

danced adequately, but no more than that, by Leslie Browne and John Meehan. Only Anna Spelman's portrayal of the hero's French flirtation came fully alive.

The revival production uses the original Motley designs, with the chandeliered ballroom and the subsidiary waltzers' costumes in shades of rusty red, the principals in luminous white, and the figures from the past in ghostly grays. At the initial performance, the all-important transitions from reality to dream, marked by blackouts and brief mirror-image duets for the principals with their "reflections," were marred by faulty timing. ABT should remember why it honors Tudor on its roster with the title Choreographer Emeritus and get these things right immediately.

THE PROGRAM OF **David Gordon's** "CONstructions," performed by his Pick Up Co. at the Joyce Theater, contained passages that were ravishingly beautiful, others that were dreadfully tedious. The bleak areas had to do mainly with excessive repetition. In *My Folks* (an entry in the obligatory "roots" category), Gordon shows us for 45 long minutes what configurations can be concocted with several rectangles of cloth, a hackneyed undertaking that not even his demonstrated cleverness can revitalize.

All of the *Offenbach Suite* and the early parts of *A Plain Romance Explained* (to nocturnes by John Field)—the two works danced without a break between them—provided typical Gordon pleasures. The Offenbach treads delicately and consistently the fine line between quotidian movement and dancing. Between the most neutral stretches of walking, classical steps are isolated in their unembellished beauty, while a string of ordinary gestures—wiping the nose, Simon Says moves—is executed so objectively and lyrically, it begins to look like something from Fokine. The highlight of the work is the duet Gordon has made for himself and Valda Setterfield, his wife—burly pedestrian meets silver-haired sylph—in which she keeps climbing into his arms to lie cradled there, one arm draped over his shoulders as if they were a sofa back, as elegant and serene as an odalisque.

This idyll is followed by a frenetic solo for Keith Marshall, who half dances, half marks, his own duet with an invisible lady, keeping up the kind of verbal obbligo customarily reserved for the rehearsal room—"I pick her up"; "no, that's wrong"; "meanwhile *they* do *this*." On the last, Gordon and Setterfield reappear for a little reprise of their material, and Marshall, shooting a sharp, furtive glance at their embrace, finishes his own moves with a muttered "All the while thinking, she's with *him*, not with *me*." Needless to say, the pas de trois that follows is right out of Noël Coward.



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