

THERE is a sharp difference between the utilization of unconscious forces in the creation of a work of art and the facile superimposition of psychoanalytic formulas on the material of art. The latter is a dead-end road which, like the earlier fad of "social significance," is unfortunately being followed by many practitioners of the arts. Its disastrous results in the field of the dance were tellingly demonstrated by Martha Graham's latest program.

If you can imagine three Borgias simultaneously wrestling with their pasts on a psychoanalytic couch, then you have "Deaths and Entrances," the major new offering of the evening, and a grueling exposition of female frustration. In a dumb-show display of case histories, the fury-driven protagonists react to each other on the same level but without any of the intentional irony of Thurber's characters in the *War Between Men and Women*. What is exhibited ultimately in this composition, as in "Salem Shore," a new and lengthy solo, is the narcissistic enjoyment of individual suffering. Here Miss Graham's fatal error is to confuse the dissection of the neurotic under layer with the discovery of the soul; the former is a clinical procedure, the latter a dynamic process

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that cannot be achieved through the application of therapeutic techniques. Unlike the divine frenzy of the Maenads, Graham's possession derives from individual imbalance, and as it lacks divinity, it also lacks humanity.

Now the business of the choreographer is to create, to be a "maker," not of fragments, but of wholes; to create a form, a milieu in which actions occur, in which feelings are engendered—for the artist is not simply a window dresser filling space with articles of display. Moreover, although a single moment in a given composition may carry the germ of all that follows, in the complexity of a work of art there must be reference and cross-reference, a necessary and inevitable development, so that no isolated moment is complete until the whole is realized. Exhibitionism in the dance, as in the other arts, seeks merely to create an effect by display; it is not concerned with establishing that two-way flow between artist and audience in which a complete experience in a particular medium is communicated, an experience potentially as real as any in the everyday world. It is Miss Graham's indulgence in the exhibition of neurotic conflicts for purposes of display rather than of communication that marks her basic failure as an artist.

To turn to lighter subjects, "Punch and Judy," an earlier composition, has many agreeable moments, most of which are provided by Erick Hawkins's dancing. He alone of the entire company seems to derive pleasure from physical movement, which, all theories aside, is still the stuff of which the dance is properly made.

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