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DANCE REVIEW

Movement That Rides on a Pulse of Its Own



Nan Melville for The New York Times

A scene from “Three” by Ohad Naharin, performed by the Batsheva Dance Company.

By GIA KOURLAS
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In a discussion for the Works & Process series at the Guggenheim Museum on Monday, Ohad Naharin explained how his movement language, called Gaga, helps dancers focus on the space between the navel and groin: “You can ride on it and discover your power.”

Lately, Gaga has served as a potent tool for Mr. Naharin, the choreographer and artistic director of the Batsheva Dance Company, which performed his “Three” on Tuesday at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. His art, which is becoming addictive, creates a similar sort of trip: packed with Mr. Naharin’s entrancing, poetic texture, no matter the music, it rides on a pulse of its own.

At first the dance for 17 performers in three sections appears to be an ensemble work; by the end the stage is bursting with individuals, in sharp contrast to what they are wearing: Rakefet Levy’s generic shirts and cropped pants. They may appear ready for a Gap ad, but “Three” is no Gap-ad dance.

In “Bellus,” set to Bach, 10 dancers gaze boldly at the audience before abruptly abandoning and later rejoining Erez Zohar, who performs an undulating solo culminating in a streak of artlessly exuberant jumps. After a blackout Stefan Ferry walks onto the stage — an action he repeats later — holding a television monitor that shows his head, while a stilted, bored voice ticks off a few points about the next section: “There are short sections and long sections of four minutes.” The Brian Eno music, we are told, will be very quiet. Wittily, Mr. Naharin gets the tedious details over with so the audience can just watch.

But there's nothing dull about "Humus," an especially beautiful dance for nine women, who move as one mesmerizing organism. In "Secus," the final section set to an eclectic mix of songs, the entire group rushes onto the stage, with dancers kicking their legs, sinuously jutting their hips and twisting their torsos like ribbons.

Teasing blackouts continually interrupt a duet for Sharon Eyal and Guy Shomroni. Later, as Avi-Yona Bueno's lighting, marvelous as usual, gradually fades, the final song — a wholly appropriate one — plays: the Beach Boys' "You're Welcome." Whenever Mr. Naharin's company comes to town, we have much to be thankful for; in the case of his new dance, it came three times over.

Batsheva Dance Company performs through Saturday at the Howard Gilman Opera House, 30 Lafayette Avenue, at Ashland Place, Fort Greene, Brooklyn; (718) 636-4100, bam.org.