

Pyrotechnics for a celebration

Dance

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Published 01/29/2009

Suite dreams

Dances that tell a story come in many forms, but those that speak to our community have a special value. And there is no-one more poignant, honest, refreshing, and imaginative telling the stories of LGBT lives and loves than the transgendered choreographer Sean Dorsey, whose new show goes up this weekend at Dance Mission (24th and Mission). It's a must-see for all of us. Choreographically, Dorsey is a miniaturist; his best dance-theater pieces are sketches, small duets that embody the longings and insecurities of first love. He gets the moves uncannily right.

Dorsey's premiering *Uncovered*, a suite of dances based on the struggles of Lou Sullivan (1951-91), a trailblazing transsexual gay activist who lived here and left his diaries to the GLBT Historical Society. Dorsey has immersed himself in the Sullivan documents; odds are strong that he's brought Lou's story to life.

Don't be surprised to see the rest of the dance world there. As with Joe Goode, Dorsey has a big talent that resonates with audiences who don't think of themselves as gay. He has the full faith of the dance community, having won two Isadora Duncan Awards in his short career. Stageworthy!

Briefly noted: Queers know better than to dismiss the Theater of the Ridiculous, and it must go on record that the recent *Fire Ballet* at the Crucible in Oakland was stageworthy to the max. Vampire lesbians, three of them; towers of flames, rotating wheels of fire, leather, chains, a working dungeon, a 20-foot plated-steel dragon with a working mouth that breathed fire and wings that flapped, the sexiest Dracula (Brett Womack) I've ever seen, and at peak mayhem a red-hot sword being hammered for real on a huge anvil near a red-hot crucible that poured glowing metal in a 10-foot stream while 25 zombies vamped a number from *Rocky Horror*. But all that would not have amounted to much without the near-genius choreography of Viktor Kabaniev, who staged 20 "putting on the bite" duets, and as many "o my God, I'm turning into a vampire" solos with mounting convulsive energy (the last one in mid-air) and without repeating himself, so each one cranked it up another notch. Phineas T. Barnum was not a greater showman than this.

Lastly, the brief glimpse of the New York-based Lar Lubovitch Dance Company we got Jan. 15 at the (sold-out) SF Jewish Community Center should make us long for more. Not only can his dancers move like gods, but the out-gay choreographer's meditation on M/M attraction and repulsion, envy, hero-worship, betrayal, lust, longing, fury, and regret – all this embodied in his *Men's Stories* – is one that needs to be seen again and again, before it yields up all its secrets.