

# THE KITCHEN

CENTER FOR  
VIDEO, MUSIC  
AND DANCE

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## II

### SALLY BANES

Mary Overlie's *Painter's Dream*, at the Kitchen June 8-10, is a gentle, fitful meditation on color, space, light, stillness and motion; a dilating vision that happens in a self-contained place, that seems to be hermetically sealed off from time and time's symptoms: sound's.

Overlie enters the darkening room just at dusk. There's a sliver of light from the door to a backroom she's left ajar, just enough light from the windows to throw huge shadows of passing trucks on the walls and ceiling. You see Overlie less and less; as the darkness encroaches you become increasingly aware of the ambient sounds of the street, the architectural details of the room (fast disappearing), the draining of colors by twilight. You hear Overlie's soft steps, see sudden swift gestures whipping in space.

When the stage lights come on gradually Overlie, dressed in grey, still looks shadowy. Three more dancers meander in; they're also dressed in greys, but all the greys are different and now you notice the subtle variegations between suggestions of lavender, blue, green, in the family of grey. The four wander aimlessly, glancing around the room and directing our eyes along with theirs to notice moldings, doors, surfaces. David Warrilow, thin and spiffy in red vest, pink pants, white shoes, and a brightly patterned tie, stands in the center of the room. His nonaction—taking off his tie, letting it slide very slowly to the ground—seems to arrest time like a held breath. When Warrilow begins an obsessive, inaudible soliloquy, gesturing busily with hands and face, you are suddenly aware that not much has happened for a long time. Now the dancers investigate spatial relations, crouching under a thick purple arrow painted on the wall as if crushed by it; standing near a real corner, next to a *trompe l'oeil* corner; lining up against columns and opposite doors. Overlie, making the space structurally integral to the dance, has used the Kitchen's limitations to her advantage.

Warrilow leaves. The four dancers lean up against the far wall, and, as if the rectangles of light enclosing them were four beds, coolly settle down. Again time stops. Then they leave the wall slowly to ruminate in movement: traveling erratically, lining up with each other in rows, circling columns, shaking, making small waves with their hands, making squiggles with their bodies, gathering to watch one of them balance, then jump.

Warrilow returns, his shoes dangling at his shoulder, and the dance ends. Lovely, subtle, startling tedium.

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