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THE **KITCHEN**
VIDEO MUSIC DANCE PERFORMANCE FILM LITERATURE

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those dimly realized characters. And out of that slim pretext (about seven minutes of usable material, it would seem), Ms. Windmiller has fashioned two hours of bloodless complaint.

The suite of four linked pieces started off promisingly with "Mad River," a solo spoken and danced by Ms. Windmiller. In a flat, quiet voice, she catalogues the objects and people in her world. They are presented without color or resonance. The point seems to be mere naming and not evocation. As she speaks, and in small interludes, Ms. Windmiller moves in brief, clipped phrases that suggest she had some passing experience of the styles of Merce Cunningham and Trisha Brown on her way to a degree in music therapy and a recently established career as a poet and choreographer.

In "Wash," Ms. Windmiller throws buckets of water on the floor. A hapless Jane Weedon mops away. And the two slide and bump across the floor's slick surface in what seems to be a portrait of a relationship gone wrong. In "Wildflowers," Lene Boel and Maggie Manetti roll out on stage and parry their way through two lit-anies, one a succession of questions about the times that events occurred during the day and the other a naming of body parts. The two are mildly amusing, and the pragmatic Ms. Manetti brings a welcome whiff of air to the proceedings. "Armed Garden" is essentially a reprise of the first solo, with Ms. Windmiller as weebgone as ever but more dramatic.

One is not invited into the character's world. Instead, Ms. Windmiller thrusts that world at the viewer with a curious air of superiority. It is hard to imagine what she is after. Both the text and choreography have an aridity that suggest that Ms. Windmiller intended their repetitiveness to have a formal elegance, but they are less elegant than bland.

JENNIFER DUNNING

Whistleblower

The Kitchen

No one cares enough about the central figure in Rebekah Windmiller's "Whistleblower," presented on Saturday night. Her family seems emotionally unavailable to her and possibly abusive. Her love life is lousy. She certainly hasn't much use for any of