
LUCY GUERIN

The Kitchen
April 10-13

Australian choreographer Lucy Guerin recently returned to New York with two new works full of dark, dreamlike images derived from reconstructed memories and reinterpreted events.

In *Two Lies*, a ritual of remembering performed by Guerin, Rebecca Hilton, and Ros Warby, each woman dances a short solo in a box of light, then recedes into the darkness. Their arms and legs, like the hems of their dresses, are stiff; they seem like dolls. Together they gesture in a larger box of light, interacting like little girls, posing, with proper, pensive moments. At center, Hilton moves Warby like a marionette, and Guerin becomes a voyeur, watching from the edge of the light. Warby crumples to the floor, leaving Hilton and Guerin searching as darkness falls.

The three solos repeat, but now the movement is voluptuous -- warmer, bigger -- and the costumes colorful, satiny. The interactions suggest adults; they are more sensual, physically aware. The dramatic dynamic changes. The women become divas, unafraid, heralded by sudden red light and airplane noises. Their gestures become tongue in cheek, vampy, sexy; their interactions become quicker. The duet -- also more sensual -- repeats, with Guerin watching again. Warby folds to the floor. Hilton, searching, is wilder now, and bound at the fingers. Guerin, also bound, exits with quick balletic feet. And under a red spot of light, Hilton ends with her back to audience, arms finally open -- a female atlas, posed in triumph.

Robbery Waitress on Bail, a duet for Guerin and Warby based on a recent article from the *Melbourne Sun-Herald*, was like *Thelma and Louise* in Australia; Guerin's investigation of the circumstances using contrasting texts (written, sung, danced) delivered a strong feminist message. The moody music by Nearly God (a.k.a. British trip-hop sample master Tricky) helped render a sleek, intellectual thriller. Excerpts of the press article were projected on two screens above the stage.



Lucy Guerin dances a ritual of remembering.

Dressed in stylish waitress outfits, the two women -- one up and one down stage -- bounced their hips in syncopation with the music. Nonchalant and separate at first, they met at center, pushing index fingers at each other's throats, hips, linking arms and legs precariously. The movement slacked in the middle, but rebounded in the final section, when the back of the stage -- a high, brick wall, painted black -- came into play. Following fast hand movements, the pair slid against the wall, down onto the floor. Acting trashy and full of angst, they flopped their legs, and hiked up their dresses, showing their butts -- prisoners of their own sex and sexuality.

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