



ANDREA MOHIN/THE NEW YORK TIMES

Fall for Dance Francisco Ruvalcaba, left, Thomas Forster and Julie Kent performing "The Moor's Pavana," at City Center.

## A Sampling of Old and New, Side by Side

The aim of the Fall for Dance Festival is introductory. Its sampler programs are selected for variety, yet there are lessons, intended or not, to be gleaned from the juxtapositions. In this year's

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third program, on Monday at City Center, the lessons were about old and new. American Ballet Theater presented not an old ballet but an old modern dance, José Limón's "Moor's Pavana," from 1949. The work's sources are even older: music by Purcell, Renaissance court dances, Shakespeare's "Othello." Along with period costumes, it's all heavy drapery, yet the dramatic structure is lean. Jealousy rips apart the formal dance meant to constrain it, but the choreography that reveals this is built to endure. As the Moor's parasitic friend, Thomas Forster was too boyish and blank. But Francisco Ruvalcaba, on loan from the Limón company, was a forceful Moor.

Fall for Dance continues through Saturday at City Center, 131 West 55th Street, Manhattan; (212) 581-1212, [nycitycenter.org](http://nycitycenter.org). American Ballet Theater performs Oct. 30 to Nov. 10 at the David H. Koch Theater, Lincoln Center; [abt.org](http://abt.org).

Colin Dunne's "Turn" offered an update on tradition. He is an Irish step dancer, a former star of "Riverdance," who has made his form contemporary by stripping it down. He's bearded and handsome, with confiding eyebrows and a charismatic air of not trying too hard. He holds his torso more loosely than a "Riverdance" ramrod, but he still holds it. His pelvis seems stuck. The shapes he makes are intriguingly odd, like a peacock without feathers. At times, he could be a floppy jester from Shakespeare's day.

"The Turn" placed him on an amplified platform. A string quartet from the Irish Chamber Orchestra stood adjacent, playing a contemporary score by Linda Buckley. In the middle, Mr. Dunne rolled out a carpet and his stepping on it acquired an electronic echo, manipulated by Ms. Buckley. This was gimmickry, and it muddled the crisp and clever rhythms. The drama of Mr. Dunne's relationship to the music and the musicians — he turned to them periodically — kept failing to advance beyond intriguing to engrossing.

Ballet Hispanico's contribution was a world premiere, a Fall for Dance commission from the Belgian-Colombian choreographer Annabelle Lopez Ochoa.

"Sombrerísimo" is a dance for six men in hats. The hats, which the men keep swapping, might recall Magritte, yet the choreography, at its best, is more in the Bob Fosse line.

With its elastic groupings, acrobatic partnering, and touches of Latin sexiness, "Sombrerísimo" proved an effective vehicle for the company's men. The liveliest dance of the evening, it received the greatest ovation. But its big-silhouette theatricality and ideas about individuality were overly derivative. (Twyla Tharp's "Push Comes to Shove" tosses hats with much more wit.) As in "The Turn," creaking in the soundtrack drew attention to creaking choreographic machinery, devices that remained devices.

Nacho Duato's "Sinfonia India," from 1984, showed its age the most. Its 1930s score by Carlos Chávez might have seemed antiquated even in a better recording. The symphonizing of Mexican Indian themes has a dated inauthenticity. But Mr. Duato's choreography is even more ersatz, spicing balletic modern dance with native gestures. The work is pretty and buoyant, and the Dutch company Introdans performed it prettily and buoyantly. Not everything old is classic.