



Edouard Lock's "psychological jungle of excesses"

nightmare-are-you-trying-to-wake-me-from-and-why-bother look. With one arm extended to the side, women blow little kisses to the audience or to the air while walking on tip-toe, hips sashaying from side to side (an image from some Dietrich film?). In perhaps the most beautiful of Lock's images, especially in the early section when the women are topless, Lock takes hold of a woman's belt, she leans back, and he supports and spins her weight in a graceful arch.

Twice in the dance women in loose black tops brush white lines of paint on their fronts. I can't decipher the meaning of the action, unless it has to do with

senselessly defacing or making oneself a victim. But it does tie in with the last scene or "module" as Lock calls it of *Lily Marlene in the Jungle*, when all the dancers take brushes and paint red lines on the plastic at the back of the performing space. The accordion accompanies their activity but mysteriously yields to another accordion and we've slipped into Dietrich's dusky rendering of "Lily Marlene." Although the movement itself doesn't change, the music offers romantic promise. After the emotional deprivation that is the meat of Lock's work, romanticism as personified by Dietrich's voice is nothing less than ravishing. ●

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## DANGEROUS LOVE

Amanda Smith

Edouard Lock & Dancers  
The Kitchen  
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When three women appear nude from the waist up, showing us lovely, delicate breasts, in the first section of Canadian choreographer Edouard Lock's *Lily Marlene in the Jungle*, the audience immediately settles into a reverent and deep stillness, as if the slightest sound would be some sort of violation. I don't remember being in an audience that didn't fall into this kind of trance in the presence of nudity, and I've come to recognize it as a certain kind of behavior that has a potential to be manipulated. So, I suspect, does Lock. His use of nudity is shrewd theater; it captures his audience's attention, giving instant pleasure, both esthetic and sensual, and provides a tease for the rest of the hour-and-fifteen-minute dance. We wait to see if there will be more nudity, and the dawning awareness and slight disappointment that there won't ties in with the deliberate ennui and enervation Lock explores in his work.

*Ein Ubermass an Liebe ist gefahrlich* ("an excess of love is dangerous") the program note reads. A lyric taken from an old Marlene Dietrich song, "Lily Marlene," it's the theme of Lock's work. *Lily Marlene in the Jungle* isn't so much a traditional dance as it is an intense, extended examination of a kind of neurotic behavior encased in a particular environment, as if the activity happens in a store's display case. *Lily Marlene* may be one woman (represented here by beautiful Miryam Moutillet) or it may be all women and men wearily lost and anesthetized in some psychological jungle of excesses.

For his display case Lock has shrouded the walls of the Kitchen with black plastic, the kind garbage bags are made of, appropriately synthetic, glossy and chilly. On the floor two rows of yellow lights stretch from back to front on one side of the performing space, slightly askew, delineating a runway inexplicably filled with potting soil. Intermittently there's the sound of a small accordion used in an extraordinarily evocative way, sometimes pulsating, sometimes singing mournfully. It is played by a man in sunglasses (Robert Racine) who lurks in the background or lolls and slouches against the space's pillars.

In this netherworld the five dancers — three women, two men, all slender and chic — boogie and shimmy and slither automatonlike, often alone, sometimes in twos or three. Like people who don't connect emotionally, they rarely touch. It's like being in the dark cave of a disco at 4 or 5 in the morning when everybody's drugged out and all that keeps them moving is sheer momentum and the knowledge that there's no place else to go. The central movement motif in the work is a kind of possessed, intense, deranged shudder, almost like a convulsion, that runs through the dancers' bodies. They have deadened looks on their faces, as if some immoderation has burned them out.

Here and there other things happen, dealing not so much with form as with energy. Dancers run and slide across the space. When they're not dancing they lounge on wooden chairs at the back of the performing space, disco dancers sitting one out. Women tap-dance a passionless shuffle. People sling themselves over a partner's shoulder, slide away to the floor. They shake one another by the shoulders and get back an empty, what-dream/