

sent his matter in a striking way, so that no matter how much of it may elude our grasp at first hearing, its saliency of manner, its novelty as sheer *Klang* impresses itself retentively on our minds.

ORCHESTRAL WORKS

Weprík's *Songs and Dances of the Ghetto* (at the Philharmonic) were mildly pleasing, though they hardly possessed the tang that the subject matter might have afforded them. Dukelsky's *First Symphony*, (given by the National Symphony) written when he was still a youth, revealed a natural fluency. The limpid elegance of the middle movement had a character of its own, but the other movements seemed to lack a certain sharpness of line. Or perhaps it was the noisiness of the orchestra that gave one this impression. Markevitch's *Rébus* (at the Boston Symphony) showed him as a musician with real flair for his metier. While the work is distinctly unequal in quality, the freshness of the opening lifting it above the conventional Hindemithian approach of the other movements, a real inventiveness comes through even the dull sections. At moments when our young friend seemed hopelessly bogged in contrapuntal aridities these bright flashes of spirit would lift him by his boot-straps, as it were. And then his handling of the orchestra was nothing less than admirable. It was hard and clear without those inadvertent descents into the bare and noisy that usually accompany such attempts.

Israel Citkowitz

DANCE PREMIERE AND SEASON'S END

HERE are no foreigners. They have taken their varying glories and departed, leaving the natives to finish a precarious season—who, having finished it, have achieved in the general sum a pleasantly weighty balance in their favor. And that despite several unexpected duds.

To conclude disagreeable business first, Gluck-Sandor adds to his list *Phobias*, the most lamentable piece of choreography he has yet achieved, and reveals again his narrow technical range—a jiggly-jerking, admirable for *Petrouchka* but of dubious value elsewhere. . . . Ruth St. Denis, to be just, is of

importance as a pioneer; to be just, and, if you will, cruel, she is an exhibitor of shawls and stuffs brought from the Orient. Despite her orientalism, she is American to the core, which may explain her otherwise inexplicable popularity—American in her pretentiousness and in her cultural yearnings, all of which are summed up in her latest Methodist phase. She is a sort of mannikin who has by accident learned a few oriental hand-positions; a sort of reasonably competent actress sidetracked by a cigarette poster into the assumption of divinity. . . . There is, finally, Lillian Shapero (who does not strictly belong in this paragraph), out of Martha Graham. Her work in the group has been noted before this, and her solo work, while incapable of sustaining an individual recital, is sincere and fresh and almost always interesting. She is, of course, very largely a reflection of Graham, but far from an anemic one, and there is no doubt even now that she will ever be simply an imitator.

But Charles Weidman, with his *Candide*, is the five-star-final of this quarter. His full-evening ballet is a direct outgrowth of the *Happy Hypocrite*, and even broader in its humor. It goes much further, however, in knitting the farcical pantomime and the abstract dance into a unity—so far, in fact, that it demands consideration almost wholly from a choreographic angle. It is probably the most mature work Weidman has done, even though no single parts may reach a higher level than some of his solo work. He handles the group with a new sureness and manages the transitions with a dexterous ease—those transitions between movements and phrases upon whose management alone the relative accomplishment of a dancer may be judged.

About the physical setting and the final effect of the extraordinary “vocalizations” (politely so-called) by the dancers I am able to say nothing, having seen it largely without these accoutrements. But for the rest, it reaches higher levels of insanity and is evocative of more spontaneous snorts, even though it is less continuously funny than the *Hypocrite*. In the first act the typical movement-modes of the characters are struck and the inspired theme-movement of Cunegonde introduced. The elaborate master of ceremonies and the naively serious scene-shifting of the dancers set a mood which, though once or twice lowered, is

never lost. By reintroduction of these themes, by restatements of movement or phrase, the whole ballet is tied together and sustained, depending as little as might be on any element of story or explanation to carry it. Candide's Panglossian introduction to the natural sciences with Cunegonde (Elinor King), and the high-powered, if unsatisfactory, seduction by Paquette (Cleo Atheneos) are moments of brilliant and juicy fooling. We may look in vain for Souls, Laments, Révoltes. We find a complete theatre-piece—smooth, wise, witty, and above all without the growing-pains evinced so often by the dance's larger undertakings. So that, whether Weidman has captured Voltaire's exact satiric intent seems to me, in the light of the entertainment offered, not worth quibbling about.

Paul Love

WASHINGTON — FESTIVAL AND EXPERIMENT

THIS year the festival of chamber music at the Library of Congress took quite a new direction. Former festivals have been primarily occasions for the performance of brand new compositions; in this one only seven of the fifteen works performed were in the contemporary idiom, and only four were new. These four were a string sextet by Bohuslav Martinu, a string quartet by Ildebrando Pizzetti, a group of short pieces for string quartet by Adolf Busch, and a wind quintet by Gustav Strube.

It was not an impressive list of novelties. The best of the works, the Martinu *Sextet*, seemed perhaps better than it really was because it was the only one that seemed to have any chance at all of comparing favorably with the Bach and Beethoven. It is a turbulent and violent piece, with its six instruments climbing all over each other in their rush and eagerness. But its turbulence is not an uncontrolled passionate tearing of its composer's shirt. It has form and direction, and the brevity of restraint. This sextet won the Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge prize last year.

The Pizzetti *Quartet* struck me as being about the poorest example of this composer's work I have yet heard. Pizzetti is a thoroughly musical and thoroughly creative personality, and nothing