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# Texts (and Gyration) on the Art of Movement

By ROSLYN SULCAS

"I'm obsessed with the movement of ideas and the choreography of language," types Aynsley Vandembroucke, her words projected on a screen. Those thoughts pervade "Untitled," a piece in which no one dances, but thoughts about dance and our relationship to art are gently, poetically, presented.

"Untitled," which opened Thursday night at Danspace Project on a shared bill with Laurie Berg's "Different Brand of Chaos," starts simply. Ms. Vandembroucke sits down with her back to the audience and types, "Begin." It's a word, with its direct imperative to the artist, its deep-breath overcoming of artistic paralysis or fear that has cropped up in her work before. "I step into the studio to create this solo and I can't begin because the word why keeps coming up," she writes.

Ms. Vandembroucke spends the rest of the piece answering that question — why make art? She writes of her love of dance, of Mark Haim's "Goldberg Variations," shows bits of a film of small boys intently doing ballet exercises.

After explaining that she came to understand that her piece must be a solo, another screen starts to fill with messages ("To be honest, I reject the idea of beginnings") and ruminations ("I've been thinking about Glenn Gould"). This time the writer is the theater director Brian Rogers, who joins her onstage. Later, so does the musician Mike Rugnetta, who plays the banjo while Ms. Vandembroucke and Mr. Rogers project film of various dances (choreographers are credited, but it's hard to see anything specific) on the walls and ceiling.

Mr. Rogers plays, creditably, a bit of the "Goldberg Variations" on a piano. Ms. Vandembroucke, alone again, writes about a poem that speaks of the rhythms of a couple's days. And then "Untitled" is over, a small-scale meditation on making art, the way one idea morphs into another, certainties are relinquished, fear partly conquered.

The morphing of ideas is a central concern of Ms. Berg's piece, created in collaboration with her fellow performer, Siri Peterson. They are a Laurel and Hardy, one short in red (Ms. Berg), one tall in blue (Ms. Peterson), and they move through increasingly illogical and outlandish vignettes that riff on ideas about rhythm (this evening is part of the Danspace Platform series "Body Madness: Rhythm and Humor"), both physical and vocal.

One thing keeps changing into another: stiff-armed thigh-slapping become liquid undulations, doglike howls transform into sexual ecstasy, sexpot hip-jutting turns into pugilistic feints. Along the way, the pair have an extended session with rhythm-making objects (metronomes, a hamster wheel, a keyboard), strip off outer layers, get wet and sing.

It's a bit tiresome after a while, then it's interesting again. "A Different Brand of Chaos" — which is in fact remarkable for its rigor of timing and physical synchronization — needs editing. But it certainly makes an impression.

*"Laurie Berg and Aynsley Vandebroucke: A Shared Evening," concludes Saturday at Danspace Project, St. Mark's Church, 131 East 10th Street, East Village; (866) 811-4111; .*