

# New York Newsday

EDITION

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## ENTERTAINMENT



Martha Swope

Lubovitch dancers in 'Blood,' which premiered at City Center Tuesday

### Three by Lubovitch Troupe

#### DANCE REVIEW

**LAR LUBOVITCH DANCE COMPANY.**  
"Concerto Six Twenty-two," "Blood" (premiere), "A Brahms Symphony," all choreographed by Lubovitch. Tuesday night at City Center. Through Sunday.

By Janice Berman

**L**AR LUBOVITCH'S "Concerto Six Twenty-Two," which had a one-night showing last year at Carnegie Hall, is on view through the weekend at City Center. Set to Mozart's Concerto for Clarinet and Orchestra (K. 622), it's an exhilarating piece, at once playful and lyrical, and the dozen dancers do it beautifully.

The opening allegro passage works into and out of a circle motif. The dancers, dressed in white, skip and swoop in the circle, and couples and trios dance within it. Sometimes the steps suggest polkas and the arms are raised exuberantly high; other times, when the circle breaks, there are jumps and playful lifts with legs raised high. There are moments that seem to mock the music's lyricism, as the dancers chase each other like characters in a Road Runner cartoon, hands forming paws.

The second movement is for two men (Sylvain Lafortune and Rick Michalek) who partner each other. Lubovitch is depicting men as friends in a way that breaks the traditional boundaries of macho camaraderie often found in male dance duets. In addition to constant instances of strength, there is a well-wrought emotional sensitivity at work here, an atmosphere of mutual support rather than

competition. The men partner each other, lift each other, lean against each other, bodies diagonal to the floor. Each man is given adagio solos displaying his own gifts. The choreography is stunning, undercut only by a few moments of too-syrupy sweetness as the men share a wondrous regard for something that has fallen on the palm of one of them.

As they exit, the third movement begins. It's highlighted by Ronni Favors' terrific solo of frisky jumps. This is a work to see and enjoy.

As is "A Brahms Symphony" (the third, to be precise). Lubovitch has created poetic movement for his black-clad corps, setting them to waltzing and more; some of it was a little hard to see, because it was obscured by the power of a fluid duet for Lafortune and Peggy Baker.

The presence of "Blood," a new dance, on a program that included two such accomplished works was a little like inviting ants to a picnic. Or monsters. "Blood" is set to music by George Antheil that seems suited to these twittering grotesques.

One looks like a dragon, with cartoony, triangular scales; one is obviously supposed to be blood (gray leotard with big drops on it and red undies), another is a cave woman, and another, in purple, has a rat in her mouth. She gets pulled apart, and another creature chomps on her entrails (actually, they're sausages). At the end, they boogie, with silvery hatchets, knives, axes and scissors embedded in their heads. "Blood" is a little too deliberately mindless to be very enjoyable. //