

DANCE REVIEW

Winter of the Season And Drabness of Spirit

By JACK ANDERSON

It was perpetually winter in the four solos Olga Mesa presented on Wednesday night. The grim gray lighting by Cora suggested that a blizzard was on its way. But what made the evening most memorable were the emotional storms in the choreography of Ms. Mesa, a Spanish-born dancer with a brooding stage presence.

Wearing a drab coat in "Everyday's Blood," she could have been a woman trying to control her mounting fears as she walked down a deserted street. The compulsive way she moved on and around a chair in "Sin Imagen ou Outra Coisa Qualquer" implied that she was being held captive by that article of furniture.

Ms. Mesa kept muttering, "Every time I say goodbye I open my eyes" in "Que es lo que Tiene que ser Despacio?" As she talked to herself, she kept pushing a water glass across the floor with her feet, and this bizarre activity became an eerie image of obsession or even derangement.

Perhaps "Derrière-moi" was less imaginative than the other solos. Or,

Olga Mesa's solos
forecasting
emotional
blizzards.

perhaps, simply because it was the final work it seemed too similar to the ones that had preceded it. Whatever the reason, the piece's laborious crawls, hysterical laughs and glum stares looked contrived, and when Ms. Mesa methodically chewed a piece of paper, she was preposterous rather than compelling. Nevertheless, the solo came to a haunting conclusion. Ms. Mesa simply walked offstage and vanished. Yet light continued to beat down upon the empty space while a serene recorded aria by Bach floated through the theater like a promise of comfort in a realm of pain.

The program will be repeated through tomorrow night at the Kitchen, 512 West 19th Street, Chelsea.