

I, however, was very glad I saw this play (it was my first time) and many kudos to Ms. Smith for bringing it to the stage. The costumes (unaccredited) were superb. And Ms. Smith also called out talented and attractive women. Of particular note were the beautiful women mentioned Nikki Alikakos, Elizabeth Howard and Margarita Macias. Cucciniello (Paula) also stood out as a compelling presence on stage. Bravo to all and keep up the good work!

Fefu stars: Nikki Alikakos (Fefu); Sameerah Luqmaan-Harris (Courtney Reynolds (Christina); Elizabeth Howard (Julia); Margarita Macias (Emma); Sasha Cucciniello (Paula); Nicola Riske (Sue)

Tickets are \$15 and can be purchased by calling Theatermania at 212.352.3101 or by going to **[www.theatermania.com](http://www.theatermania.com)**.

**The Culture Project | 45 Bleeker**

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**Tere O'Connor's  
FROZEN MOMMY  
The Kitchen  
(The Run is Over)**



**Reviewed by Ally Manning**

"Frozen Mommy," Tere O'Connor's newest dance-play, has a unique quality that produces a confused, amused look on the faces of many. The play is O'Connor's recent development in dance movement, which involves the act of not moving-or better, "frozen moments."

As I settle into my seat the blackness of the stage slowly dissolves as the lights starkly fade in, revealing five dancers against a wall. They look at the audience, teasingly, as they languidly side step their way to the middle of the stage, chanting, "Enter. Enter. Enter." Their bodies flail, like they are fighting invisible monsters. Then the mover

words stop; everything stops. Heather Olsen and Christopher each other, playing a silent cat-and-mouse game, as the other stand there in freeze frame, waiting for the moment to pass.

The performance is filled with character shifts and plot changing orgasmically in a tableau vivant of frozen statues. They be still, but the dancers are electric within their statue-like st eyes huge, as if a thousand flies are buzzing about there. One witness the inception of the "moment of creation" as their mo hang weightless as though propped up against an invisible gli while their minds crisscross furiously, fusing a grenade of nev before the performers prepare and regain composure for the

This abstract dance was performed on a barren stage at the Chelsea by five dancers in plain, nondescript street clothing: Hilary Clark, Matthew Rogers, Christopher Williams, and Erin dancers illuminated the bare-bones theater with big personal cathartic screams and swinging limbs resembling pendulum-l appendages.

The stark, cavernous theater contains no props. There exists accompaniment. And there is only one lighting cue-at the end intentionally gives us nothing tangible to grasp onto that may concentration, as it rests solely upon five dancers playing wit text/narrative and choreography. We must create our own m deciphering O'Connor's message.

The dancers are extremely physical with one another (they th themselves on the floor quite a bit), alienate each other or pa boy/girl teams. Thus the versatile, limber performers paint a depiction of childhood, in a blur of crazy characters and conv We are lost in O'Connor's world as he takes us into scenarios friendships are formed only to splinter outward, leaving every the playground in the end.

At one point, silence takes a toll as the boisterous, big-haired belts out a gargantuan scream that puts the old "fingernails a chalkboard" cringe to shame. As we follow the cast of five in of exploration and discovery, the dancers scoop up each othe their counterparts, marching in unison, preparing to step off i while repeating words like, "Closer. Closer. Closer." This crea meditative state as they sing in unison, "Step. Step. Step."

The emotions of the audience rest in the prickly hands of Ter he toys with his audience's senses with his chosen moments choreography. His dancers carry out his vision flawlessly as tl eyes around the stage, shout expressive text and mesmerize with bursts of under-the-sink, pipe-banging industrial music c dance movements sometimes resembling mutating amoebas.

The stage comes alive as the dancers sometimes mimic one t possessing five separate limbs-each body part needing the ot symbiotically to live. The parts carry on their individual locom return to the body . . . the mommy. At the end the dancers s

an eternity, as if internally building great momentum. Matthe heavily to the black floor, crying. As the others stand still, Ro whimpers, "Mommy." Then blackness.

FROZEN MOMMY is a tough act to analyze. But no matter how twisted the plot, or frenzied the characters became, my equation interpreting any art form remains the same: How did it make music overwhelmed me (when it was there). I felt uncomfortable and sad. The sparse, sporadic words excited me. The rhythm, depth of voice, body language, bare feet slapping on hard stage primal senses. The overall tone was sad yet quirky, with humorous undertones and melancholy moments.

FROZEN MOMMY is a beautiful juxtaposition of assorted stimuli inspire and appeal to the senses and emotions rather than thought. After all, if we think about something too much, we may lose

For more information: 212.255.5793 [www.thekitchen.org](http://www.thekitchen.org). The located at 512 W 19th St.

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**Eve Ensler's  
The Good Body  
The Booth Theater**



**Reviewed By Jessica Cogan**

Eve Ensler became a household name for, well, exploring her body and its parts. *The Vagina Monologues* has now been translated into 35 languages and is performed all over the world. In her latest work, she moves slightly north to explore her most committed and controversial relationship: her relationship with her stomach.

Ensler begins her performance by baring her belly. The culprit