

CHOP ME UP A STORY

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Chopping a classic narrative into bits and re-arranging them in winsome and provocative ways works best when the audience knows the story. Otherwise, the piece had better stand alone or the fragments be beguiling enough to distract us from issues of meaning. Certainly DD Dorvillier offers some powerful images in her new *Wind (The Eternal Return of the Same)*, which premiered at the Kitchen. Take the towers of electric fans, one of which conceals a video camera for recording confessions. Or how about five people, covered from head to toe in stretchy blue lace suits, slowly uncoiling on a suspended floor of blue fabric? How about two "Furies" in blue tutus (Gayle Gibbons and Jessica Reese Dessner) picking their way on pointé among three "Schoolgirls" in plaid skirts (Willa Carroll, Anika Tromholt Kristensen, and John Wyszniwski)?

Dorvillier has a track record in the deconstruction business. She's clever and imaginative, but her elaborate production is too obscure for its own good. At rock bottom, we don't know everything she knows, although the program reveals a connection to the myth of Castor and Pollux. When Sara Michelson (Pollux, we can tell by the boxing gloves) calls out, "Father, I need you!" and a video of a swan appears on the back wall, it helps to know that Zeus seduced Leda in the form of a swan, and that Pollux was divine spawn, while his mortal twin, Castor, was fathered by Leda's husband. And yes, that cluster of blue dancers *does* look like an egg. And toy horses plus videos of live ones plus hoofbeats in Guy Yarden's score *may* trigger the memory that Castor was a horse trainer. If it doesn't, you could find yourself wondering, "Why the hell horses?"

The mythic twins are played by women (Dorvillier is Castor), but on video they shave their faces. The mirror-image videos are projected on a small house, which, when turned, reveals breasts in bas-relief. (I can't imagine what any of this is about.)

There's a tragedy hidden amid schoolgirls who crave smoke, a strategic pig mask, a filmed boat on a stormy sea (Tal Yarden managed the fine lighting and visual design), and a '60s woman agog over her plans to take Buzz Aldrin's photo. (Is Dorvillier linking Aldrin the astronaut to the twins reunited forever in the zodiac?) When Michelson jumps repeatedly, chanting, "You are alone!" or says into a mic, "The biggest problem with you is you're dead," she's referring to the demise of a twin: her rival, her other half. But we can't feel the weight of that loss, only glimpse it amid the provocative shards.