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DANCE REVIEW | ROSEANNE SPRADLIN

## Andy Warhol, a Beaded Curtain and a '60s Sensibility

By GIA KOURLAS

RoseAnne Spradlin's newest work, "Blue Liz," shown on Thursday night at the Kitchen, finds its spark in [Andy Warhol's](#) 1963 painting "Blue Liz as Cleopatra" and a statement about it by the American poet and critic Wayne Koestenbaum: "Warhol takes Liz and he dyes her blue and understanding that Liz is on the verge of becoming garbage he's going to rescue her."

Ms. Spradlin's premise, which tries to tie in the 1960s sensibility of Pop Art with the current state of contemporary America, poses a tenuous thread in "Blue Liz." It begins with a preshow in front of the theater. Five women wearing jeans and silver-foil tunics gather on 19th Street and walk in regimented lines. Despite their silver Cleopatra headpieces and green eye shadow, they resemble life-size Hershey's Kisses.

Inside the theater the production's main dancers — Natalie Green, Michael Helland, Colin Stilwell, Sandy Tillett and Rebecca Wender — continue with mechanical walking patterns, gradually adding another dimension as they remove and swap pieces of clothing. Eventually they spread across the stage in a diagonal line and crash to the floor, where they remain still, like garbage.

The set, also designed by Ms. Spradlin, mirrors the headdresses in the form of a beautiful beaded curtain that dangles a few feet from the floor and cuts across the middle of the stage. The audience members face one another on opposite sides as elements accumulate in the performing space.

It all seems vaguely poetic until the women, who aren't skilled actors, begin to recite a text credited to interviews with Warhol. Cloying lines like "Well, isn't this sort of a joke then?" and "Uh, no" are posed by one dancer and repeated in chorus form.

Finally the dialogue crumbles into a stream of "uhs" and "ums." An air mattress is inflated. Mr. Stilwell sits in a chair, smoking a cigarette while directing a scene based on Warhol's film "Beauty #2," as Ms. Green tries to seduce Mr. Helland while suffering insults from her director. She reacts with vapid confusion, and once again, we get more weak acting (and no Edie Sedgwick star power to pull it off).

"Blue Liz" never attains the raw sensuality for which Ms. Spradlin is revered. Its rough-and-tumble exterior descends instead to a place of nostalgia, in which a flame sparks but never ignites.

*"Blue Liz" continues through Saturday at the Kitchen, 512 West 19th Street, Chelsea; (212) 255-5793, [thekitchen.org](http://thekitchen.org).*

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