We can agree that collectively created work entails certain risk, even leaving aside, in the case of *The Method Gun*, the eponymous loaded pistol hanging upstage. Give enough people control, and slackness can set in; keep that group together, and technique can turn rigid and self-obsessed. Luckily, the long-lived Austin troupe the Rude Mechs laughs in the face of those very dangers. In this immensely funny, abruptly touching physical-theater work—devised in concert, codified by playwright Kirk Lynn—the Rudes dice with any number of devils. They examine their own dynamic by inventing an acting guru (and then using real-world grants to research her); they flourish the aforementioned gun; they add a tiger. They keep taking perilous theatrical leaps, but we are the ones to feel sweaty-palmed, nearly vertiginous exhilaration.

In the sly concentric structure, the actors play reenactors of other actors—namely, fake ’70s drama coach Stella Burden’s acolytes, who have persevered with a nine-year rehearsal of *A Streetcar Named Desire* even after her disappearance. We bounce among retrospective lecture-demonstrations, re-created rehearsals employing Burden’s hazardous acting strategies and interventions by a sambaing tiger. (E. Jason Liebrecht murmurs feline thoughts into a mike: “Remember, any moment, I could run through and eat the person you are most bored with! Rowrr!”) Moments shift between sweet humor and blissful absurdity, and even slow scenes set up roller-coaster drops. Hodgepodge structure needs just exactly this: director-actor Shawn Sides operating with rare unifying magic, shy Thomas Graves doing a neck-or-nothing dance, Hannah Kenah and Lana Lesley doing scraps of a *Streetcar* so rhythmically delightful, you want to see the rest of it, whether it takes them nine years or not.