

## REVIEWS • Theatre • Dance

### Lucinda Childs: Solos

Reviewed by Lisa Jo Sagolla

*Presented by and at The Kitchen, 512 W. 19 St., NYC, April 3-6, 10-13, 17-20.*

**K**udos to The Kitchen for presenting an unforgettable evening of striking solos choreographed and performed by post-modern dance legend **Lucinda Childs**. With the assistance of remarkably talented collaborators, Childs teases our ears, tricks our eyes, and challenges rational thought with such persuasion that we easily surrender expectations of unambiguous entertainment in exchange for the stunning confusions she conjures.

At the beginning of "Description (of a Description)," Childs establishes a grand presence, appearing to be standing on a solid cube in a square of white light carved out of a black wall of curtains. A commanding actress,



*Lucinda Childs*

she speaks and choreographically embodies the essential tensions of a disquieting **Susan Sontag** text about a man who collapses on the sidewalk. By the end, however, Childs becomes uncomfortably vulnerable as it is revealed that she is perched precariously close to the edge of what now appears to be a slender platform receding into the back wall, like a letter about to drop into a mail slot. The lighting by **Hans Peter Kuhn** and **Pat Dignan**, and the set design by **Kuhn** and **Mathias Hofman/Mediapool**

(adapted by **Jonathan Belcher**), are ingenious.

In "Dance #4," Childs underlines her ability to mesmerize audiences with endless repetitions of spirited spinning steps by dancing behind a scrim, moving not quite in synchronization with a giant-sized filmed image of her that is projected upon it. The wonderfully dizzying effects are propelled by a **Philip Glass** score. While such relentless repeating typically creates a feeling of being "stuck" in time, the temporal landscape here is further confounded by the fact that the Childs we see on stage is at least 20 years older than she is in the film, made in 1979 by **Sol LeWitt**.

Completing the program, "Underwater" demonstrates the chilling clarity of Childs' theatrical presence. A master of minimalism, she mines an abundance of effect from a pittance of choreography. She cleverly wobbles while lifting a leg slightly off the floor, and has the audience breathless. And as Childs exits, the simple act of her climbing a ladder leaves everyone in awe.