

The Kitchen Center for Video and Music

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Haystack

Wendy Perron

Having seen a spate of performances in the last couple of weeks, I decided not to concentrate on only one for this column, but to write about several of the more (or less) lively ones. The laws of journalism dictate that I discover a continuous thread that runs through everything, but finding that thread is harder than finding a needle. . . .

Another Wilson veteran, **Sheryl Sutton**, performed *Paces* at the Kitchen with composers Shlomo Gronich and Toshi Tsuchitori. I was impressed how carefully she limited her material. Good Taste was the name of the game.

Sutton has lots of poise, maybe too much...but it's that very consciousness that draws your attention to her. She is a slender black woman whose strong chin and boney fingers alone are enough visual information for one evening. She must have learned her skills performing in small spaces because she knows how to make every movement count. Without an ounce of exaggeration, she changes character in a back and forth walking sequence by shifting and settling various body parts (...so different from Pasquale, whose idea of character is to strike waifish poses).

In the final sequence, Sutton's monologue relating a perfectly ordinary past is extraordinarily engrossing. Attributable to the power of subtle irony (you've heard of it?).