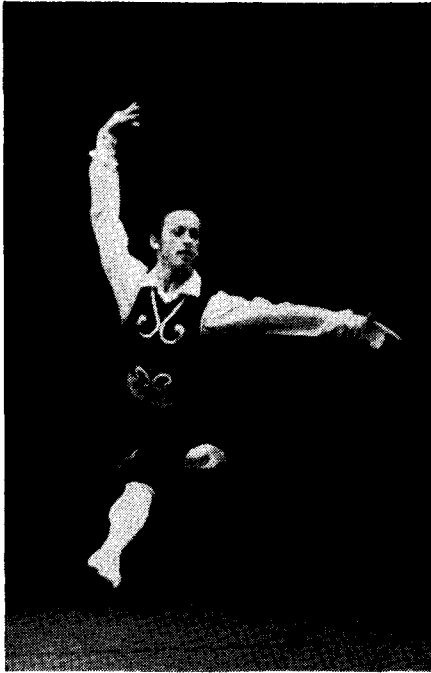


World of Dance

Walter Terry



—Martha Swope.

Lawrence Rhodes is a classical dancer of prowess and polish and "exceptional dramatic talent."

Performing True to Prediction

THE LATE Lillian Moore—dancer, critic, teacher, and unparalleled dance historian—predicted that "Larry," one of her favorite pupils, would become a great dancer. I wanted to agree with her, but I always found myself with a qualifying comment: "But Lillian, he has the muscles, the body, the technique, but where is the face, the urgency, the drama, the person?" She would reply, "He'll have all those things. All he needs to do is grow up." Lawrence Rhodes, director and first dancer of the Harkness Ballet, has indeed grown up, and he has become one of the most important young artists in the whole world of dance.

The company, which he and Donald Saddler (the associate director) guide for the producer-patroness, Rebekah Harkness, has completed its second Broadway engagement, this one at the Music Box. Whatever performance you may have attended during the three-week season, you would have harkened to a constant intermission echo, "Marvelous! Just marvelous!" My detailed report [WORLD OF DANCE, Feb. 8] indicated this quite clearly. But I do have a few final comments about the season—including a new ballet and a restaging of a razzle-dazzle *pas de deux*—and about Rhodes.

The new work, *Stages and Reflections*,

with choreography, scenery, and costumes by twenty-six-year-old John Neumeier—an American who made his first choreographic mark in Stuttgart—and with music of Benjamin Britten (*Variations on a Theme of Frank Bridge*), is not much more than a showcase for Rhodes's exceptional dramatic talent. The choreographer in this ballet is at pains to explore the being who has lost himself in a variety of images. The Paggiacci motif is also present in a ballet which aims for emotional profundities but which winds up not much better than cliché-deep. Rhodes, however, dances the role of the lost youth with power and conviction. In John Butler's *A Season in Hell* and *Sebastian* or in Stuart Hodes's *Abyss*, he has similar opportunities, dramatically speaking, in works worthy of his talent.

Rhodes, as I have noted many times before, is also a classical dancer of prowess and polish, and the Harkness repertory provides him with many opportunities to sail forth in *grands jetés* or to exploit centrifugal forces in *tours en l'air* and multiple *pirouettes*. But he does something that Miss Moore would chastise him for—that is, he holds his head so far forward that a stance which might mirror eagerness in a dramatic piece looks distorted in a classical *pas*. Truthfully, he doesn't have a strong chin; but a jutting head does not provide a

jaw which juts, it weakens it. This is a detail, I know, but Lawrence Rhodes is much too good to permit an escapable flaw to puncture his artistry.

A word now about a superb and unaffected classicist in the Harkness troupe, Helgi Tomasson. As an actor-dancer, he is great with Rhodes in the Neumeier ballet, but he is a fabulous whiz in André Eglevsky's staging of Balanchine's *Sylvia Pas de Deux* (which was once a Maria Tallchief-Eglevsky trademark) with the pert and perky Elisabeth Carroll as his ballerina. There are some changes from the original, as I recall: Miss Carroll does *entrechat-quatre* instead of *entrechat-cinq* (with Tallchief it always looked like *entrechat-huit*); executes traveling turns instead of hops on *pointe* with *battement frappé*; and winds up with *fouettés* in the coda, a step that Balanchine usually evades. But the restaging is slick and the duet itself is—as all balletomanes know—one of the best in the business.

Countering the Harkness Ballet's choreographic newcomer, Neumeier, is the New York City Ballet's *wunderkind*, John Clifford. His newest ballet—set to music of Ralph Vaughan Williams (*Fantasia on a Theme by Thomas Tallis*)—is the best to date, at least of what I have seen. It uses only four people and is rooted in relationships, although there is no story as such. The lad has an undeniable flair for choreography, but he is not yet a master of what Hanya Holm—with rolling Rs—calls "forrrrm," nor does he always exercise movement discretion (e.g., he inserts a cartwheel into his *Fantasies*—which has just about as much aptness as you might find in "Hey, baby, what



John Clifford, choreographer, with Kay Mazzo, Conrad Ludlow, Sara Leland, Anthony Blum in *Fantasies*.

light through yonder window breaks"). Cartwheels are gorgeous—Martha Graham uses them with Olympian splendor on many occasions—but young Mr. Clifford just didn't know how or when. But the ballet, as a whole, is both affecting and effective, and the dancing of Kay Mazzo, Sara Leland, Conrad Ludlow, and, especially, Anthony Blum, is memorable.

In the modern dance field, Richard Barr's and Edward Albee's Theater 1969 adventures at the Billy Rose boasted a week of the Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater. The company is a beautiful one, integrated from the less customary viewpoint in that it is basically black with a few white members. The important thing is that they are all good dancers, from the stately Judith Jamison—who could pass for an Ethiopian princess—to the lithe Ernest Pagnano, whose features mirror a classical Mediterranean heritage.

For his week—other modern dancers have been seen on the series—at the Billy Rose, Mr. Ailey offered not only his own *Revelations*, a dance which has assumed



the proportions of a classic in less than a decade, but also dances created by others. Among these were Lucas Hoving's *Icarus*, with two casts. I saw Pagnano in the title part, and he was superb. Miss Jamison was the Sun and Kelvin Rotardier was Daedalus.

Talley Beatty's "Congo Tango Palace," from his knockout *Come and Get the Beauty of It Hot*—which I hope Mr. Ailey will produce in full one day—was given along with other Ailey and Beatty dances, among them, Ailey's new *Quintet* (music of Laura Nyro)—an excellent work stemming from Negro sources—and Beatty's *The Black Belt* (Duke Ellington), which starts out with great wit and style (also from Negro sources) but gets tangled with anger at the end. Not that anger and rage are to be skirted in the creation of a black choreographer, but Mr. Beatty—one of the most brilliant choreographic forces of his race—lost sight of the vigor of protest and settled for complaint. But much of the new piece is both powerful and beautiful, and so is Ailey and company.

SR/February 15, 1969

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Nation-State

(Continued from page 27)

states and former imperial states, can meet and discuss, and at times decide together, even though there are no formal bonds, but some divisions, between them. I would like to think that such associations as the Commonwealth are stages in the development of something more formal and united. But certainly if we tried to make the Commonwealth a more formal association now, with demands on its members, with a constitution binding on them—convert it into some kind of confederation, however loose—it would simply break up. Yet, if we can develop on this new multi-racial basis a new kind of cooperation between free countries, with each desiring to work with and help each other, we may be able to give a new and constructive functional expression to the old family feeling that once was strong. In doing this, we will have modified separate and sovereign nationalities in the interests of a deeper feeling of international unity.

This modification is shown elsewhere in the growth of other and more formal international institutions which illustrate the increasing need for cooperation between states, as well as the growth of world opinion in favor of it. Sovereign states have accepted, even if not always very warmly, the right of such international agencies to conduct ad hoc, or even regular, investigations into their affairs. International inspectors now examine national books. If you want a loan from the World Bank, or if you want some financial assistance from the International Monetary Fund, they will send men around who look into your national accounts and financial policies. If you want their help, you have to accept

their criticism. Indeed, decisions that concern currency, that most vital part of national sovereignty, as we know very well now, are no longer solely under national control. This kind of intervention is the price governments pay for the benefits of international assistance and cooperation—especially in the financial and economic sphere. But it would have been unthinkable 100 years ago, except in the case of colonies, or, of course, subordinate states.

International political investigations are more difficult to reconcile with national sovereignty, but on occasions they also have been accepted. Some years ago, the NATO Council agreed to a procedure by which three officials—British, American, and French—were authorized to examine the defense programs and the economic and financial resources of all the member states, and to make recommendations on the contributions of each member to collective defense, so that there would be a fairer sharing of the total burden. That was progress. True, the members accepted the recommendations only when it suited them to do so. This showed that the power of decision still resided, ultimately, in the sovereign nation-state. Yet our NATO experience has also shown that national decisions can be and are strongly influenced by the opinions and recommendations of persons not responsible to one's own government but representing an international organization, and that is quite a change.

In any rational analysis, we can surely now say that sovereign power, exercised through the nation-state, which came into being to protect its citizens against insecurity and war, has failed in this century to give them that protection. The rationale for change has been established. The will to make it has not.

A Victorian Idyll

By David Wagoner

"A gentleman always falls behind his wife in entering the drawing room. . . . If (the butler) does not know them by sight, he asks whichever is nearest to him, 'What name, please?' And whichever one is asked answers, 'Mr. and Mrs. Lake.'"

—Emily Post, *ETIQUETTE*, p. 350.

SHE came into the room like an answer in long division,
At the top of her form, trailing a dividend.
And when her husband fell down, as he always does,
Flat on his face behind her and met the rug
Like an old friend, we simply sharpened our charcoal.
When the quizzical-looking butler said, "What name, please?"
Someone said wearily, "Mr. and Mrs. Lake."
It's always like this. A few included him
In their sketches as an ambiguous portion
Of the water, but the rest got down to business,
Draping white samite over her rich shoulders
And drawing the sword from their imaginations.

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Student Travel 1969

A Special Section

Consider the rare middle-aged American who, fortified by Grandpa's graduation check and Grandma's steamer trunk, was able to spend a summer in Europe thirty years ago; or, more recently, the college student of the 1950s who took on the stature of Admiral Perry or Jack London when he returned from his junior year abroad. Already these images appear as foggy as a nineteenth-century daguerreotype. This summer more than 30,000 high school students and untold planeloads of collegians will hop to the Continent and back with the ease and means of a lad passing six weeks at a private camp in the Catskills. Whether sitting in a classroom in Florence or curling through the Alps on a BMW Twin, the American student abroad figures to benefit far more than the one who stayed behind to wrestle with summer school courses—a comparison well drawn by Janet Mandelstam in the opening article of SR's annual student travel section. If there is a ring of authority in her words, it is because Miss Mandelstam, now assistant editor of Scholastic magazine, has served a journalism fellowship in Mexico City and has taught English in Rome. Wallace Roberts, SR associate education editor, traces the evolution of the Grand Tour, once the purview of nobility, today an \$825 package for Everyman and his child. The balance of the section has been compiled and written by the editors of "Let's Go," a series of student travel guides published by Harvard Student Agencies, 2 Trowbridge, Cambridge, Massachusetts. Harvard students Peter Grossman, John Wurster, Tom Stemberg, and Neil Martin are mainly responsible for the articles in these pages. The drawings are the work of Charles Hefling. Our student contributors may not be familiar with the interior of a five-star hotel or a first-class jet cabin, but no doubt they could tell Fielding a thing or two about travel.

—DAVID BUTWIN.

SUMMER ON THE CONTINENTAL CAMPUS

By JANET MANDELSTAM

SUMMER school, two words that can sour a sweet spring day for any September-to-June scholar, once meant making up that long-put-off science course or spending hot, windless days holed up in a library carrell in order to earn a diploma six months early. But burgeoning numbers of traveling college students are discovering that summer school doesn't have to be a drag. Faced with the prospect of studying the history of Renaissance art in July, the student has a choice: Brooklyn College or the University of Florence. Each year, more and more say Florence.

Italy and France, where the typical summer program centers on "language and culture," are still the big two for American students abroad. Language study with native teachers is usually offered at the beginning, intermediate, and advanced levels, often in two- or three-hour blocks each day. On leaving the classroom, the student finds that every taxi driver, ice cream vendor, and

flower lady is a part of the Living Language Laboratory always at his disposal. Unless, that is, the hack knows five words of English which he'll surely want to impress on you. In the large European capitals, which brace themselves for the summer deluge of American tourists, the sidewalk laboratory is as often as not a lesson in tolerance. Even authentic Italian sandals and a camera judiciously left in her room won't keep the American coed from being asked ten times a day, "You like Rome?" Try practicing what you've learned in class that morning: *Sì, mi piace Roma*, and your self-appointed guide will reply, in English of course, "Oh, you speak Italian."

The culture half of the summer program usually consists of lectures on the history, art, architecture, and literature of the country or region. The teachers may be American, but the intrigues of the Pazzi Plot are more closely woven when the noise outside is the bells of the Duomo and not the roar of the subway.

Presented with a two-foot stack of

brochures, the student must choose wisely from the plethora of programs sponsored by American and foreign universities. "The package doesn't always tell what's inside," says Irving Becker, assistant executive director of the Council on International Education Exchange. "A student has to read the fine print on any program *without* reading into it what he hopes to find there."

ALTHOUGH a few programs existed before World War II, study abroad has essentially been a post-war venture. The impetus to fill classrooms has come from American colleges and universities. Some have established their own campuses abroad; others have formed cooperative agreements with their foreign counterparts.

"It used to be a difficult thing to study abroad," says Niels de Terra, the young executive director of the U.S. National Student Travel Association (NSTA), himself a graduate of the London School of Economics. "European universities
(Continued on page 79)