

iniquities). He has in mind "current American education as a whole."

This is a pretty severe indictment. If it is true, we are indeed in a bad way. We need to look into our educational institutions—the great white hope of our democracy—and estimate what they are doing to our children.

Dr. Bell speaks with a double authority: that of a man who for many years has known and practised education in most of its phases, and that of a mind singularly gifted to winnow chaff from wheat. The book is mind-arousing, particularly in its discussion of the grave lack of education in fundamental life outlook. "Those who control our universities and colleges, like most other people, seem only vaguely aware that Western civilization can no longer run along on inertia, that it is in crisis, that it needs morally sound guidance, must have such guidance or perish."

In two penetrating chapters Dr. Bell discusses the need for religion in education. What he says about teaching religion—*religion*, not *creed*—is to this writer sound and urgent. His description of "Religious Emphasis Week" at the University of Suburbia is a piece of mordant irony that needs to be read by every teacher in a university and by every parent.

When, however, in his despair at getting religion taught, he advocates time out for religious instruction by the various clergy of the various ec-

clesiastical institutions, and even Federal aid for the support of religious schools, he confuses religion and creed. To have religion taught "as a part of the race's experience" and as still part of man's necessary equipment for living is one thing; to have it taught by those who are committed to their special creedal forms is vastly different, and possibly dangerous.

Here in this book, however, is an honest, revealing effort to think our way through to the deeper crisis that underlies all the screaming headlines of our day: the crisis inherent in what he calls our "dangerous juvenility." I would note one further disagreement with Dr. Bell. Apparently he finds no hope in the present run of adults. "Unless maturity arrives by the age of thirty or so, and those in control are well over that, it can come, if at all, only by a miraculous intervention of the gods, intervention which seems too much to expect or ask. Our task is somehow to mature the rising generation; therein lies our hope."

He may be right; but there are those who are today hard at the job of giving adults the chance to keep mentally alive and growing—of extending that chance to more and more adults. Perhaps if we simply said that our task today is to mature every man-jack of a human being we can lay our hands on—including ourselves—we should come nearer the truth.

## Peace with Unions

**PARTNERS IN PRODUCTION.** By the Labor Committee of the Twentieth Century Fund, assisted by Os-good Nichols. New York: The Twentieth Century Fund. 1949. 149 pp. \$1.50.

Reviewed by ORDWAY TEAD

**I**MPORTANCE can be of several kinds. There is the importance of new facts, and there is the importance of a fresh formulation of a problem. This book is important in the latter respect. It redefines the relationships actual and potential between the managers of industry and the labor unions with which they deal. Stated differently, it considers the problem of how the individual worker is to achieve "security, advancement, and dignity" while at the same time he may safely become more fully interested in production, in being truly willing to work in some kind of partnership relation.

That the actual dealings of managers and unions are today taking on a new and different character is a fact. Yet recognition of this fact is tardy and its implications for improved joint relations have therefore been inadequately explored.

It is the central theme of this study that a new mandate is now presented to move beyond the higgling over the division of the corporate income to an equal or greater concern for its creation. The very title—partners in production—gives the cue as to the center of attention. The intention is to analyze social psychological forces, not to present a blueprint of program. And the intention is realized ably if not eloquently.

The significance of this volume is in considerable part in its prophetic quality. Along with it should certainly be read the excellent factual studies now appearing under the auspices of the National Planning Association, entitled "The Causes of Industrial Peace." For in that succession of first-hand descriptions of peaceful joint relations in selected companies, the practice of collective dealing is depicted in detailed terms with the focus precisely on how it is that these companies have passed beyond a conflict climate to a cooperative one.

This study will realize the purpose for which it was written only if it achieves a reading among all sorts of citizens whose attitudes ultimately will go far to assure that an enlightened public interest gradually is expressed in the collective relationships of industry.



"Suppose there's any hope of the world being destroyed before final exams?"

**Music and the Dance.** *If anyone still doubts America's musical coming of age, let him contemplate Alfred Einstein's "The Italian Madrigal"—all three volumes of it. Twenty years ago a work of this magnitude would have rolled from the presses of Germany, Italy, or France, but hardly from New Jersey. Dr. Einstein's impressive tome comes at a time when early choral music is gaining more and more in popularity. "The Italian Madrigal," reviewed below, should find responsive readers among many amateur music makers in addition to students and teachers. . . . The dance as a native form of artistic expression has also come of age. It is young but extremely lusty. Edwin Denby's "Looking at the Dance" and Margaret Lloyd's "The Borzoi Book of Modern Dance" both serve to chronicle our burgeoning balletomania since De Basil introduced his three "baby ballerinas" to America in 1933.*

## From Nijinsky to Shan-Kar

**LOOKING AT THE DANCE.** By Edwin Denby. New York: Pelligrini & Cudahy. 1949. 432 pp. \$4.

Reviewed by RUSSELL RHODES

**R**ECALLING his early apprenticeship to journalism as an arbiter of music, George Bernard Shaw, with characteristic candor, bracketed his confession of ignorance of his subject with pride that he had freed music criticism of "pretentious twaddle," clarifying it for the average reader by deliberate vulgarization. Unlike Mr. Shaw, Edwin Denby is obviously steeped in his field—the dance; his critical views may not be flashed through the lightning of Shavian wit-ticisms, but he strikes a middle ground in which judicial estimates are salted with felicitous colloquialisms.

"Looking at the Dance" is a collection of Denby's impressions of per-

formances in ballet, the modern dance, and in Broadway shows from 1937 to 1947 as critic for the *New York Herald Tribune* and various magazines. Of all forms of art criticism, that of the dance is the most shadowy. It has for too long existed as the forgotten step-sister of music reviewing.

Denby, as outstanding a critic in this country as C. W. Beaumont and Arnold Haskell in England, does for the dance what William Winter, in his remarkable "The Wallet of Time," did for the theatre. Despite their fugitive character, his essays reproduce visions of Markova and Dolin in "Giselle," Agnes de Mille in "Tally-Ho," Danilova in "Coppelia," Tumanova in "The Three-Cornered Hat," Massine in "Capriccio Espagnol." But this is no book for beginners. Rather, it is a reward for perfect attendance by bright pupils and, as such, is a refresher course for postgraduate balletomanes. For them, it focuses the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House in the mind's eye.

Denby's peculiarly authoritative position owes much to his professional experience as a dancer in Europe before the war and, subsequently, as a choreographer, dance director, and operetta librettist in this country. His enthusiasms are heavily on the side of ballet. The first section of his book contains illuminating comment on dynamics, pantomime, and "intelligent" dancing as it appeals to the experienced dance lover. This, by itself, would be as dusty as dry leaves, but he clarifies it by saying that "a dancer's intelligence is shown by how interesting to look at she can make her body the whole time she is on stage." Performance, in other words.

Stylized movement, he notes, is "a quiz game, thrown in for variety"; in-

terest in pantomime "becomes like that of a detective story." Markova, more than any other ballerina today, suggests the magical quality of featheriness. Denby makes an interesting aside on the "still moment" of flight as, for instance, executed by Nijinsky when he seemed transfixed in the air in his leap through the window in "Spectre de la Rose."

Denby hails the freshness of such American ballets as "Billy the Kid" and "Rodeo" for Westerns, "Fancy Free" for its superb vaudeville, Tudor's excursions into "story" ballet (but cautions on his getting weepy over themes of frustration), and the great contributions of George Balanchine, who has responded more to America's dance climate than any other artist from abroad, making his ballets "look like brilliant fun."

The critic does not dislike the modern dance but he is a bit uncomfortable before certain regimented groups who seem to derive no enjoyment from their own dancing. Martha Graham is applauded for her "emotional steadiness in projection." Watching her may not be "a balm for the spirit, but it's a great pleasure for the intelligence."

The complete expressiveness and virtuoso precision of Uday Shan-Kar, the decorative talents of Katherine Dunham, the flamenco abandon of Carmen Amaya ("She fought her train into place like a wild animal trainer."), the gay brashness of Jerome Robbins's inventions for Sono Osato in "On the Town," the rhythm of the Rockettes, the Balanchine-Stravinsky "Elephant Polka" of the circus (which "beat the Operahouse Gang at their own game"), an extraordinarily perceptive analysis of Nijinsky's style based on old photographs—these and much more are in Edwin Denby's parade for dance devotees.



Agnes de Mille's "Tally-Ho."



—Photos by Alfredo Valente.  
Jerome Robbins's "Fancy Free."