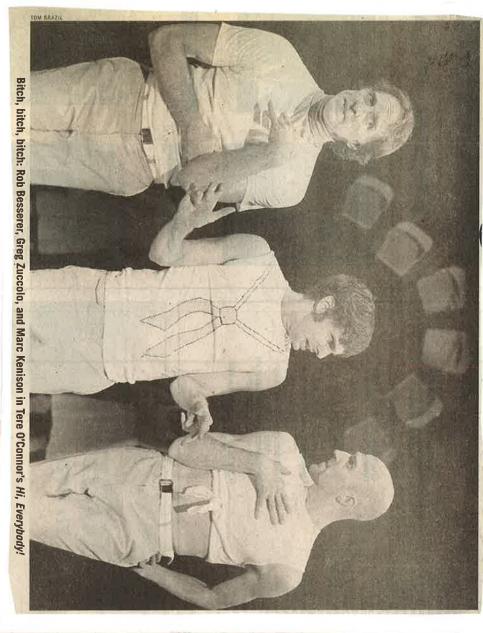
the village FREE

Moving M

BY DEBORAH JOWITT



ter sentences around the page, to em-Hi Everybody! I need to be able to scatwriting about Tere O'Connor's new HELP! I NEED A different format for

mind all of you that I'm a writer in of an old song, and to periodically refor universal health care into the lynes bed a manifesto (maybe set in italics) story, buried in a dance-play about season's The World Is a Missing Girl, a control a mix of dance and text. In last telling that story, emerged (if at all. most of the conventions that usually box. But he's brave enough to violate this case, the Kitchen's spacious black standard Voice page, just as O'Connor has to fit everything onto a stage-in I'm having to make do with the

search of a structure.

cranky subtext, with rage, grief, and erybody! has no hidden plot; it's all some might say) in fragments. Hi Ev-Greek choruses, scenes, songs, dances, and quiet soliloquies. stand-up comedy, cliches intoned by loneliness crupting from bouts of

and from sincerity to high artifice, beauty many shifts in character, the fabulous on, with faultless theatrical timing and trouble pronouncing genre). From then a windy speech about his work (underance to chide the performers for sitting roses in its clenched hst. and comes up gasping with a bunch of that's been chopped up, dunked in bile. talking to chanting to singing to dancing. to vulgarity, camp to saure to tragedy, olt from topic to topic and back again, laugh him off the stage when he attempts warm up. They give him short shrift and around sobbing while attempting to lighting, Hi Everybody! is like a revue Enhanced by Brian MacDevitt's artful mined anyway by the fact that he has Chrysa Parkinson, and Greg Zuccolo) Hilton, Marc Kenison, Heather Olson. performers (Rob Besserer, Rebecca O'Connor makes an early appear-

son, bouncing up into a split-second planting tiny computerized figures of weird story about her husband, who cuts, but absurdity and exaggerated jokstyle change with the speed of MTV God will not get you into a hospital if scene demonstrating that appeals to these dancers. It takes only a quick gabmeasures the tendencies of tides by iness somehow actually support you've got no insurance. Mood and life, "Cool!" exclaims the revived Kenibled prayer for God to bring Lazarus to Hilton, for instance, tells a wonderfully ougnancy. A character played Health insurance is a big issue for

> rupt, fussing about getting into a diagchorus members become angels and fly world. She's happy, so are her kids. Sudbeautifully around her. says apologetically, and the impudent Hilton stands quietly. "Oh kids ...," cover the new treatment, and then a son doctor who says her insurance won't onal to create a strong dramatic effect. A the sad reason when the others interflames in her gut. She's about to tell us sunbathers on beaches all over the (hers?) sobbing over his mom's death. few seconds later, Zuccolo becomes the denly her mate dies; suddenly a pain ,"she

and dance has unexpected words and an noy us, perhaps because their slow song and Olson break into "Home on the over the plight of refugees hounded a serious speech about how upset she is Baker may have been responsible). and many other grievances crop up, oftwo-part harmony (composer James unfamiliar tune sweetly delivered in Range," but the syrupy cliché doesn't anfrom their homeland. Instantly, Besserer uritating spectators. Parkinson delivers O'Connor's startling juxtapositions risk cause, it turns out, she's so terribly sad) bossily organizes a Grieving Group (be ten couched in bitter comedy. Olson bashing, the tyranny of "family values," treatment of Alzheimer's patients, gay Enforced religious education, the

can I intervene in the world's injustices? Ha, ha, ha! How will I die? How will I live? How as an antidote to swarming wornes: not of their choosing. The comedy acts son dance passages are a refuge for the O'Connor has created a work that is performers, but also impose an order both hilarious and truly sad. The unilaughter punctuate the goings-on, but Heavy sobs and hearty artificial