatrical manner.

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### **Extract from The Scotsman**

**28/8/97**

**Colin Donald**

There is much to admire in Graham Eatough's conception of *Timeless*, which is presented to the audience with invigorating stylistic boldness, and a satisfying sense of form. Eatough is fascinated by the vocabulary of gesture, and the language ticks and flinches he and his cast have evolved works, both individually and in unison. It provides effective counterpoint to David Greig's words and Nick Powell's hugely evocative score.

### **Extract from Scotland On Sunday**

**31/8/97**

**Neil Cooper**

Glasgow based Suspect Culture are simply the most ambitious company in terms of form, technique and content, and their *Timeless* is a gorgeous evocation of friendship and remembrance of things past. Not that it's a wrinkly nostalgia trip, for this is a young company who have devised a play so very very now that at times it's like watching your own life story up there.

### **Extract from The Herald**

**4/3/98**

**Keith Bruce**

That Spalding Gray's evocation of "the perfect moment" should have struck a chord with the young adult readership of *Swimming to Cambodia*. That Gray himself should have been a product of New York's Wooster Group. Suspect Culture understands those things.

That Scotland should have produced Suspect Culture that begat *Timeless* should make a small nation swell with pride. Staged at last in the venue that was partly responsible for commissioning, although it premiered at the Edinburgh Festival, this brilliant realisation of the impossibility of recreating any such moment – and what a paradox that is for a piece of theatre to evoke

– is more precise and more perfect than before. Despite all the stellar names of the contemporary stage who have been presented in Tramway, I cannot recall previously noting that eerie gap when everyone is reluctant to move after the rapturous applause has ebbed away.