

Summer 2013

Ballet Review



From the Summer 2013 issue of *Ballet Review*

Paul Taylor

**Ballet Review 41.2
Summer 2013**

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**Cover Photograph by Paul B. Goode, Paul Taylor Dance Company:
Sean Mahoney and Michael Trusnovec in *Scudorama*.**



Parisa Khobdeh in *To Make Crops Grow*. (Photo: Paul B. Goode, PTDC)

Taylor at Lincoln Center

Susanna Sloat

What range Paul Taylor has! A three-week season like the one in March at the former New York State Theater (now called the Koch) not only encompasses an enormous emotional range, but also a huge dance vocabulary. True, he has a stable of signature moves, sometimes inserting one like the famous Taylor lope with swinging arms into a dance as a way of asserting instant identity (and that sometimes acts as a kind of joke).

For many pieces he tailors a movement array just for that dance so that, superficially, it might seem like a reduced vocabulary. But rarely is that really so, and over the course of an evening, let alone a whole season, the variety of movement displayed by his superbly adaptable, high-energy, leaping and earth-bound dancers who must also have supreme acting skills – whether in moves we’ve seen Taylor use often, even if they look different in different pieces, or in movement inventions – is vast.

In an essay, “Why I Make Dances,” Taylor says, “Although there are only two or three dances in me – ones based on simple images imprinted at childhood – I’ve gone to great lengths to have each repeat of them seem different.” They do – and though we do note Taylor genres, he has more than two or three. As for the dances, “I make them for myself,” he says, and that’s clear, too. He can pick a subject that is neither expected nor desired, but clearly something that compels him, if not the audience: “Whenever a dance of mine is controversial it brings me much satisfaction.” But he also says, “I make dances in an effort to communicate to people.” And that he also does, often superbly.

The season’s brochure sums up the offerings with a series of informative numbers, after first trumpeting it’s record-breaking

season last year (its first at the Koch), which was surpassed this year. I saw lots of advertising beforehand, even a big billboard, and perhaps that drew in newcomers, old and young, as well as people, as I heard several say, who hadn’t been back to Taylor for decades.

I saw all twenty-one dances at least once. As the brochure proclaims, they span seven decades, from the 1956 *Epitaphs* to two early 1960s works, *Junction* and *Scudorama*; a mere singleton from the 1970s, the much-loved *Esplanade*; a bounty of eight from the 1980s; four from the 1990s; two grand works of the 2000s; and four from the current decade, including the requisite two premieres.

The brochure promises “6 Taylor/Bach Masterworks” (from five decades), one at every performance, and three anniversary celebrations, a fiftieth for *Scudorama*, and twenty-fifth anniversaries for *Brandenburgs* and *Speaking in Tongues*. For “100 Years After Nijinsky: Sacre,” Taylor brought back his own unique take, *Le Sacre du Printemps (The Rehearsal)*. None of the programs was exactly the same. I went to ten.

Because the programs differ, the dances appear in varying contexts that can make you see them in different ways. This was true of the two new pieces. *To Make Crops Grow*, which premiered in November at Syracuse University (where Taylor started college before transferring to Juilliard for its dance program), had its first performance in New York City on a program that featured different states of unease.

Junction (1961), the evening’s Bach piece, using excerpts from two of the solo suites for cello in a way that emphasizes their churning nature, is brightly costumed by Alex Katz in blocks of strong colors like yellow, orange, green, pink, and blue. It bears a subtitle, “of tranquility and fervor,” that is the reverse of the action, which begins with aggressive moves of arms punching out, includes dancers formally walking to meet face to hostile face, or men passing a folded woman among themselves, and eventually subsides into a more peaceable community, abstract, but interactive.

The thirty-one-year-old Taylor was already a masterful move-maker. Whenever it appeared, *Junction* was paired with the even earlier *3 Epitaphs*. Completely clad, including faces, by Robert Rauschenberg in dark gray with reflectors on headtop and one hand (a great effect when they wave), these five strange beings seem like sci-fi creatures who shapeshift from ape to man and back again. To marvelous, plangent early New Orleans funeral jazz, the creatures startle and amuse, getting big laughs whenever they slump back into ape-position, backs bent, arms hanging low, and slink offstage.

That it was followed by *Le Sacre du Printemps* (*The Rehearsal*) made it clear that *To Make Crops Grow* was its own kind of rite of spring, an aw-shucks rural American one that in a rather low-key bureaucratic way involved a human sacrifice, although Taylor's *Sacre* doesn't. It starts with children, a bullying boy and two girls, who assemble a rock pile. Newlyweds, a



3 Epitaphs. ((Photo: Paul B. Goode, PTDC)

needy couple, and an older, fatter man in a white suit and his slinky, vamping younger wife in a nice dress who seem like city slickers among the farm folk, come in, and so does the "Ritual Conductor," who is an organizer, not a shaman, until he dons his extravagant

fur headdress. The clothes suggest the 1930s, echoing the music, movements from Ferde Grofé's often bombastic Grand Canyon Suite.

Mime and physical acting as much as dance segments shape the piece. When the Ritual Conductor's assistant brings in a box and the community begins to extract white papers, which they throw on the floor before dancing out their relief, Syracuse graduate Shirley Jackson's 1948 short story *The Lottery* comes to mind. But that was scarier. Taylor has chosen to make this rite of spring quite matter of fact. The Ritual Conductor takes a ballot, too, and does a flavorful little dance. The final one to pick is the slinky Young Wife, and yes, she is the victim.

When I first saw *To Make Crops Grow* I thought the inherent possible drama was underplayed throughout, but on second viewing, not only did Parisa Khobdeh, the Young Wife, act out her despair and try to escape, but the music thundered and the sky, sunlit early on and now

night lit (James F. Ingalls rather than the company's principle lighting designer, Jennifer Tipton, did the lighting for both premieres), was split with lightning. Still, when Khobdeh was captured and tightly encircled by the community, they raised rocks above her, but we did not see them come down.

Applause was tepid at both performances. The audience clearly was not pleased by this prosaically dark story, lacking the bizarre twists and special intensity that

make some of Taylor's grimmest tales compelling. As Grofé is to Stravinsky, so is *To Make Crops Grow* to Taylor's 1980 *Le Sacre du Printemps* (*The Rehearsal*).

Taylor's *Sacre* may be the most original one since Nijinsky's. Set to the two-piano version



Laura Halzack and Michael Trusnovec in *Le Sacre du Printemps* (*The Rehearsal*). (Photo: Paul B. Goode)

of the score, it echoes Nijinsky's famous *Afternoon of a Faun* pose with a series of ingenious moves in profile. With set and costumes by John Rawlings, the rehearsal is of a silent movie story of a Girl, Laura Halzack, whose baby is kidnapped by a Crook, Robert Kleindorst, and his Henchmen, given to his eager Mistress, Amy Young (whose loving embrace of the baby is echoed, as if in a mirror, by another dancer), and sought by a Private Eye, Michael Trusnovec, who is himself captured by Policemen and imprisoned. The plot, set, and moves can have the sharp outlines of a comic strip, but one forgets that this is a rehearsal, and reacts with alarm and grief.

The dispatch of virtually everyone as a cardboard knife falls with cartoon precision on all in turn – even, at last, on the hapless baby – is particularly clever. And Halzack's solo of despair after it all is lost is particularly moving. When they return as dancers, making it

clear again that this is just "The Rehearsal," my relief was palpable.

To Make Crops Grow's connection with the famous hundred-year-old *Sacre* was not nearly as apparent when I saw it between the goofy *Gossamer Gallants* and the heavenly *Brandenburgs*. But I did find a resonance between the endings of *Crops* and the 2011 *Gallants*, even though that is a colorful comic romp about mating insects to dances from Smetana's *The Bartered Bride*. In both, killing is underplayed. The males and females in *Gossamer Gallants* seem to be of different species. Santo Loquasto, the company's set and costume designer since the late 1980s, has given the males beautiful winged costumes of black and iridescent blue. They dash their hands out like insects buzzing and fall over themselves with eagerness when the bright green females strut through with very amusing exaggerated hip thrusts and waving antennas. The females



Annmarie Mazzini and women in *Promethean Fire*. (Photo: Paul B. Goode, PTDC)

look like praying mantises and their dance together is a show of strength, with Michelle Fleet the triumphant ringleader.

As courtship continues, the males gallantly spread gossamer cloths of black and blue for the females to imperiously step over, but then appear to lose their eagerness for mating and must be vigorously pursued and, finally, subdued. They end up on the floor, spent, with one survivor taking an exploratory walk when all are gone. Although praying mantis females are legendary for killing and eating their mates (which is apparently much more common in captivity than in the field), Taylor, who has depicted vile murders in other dances, softplays these in this mating satire.

The season's world premiere, *Perpetual Dawn*, made its debut at the opening night gala. I first saw it at the end of the first week, after the perennially funny *Offenbach Overtures* (1995) – which spoofs nineteenth-century French courtship and manners with waltzes, can-cans, and a duel in which seconds con-

tinue to squabble while the dueling men fall for each other – and before the grandly resonant *Promethean Fire*. *Perpetual Dawn* is also about courtship. Set to very agreeable music by Johann David Heinichen, a little-known contemporary of Bach, it immediately evokes a familiar Taylor genre, the lyrical idyll. While it isn't the most sublime example, it's lovely, and both times I saw it, I wanted to see it again. Loquasto has given it a Watteau-ish backdrop of hills and fuzzy trees, and, while Ingall's lighting changes its colors during the piece, pinking and bluing and yellowing it, the sun in this setting has never quite risen, so that we face a perpetual dawning, which is matched by the fresh and fleeting courtships.

Perpetual Dawn is also about friendships, which give it some of its distinctive qualities, along with the setting and the pretty costumes in shades of mostly light grays and browns. The women's dresses, all different, have a chiffon floatiness. Men and women chase through the opening fast movement, meeting and moving on, but the first slow movement shows two

scenes of friends. In the first, women gather and in the second, two men meet in a show of tender friendship that may be the start of something more.

A more unusual conversation later between Young and Heather McGinley is not danced, but mimed, and at first McGinley seems not to understand what Young is saying, then gets it, and they affectionately dance. Fleet is, in a familiar Taylor motif, the odd woman out, who can't catch a man, although she has one by the final dance, with its suggestions of baroque dance patterns. Before this, following formal convention, Trusnovec and Halzack do a satisfying duet to the slow penultimate movement.

Promethean Fire (2002) has great architecture. It's set to a Stokowski orchestration of Bach keyboard pieces, whose thickness used to bother me but now seems right for this stirring piece of a community that seems solid, then begins to fall apart, with striking images of flight, its strong architectural formations leading to such disorder that dancers tumble

over each other into a heap. From this Trusnovec, a noble leader, extracts Khobdeh for an intense duet, in which she flies into his arms.

This was originally Lisa Viola's role, and while Khobdeh doesn't have Viola's distinctive blend of vulnerability and strength, she looks very right here, just as she does in her own way taking on Viola's part as the hilariously tipsy dancer in *Offenbach Overtures*. After the duet, the community can rebuild itself. This architecturally strong hopefulness would be moving even if *Promethean Fire* didn't remind us of September 11.

Sandwiched between the very dark *Scudorama* and *Brandenburgs*, *Perpetual Dawn* is still lovely. But there is a reason Heinichen is obscure and we all revere Bach. From the first familiar strains of the sixth Brandenburg concerto, in a particularly lush recording, Bach's depth and lyrical originality take hold. Taylor matches this; *Brandenburgs* (1988) is a powerful lyric piece, with strong bones. Its chorus of five men in velvety emerald green dance with three dark-olive-dressed women, mus-



Michelle Fleet and Parisa Khobdeh in *Offenbach Overtures*. (Photo: Paul B. Goode, PTDC)

es, whom they soon watch with awe. Each of these richly flowing dancers, Young, Khobdeh, and Eran Brugge, dances with Trusnovec, who, on Balanchine's last stage, is clearly an Apollo figure, one of gravity and grace. At first he partners the women, but when, between choruses by the five men, each of the women performs solo, Trusnovec looks on, scrutinizing, appreciating, but not touching.

Brandenburgs is a closer; it can send you off in bliss. *Scudorama* (1963) is an opener, disturbing and inscrutable. Revived in 2009 after decades in the dark, it's a complex piece in which changes of costume make it seem like its cast of eight lost souls is considerably larger, something that the mirrored set of *Last Look* (1985) also does. In other ways, too, *Scudorama* connects with *Last Look*, which is even darker and more despairing but with more than twenty years in between shows a consolidation of dance making structural power. *Scudorama* is more diffuse. Each has very different sets and costumes by Katz, and both have commissioned scores. *Scudorama's* is by Clarence Jackson, brassy and melodramatic with cymbals and drums, churning and stormy and sometimes fustian, with a brighter jazzy section.

Katz provides a backdrop of black clouds against a purple sky. The dancers, all but one initially on the floor covered by huge printed towels, are "the nearly soulless/Whose lives concluded neither blame nor praise," as the epigraph from Dante tells us. This may be Dante's Purgatory, but to us it looks like hell. Only Sean Mahoney is erect, in a business suit. He seems to wonder what he's gotten into. The others creep out but remain lizard-low as they inch their way offstage. Soon Mahoney is crawling, too. When he comes back, he's in a maroon unitard. A group of women wear black coveralls with white cowl collars. They make small funny jumps; the vocabulary of *Scudorama* is diverse, often inventive. As with *Junction*, Taylor's Graham heritage is evident, although he's very much his own man.

Trusnovec also appears in a suit; at other times he's in a green unitard. At one point he

wears a blond dancer in yellow on his head so thoroughly wrapped around it that she appears to be a strange headdress. A bit later Mahoney's head is similarly adorned. When women wear regular clothes, they seem to have more agency, but soon enough they've lost it. Halzack in red, soloing, suggests hope at one point, but that's temporary, too. *Scudorama* is fascinating, but remains a puzzle. Is Purgatory like that?

Last Look is definitely a hell. It seems to personify breakdown. Taylor's autobiography *Private Domain* came out in 1987 and in it there's a wrenching story of a breakdown after Taylor stopped performing. I can't help wondering if writing those passages, perhaps in 1985, was an inspiration for *Last Look*. Besides the zigzag of mirrors, Katz unifies it with a color scheme of greens (the men's uniform of pants and shirts) and sharp pinks and white for the women's robes and dresses. The score is by Donald York.

The despairing bodies here seem to be in an asylum of the mind, reflected in the staggered mirrors as dancers shake, flail, writhe, collapse. Fleet solos in the rear; James Samson and Kleinendorst also have notable solos, but the main character is the invaluable Trusnovec. He has a quietly disturbed duet with Young. With Aileen Roehl he dances several feet apart, but the mirroring ins and outs of their bodies cleverly suggest sex. She also does this with another man, then mingles among all the males and is tossed between them in a way that embodies defilement. By the end everyone's on the floor. The movement vocabulary, the structuring, the mirrors, the lush greens and pinks, and the expert performances are all calibrated to make discomfort and pain reach inside of us, too.

The chaser for *Last Look* when I saw it was *Beloved Renegade*, a calm piece to Poulenc's Gloria that ends with a beatific scene of death. It's from 2008 and has been widely acclaimed, but I keep finding it too pale, like its costumes, lacking the "barbaric yawp" promised by the Walt Whitman epigraph. I don't see the central figure, the estimable Trusnovec, as a rene-



Michael Trusnovic in *Brandenburgs*. (Photo: Paul B. Goode, PTDC)

gade either. Except in the scene where he and others minister to the wounded, as Whitman did in the Civil War, I find it hard to connect him with that poet, despite the quotes in the program that frame each section.

Why is it Whitmanesque for Trusnovic to watch two lovers, a man and a woman, dance together, or to see a group of children leapfrogging? Is Halzack his muse (and why?) and also a guardian angel who leads him to a serene death, surrounded by the well-orchestrated large cast? Is Young a previous (and discarded) earlier muse? I kept thinking of Taylor thinking of mortality.

Just as novelists feel a part of themselves in every character, so must choreographers. The note “Commissioned in memory of James Harper Marshall by his wife Donna and daughter Lee” offered another clue. Perhaps this is as much about Marshall as Taylor and Whitman, which, whether convincing or not, is surely an honoring.

For my second viewing of *Scudorama*, the cleansing dance was the drily wry *Lost, Found and Lost*, from 1982. It contains source material from *Events 1* from 1957 and that material must show Taylor as the astute observer of everyday life and everyday movement. He has the impatience of a crowd waiting in line down to amusing perfection and can make a segment out of folding arms. A woman sees a man and wants him, keeps wanting him, but he sails away with a buoyant Fleet. This community of strangers is costumed oddly by Katz in unisex black unitards, each with an array of sparkles somewhere, including on the chest or across the butt, and net veils over their faces. They move to enjoyably plush and silly “elevator music,” familiar tunes orchestrated by York.

Lost, Found and Lost has been occasionally revived, but *Kith and Kin* from 1987, which has not, seemed like a novelty. Set to Mozart’s Serenade No. 4 (K.203), it’s about a family in which

the mother and father, Young and Samson, in dark brown clothes of an earlier era by William Ivey Long, teach a brood of eight frisky, creamily clad youngsters manners and deportment through dancing. Young and Samson are elegant; the young ones imitate their elders, but love to romp in exuberant polkas and kick up their heels in folk steps. They dance as a group, however, not individuals, and the couples polkaing can be same sex.

A slow movement gives Young and Samson a chance to tutor a boy and girl, the delightful Francisco Graciano and Roehl, in special social graces, which they pick up beautifully from their elders. The parental figures beam benignly when the full brood is back, gambling and jumping, the boys bouncing like crocodiles on the floor. The parents can be lively, too, but in a refined way. I'm not sure what to call McGinley's special role, soloing or cutting through the unison patterns of the group, but it's essential to adding structural interest to this charming dance, which on first viewing seemed to lack layers countering the sweet mood of a happy household, but which, seen again, was more charming yet, and more decisive in showing how much needs to be taught and how dance can do it.

Eventide (1987) for five couples to two pieces by Ralph Vaughan Williams is another revival, one that took on special resonance in the subtle emotional trajectories of the two duets by Khobdeh and Trusnovec. They aren't with the four couples in the opening dance, three of whom have duets of their own. Two of these are happy; Young and Mahoney are joyful and quick and McGinley and Graciano are deliciously frolicsome. But Brugge is very troubled when she dances with Kleinendorst. I thought the dancing was resolving their difficulties, but no, Kleinendorst leaves her abruptly and Brugge's pain penetrates.

Loquasto clothes the dancers palely and the backdrop of misty grayed pink trees seems sub-Corot, but Taylor supplies depth, amplified by Khobdeh and Trusnovec as they express delicate shades of changing feelings. Khobdeh is upset in their initial dance, but

Trusnovec comforts her into resolution. Back again, it is Trusnovec who is bent over in pain or dismay, and she must tend to him. All the couples dance a final promenade. The men lift the women and swirl them before they return to quietly lovely walking patterns.

Cascade (1999) is another piece to Bach, to parts of three of his sumptuous keyboard concertos, played on piano. It is zestful and lush, with brocadelike black-and-gold fabric for the women's dresses, a varying array of forces, and a Tayloresque vocabulary with some very enjoyable movement surprises. Particular pleasures include the way the two couples in the *Larghetto* echo each other in various ways; George Smallwood exuberantly cutting through the patterns of the other men in the *Presto*; Fleet and Trusnovec dancing their *Andante* duet with luxuriant presence. While I'd like it more brightly lit, I keep wanting to see it again.

Taylor takes a more unusual tack in *Musical Offering* (1986), a dance to Bach with dancers in loincloths. The men are topless; the women wear nude bodysuits. The large cast forms a tribe who know how to honor their gods with rites, and priests and priestesses in a distinctive vocabulary that is not what one expects with Bach but works well here. They rock stiffly from side to side with extended arms and flexed hands, and those flexed hands and arms that are scooped forward are frequent motifs. Fleet is a seeming goddess who is lifted up and turned over and over in a complex maneuver. Brugge similarly appears to be a priestess before a flock and Trusnovec and Young assume priestly roles, too.

The sixteen sections of dance to this late Bach work, originally for flute, violin, and continuo, but here using a recording of an orchestration by Anton Webern and Frank Michael Beyer, build up into a complex network of hieratic sections in which the tribe builds relationships, less with each other than with their leaders and godlike figures who inspire worship. As Taylor says in "Why I Make Dances," "It's possible to build a whole new universe with steps." The subtitle Taylor gave



Francisco Graciano, Michelle Fleet, Robert Kleinendorst, Julie Tice in *Eventide*.
(Photo: Paul B. Goode, PTDC)

it, “a requiem,” isn’t otherwise explained, but 1986, in the midst of the AIDS epidemic, was a time of many deaths.

The final piece when I saw *Musical Offering* was *Company B* from 1991. There have been many permutations of cast since then, but to quote Taylor again from the same essay (usefully available in his recent compilation, *Facts and Fancies*, from Delphinium Books), he works “to build a firm structure that can withstand future changes of cast.” Particular performers stand out, of course, and one can miss them, but in general I think he does just that. At its ebullient and poignant best *Company B*’s combination of World War II-era Andrews Sisters songs and its choreography vividly evoke a time of frantic high spirits amid the tensions of war.

“Rum and Coca Cola,” with its one woman vamping before a group of men, stopped me short, however, because dance and song, with its repeated refrain of mother and daughter “working for the Yankee dollar,” seemed an oversimplification and didn’t invoke the island of Trinidad to me, despite knowing there was a large U.S. naval base there. But quickly my immersion was restored by Young dancing with Mahoney in “There Will Never Be Another You,” before he slips away to join the shadowy men in the rear who may never return, and she continues to beautifully project love and loss.

Speaking in Tongues from 1988 was also transformed for television and won an Emmy. It’s a longer piece than usual for Taylor and a complex one, in which sometimes so much is go-

ing on that one can miss how all the threads fit together. Some aspects are confusing. Samson is “Himself as he recollects,” that is, he is the central character; Trusnovec’s *A Man of the Cloth*, in some later stage, exactly when (or why) not clear. His *Better Half* is Halzack. *A Mother, Young*, has Jamie Rae Walker as *Her Unwanted Daughter*, and *The Daughter Grown Up* is *Fleet*.

Late in the dance, *Fleet* has a passionately unhappy solo, while Walker and others watch, but effective as it was, I wasn’t sure whether her despair was projected at *Her Husband*, Mahoney, or Trusnovec. When he first enters, Trusnovec walks with a strange, inventive stiffness, but later, in a brief fling with Khobdeh, *A Party Girl*, he dances with ease. He sternly commands his flock, who come together to reject Kleinendorst, *The Odd Man Out*, whose misery and aloneness is affecting. What holds the piece together is Trusnovec’s presence and domination of his flock, the congregation’s cohesiveness in early scenes, and the feeling of dissolution as events progress.

In recent years the Taylor company has had one program with all seats at a special low price. This year the *Speaking in Tongues* anniversary was celebrated with a \$5 evening, its unhappy community paired with *Brandenburgs’* celestial one. When I saw it, disturbance was erased with the perennially joyful *Esplanade* (1975). The exhilarating walking and running of the first movement to a Bach violin concerto and the finale, with its even more heady thrusting slides to the floor to the allegro of the Bach double-violin concerto, are set off by poignant slow movements, the first in which a dreamlike woman (the only one in pants) fails to find her place in the community, the second in which a woman hopefully chases after the men. These make the company’s speed and vivacity elsewhere even more exciting; you can’t help but leave beaming.

The Uncommitted was the penultimate dance in my season. It’s recent, from 2011 and first seen in the city last year, and it shows that Taylor has new strategies, in this case in the

structure of the dance. It’s a dark piece in every way, with the dark shades of the costumes shot with orange and red. To music by Arvo Pärt, groups of dancers flood on and leave behind a soloist, who expresses difficult, often tortured emotions in his or her dance, each in a distinctive, inventive way.

These discomfited solos are succeeded by passionate, but unsettling duets (or a trio), wracked with pain, in which the partners generally part. Two men confront each other in a vicious fight. The community coalesces, moving in in clumps until, assembled, it begins to lose members, dropping out, one by one – the uncommitted. The strong structure and emotions keep it compelling.

The Taylor company is a community, of course, one in which senior members get plum parts that enable them to show off their varied talents. No one joins this company right out of college; you have to be seasoned first. As Michael Novak revealed in a discussion at Barnard of different approaches to *The Rite of Spring*, new dancers learn their parts from videos, and must be prepared by that for the first runthrough. There’s always a senior man, a particularly strong and expressive dancer, and Trusnovec, who joined the company in 1998, has had that role since Patrick Corbin left. He seems inexhaustible, but who knows what the future will bring. Will Michael Apuzzo or Novak come to the fore? No doubt Taylor has plans for them.

An added fillip to the Taylor season came in early April when Juilliard Dances Repertory presented a beautifully calibrated Taylor *Sunset* (1983), staged by faculty member and former Taylor dancer Linda Kent. Between Murray Louis’ inventively jazzy *Four Brubeck Pieces (Opus 104)* from 1984, with expert Juilliard jazz students making the music for the dance, and William Forsythe’s 2000 *One Flat Thing, Reproduced*, with a cacophonous electronic score and many flat metallic tables arrayed to athletically stretch onto and between, *Sunset* provided a quietly moving centerpiece.

Soldiers with red berets encounter women in a setting of an abstract pattern of leaves by



Juilliard Dances Repertory: *Sunset* with Michele Carter, Julia Headley, Alexander Anderson, Solana Temple, and Jenna Pollack. (Photo: Rosalie O'Connor, Juilliard School)

Katz, dancing with them and each other to music by Edward Elgar, played very well by Juilliard students. As with the *Louis* piece, sometimes the effort to capture a particular style is evident, but capture it they do, and the poetry and delicacy of feeling of *Sunset* came through. Particularly well caught was the mix of horseplay and affection in the male duet and the endearing way one of these men soon partners one of the women. The section to the haunting call of loons in which the soldiers dance with the women was, as it should be,

lovely and dreamlike. These men may never be back, but one leaves a beret, clutched by a girl as a lasting treasure.

One leaves a Taylor season wondering what Paul Taylor will come up with next. And with 138 dances in the repertory, what revivals will surprise us? The new dances may seem substantial or minor; Taylor will be eighty-three and can't last forever, but what's already been made seems to have pre-visions for preservation, and can be mined for revivals that resonate with revelation.