

The major work on a program of two duets by **Bill T. Jones** and **Arnie Zane** at the Kitchen March 7-10, was *Monkey Road Run*, an hour-long work that makes the most of its moments of stillness, but is chock full of interesting ideas and attractive movement. Jones and Zane make an interesting duo: Jones is a very tall man, with lanky muscles and a highly expressive face. His hands and limbs seem boneless; their delicacy is surprising in such a large, powerful man. Zane is the opposite in nearly all respects: short, wiry, and compact, with a cool, almost detached facial expression that rarely changes. His movement doesn't have the effortlessness that Jones' possesses: there is a feeling for visual shape, an awareness of spacing and framing to the way he moves. One is always aware of him standing out against the background, holding photographic poses, while Jones is a study in constant, fluid movement.

The startling contrast in weight and height is used interestingly, and just enough (as when Zane curls up in Jones' lap, or rolls the latter across his back). There are frequent lifts and partnering segments featuring the use of different weights balanced against each other; never cute or untimely, they suit the geometric, point-counterpoint pattern of the dancing.

The nicest of many repeated phrases in *Monkey Road Run* characteristically travels sideways across the floor in a combination of rolls, sitting poses, lifts, and waltz-like dance steps. The partnering is often almost tender—especially a supported arabesque promenade (Zane partnering Jones), repeated several times.

The sole prop for the piece is a large, rolling box, used as a perch, a wall, a barrier, with a light hidden in the center that shines out in the blackness at the end of the dance. Late in the dance a disconnected, possibly apocalyptic narrative emerges in an occasional monologue by Jones; its line becomes at least partially comprehensible only after repeated scramblings of snatches of the story. There is a long list of names of children playing, something about a pink house and the sound of bombers overhead, repeated references to "the end of the world."