

There Is Nothing Like a Pro

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KEEPING IT UP

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Catterson down-to-earth and scrappy, a postmodernist with tap shoes in her bag, offered some intensely pleasurable visions. Catterson's 1999 *Generations*, to a lively original score by David Karagianis, is simply about spruce patterns made by eight dancers with or without yellow balls (not knowing who will toss one when is part of the intrigue).

Catterson's sense of form creates drama without literal storytelling. In *Within Reach*, Michele Golden and Pascal Rekoert dance alone together, and Catterson lets us understand what they have in common before they do, when, at the last second and for the first time, they reach to grasp hands. In the new *Belongings*, women in overcoats cluster and rush about to music by John Taylor. One performer is a child. They seem stoic, but we somehow know that the big, wrenching moves the wonderful Slovenian dancer Sterle bursts into speak for all of them, for the anguish of displacement.

There's wit in Catterson's other premiere—it could be about a career, it could be about a life. But her daring choice of music—the arietta from Beethoven's late, great, heart-expanding Sonata in C Minor, op. 111—makes her little flurries of soft shoe, her mimed gestures of opening windows and stepping through, and the way she reaches up to gather armloads of air seem poignant and profound. She watches as others enter, also opening doors and climbing through windows. "Oh . . . just dancing," she informs a friend at the other end of an imaginary phone line, as the crowd leaps and clumps and waves goodbye to the rear wall. The dancers bow, elbowing one another out of the limelight, and disappear over the risers at the back while she shuts door after invisible door.

entire
"Nine Lives"