

Thank God, there isn't a quota on Modern Dance choreographers because the need for good ones is becoming particularly desperate. If you had been to as many mediocre performances as I, you would realize that there is no shortage of illegal aliens engaged in this profession. **Mark Morris** is not one of these ranks. This realization is

substantiated because he: 1) is inventive and imaginative, 2) dances quite well, and 3) has assembled a company of dancers whose heterogeneous blend of lyricism, drama and athleticism complements the versatility of his own talent.

The kaleidoscopic offerings began with a contrasting set of 4

solo folk dances entitled "*I love you dearly*," admirably performed by the barefoot **Nora Reynolds** in punk-peasant dray (I am aware that probably no one behind the Iron Curtain wears iridescent clothing but . . .). Whether pirouetting on her heels, hopping in place, or performing a back extension, Ms. Reynolds' interpretation captured the earthy vitality of the traditional Rumanian songs.

Less successful was the contrived and lackluster "*Castor and Pollux*." Mr. Morris did a commendable job of disguising the connection between the mythological title and the choreography. Not convincing!

As pedestrian as "*Castor and Pollux*" was, "*10 Suggestions*"

(featuring a solo performance by Mr. Morris) was its exact opposite. Here the choreographer's penchant for humor and satire bloomed uninhibitedly. Mr. Morris' talent for comedy was equally remarkable in its inventiveness as it was for its simplicity. Dressed in a pair of satin lounging pajamas for which Jean Harlow would have sold herself, Mr. Morris' thicket of curly hair, loose-jointed body, and limpid eyes completed the picture of his Pierrot-like character.

Alexander Tcherpenin's bitter-sweet music tastefully underscored the comic mood.

Unencumbered by the artistic pretense of "*Castor and Pollux*," "*Gloria*" was a far more successful large scale venture with clear, pure

music by Vivaldi finding its gestural equivalent in the simpler choreographic movements. One of the most striking effects occurred near the beginning in the "*Et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis*" section. This wonderful moment was only a microscopic contribution to the overall exhilarating effect the performance had on me. I am sure glad **Mark Morris** was able to secure a temporary leave of absence from the Lar Lubovitch Dance Company. My only other hope would be that someday soon he would make it permanent.

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