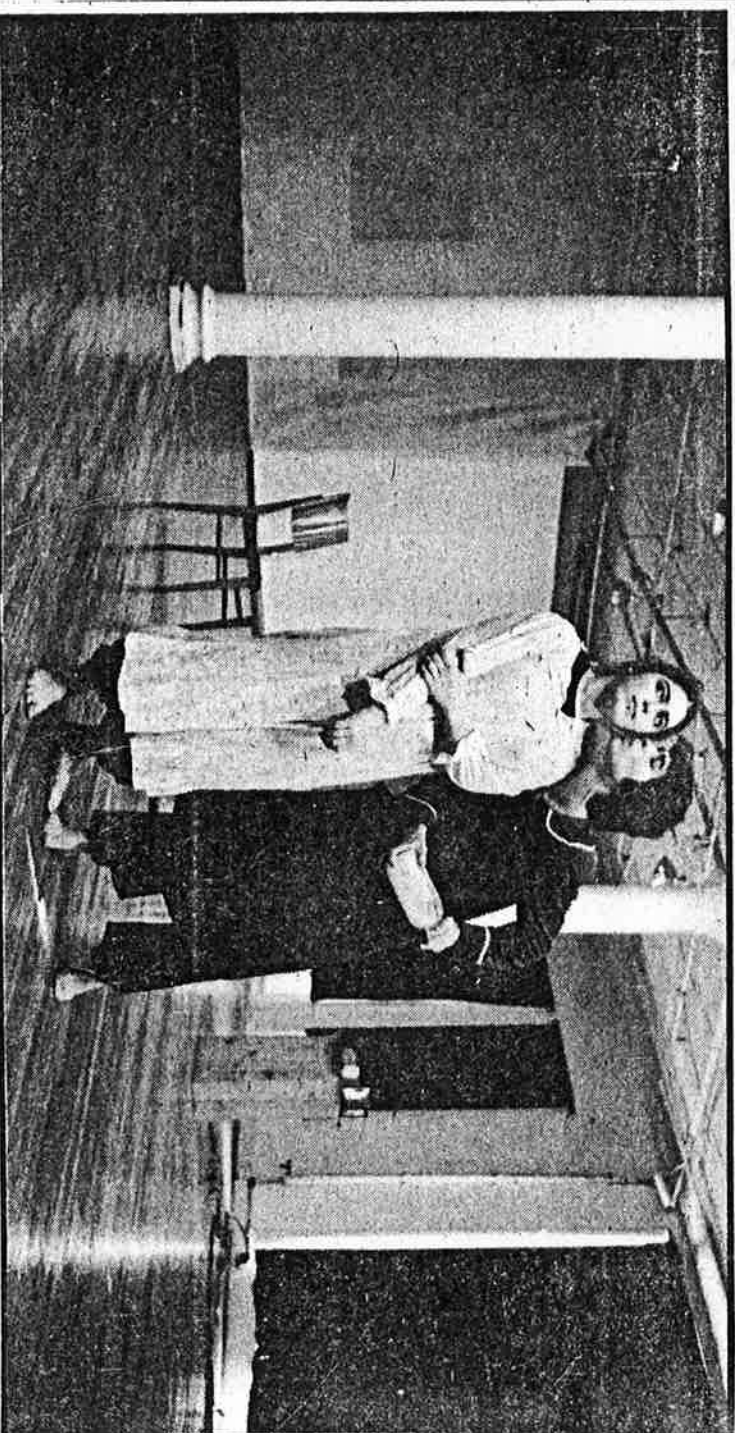
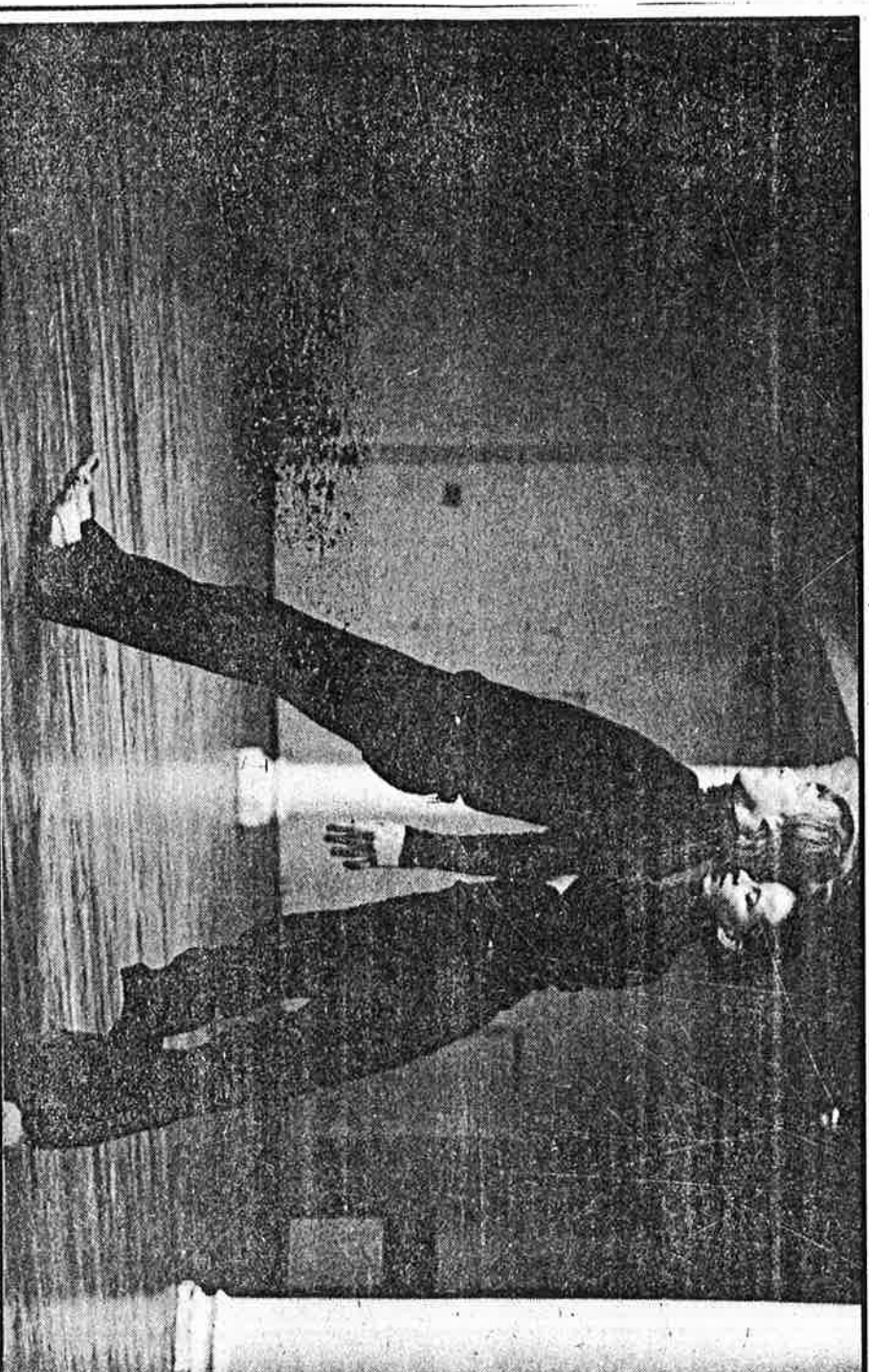


DANCE

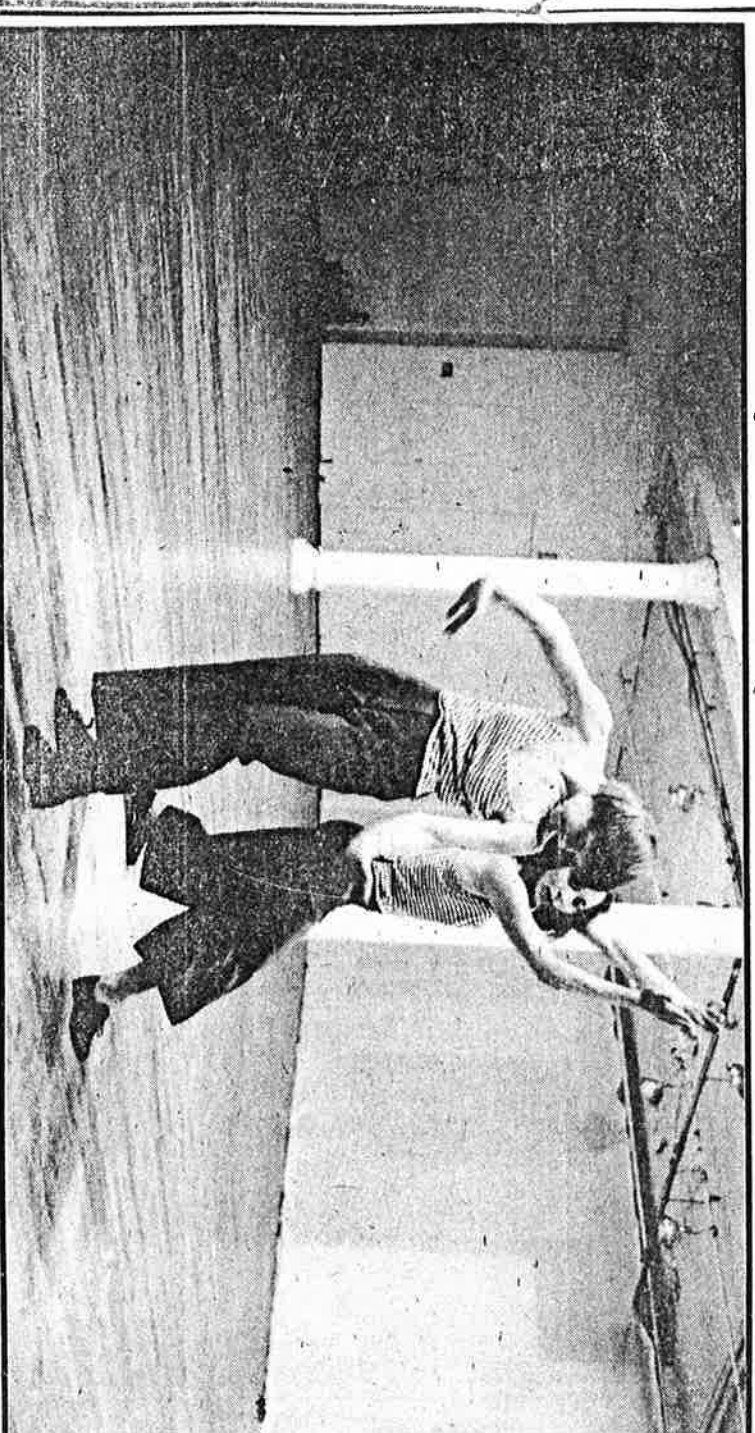
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Separation in Four Parts

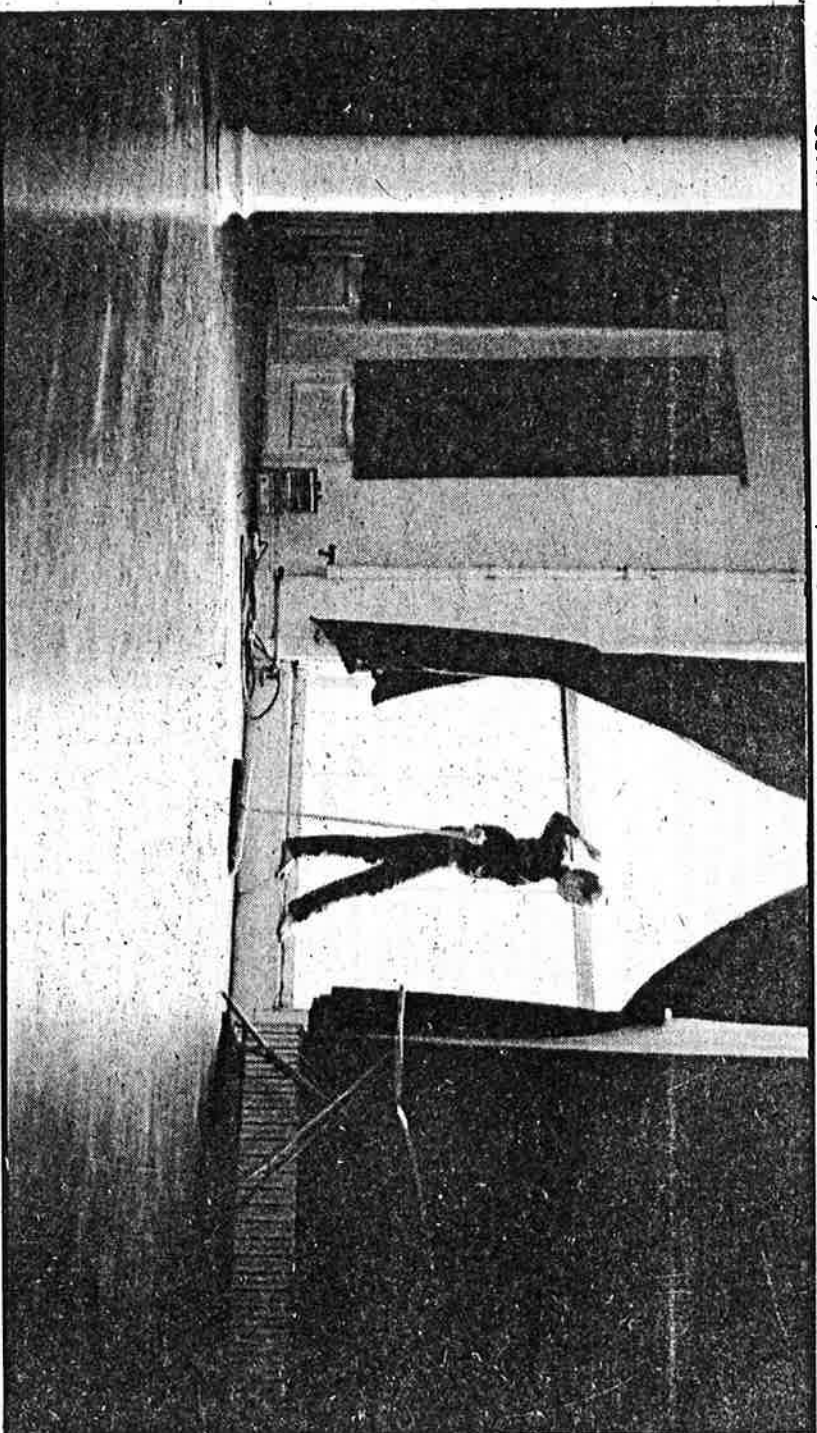


Anne Hammel and Alice Eve Cohen



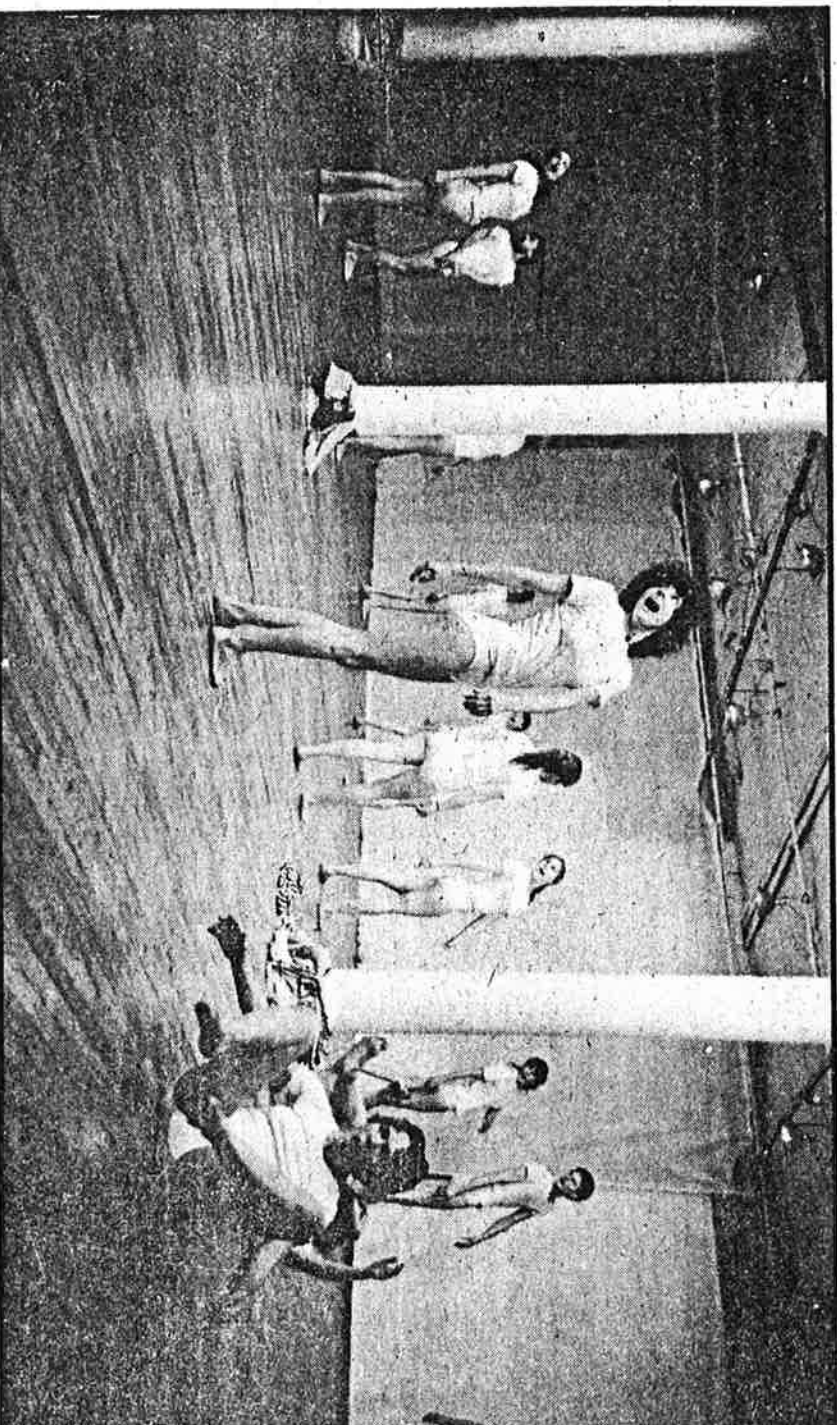
Leverage

David Woodberry and Sara Vogeler



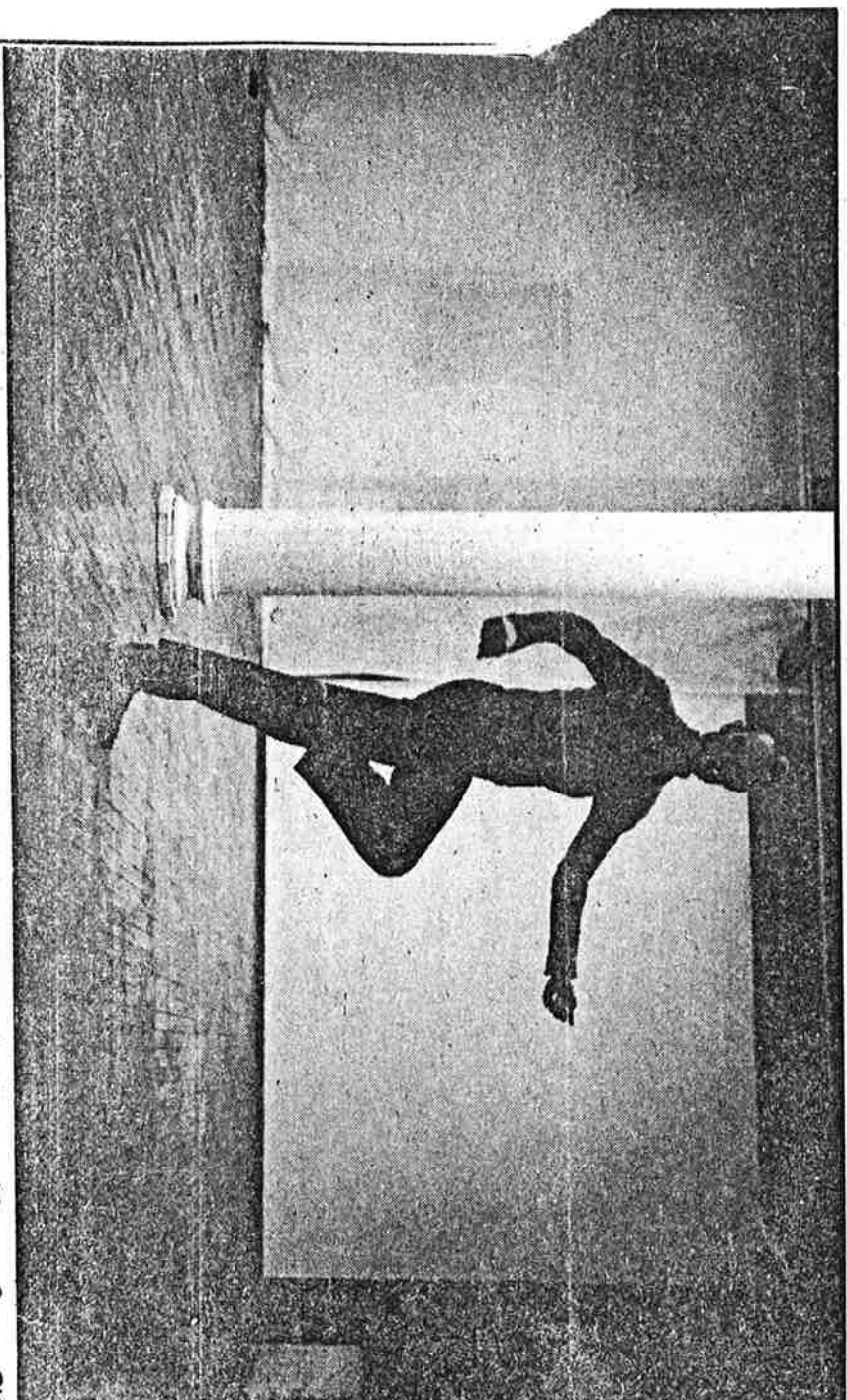
Karole Armitage

A One Time Objectacle for The Kitchen



Johanna Boyce

Untitled



NOTES ON SOME DANCES

Sally Banes

Dance Day
The Kitchen (Jan. 20)

The photographs on these pages are of the Kitchen's Dance Day. Dance curator Eric Bogosian organized a benefit for the dance program at the Kitchen Center. Bogosian has presented a lot of fine dancing there since he took over the dance program a couple of years ago, and his taste and sense of organization were everywhere obvious in this eight-hour concert. Actually, the day began with an open-movement session and then four two-hour dance concerts followed. But they were so tightly scheduled that one experienced them as a single, eight-hour event with 28 choreographers showing 20-minute pieces. I took a dinner break at some point and missed **Pool Kaye** and **Elaine Hartnett** dancing bare-breasted in grass skirts and **Peter Rose** dancing on broken glass, among other things.

Mary Overtie and **Wendell Beavers** did a wonderful dance (by Overtie) called *Paper Waltz*. Two exact repetitions of a few discrete actions. They do some warm-up movements, shrugging and shaking out hands, picking at clothing, the kind of thing you dismiss as incidental movement. They face each other, walk around in circular paths to face us. Beavers silently mouths a monolog. They circle again, smile wide. They circle and sit down cross-legged with a zigzag motion. Overtie has to tug at her straight, red skirt to sit properly. They take wide, stiff strides and walk away in a mechanized stagger. Then repeat the whole thing, no variations, like a paper-doll cutout series, hardedged, flat and charming.

Simone Forti slides three long, curving sticks through her sleeves and holds one in her mouth, so she looks like a sea lion or some kind of regal, ceremonial, mythic Chinese beast. Peter Van Ripper puts two saxophones in his mouth. She crawls while he plays a double tune. Her legs flop and tangle behind her. His melodies change, sounding distant or steady, while she advances in a low, balancing walk, a warrior with outstretched, vulnerable hands. The music shakes and the dancer shakes, pelvis thrusting, stamping, lying down to shudder uncontrollably in a kind of ecstatic fit. And then both music and dancer tone down, winding to a calm close. Forti's dancing gets clearer, more complex, and more absorbing for me over the years. After pairing movements down to basic actions like crawling, falling, circling, she lets a certain wildness creep in now that is like a gift.

Ann Hammel and **Alice Eve Cohen** performed their *Separation in Four Parts*. Part one: a domestic drama in which Hammel is a nervous, twitchy overbearing mother / wife figure who flutters about making breakfast, burning toast, shaking orange juice. Cohen peels a grapefruit and sulks. Part two: Hammel sits at a writing desk while Cohen slowly approaches her, playing an oboe. I think. Part three: they do a little puppet play in which Hammel, as a giant, stands on a ladder. Draped in a cape, she forms a curtain through which a tiny puppet pops; the puppet has been rejected, in the letter, by the giant, and tries to win her

back. Part four: there is a dance Hammel does to Cohen's percussion — a kind of meditative, gathering, shaping dance that suggests Oriental rituals with its flexed wrists. I wasn't sure what Cohen and Hammel were up to with this patchwork performance. Some of it was nice, some of it silly, and its sketchiness made me lose interest.

Karole Armitage made *A One Time Objectriacle for the Kitchen*. It had a setting composed of a turquoise-painted window frame hanging in space, a smashed, turquoise ironing board, a space heater, a table full of groceries. Armitage stands behind the window frame, becoming less visible because the glass isn't entirely clear, and crouches and springs, moving her leg outward fully. She runs around doing things like pouring a clear liquid and then milk into a bottle, to the brim, moving the ironing board to behind the window frame, unplugging the heater. She walks quickly around two pillars flanking her space, setting a repetitive, rhythmic route, and tossing off some quirky gesture or other each time she rounds the pole. She sets her long legs bouncing and plays hands and arms in counterpoint to the regular one-two swing of hips. She walks over to the Kitchen's actual window and walks its edge. She heads back to the groceries and puts something in the bottle that makes the white liquid froth over the brim. Armitage has danced with Merce Cunningham's company for several years and the movements she makes for herself are entirely different from the ones he makes for her, but just as perfect for the lissome body she has.

Charlie Moulton did an amazing dance/game with two women, handling small rubber balls in intricate weaving patterns of handcrossings as they stood shoulder to shoulder. An accompanist played organ chords that cued changing patterns, and one of the pleasures of the piece was the casual way in which Moulton would "call the shots" when the team made a mistake and had to start over. At one point he looked at the audience and said, "Just a second, we've got to work this out first, OK?" The whole game looked fun for the players, and the eye-hand coordination made the audience go wild.

Christina Svane is a one-woman group, projecting dance phrases onto imaginary characters and then sitting back to comment on their continuing actions, then getting the spectators in on the fantasies and belting out a song and dance to "Tell It Like It Is." . . . **David Woodberry** and **Sara Vogeler** do *Leverage*, tenderly lifting, flipping, rolling, carrying, jumping onto and with each other . . . three films are shown, including **Robyn Brenano** and **Andrew Horn's** film of **Andy deGroat's** *Cloud Dance*, kneeling and moving through a fiber sculpture, and **Yoshiko Chuma's** film, *August 27, 1979* — *The Girl Can't Help It* (cinematography: **Jacob Burkhardt**), wonderful, lively images of **Chuma** moving through water, fields, woods and falling, running, moving possessed. . . . **Cec Gelebert** woos and kneels hieratically, then smiles wryly, disowning everything that he's just done, slides, whirrs, falls several times, does two separate things with the two sides of his body. . . .

Johanna Boyce's untitled work in progress, is yet another marvel from this bright, young choreographer. Her sense of design is incredible. Seventeen people in crazy clashing polyester clothes come out and sing a round, of which the words are their names. They stand posing like a family portrait but then take off their shoes and make whooshing sounds, running, sliding. Five women stripped down to white undershirts and underpants yell, shriek, jump and groan as the rest freeze. Then everyone takes off their socks and throws them, making kiddie machine-gun sounds, takes off clothes, ties them

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SOME DANCES

Continued from previous page

around the posts to sag there like a canvas-colored sculpture. There are lots of other things that happen, like people thinning up poles and waiting there, two per pole, like koala bears, and a kind of caterpillar formation with all the dancers, currying in and out of line, and the five cad women counting loudly while performing variations on an athletic dance phrase. And finally, people chanting vowels while running and falling, so hat "o" turns into "ohhh!" and "e" into "eeeee-eh!" because of the physical effort. The vowels, amazingly, turn into a pattern and melody that constitutes the same (but consonantless) sound composed of names.

One of the best things about **Melissa Fenley's** *Boca Raton* was that there was no calypro music and an empty space before and after the dancing for a duration about as long as the dancing. Not that I didn't like the duet. Fenley and **Elizabeth Streib** in striped T-shirts and pants, moving incessantly, dancing to each other, hands on each other's shoulders, shifting hips from one direction to another, feet always flying, breaking apart to leap and run, making circles with the hands. I always think of Fenley as a pattern-dancemaker, but that image is too tidy for her. The dancers are repetitive and rhythmic but within that structure things always seem just off-center and about to veer away from regularity.

Kenneth King danced *Space City*, a dance with a taped message from King about how dancers are going to have to colonize space because there's no room to dance in N.Y.C. Moving from puns to acts to technological fantasies, King moved in the space in his inimitably wif, energetic, gesture / symbol-making way.

The other choreographers on the Kitchen concert were: **Ellen Webb**, **Dana Zeitz**, **Satoru Shimazaki**, **Nancy Topf**, **Deborah Gladstein**, **Grethe Holby**, **Charles Dennis**, **Nancy Lewis**, **Joan Strasbaugh** and a film by **Gabriele** answer. ●