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Review

I Land

Culture Project. By Keo Woolford. Dir. Roberta Uno. With Woolford. 1hr., 30 mins. No intermission.

If you've ever sat through a solo performer describing his childhood, adolescence, and descent into an abyss of drugs and depravity before finding redemption through artistic self-expression, then you're already familiar with three fourths of Keo Woolford's *I Land*. However, the movement-based remaining quarter of the autobiographical piece is more novel, since Woolford is a classical hula dancer.

The Hawaii-born actor-dancer (directed on a tight leash by Roberta Uno) is an overly ingratiating presence; he has decent comic timing, but seems way too eager to please. However, he moves like an angel. When he changes out of his jeans into a grass skirt to demonstrate true hula dancing—sans kitschy, tourist-focused trappings—Woolford's demeanor changes, and it's instantly clear how superior this material is to the confessional boilerplate that preceded it. Although the performer has much to say about the current, debased state of his native Pacific Rim culture, his movements are far more eloquent than his words.

— *Jeff Lewonczyk*

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