

Un lleno absoluto nada habitual probó una vez más la capacidad de convocatoria de María J Ribot (Madrid,1962)— alias La Ribot, como la llaman en la profesión—, que traspasa al gremio y los enterados. Su oferta no es para militantes, al contrario de lo que puede parecer al primer golpe de vista.

La elegancia se lleva dentro y La Ribot es muy chic en su uso poético y justificado del desnudo integral. Sus breves solos están muy trabajados y ensayados, son viñetas de ideas brillantes que implican al público con brotes hilarantes y miradas a lo Buster Keaton. Su exceso es parte de una personalidad, única en la nueva danza española y que evoca a Ida Rubinstein, Akarova o Meret Oppenheim. Todas estas señoras estaban locas. La Ribot lo está, candorosamente convencida de su talento (la buena locura), por otra parte, real. Ahora que su furia interior se ha desatado tras el fin del grupo Bocanada y otras batallas, ella impone su altivo perfil de águila, que recuerda a Edith Sitwell, pero con risas.

En la anterior obra de Ribot sobre Juana la Loca había sexo duro, oral y escrito; un espejo en el suelo (ya Anaís Nin practicaba así) y la silla plegable que viene usando desde Cariia de ángel (1986). Ahora utiliza dos sillas, y aunque esta vez no las recubrió de falso leopardo y flecos de pasamanería (como la taza vestida de visión de la Oppenheim), las maneja dinámicamente hasta incorporarlas al movimiento.

Toque de lirismo

Sus piezas se distinguen por el hallazgo de ideas plásticas vertidas en una mezcladora hasta conseguir una rara unidad. Se echa en falta un baile, no sólo para demostrar su técnica, sino para que redondee el producto con un toque de lirismo dancístico. De haber vivido algunas décadas atrás, Marcel Duchamp se habría llevado a La Ribot de juerga o la habría hecho bajar desnuda una escalera; quizá Peggy Gugaenheim le habría ofrecido un palacio veneciano o Picabia le propondría matrimonio; seguramente Bretón le hubiera dedicado Nadja. Por suerte, la tenemos entre nosotros.

An extremely unusual sell out proved once again María Jose Ribot's summonable capacity (Madrid, 1962) - alias La Ribot, as she is known in her profession - that goes beyond the expectancy from her guild and the elite. Her offer is not meant for militants, contrary to what it may appear at first glance.

Elegance is carried inside and La Ribot is very "chic" in her poetical and justified use of integral nudity. Her brief solos are very worked and rehearsed, they are vignettes of brilliant ideas that involve the public with hilarious outbursts and Buster Keaton glances. Her excess is part of her personality, unique in new Spanish dance, that evoked Ida Rubinstein, Akarova or Meret Oppenheim. All of these women were crazy. Just like La Ribot, who on the one hand is candidly convinced of her talent (the good madness), which on the other hand is decidedly real. Now that her inner fury has been unleashed after the breaking up of the group Bocanada and other battles, she imposes her overconfident eagle like profile that reminds us of Edith Sitwell, but with a sense of humour. In Ribot's previous work about Juana La Loca, there was hard sex, both oral and written; a mirror on the floor (like Anais Nin who used to practice in this way) and the folding chair that she has been using since "Carita de Angel" (1985). Now she uses two chairs, and although this time she did not cover them in false leopard and passementerie fringes (like Oppenheim's mug dressed in mink), she dynamically handles them until they have been incorporated into movement.

A touch of lyricism.

Her pieces are distinguished by the discovery of plastic ideas poured into a mixer until she has obtained a rare unity. A dance is perhaps missed, not only to demonstrate her technique, but in order to round off the product with a touch of dancing lyricism.

If she had lived a few decades before, Marcel Duchamp would have gone out on the town with La Ribot or would have made her come down a ladder naked; perhaps Peggy Guggenheim would have offered her a Venetian palace or Picabia would have proposed marriage. And surely Breton would have dedicated "Nadja" to her. Luckily though, we still have her around.