

Tru Paraha reviews **From His Rib** - Kerryn McMurdo

Theatreview

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The closing performance for the evening is a psychologically and physically charged work by Kerryn McMurdo. A clear thematic takes us through the fall of Eve, the first woman in Christian mythology. She generates embodied states, intensities and movement. Transforming into a new performative mode the relationship with audience becomes taut, direct and enlivened. We are wryly seduced into an act of violence, or offered a moment of resistance as conscious agents.

First the fruit swells inside a mouth. Haunches raised, she rocks and mounts. She's dressed in black she's a virgin-whore or somebody's wife. She traces a genealogy up powerful thighs. Dances through emotional terrain, ravenous body and barren scapes. She's alone. She'll survive - the core-bitten legacy of every fallen one. Extended along the wall her body creates an illusory end then begins again. Un/dressing into bridal whites and dress-up veil there's a tonal shift. Stagehands offer shiny apples to the crowd. Some take a bite, others decline. Eve speaks into a microphone. She thanks us for being here and appreciates how busy we are. She explains that she's about to put on a safety vest and when she says GO we are to throw our apples at her. The crowd is slightly fazed and in/visibly excited. This could be a fanatical stoning or a rotten tomato night at the theatre. The apples are hurled. Some of the audience could work on their aim. No-one really wants to hurt her (?)