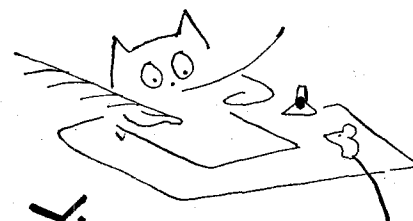


ized his artistic possibilities to the full, Rosso was unable to achieve a potential perhaps as significant. He created nothing notable after he was fifty, though he still produced casts. How lamentable is the loss of the wildest big pieces, where form is most eaten away by light and shadow most materialized (*Impression in an Omnibus, Impression on the Boulevard*). Of what is left, who can forget the hallucinatory head of Yvette Guilbert, or of Mme. X, where the wax ought to remind one of worn soap, but instead emanates the majesty and mystery of a Cycladic marble?

Rosso applied the term Impressionist to his work, and liked to exhibit with Impressionist painters. In accord with them in an obsessive concern with effects of light, he made pieces to be seen

with illumination from a single source; one even contained a tiny lamp. Distortion of form derived often from purely optical experience, so much so that details could be rubbed out of the shadows. Some of his indulgences in painterly effects pushed sculpture to or beyond its sanctioned frontiers.

In Mrs. Barr, whose style is blessed with precision, grace, and wit (never marred by such infelicities as Professor Elsen's "heroicism" or "ludic"), Rosso has a perfect proponent. Multitudes of facts—many of them quite new—have been assembled as neatly and compactly as in watch works. Conjectures are never pushed: we make our own estimates from ample material. Mrs. Barr's book is in fact so welcome that we already look forward eagerly to her next.



the ultimate tragedy—these are briskly sketched in a lean, vivid, and efficient prose, replete with the telling episode, the revealing remark, the crucial estimate.

Throughout his account and the critical compendium that follows, the dance editor of the New York *Herald Tribune*, who never saw Isadora Duncan dance, keeps her art steadily in focus. If I am not mistaken, it is the first book that calmly envisages her as part of dance's "usable past." Parallel developments and interlocking influences are suggested. Enough but not too much is made of the revolutionary ideas Isadora espoused. One sees, in the drawings and sculptures from which many of the book's illustrations are taken, the influence she exerted upon all the arts. Critical response is ingeniously sampled, in many instances from long-buried notices that still convey a fresh immediacy, and important new data is evoked through interviews with many who saw Isadora dance.

What was it in the intellectual weather of the Eighties and Nineties which brought forth the astonishing ideas that pervade a Duncan interview when the girl was only nineteen? There was more to "the brown decades" than we have supposed, just as there was more to Isadora Duncan than her personal being. It is this "more" that Mr. Terry's book eventually adumbrates.

She Danced to Feeling

Isadora Duncan: Her Life, Her Art, Her Legacy, by Walter Terry (Dodd, Mead. 190 pp. \$3.50), evokes a dance presence that was sinner-saint and myth. George Beiswanger, professor of philosophy at Georgia State College, is former dance critic of *Theatre Arts* magazine and sometime lecturer and writer on the dance.

By GEORGE BEISWANGER

DANCE for Isadora Duncan was the body in lyric, passionate response to life. Isadora danced "what music did to her"—and poetry, and sculpture, and the sea. She danced *Ave Maria*, *La Marseillaise*, the *Internationale*. Isadora had to dance, and she had to make love. The two responses fought and left each other undisciplined. Yet no love dances significantly graced her public programs, and none of her public dances perdured.

But dance would not be what it is today if Isadora Duncan had not danced the way that she did, under the pressure of what moved her, with an assurance that was spontaneous, glorious, sublimely released. This constituted her genius and gave the art she never mastered an unforgettable dance presence, an exemplary but monitory life at once "dedicated and undisciplined," and an archetypal vision of what dancing is and dances ought to be. Thus Isadora became the sinner-saint of dance, a mistress mother-goddess, unredeemed as befits secular religion but redemptive as belongs to myth.

The myth is on record in memoirs, chapters of books, yellowing notices, interviews and monographs, and fast-thinning personal recollections. Today's dancers and dance audiences know precious little of it. The supreme virtue of Walter Terry's compact book is that it reanimates the image of Isadora and her wildly improbable career. The pastoral beginnings by the California seaside and in the drawing rooms of New York and London, the Continental triumphs, the apostolic missions to Greece, Russia, the United States, the frenetic rhythms of touring, teaching, love-making, and sheer scrounging, the peaks and abysses of personal joy and agony,

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

MONKEY BUSINESS

Norma Gleason of Emmett, Michigan, presents a cluster of dismembered words with simian connotations and asks you to fill in the blank spaces. Answers on page 58.

- | | |
|----------------------|---|
| 1. _ A P E _ | table linen |
| 2. _ _ A P E _ _ _ _ | edible citrus product |
| 3. _ _ A P E _ _ | hat in Paris |
| 4. A P E _ _ _ _ _ | pre-meal drink |
| 5. _ _ _ A P E | blanket worn by Spanish Indians |
| 6. _ A P E _ _ _ _ _ | inexpensive book |
| 7. _ _ A P E _ _ _ _ | one who takes another's blame |
| 8. _ _ A P E _ _ _ _ | four-sided figure with two sides parallel |
| 9. _ _ _ A P E _ _ | city on the Danube |
| 10. _ _ _ _ _ A P E | tidy |
| 11. _ A P E _ | part of coat front |
| 12. _ _ _ A P E _ | lower the value of |

Inertia, the Enemy Within

Self-Renewal: The Individual and the Innovative Society, by John W. Gardner (Harper & Row. 141 pp. \$3.50), examines the basic dilemma of how the good society can protect all its members without crushing the individual. William S. Lynch was formerly on the faculty of Cooper Union.

By WILLIAM S. LYNCH

THE DELICATE balance between social organization and individuality has commanded the attention of many thinking persons, and there is no doubt that it should and will continue to do so. Similarly and relatedly, the dangers inherent in rigidity of organizational arrangements designed to serve us must be examined constantly in order that we may avoid the hazards they bring to the individual in modern society. For, as is pointed out in *Self-Renewal*, "unless we foster versatile, innovative, and self-renewing men and women, all the ingenious social arrangements in the world will not help us."

In an earlier book, *Excellence*, John Gardner stressed the importance of high standards in all things. Now, in a sense, he goes on from there to point out that institutions and individuals may hold themselves to the highest standards and yet founder on the rocks of complacency and apathy.

What is brought forth here is not always new, but the materials with which the author deals are put together in a manner that sheds a fresh light on a basic dilemma of the good society—how to keep it efficient and adaptive at the same time, how to make it protective of all without crushing its individual members. The dilemma extends beyond politics to all organizations and even to the individual himself.

Education, business, government, labor—all the phases of modern life—are parts of a delicate pattern of society easily destroyed unless truly committed to something worthwhile and unless fluid and self-renewing.

Flexibility is a key word. An established institution tends to freeze, lose its initial daring, and fear change. Bureaucracy flourishes; decay sets in; vested interests become entrenched. We are becoming aware of these dangers. They have been pointed out by thought-

ful men and are constantly being examined by behavioral scientists. Himself a psychologist as well as head of the Carnegie Corporation, John Gardner lists the perils but shows with quiet optimism that they can be met. Using the results of our growing knowledge of ourselves and our groupings, he gives us reason to hope that all can be well if we are aroused out of lethargy to positive action.

Emerson is often quoted in this book, which is itself somewhat Emersonian in feeling. Self-reliance and the importance of the individual are obviously inherent in its basic philosophy. There

is, too, much of the good, old-fashioned common sense not always found in statements of this kind. The general ideas might perhaps have been made more attractive through the use of specific illustrations. Though the tone is heavy, suggesting at times the academic rostrum, for the reader who wants a concise examination of one of the most important issues of our time—the stagnation of institutions in what seems to be an affluent society—this book is an answer. Mr. Gardner has a broad view of our problems, he has a thorough knowledge of what we have to work with to solve them, and he has a heart willing to be committed to their solution.

He knows that the moral order must be constantly renewed, even as society itself. His book is a summons to this task, a task that will strike some as a burdensome responsibility but which, as the author says, "will summon others to greatness."

The Side Streets of Dublin

Hold Your Hour and Have Another, by Brendan Behan (Little, Brown. 192 pp. \$4.75), collects some sketches by the uninhibited Irish playwright of his fellow Dubliners. A. M. Sullivan is a poet and student of Irish history.

By A. M. SULLIVAN

THERE are two Brendan Behans in the lively bulk of the man from Dublin—the extrovert bumbler who worries friend and foe alike, and the shrewd observer of human nature in all its vagaries. Behan's observation is extremely alert to the auditory as well as the visual; his is a talent sensitive to the nuances of speech. While this skill was indicated in the bawdy text of *The Borstal Boy*, it is much more evident in *Hold Your Hour and Have Another*, where dialogue delineates character in the rowdy humor and ironic asides. Withal, there is deep-seated compassion for fellow Irishmen, whether valid participants or pretentious frauds, in the "troubles" from 1916 to the end of the shooting. There are skilful bits of satire about the "other side," e.g., the muddled memory of Sammy Watt, who attended a Fenian meeting in Derry as a self-appointed spy intending to report on the treasonable opinions of "Dave O'Leary"—his own addled version of "De Valera."

This collection of sketches, which appeared in the Irish press between 1954 and 1956, constitutes brief excursions into minor turbulence. The swift eddies and shallows of the stream of humanity pass under an eye that finds some justification for every misfit, poseur, or knave. Behan's ear for the talk of Dublin pubs and tenements is as keen as John O'Hara's for the speech of middle-class urban dwellers in New York or Pennsylvania. One recognizes the speech-flavor of O'Casey's *The Plough and the Stars* rather than that of Joyce's *Dubliners*; but Behan's skill in reporting the bizarre, the extravagant, and the maudlin is original, and gives a clue to his talent for stage dialogue.

Native Dubliners are competitive in conversation, and speak *ex cathedra* in



—Sketch by Beatrice Behan from the book.