

Douglas Dunn, Coquina Feb. 23, 79.

Electronic drone. Jasper Johns colors of the dancers' dancy clothes, colors of dead incandescence, red end of the spectrum more than the blue,unnatural colors of industry, but not exactly pain^t colors, colors of baked laquer, but special colors, so divorced from industry, colors of gaiety turned decoration.

Tension of the dancers, in the dancers, thence between them, occasionally (sub-molecular forces). They are moved electrically by the steady drone tho their timing is incommensurable with it, a pattern of explosions (as on the sun) carried by an energy field,- spasms. One of them a truly spectacular blonde, - the voluptuousness & elegant contours of her body, her costume (revealing-hiding) & poses designed to make this point: incursion of something like drama into a background purity of dance, otherwise abandoned or betrayed also by the personal quality of the gestures, e.g. laxness of hand movements, bows. Dunn cam^e in tripping backward after the number started, terminating his entry a little ways in by a gesture - arms, hands - of acknowledgment of the stage. The older girl - or woman - on the flyers with Dunn - plays a 1920s Mata ^{ari}. Chief idea of this dance (Coquina) as in Sarah Rattner (Rudner?) that of continuity: constant energy flow. The Voice is slightly or more than slightly vowel-grinding, - not queer, but a little precious: by intention, - drama. The point: an engineer, journalist & priest. The vast green (green by lighting) backdrop is rich, not so much background as presence, - & place: which suggests the plane the dance is conceived in, not as vertical from the ground up, but ~~as~~ element or variation of

elements in a painting. Whereas Cunningham's dancers are always moving in a space, these are, together, flat, in a plane. The gestures those of zombies & vampires desirous - "the bank is not a camp" - desirous of some kind of life of their own. But this is mellowed gymnastics, the edges rounded, without the desire for sweat. Shapes of movements only. - "What could be simpler? Thank you." (recurrent verbal end of each of the 3 sections) Blackout.

Picture of lunar sea, a world, a choppy ocean or a rocky near-shore area, held by itself, no music. Then red backdrop. Woman, older girl, on haggard in superwoman contortions, cover of a comic. Then Dunn, master of the little crew, in signifying movements (rather than, say, expressive or abstract ones). But smoothly sliding. Then the sexy one, super-sexy qua serious joke. In orange. Then young fellow, insignificant in orange, just a sidekick. - Robin? They do look at us. They sit on the floor legs up. Woman rolls on floor. the movements are mutually independent, one is surprised when they lean on one another, the other evidently prepared for it, & such. Continuous movement. Men under the overpowering moon of a text: not implausible, certainly not impossible.

The Voice dissecting the universe in an, after all, small dry way, - the universe in question, allegedly ours: the meanwhile. These are citizens of that world, - subject, but feeling OK, - no pain. The commutations are approximative, - a vocabulary unidentifiable. Like an intentionally coded language protecting itself against being broken. A sense of rush. Not seldom a hand raised over an angled broken elbow. in a manner of salutation of no one. The background has paled now, only

slight reflexions, lueurs, of red left at its top. "What could be simpler? Thank you." Blackout.

And silence. Elegance & pitch of sea. Orange backdrop now (drone again). Costumes again athletic, as in sf spaces, crisp, - yellow & orange integrating the 2 pairs of red tights. More motion. Voice more forward or louder. Dunn in mysterious stances, semi-dramatic, of spelling out something, - some life-experience. - Their movement possibly less, - slower. Unn on his toes, back to us, holding a semi-heroic gesture for a long while. Bigger than the other two men. Big. Still has the air of working something out, - like a grand old dancer. Women take the poses of mysterious models. Dunn a different dimension. The over-all choreographic patterns those of a weedovergrown garden. The repetition of the text, - the orange uni-colored horizon all-powerful desert infinity, - is not that, - repetition, - for those representing a population up there: but is the text, constant background of some laws of life, perfectly arbitrary, - not "meaningful". Background a grayish green or mud now. "What could be simpler? Thank you." 3 on stage, Dunn on his back, yellow & orange. Their movement has slowed down to a permanent freeze that will be.