

# The New York Times

## WEEKEND Arts MOVIES PERFORMANCES



Nan Melville for The New York Times

Guitar effusions: Caitlin Cook, choreographer and ax woman, in "Skint," her piece for seven dancers.

## Downtown, This Caterwaul's for You

However much I might feel like a dirty old man, constantly writing about dance events that involve nudity, sexuality or masturbation, I must humbly report the news. And the

**JOHN  
ROCKWELL**

**DANCE  
REVIEW**

news is that a lot of modern dance today involves just that. Take Caitlin Cook's 45-minute "Skint," which began Wednesday at the Kitchen. No nudity, but seven attractive young women in mostly trashy, mostly white underwear wandering about the stage, flailing at loud electric guitars and drums, spastically staggering, caterwauling into microphones, hinting heavily at sex and generally having a high old time. There was a certain shape to the various sequences, but a lot was improvised, ei-

**Skint**  
*The Kitchen*

ther in rehearsal or on the spot. It looked like a punkish sorority party, or maybe Ms. Cook channeling her inner Courtney Love.

The seven — and their enablers in the projection, lighting and sound departments — are all denizens of the downtown and Brooklyn dance, music and visual arts scenes. Ms. Cook has sung and played with various bands and has dance credentials with the likes of Neil Greenberg, Tere O'Connor and Maria Hassabi; Sarah Michelson, another downtown lynchpin, was the curator for this event.

I found the cavortings kind of appealing, if less structured and good-natured than the tangentially similar offering by Constanza Macras from Berlin at Dance Theater Workshop last week. The rockish drums and

guitar effusions — everyone played the instruments at various times — were rudimentary, but the vocalizing through fuzzy electronic distortion had an eerie charm, and Calder Martin's projections, which suggested an 00's look at an 80's take on the 60's, were handsome.

Still, there was a certain attitudinal grimness about Ms. Cook's enterprise. This is not an evening for those with stern standards about what dance is and what it isn't, and who demand a perfected technique for its proper articulation; they would see it as only a further signpost in the de-volution of New York modern dance. But there is a louche charm here too, and the performers' good looks don't hurt. The piece ended abruptly, and the applause from the full, friendly audience sounded tepid, even puzzled.

Aside from Ms. Cook, the dancers were Paige Martin, Clare Amory, Jessie Gold, Elizabeth Hart, Busy Gangnes and Emily Powers.

Caitlin Cook's "Skint" continues through Saturday at the Kitchen, 512 West 19th Street, Chelsea, (212) 255-5793, ext. 11, or [thekitchen.org](http://thekitchen.org).