

Every so often, we'll be sending out a new dance digest to our subscribers, including a new interview, essay, poem or other piece of original creative content related to dance making in Utah. You can also see these pieces here on the blog along with recent reviews.

New work and new ways of seeing

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More and more presenters are reopening, having “homecomings,” or even being “reborn” as one rather effusive email I opened recently declared. It remains to be seen — will we really do things differently now that COVID is “over”? (It’s not.)

If so, how?

Despite my saltiness — perhaps I’m absorbing more of it as the lake dries up — I do think there’s evidence that people are stumbling through in slightly new and different ways. This is healthy, reassuring and sometimes slightly awkwardly, and I don’t mean that in a bad way.

[...]

A couple of my favorite recent events in this vein have been very small shows — one in a basement and one in a barn. (Well, the Art Barn.)

[...]

The piece I saw at the Art Barn was Stephanie García’s demanding but beautiful solo *Vanished Vibrations*, presented as a part of García’s Flash Project residency, made in collaboration with PROArtes México, Punto de Inflexión Dance Company and video artist Peter Hay. I found the opening of this solo particularly moving. It began with García, seated on a plinth with a red flower held between her lips. As she descended, she took a small potted plant with her which she eventually carried on her back while slowly crawling from one side of the room to the other. Along the way there were many danced digressions, passages of pure movement where she seemed to tumble down a spiral into some region of mind that demanded her body and attention for a spell. Eventually she arrived at a corner where a handheld light passed to an audience member became the sole illumination.

Eventually this piece became about several recognizable themes: a reclamation of García own body, feminist protest movements in Latin America and beyond, a kinesthetic acknowledgement of the dozens of women murdered in Mexico every week. Even as García carried such heavy content (as well as a prop that at least momentarily read as a body bag) she seemed to lose her curiosity about the couple dozen bodies, in darkness and penumbra that were taking her in.

There were moments of tenderness — a disposable mask she put on when an audience member helped her hang a piece of twine; the care with which she hung up articles of clothing presumably representing lost lives; even the delicateness of a passage we all eventually traversed to the back of the building where she danced with Hay’s video — a brittle threshold of corn husks.

Samuel Hanson is the executive director and editor of loveDANCEmore.