AT FIRST, Lucy Guerin's *Aether* overflows with intricate movement.

The choreography is fast and furious, from prodding duets and folding, collapsing bodies to a linking chain of thrashing rolls and falls against a numbing sound score of beeps and keyboard clatter. The dancers are flying particles in a fast world expressed in the layering of relentless movement against Michaela French's equally busy motion graphics projected behind them.

It's all too much, but that is Guerin's point. Her choreographic overload assaults like nervous chatter. Such is the information overload of our daily lives.

The first half rests within the Guerin choreographic aesthetic, though more frenetic than usual; the second ventures into a different state.

Close-ups of body parts — heads, arms, torsos — accentuate flesh and humanity.

Byron Perry and Anthony Hamilton, in a robotic courting ritual, humorously try communication through mechanical gibberish and facial expressions. As crazy and disorienting as *Aether* is, it is well-conceived and clear in thematic intent.