

Hampstead & Highgate EXPERIENS

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Keith Watson at The Place

THERE is a subtle intimacy in the style of *Adriana Borriello* which catches you in the hypnotic web. As the three dancers in *Allegro, Vivace Mais Pas Trop* rustle disaffectedly with their clothing, casting anxious glances at something, somewhere off-stage, we appear to be at the edge of a mystery to which there is no conclusion.

That the lack of a punchline proves of no consequence is a tribute to the ingenuous intensity of a performance which, from slow beginnings, is a triumph of eloquent commitment.

The three women weave in and out of each other's orbit with increasing velocity as their guards begin to drop. At first self-effacing, fiddling with hooped underskirts, the diversity of their personalities surfaces in repeated patterns of duos and trios in which they put their relationships to physical tests — they twist in and out of embraces, bump back to back and switch alliances at the drop of a leg.

This is all set in and out of Kodaly's Cello sonata, which sets a mood of sombre melancholy against which the dancers stamp their feet and act defiant but find they have to submit. Just who their elusive enemy may be is a matter of individual conjecture.

Borriello employs a variety of dance language, ranging from flamenco footwork to echoes of the playground, yet has succeeded in forging a tongue that is uniquely her own. More impressive still she leads a trio of confident and challenging performances which will beguile bigger audiences than made it to The Place to witness a fresh and resourceful talent.