

THE KITCHEN

CENTER FOR
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AND DANCE

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REVIEWS

TOBI TOBIAS: Lucinda Childs; Patricia McBride, Jean-Pierre Bonnefous and Company; Fleeting Gestures: Treasures of Dance Photography; Alternative Gestures: Another Look at Dance Photography (page 20)

TOBI TOBIAS

The three solo works that **Lucinda Childs** danced on October 24 at The Kitchen were performed in the order of their composition. Perhaps coincidentally, each contained just a little more basic material, made a tiny concession to infinite variety, as if Childs were inching her way up from minimalism.

Plaza sends her pacing obsessively back and forth, each brief route having its own slash of the arm. The amount of energy expended peaks and ebbs; making the size of the taut arm gestures vary accordingly. Looking at it one way, that's all the material the dance contains; its development, and its effect on the viewer, lie with the over-and-over-again repetition of the elements. I got

the impression that Childs was uncompromisingly locked into her narrow journey.

Katema moved forward and back on the straight-and-narrow too, but there were some swoops and curves to soften it: turns with the knees juicily bent; a suspension in a one-legged spin with the outstretched leg coasting low on the air; occasional rounded shapes for the arms. As before, Childs' handsome, brittle face was fiercely intent, her gaze fixed alternately down or ahead at a point about a foot away from her body. This position seemed to protect her from an equally intent audience clustered close enough to hear her breathing.

In a "Work In Progress with Philip Glass," Childs was accompanied by George Andonidis, playing Glass' overlapping rhythmic designs on the electric piano. The floor pattern of this section of a projected five-part dance is a skip-step-together-step that carves out, alternately, wide-swung quarter turns and straight cross-paths that bisect the space. The arms rock, a little stiffly, from the elbow, but it's the step that's everything—forthright and lively, fresh as gusts of October wind. Childs' simple locomotion makes you consider the pleasure of doing it yourself—walking, skipping, traveling. Her stamina and verve are, actually, pyrotechnical.

Most of the concert made me feel Childs was constricted, held captive by the rigorousness of her singleminded idea. But there were moments when, the ceaseless repetition exercising its hypnotic effect, she seemed to be the embodiment of pure energy.

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