THE KITCHEN

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HALEAKALA, INC. 59 WOOSTER NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10012 (212) 925-3615 Mary Overlle's new sole. History, in her program at The Kitchen February 24-27, was described in the press release as "a small offering to Diaghilev and the Ballets Russes. and to Leonide Massine, Nijinska and Nijinsky, with whom Ms. Overlie feels a strong choreographic connection." I mention this because it aroused expectations that the dance did not fulfill. Many contemporary choreographers do in fact convey a strong sense of dance history, of being part of a continuum—it's a heartening thing to find in their work. But I can't imagine that anyone who hadn't read Overlie's release would make this putative connection with Diaghilev and his choreographers.

In first position, gradually going into plie, she walked crabwise around around the periphery of the space. Later, she ventured on a diagonal into the center in a series of leaps. The poverty of invention was dismay-

a diagonal into the center in a series of leaps. The poverty of invention was dismaying, given the context.

Of the earlier group pieces on the program, Hero held the attention at least for part of its length with its resourceful deployment of mass and individual maneuvers, and with its interesting score, originally by Laurie Anderson and re-composed by Don Christensen, with the addition of some Chinese traditional music. But ultimately, here, too, not enough was going on in the actual movement—running and walking, lifting and carrying, a few small jumps, some floor calisthenics. Toward the end, the fourteen dancers stood about and yawned—not a good idea, yawning is catching.

good idea, yawning is catching. Wallpaper all too clearly betrayed its origin in classwork with theater students. It was one of those pieces in which people do things like call out numbers at random, or all talk at once, or sit on the floor and laugh. When it was over, they bowed in an exaggerated, mocking manner—another unfortunate choice, I thought, since they looked as if they didn't really feel like bowing. I didn't feel like applauding, either.

David Vaughan, -Dancemagazine

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