

## Peter Darrell (1929 – 1987)

*by Geoffrey Baskerville*

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When you see an oval blue plaque on the front of a building, even if it's in a quiet side street or stuck to an unprepossessing piece of architecture, you know that someone famous or important once lived there. It's a solid British tradition and a quiet way of remembering our luminaries – a timely little jerk on the elbow to remind us, even as we go about the consuming business of ordinary life, that someone significant did something special to make that life richer, and that the place with the plaque is part of it. Peter Darrell was just such a person – a visionary in the world of ballet: someone without whom the face of dance in Britain would look very different. But, as you read this, you would look in vain for a blue plaque with his name on it. And though for the present there are perhaps people enough who remember Darrell as the founder and director of Scotland's national ballet company, there are increasingly few who remember the brilliant and radical work which led him to that point, and the vigour with which he shook the cosy world of the post-war ballet establishment into a new way of thinking. Astonishingly it is no exaggeration to suggest that in Peter Darrell Britain may be on the verge of losing track of one of its most important and revolutionary dance practitioners. How can that be?



Peter Darrell in Venice. Photo by Alan Crumlish

Let's look back and consider this picture:

*Scene: – the late 1940's. A Friday night*

Following the established routine of many previous and similar evenings, a full car picks its way through the suburbs of South London and then heads out on the open roads, through Surrey's dormitory towns, down towards the Sussex coast. There are three young dancers in the car, and with them an older friend. Their destination: a cottage near Chichester, the parental home of one of the young men, whose father is driving. Their purpose: a relaxed weekend well away from the strict routines of the barre and rehearsal, but not, as we shall see, from deep discussion about the state of their art. There's backchat and lots of theatre gossip but also a fair amount of ferocious debate about the possibilities of classical ballet, the essential characteristics of its language and what might be achieved with it – if choreographers could be fearless enough, and free enough, to rework its conventions and recast them in a new mould. They have differences of perspective but non-the-less they are agreed on committing themselves to a new future. A street light brings their faces into sharper relief. The dancers in the car, all from Sadler's Wells companies, are Kenneth MacMillan, John Cranko, and Peter Darrell, and the older friend with them is Frederick Ashton. *Cut.*

Not, as you might think, an imaginary scene from an arty magic realist novel or a Ken Russell-type documentary about post-war British Ballet, but an accurate description of a real and, for a while, frequently repeated event in the lives of its participants. It's a story told by Peter Darrell's family and it's one that I still find arresting. Subsequent histories have recounted in depth how Ashton's relationship with Cranko and MacMillan later became often chequered and tricky, as their older mentor (by then doyen of the Royal Ballet) began to feel rivalled and threatened by his younger colleagues. (Julie Kavanagh's compendious biography of Ashton does much to outline that area of their contact and Ashton's own character traits within it – supportive when he felt ascendant, crushing if he felt himself artistically challenged.) But Darrell is no longer mentioned in any of these pictures. He has come to rest outside the charmed circle of accepted 'greats' and today his slot in history seems set to be restricted to the founding of Scottish Theatre Ballet (now The Scottish Ballet) in 1969, or for those whose active memory stretches back far enough, to Western Theatre Ballet, the regionally based English company on which it was built. His current reputation is not as a major choreographer. But there is a significant number of those who think it should be, and that the artificial 'league table' of whose choreography is and is not great needs some serious readjustment to reinstate him.

There is a problem for us here in Britain, though, in the primacy and centrality we accord to The Royal Ballet and, by extension, those who have been nurtured under the umbrella of its guiding lights and friends. Right after those early meetings, Darrell chose to turn his back on the establishment as it was, in order to promote a kind of dance that did not – on the surface – seem to have the values of the classical mainstream, and in doing so cut himself off from the reputation-making machine. Though for many years it was hard not to ignore his revolutionary presence in 'the provinces' with Western Theatre Ballet, it's probably true that – a handful of early supporters and critics apart – his creative standing was higher abroad. It still is. At home, though, and in terms of lasting fame his choreographic achievement has paid a price for going it alone.

So before looking back at what exactly Darrell's choreographic achievement might be, and why it matters, let's just complete the circle of that opening vignette. From our standpoint at the beginning of a new century we tend to speak as if the development of our dance world was a logical progression, but in those immediate post-war years in Britain the future of dance was by no means as readily predictable as we like to see it. Covent Garden was after all only a handful of years beyond its life as a Mecca ballroom, and that cinematic snapshot begs us to question a few assumptions. One's first eyebrow might be raised with surprise that Ashton, England's foremost choreographer (and as we've learned, not one overly given to stimulating competition) should have been tempted so early to acknowledge – and then cultivate – a close little group of fledgling dance-makers whose age, temperament and experience were so different from his own. And then one needs to leave aside how drastically the history of British Ballet might have been altered if that car had crashed one night. But perhaps the sharpest reflection should in the end be caused by the fact that the instigator of these choreographic 'think-tanks' in the country was not Ashton – as one would assume – but the now unmentioned Peter Darrell, and the destination near Chichester was his family home.

I have no doubt that the little group in that car must have been one surging mass of ego under the surface, but having taken an interest in Darrell's work over the years, and seen a lot of it at close quarters, I believe that Ashton's early focus on him shouldn't just be set down to Darrell's strong personality, his charm, or even to any sexual attraction. As with his later interest in the others, what impressed Ashton about Darrell, I believe, was the emergence of an early maturity and already clear signs of what would later become major characteristics of his work: Darrell's psychological penetration, his genuinely classical understanding of line as a vehicle for subtle emotion, a penchant for glamour that was a characteristic to both men and, perhaps more elusively, that other quality Ashton sometimes spoke of in himself – of never having known innocence (a personal theme Darrell explored himself in many of his mature works). And though Cranko was earlier out of the trap, choreographically speaking, with some juvenilia dating from his earliest days at Sadler's Wells, Darrell was the one who for quite some time seemed most fired with truly revolutionary ideas about dance as a medium – particularly a narrative medium – even if the steps themselves were slower to come. But what caused the slow withdrawal of Ashton's patronage was also what made Darrell something of a popular celebrity in the sixties and characterised the essentials of his approach: an iconoclasm in his narrative dance material which allied itself with the developments of writers like John Osborne and John Arden on the straight theatre stage.

Initially, to feed the actual substance of his dance, Darrell naturally turned to the sources he had discovered in his earliest student days when, in the last throes of the war, he and his fellow students were allowed (miraculous as it seems to us now) to live unsupervised in London from the age of fifteen onwards. It says a lot for his intellect and his initiative that he came quickly to the notice of the late Bloomsbury set, especially Geoffrey Keynes who, besides providing a direct link to the world of the Ballets Russes and an enduring fascination with the work of Folkine and Nijinska, directly stimulated his curiosity about the wider world. As Darrell was fond of saying against himself in later life, Keynes told him that he had 'ability but no milieu'. Setting out to acquire or create one, he allowed Bloomsbury to influence his literary taste while he also quickly found the intoxications of an adult and often continentally-oriented world: Cocteau was an early passion, as was *nouvelle vague* cinema – an enthusiasm he quickly passed on to his Sadler's Well's friends.

He also fell for the glamour of cabaret (for a brief period on leaving Sadler's Wells he worked as a cabaret dancer) but it was truly the revolution of fifties' British theatre that injected fire into his work, gradually pervading his early choreographic experiments at the Mercury Theatre's Ballet Workshop, and persuading him that if dance was to mean anything outside of a privileged elite (of which he considered himself to be a part) then it had to catch hold of the violence and ugly passions of modern times. The trick, he believed, was somehow to use the inviolate forms of classical dance, though in the event this was not what stood out in his work to the general eye at the time. One is reminded of Hans Werner Henze's comments about his own art when he was working on Ashton's *Ondine*: 'In my world the old forms strive to regain significance, even when the modern timbre (of the music) seldom or never allows them to appear on the surface.' Probably not until much later in his career, when as director of Scottish Ballet a need to present established classics forced him to work more directly with heritage works, did it really become apparent how great Darrell's understanding of classical language really was. What the public saw, and this increasingly after he launched Western Theatre Ballet in Bristol with Elizabeth West in 1957, was frequently a raw expressionism and

always a disturbing ability to express the complex emotions of people under pressure. Though he occasionally referred to his first 'decent' ballet as the witty 1956 caprice 'Celeste and Celestina' (perhaps because it was the first press call for a high-profile commission: 'Why has Darrell not been given a major commission by a major ballet company for a new ballet ... If the Wells are so pro-English, why not Darrell?') his first really major ballet, and one of the few early works which remains in the repertory, was *The Prisoners* (1957).

In many ways this work encapsulates the essentials of the early Darrell style, with its French provincial setting in which two escaped prisoners come under the power of a ruthlessly possessive woman. While the fugitives, Christophe and his younger friend Baudin, are hiding in the house of Christophe's wife, Madeleine, the wife and the young friend have an affair. Persuaded by Madeleine to murder Christophe, Baudin discovers too late that he is now a prisoner in her hands. The story is uncompromisingly gritty, with no appealing characters and not a particularly pleasant story. But it immediately shows Darrell stepping aside from any attachment to society's moral high ground. What interests him here, and throughout the rest of his work, is the power of pressure, the realities of sexual politics, and the deeper motivations which society seeks to hold in check but which remain an inalienable part of our natures.



Judy Mohekey, Preston Clare & Simon Stewart  
in 'The Prisoners'

Photo by Alan Crumlish

*The Prisoners* also shows Darrell's serious ability to re-use classical vocabulary to extraordinary effect. In the early moments of the action, the slatternly Madeleine paces the living room of her house with impatience and a certain sense of anxious calculation, while she awaits the arrival of the escapees at the door. But she undergoes a moment of startling change – the moment when we know her threadbare cardigan and dirty frock conceal a woman of elemental force: it is achieved by a simple but rivetingly focused elevation onto pointe and bourrée forwards as the men arrive at the door. It is a clear reminder of the device which separated the supernaturals from the mortals in the earliest classical ballets.

The ballet's score is also significant: Bartok's Music for Strings, Percussion and Celeste. All choreographers need a finely tuned understanding of music's inner movement, but it's no disrespect to others to suggest that Bartok's musical gestures have defeated more than a few attempts at translation into dance. Several of Darrell's best works, however, are set to Bartok scores (*A Wedding Present* – the third piano concerto – for example; or *Home*, with its scenario by John Mortimer – the fifth String Quartet) and show a deep penetration of their worlds. It is a thing to regret that one of the plans, left unrealised at his death, was a new *Miraculous Mandarin*.

In a sense, Darrell's work with Western Theatre Ballet wasn't just an early espousal of what has since become an Arts Council doctrine – that companies should get out and tour. It was also a belief, reflected down through what he knew through Nijinska's and Folkine's experience and that of all late Imperial Ballet artists in Russia, whose stars toured the provincial theatres and even fairgrounds in the off-seasons: that ivory towers are bad for performers. While the

obvious motivation for Pavlova or Karsavina in the regions was still money and work, the effect was the renewal of contact between artist and public in a unique way, and the special quality of communication required for this affected the dancers' whole approach. Darrell imported this kind of thinking wholesale as he created his first company but it also informed his entire choreographic approach to the end of his life, as well as underpinning the other activities he insisted on combining with his classical work – doing the first dance routines for TV (*Cool for Cats*) and directing musicals and shows. In later years this would include the infamous London revue *Carte Blanche* in the 1970's, as well as the groundbreaking ice dance shows of John Curry. Indeed, for him he created one of his most enchanting works, to Schumann's *Kinderscenen*, inspired by the skater's ability to sustain travelling line, without apparent effort, over enormous distances.

An emphasis on directness of communication translates easily into requiring different standards of acting from dancers, and so 'dance theatre' quickly became as much a part of the Darrell ethic in performance as emotional realism itself was in subject matter. From the beginning his company members were chosen as much for their individual personalities and contrasting characters as for their technical skill. Yet while deriving considerable inspiration from these personalities, in the early Western years Darrell also maintained close contact with MacMillan, and by association with Lynn Seymour – evidence of a still close confraternity which led the increasingly alarmed Ashton to dub them disparagingly as 'The Diners' Club'. But it also awakened Darrell's recognition of the working bond between MacMillan and Seymour, and the need for a muse-dancer of his own. Around the time of the MacMillan-Seymour



Elaine McDonald as Lea in 'Cheri' 1981. Photo by Alan Crumlish

departure for Berlin in 1966 he found her in the shape of Elaine McDonald. Over the next twenty-five years he forged with McDonald one of the great dancer-choreographer partnerships of the 20<sup>th</sup> century – her dramatic power, plasticity of line and extraordinary capacity to portray complex psychological states with the subtlest of gestures enriching the extent of his emotional range. Some of his finest achievements would have been unthinkable without her and many of his major roles from then on were created with her in mind. From the repertory of Scottish Ballet alone one thinks of the eponymous Mary in *Mary, Queen of Scots*, Odette/Odile in his reworked *Swan Lake*, Giulietta in *Tales of Hoffmann*, The Woman in *Five Rückert Songs*, Lady Macbeth in *Such Sweet Thunder*, and Lea in *Cheri* (although in fact this last role was created by Galina Samsova for the 1980 Edinburgh Festival in an episode very similar to the Fonteyn/Seymour affair in the première of MacMillan's *Romeo and Juliet*).

As time has passed, and Scottish Ballet has become the creation most closely associated with Darrell's name in the history books, it's perhaps hard to realise now just how much he actually shocked the public and the critics of the sixties and seventies, and how prescient some of his activities were. One might think of his other TV work – especially *Houseparty* where carefully choreographed 'movement', rather than actual dance, made for a gripping reworking of *Les Biches* in modern dress. Over thirty years later exactly the same principle was to be found at work in Matthew Bourne's stage success *'Play without Words'*. Or *A Wedding Present*, which portrayed the consequences to a marriage of the husband's previously concealed homosexual life. Tellingly here, it was the effect of the revelation on the emotions, not a political statement about gayness, that contained the power of the work, made before the legalisation of homosexuality in Britain and described at the time by critic John Percival as one of the few real contemporary tragedies told in dance. Then there's dance 'post-modernism' like *Herodias*, with McDonald sporting seed-filled breasts and declaiming a text in French; there's the full-length *Sun into Darkness*, whose story of ritual sacrifice in a remote coastal village provoked shouts of 'filth' and 'disgusting' at its premiere in 1966, but whose content looked suddenly much more insightful at the time of the Orkney 'satanic abuse' scandal of the mid 1990s. And there's *Mods and Rockers*, brilliantly capturing the new mood of the Beatles era with the first ballet to be set to that kind of pop music.

Darrell was ever alive to the shifts of popular sensibility. I remember him once observing quite sharply to me, when I commented on his predilection for picking up glossy magazines, that "all fashion is political ... always!" And yet, as far as I am aware, he only used ballet once for an overtly political statement. That was his last, a reworking of an earlier piece, *Economy in Straightjacket but Still Room for Movement*, premiered in Perth just a few months before his death, and only a few days after the close of the 1987 Tory party conference in the same theatre. Before a 'front bench' of government officials, made up by masks to resemble Mrs Thatcher and her cabinet (sitting under a panoply of slowly descending, tattered St. Andrew's flags) a lyrical little group of dancers try their best to escape – but not truly effectively – the straightjackets in which they're confined. The music is a succession of the most chaste Bach Preludes and Fugues. It was an overt protest against the public funding body interference which was strangling Scottish Ballet behind the scenes at that time – and which in the event was to continue to affect it for more than a decade – and in the stunned silence which followed as the house curtain fell, it generated one of the most electric moments in the theatre to which I've been witness.

Curious though it may seem and given its content (though remembering again those words of Henze about *Ondine*) the driving force behind all Darrell's social provocation remained classical – though perhaps not classical in the purely Petipa sense. Though he maintained a reverence for Ashton's work all his life, and knew his Petipa intimately, Darrell's line of choreographic descent was from Nijinska, Folkine, and after him, Tudor. The impetus is plainly psychological and nearly always emphasises the importance of line carrying emotional nuance over any florid provision of 'steps' for their own sake. And though impressed by Balanchine, Darrell was never a wholehearted admirer – really only of *Serenade* (which he tried but failed to acquire for Scottish Ballet) and the great Stravinsky ballets, which he once described to me as 'hugely impressive – like engines dancing'. Their styles were at fundamental opposites of the spectrum, though in the eighties Darrell did – somewhat perversely – create one of his few totally abstract ballets in exactly the public's idea of 'the Balanchine style'. Intriguingly, and surely deliberately, this *Rococo Variations* (music by Tchaikovsky), also engaged Darrell's capacity for satire – in this

case, trading on the oft quoted (though largely untrue) dictum of his detractors that Balanchine couldn't choreograph eloquently for the arms. Enlisting Balanchine's St. Petersburg vein for the dance style, Darrell then placed his orchestra on stage behind the performers where a deliberately restrained action of the arms, combined sharply defined movements of the dancers' lower bodies, created a counterpoint of their own against the energetic torso movements of the musicians.

Of his Western Theatre Ballet period, only a handful of works survived into the Scottish Theatre Ballet / Scottish Ballet repertory, and if Darrell's position as a shock tactitioner marginalised his mainstream appeal, so certainly did his life-long reluctance to revive his own work – preferring nearly always to create something new. Only *The Prisoners* (even then a late revival) and *Jeux* (Debussy) along with the *Othello* he created for André Prokofsky's New London Ballet, entered into common circulation. *Jeux* because of its scoring demands, is hard for a small company to perform regularly, but a major revival in the last years of Darrell's life, at an International Ballet Festival in Venice, confirmed its continued power as a superb piece of devilishly inventive storytelling. Its three characters (as per Nijinsky's original, playing desultorily at tennis) are caught up in what may or may not be a murder plot, portrayed from moment to moment with convincing clarity and logic, but underpinned by motives and possible outcomes which are exquisitely illusive. The story is already in motion when the curtain goes up, and remains tantalisingly unfinished when the curtain goes down. It is an object lesson in combining complex, yet crystal clear narrative, with beguiling simplicity and was recently given a further telling revival by Adam Cooper and his company. But on the stage at La Fenice it also demonstrated (along with its companion pieces *Othello* and *Five Ruckert Songs*) how wonderful these works – though originally conceived for small touring venues – look on large stages and in truly majestic settings.

Content and scale, however, became the crosses on which Darrell as a choreographer was eventually impaled, and the Scottish Ballet years – during which the company focused his ambitions but also caused frustrations – are the ones he felt sealed his fate as a choreographer in the prevailing scheme of things. Darrell was apt, at the end of his life, to call Scottish Ballet his Frankenstein Monster – the creation for which he had almost extravagant love, but which also sapped his own vital spark. Of necessity it could not be like Western Theatre Ballet and almost immediately he had to address choreographically the national need for versions of the major classics. Here matters of 'policy' became determining issues. With some works – his famous tightening of *Giselle*, the making of Bournonville a company staple – he was on safe ground. But after the still slightly 'chamberish' *Beauty and the Beast* (with a wonderful commissioned score from Thea Musgrave), the need was for more spectacle and a different kind of audience appeal. In a way there is a kind of parallel between Darrell's circumstances and those of Prokofiev, whose music he felt especially drawn to (but used only once, setting *Four Portraits* to movements drawn from Prokofiev's piano sonatas). The government invitations the two artists chose to accept proved to develop different circumstances to the ones they had actually envisaged; in addition both artists were subsequently tasked critically for losing their attack in extending their lyrical range. Though Darrell always found an edge of relevance and emotional undertow for his larger scale ballets, which nearly all date from the Scottish Ballet period, this

was increasingly softened by an astonishing return to classical principles, quite evident on the surface. This is as true for the ballets of his own devising, like *Mary, Queen of Scots* or *Tales of Hoffmann* as it is for his reworkings of *The Nutcracker* with its slightly surreal aura (wonderfully captured in Philip Prowse's designs) which underpins the gentle, starlit magic of the piece; *Swan Lake* with its political machinations and drug-induced hallucinations; or *Cinderella* with its return to the humanist conception of Rossini.

But the implied threat to his artistic freedom was seldom below the surface, and it showed quite clearly when a boardroom requirement to make a ballet of *Carmen* led him initially to overblow his material. Despite some genuinely gripping moments, its failure was painful, and one of his last creative acts was to rework it as a chamber piece to his own original scenario: a linked series of pas de deux, meditating on the personal cost which can accompany the workings of fate).

Yet it's also perhaps for the very same reasons that the one-act ballets of the same period frequently have an extraordinarily powerful combination of elegiac tone and gorgeous lyrical phrasing - all bound up in an essential simplicity. They are often focused around stories of corrupted innocence, or ageing; in particular *Scarlet Pastorale* (notably a vehicle for Fonteyn and Dowell), *Cheri*, with its heartrending sense of life coming to a standstill yet having to go on, and what I - with many others - consider to be his masterpiece, *Five Rückert Songs*. In this subtly Grahamesque piece, the central Woman's role - superbly dramatised by McDonald - contains some of the most searching and emotionally demanding sequences of unsupported solo dancing written for a female dancer in the latter part of the century.

One should also mention a couple of unusual renegades: a possible return to literary beginnings with *Gardens of the Night*, taking its inspiration from Virginia Woolf's *Orlando* (complete with sex-change of leading character midway through); and *Such Sweet Thunder*, a paean to our enduring fascination with cinema, which gives dance reality to Duke Ellington's jazz depictions of famous Shakespeare scenes and characters. The fast sequence of vignettes unravels a gallery of acidly witty caricatures from Cleopatra to Henry V, performed as they might be by famous Hollywood film stars or popular celebrities. It was a huge and instant hit with everyone but the London critics, and its failure (indeed the overt and sustained antagonism to it in this regard) made Darrell believe that his reputation as a choreographer was destined to be eclipsed by his reputation as a 'clever company director'.



Elaine McDonald in 'Five Rückert' Songs 1978. Photo by Alan Crumlish



And so it has proved to be. Darrell's final years were dogged by deep personal unhappiness and intense political conflict with the Scottish Arts Council over company policy, style and direction. Had he been a more assertive choreographer, or used his companies from the outset as a vehicle for his own work like so many others, his reputation might well be different today (though as I began by suggesting, having begun by alienating significant players in the game of establishment approval, he barely thought to receive significant acceptance at the end). But as those who worked with him will testify, his own disposition was rather always to look out for and promote others while giving his companies a balanced and varied diet. Among dancers and choreographers this would include fellow renegade Michael Clark (to whom he once hoped to hand over his company) and Gary Trinder (now head of the New Zealand Ballet) as well as fine principal dancers of the eighties like Christine Camillo who went on to establish international careers. Yet curiously for someone who liked to find and push others (and not just in the dance world – *Such Sweet Thunder* was an early design commission for Bob Ringwood, now most famous as the costume designer for the Batman movies and a string of other Hollywood fantasy blockbusters) – Darrell confessed frequently to unreasonable feelings of betrayal when they moved on. Even more than not pushing for his own choreographic advantage, he was almost pathological in always putting 'the company' first. Many a journalist, poking at possible revivals or commenting on aspects of his personal creative work, would hear the refrain "Don't talk about me, darling – that's boring. Tell them about how good the kids in the company are."

That, however, did not prevent the clouded skies hanging over Scottish Ballet at his death darkening even further in the ensuing decade, and after his removal from the scene the company slumped into a well-documented and totally antithetical period of political appeasement and artistic confusion. Under Ashley Page a new direction has renewed due respect for a fine company and brought it justifiable plaudits for excellence. But however much Darrell might have fought for the same virtues in a different era – fought and, as he saw it, was defeated (even to the point of declaring in a BBC interview a few months before his death that he wanted out, and intended to start a new company with just a handful of young dancers) – the time has surely now come to disentangle Peter Darrell, dance artist, from the toils of the two-fold monster which he, and others, allowed to swallow him up. In our new century it is time to speak up for acknowledgment of his work and reinstate it on an independent footing of its own. Given the track of his career, it is worth noting that Darrell himself plainly saw the irony behind an otherwise obviously opportune slight: being asked to do a work for Covent Garden only once and then when its management knew that he was midway through *Tales of Hoffmann* and quite unable to fulfil the commission. (It was followed by further irony in that *Hoffmann* was almost immediately taken into the repertory of American Ballet Theatre, and remains one of the most performed British full-length ballets outside Britain.) Later in his life, on some level he came to care about recognition of his achievement and towards the end he expressed private regret that the only work of his ever to cross the Covent Garden stage was a four-minute gala tribute to Anton Dolin (*Etude en forme de valse*, music by Saint-Saens).

Such may have been the price he paid for iconoclasm. But with the recent revival of interest in his choreography displayed by such significant figures as Adam Cooper and Matthew Bourne, and with Rambert Dance Company – now part searcher after new talent, part holding-house of important dance works – having recently taken *Five Rückert Songs* into their repertory, the time is evidently ripe for a full-scale and wholehearted rediscovery of Peter Darrell the choreographer, and the crucial role he played in the formation of British dance as we know it. More especially, though, it is high time for the public to have the opportunity once again to see again some of the remarkable and extremely beautiful work he created while doing it.