

sides. The second fresco, *An Ojibway Battle Dance*, utilizes an Indian melody, *The Man Who Stayed at Home*. Mr. Rogers shows a refreshing individuality in dealing with an Indian dance. Not only is the rhythmic and thematic material invigorating but the orchestration is reduced to a rare simplicity astonishing for its vitality and personality. It is clear, from these Rochester concerts that Bernard Rogers has the gift for expressing his own ideas with force and sincerity. His work was a real premiere.

David Diamond

DANCERS, EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN

THE contemporary dance is for obvious reasons represented by artists of two different though not necessarily opposing groups: the *theatrical* and the *formal* as they might be termed. Both Yvonne Georgi who until recently has not appeared here since her recitals many years ago with Harald Kreutzberg, and Trudi Schoop who won fourth prize in an International dance competition a few years ago, belong to the first of these categories.

Georgi has the misfortune to give solo concerts at a time when we are accustomed to a richer and a more intellectually patterned dance. Here *métier* is theatrical and there is nothing which seems more stale—due to the fact that there is little or no sustaining intellectual interest—than outmoded “theatre.” Her dancing is not altogether at fault since she seems to have quite a sufficient amount of technic. The subject matter (*Salome, What the West Wind Saw, etc.*), her over-pretty costumes ineffectively lighted, her choice of banal music which for the most part was ill-suited to dancing, all of these combined to weaken the theatrical effort.

Trudi Schoop, on the other hand, has a quality which allows her to transcend the lack of material things which she could obviously use to good advantage: scenery, orchestra, etc. Her *Fridolin on the Road* is a real character—one whom we smile at, pity, and probably ourselves help to kick about a bit upon actual acquaintance in life. Miss Schoop’s characterization is effected almost solely through the peculiar employment of her hands, and in her smiling, fearful face. These manners scarcely constitute (strictly speaking) dance; nor is what she has designed or directed in the placing and replacing of the dancers’ bodies choreo-

graphy; nor can the total result of music, scenario, and movement be termed an orthodox "ballet." *Fridolin on the Road* is a theatre piece which has charm often and charm when it has Trudi Schoop which is often. She is competently surrounded by several other good performers but by music which considered from any point of view is inept.



Martha Graham becomes more and more firmly established as a truly great artist. This season she seems to have passed through a siege of simplification to which an even larger and hitherto uninitiated audience has responded thankfully. Each addition to her repertoire leaves those of us who watch her amazing development so carefully, more and more regretful that each time something new is shown, something old—known and admired—is crowded out of her repertoire. These old compositions are inevitably lost, and the art of the American dance can ill afford to sustain such rapid, continuous, and heavy losses.

The condition is a universally serious one, for several reasons which it might be worthwhile to consider. It is not an irremediable condition. Every art possesses a "literature," without which it would be at a great revolutionary disadvantage. This "literature," created by a vast army of artists centuries long, survives its creators invariably, if in some cases only because of historic importance. Such a "literature" exists to some extent even in the dance. Due to the "vocabulary" of the classical ballet and to the application in its subsequent romantic offspring, it was a comparatively simple matter to preserve compositions intact. It is possible for the present generation of dancers to view a resurrected *Orlandus Lassus* today. It is even *possible* for contemporary dancers to include these works within their repertoires so that they may form a welcome contrast to newer works or provide uncreative dancers with suitable material. It is thankfully not necessary for executant musicians similarly, to be composers of the music which they perform. Why then does it seem reasonable or sane that the vital compositions of choreographers like Martha Graham, Doris Humphrey or Mary Wigman should be allowed to disappear, unrecorded for future generations? Why does not someone rectify a situation which is not altogether necessary?

Rudolf von Laban has invented a thoroughly workable if difficult system of dance notation. It is here to be used if only there is someone sufficiently interested to devote himself to the task of mastering it and of collecting the vast amount of valuable material which annually disappears.

Here in America there is a fine handful of young dancers who move exceedingly well, whose creative gifts are too limited to serve them appropriately. With a repertoire based first on sturdy compositions masterfully made, these young dancers, should be able to interest a large public. Is there any doubt in the minds of musicians that Walter Gieseking, for example, probably plays Debussy's compositions better than Debussy himself played them? And in any case he *plays* them!

It is not enough for us here and now to pass through the experiences we are so frequently offered. We have an important condition to change. The movies might help. (Witness one dance of Fred Astaire's in *Top Hat* photographed by a stationary camera). But, however difficult the means, we must effect the change.

Lehman Engel

ACTIVE MARKET IN NEW MUSIC RECORDS

THE market in modern music phonograph recordings continues active. So much may be gathered from a mere glance at the announcements recently issued by three domestic companies. Since each month adds a few more selections to a fast-growing list of contemporary music recordings, we are probably safe in assuming the existence of a definite public willing to part with hard cash in order to own these selections.

Curiously little or nothing is known about these buyers of the new in music—who they are, where they live, what they like. It is necessary merely to visualize the polite boredom of a typical Friday afternoon symphony audience listening to a new work, in order to develop a certain affection for this new and intangible section of our public: the gramophone listeners.

Here is the list of offerings recently issued: RCA-Victor presents two master-works: Strauss' *Thus Spake Zarathustra* in a familiar reading of Koussevitzky's, with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and Mahler's *Second Symphony* as recorded during