

# Sex: the naked truth



Intercourse  
York Arts Centre

**N**OT one for your Auntie Doris - unless she's a fan of full frontal nudity...

Vincent Dance Theatre's Intercourse played to a packed house at York Arts Centre and, whether they came to see the much-billed naked bodies or were genuine dance fans, a ticket for this show was definitely the hottest in town.

In an examination of how men and women are the victims of each other's sexuality, Vincent and co-creator Harry Theaker cavorted through 45 minutes of

aggressive performance punctuated with the odd f-word studded narration.

The audience was cleverly guided through the process of growing up - the young girl is moulded into the Baby Doll sex goddess and learns to feel like a woman because she can attract a man.

Later the mother figure pops up and pushes her son until he finds another woman to do it for him. Meanwhile, each partner in this stage 'relationship' is sexually possessed by the other - both equally abused and abusing.

But the female perspective is the stronger. The heavily weighted language leaves no room for doubt that it is the woman who cannot assert herself from outside the constraints of

her body.

All in all Vincent, and director Gregory Nash, seem to be having a major downer on relationships - especially if you're the female half of it.

Even for people who had come from far and wide for a spot of sexual provocation the nudity was about as shocking as someone waving a hanky in your face. The novelty soon wore off.

Somehow the bodies were purely a visual aid - maybe because they didn't look like the ones you see in the mirror or wake up to every morning.

It's hardly surprising that this show is not playing on Valentine's Day. Couples experiencing a rocky patch are advised to stay away!

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