

of excusing him and his kind from changing their behavior.

What is the basis of that behavior? The same as identified by the British intelligence profiling methods Wolfe utilizes in this novel. All characters' actions can be explained by Hobbesian—bestial—drives. Sex, money, family, power, prestige, avoidance of pain, or the occasional death-wish motivates them all into every action, every public sortie or utterance, however silly or whatever the outcome. Each character's frame of reference for the sex, money, etc. is defined by his or her ethnic or racial background. It is a world of each against all, only tempered by a tattered social contract and fast-fading traditions, and it is all coming undone at the seams.

No character is allowed to think of the future or base actions on a desire to leave something behind after this social structure topples. Were such a tendency to prevail among novelists, the only value books would have is for lighting primitive fires among the ruins in an illiterate future New York City. If the faction of Poe prevails, who would read Tom Wolfe?

Felix Warburg's magic and the Kirkland case

by Katherine Kanter

Georges Balanchine, Ballet Master

by Richard Buckle

Hamish Hamilton, London, 1988

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Mr. Buckle, a great admirer of the impresario Sergei Diaghilev, and author of a new biography of the Russian choreographer Georges Balanchine, is more than a perfervid Russophile—he is a conscious, witting part of the movement to hand over Western art, lock, stock, and barrel, to the Russians. I am led to say this, not only because I find it disgusting that any educated European should make himself into an apologist for what Sergei Diaghilev, a pedophile and one of the most depraved men of the century, has done to us in the West but also, because Mr. Buckle has a truly Soviet attitude toward historical facts. In the course of his 400 pages on Georges Balanchine, the Russian who founded the New York City Ballet, he mentions every person whom Georges Balanchine ever had anything to do with, except one.

That person is Miss Gelsey Kirkland, who studied at

Balanchine's school in New York, and was promoted by the choreographer himself to the rank of ballerina. In 1986, Miss Kirkland wrote an autobiography, *Dancing on my Grave*, which became a bestseller in the United States and was then republished in England, in Italy, and in Denmark, the harshest attack on Georges Balanchine ever put into print. She recalled that it was Balanchine himself who first introduced her to drugs, pressing amphetamines into her hand before her appearance in Leningrad, telling her they were just "headache pills." She stated that articles on Schiller's Aesthetics by Mrs. Helga Zepp-LaRouche, the wife of the controversial American politician Lyndon LaRouche, had pushed her to break with the drug world. Miss Kirkland, it now appears, has been "blacklisted" by the music mafia.

That Mr. Buckle does not see fit to include any of the above sticky facts, into his monumental work, smacks of nothing so much as the way Soviet historiographers write out of history undesirable persons and processes.

Not surprising, considering the kind of heavyweights who thrust Balanchine to the top, and it is worth wading your way through Mr. Buckle's work to get the full story: namely the banker Felix Warburg and his son, Edward; the economist and financier John Maynard Keynes; and the banker Nelson Rockefeller. Originally a Venetian family called "del Banco," the Warburgs, based in Hamburg and New York, led the Wall Street gang who backed the Nazi Party openly in 1920s and 1930s, less openly thereafter. They were the people who steered the pen when the *New York Times* spoke of the "imaginative leadership of Mr. Hitler," the people who financed the study of eugenics and race science in the United States. Keynes too, in his Introduction to the *General Theory* (1936), is unambiguously positive about the Hitler experiment—from an economic standpoint, of course.

As for the Rockefellers, a junior partner to the Warburg operation, Mr. Charles Higham, in *Trading with the Enemy*, has documented their dealings with South American oil during World War II; a good deal of Rockefeller oil seems to have found its way into the wrong hands.

Could Balanchine have been expected to know all that when, as a starry-eyed young man, he disembarked in New York in 1933, his ticket had been paid and his visa assured, as Lincoln Kirstein assures us, "by the magic of Felix Warburg"? The answer is, yes, he knew everything. Balanchine himself belonged to the "gods of Olympus."

Balanchine, who started his career under the Bolsheviks guided by Goleizovsky's "erotic gymnastics," was personally committed to destroying beauty, like his mentor and controller Igor Stravinsky. While Stravinsky, following Wagner, ignored tonality, ignored the major/minor relation, Balanchine ignored *effacé/croisé*. Without the major/minor relation, there is no such thing as real dissonance or modulation: Everything sounds like everything else. In Balanchine, that meant replacing the beautiful, dissymmetric *épaulement*, by the perfectly symmetric rectangular figure.

While Stravinsky proved unable to master even the simplest sonata form, the simplest variation form, which tells the musical “story,” Balanchine went out and destroyed plot. Like the composer, the ballet master wanted to erase the image of man—the thinking face of man—from his compositions, and so he studied how to pull the light down and away from the eyes and face, onto the legs and, let us say, other parts of the body. Balanchine’s success depended on the dancers who were young, physically perfect specimens, lest people would not bother to look at anything so dull. In this, his thinking ran parallel to the eugenics movement, “eurhythmic,” and the body cult around Leni von Riefenstahl, the Nazi filmmaker.

How naive does Mr. Buckle believe us to be, when he writes that Balanchine’s father was named minister of culture of Georgia in 1917 by the Bolsheviks, and that in the following year, he was given funds to found the Balanchivadze School of Music in Kutaisi, home of the Golden Fleece? One prays that Mr. Buckle’s readers will realize just how high up in the secret hierarchy behind the Bolshevik movement, how high up in the “Capri” set, one had to be to be named to a post of such importance; how close Balanchine’s father must have been to Felix Dzerzhinsky, NKVD Commissar, and to Lunacharsky, Culture Commissar, to swing that. Another very close friend of Balanchine’s father was the Bolshevik “poet laureate” Mayakovsky, a fanatical admirer of Futurism and the Mussolinian circle of Marinetti. Already in 1922 in Russia, Georges Balanchine was working with John Maynard Keynes’s brother-in-law Fedor Lopukhov, on “experimental” choreography which involved lying and rolling on the floor—the sort of rubbish which is strewn all over the floor in Western European theaters today. In 1924, Lunacharsky (who was also financing Isadora Duncan’s school in Moscow) sent Balanchine and five other dancers, and their manager Dmitriev, who ran state-owned gambling casinos, to the West. After passing through Diaghilev’s hands, they were all soon to turn up in New York, as guests of Felix Warburg and the Great Russian ballet experts.

In 1930, Buckle reports, “Balanchine was invited to London to choreograph. . . . Lady Cunard invited him to supper, and he met the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Kent. He might have decided to remain in England, but even Maynard Keynes, the husband of Lidia Lopukhova, whom he visited, could not get his visa extended.” But, somehow, he was catapulted in 1931 to the post of Ballet Master at the Royal Theater in Copenhagen, the renowned Bournonville theater which needed another Russian professor like a hole in the head, and about which Balanchine wrote to one of Diaghilev’s minions, Boris Kochno: “The people here are shit [sic]. Nobody understands anything. Their heads are empty unless they see something resembling a sandwich.”

How the author of those lines came to be made, in 1978, a Knight of the Order of the Dannebrog, First Class, probably lies in the Masonic winds which blow from Warburg’s Ham-

burg to Copenhagen. Oddly enough, Balanchine was able, in his 50 well-financed years in the United States, to turn out only two competent male dancers from his schools, and he later made it his business to shark off from the Bournonville Theater the leading Danish dancers, trained in the old French school which Balanchine had done everything he could to wipe out.

In 1933, “after graduating from Harvard, where they founded the Harvard Society for Contemporary Art [to promote Diaghilev’s favorite painters], Lincoln Kirstein and Edward Warburg continued with their plans to found an American ballet. They concluded, that the first necessities were to establish a school, and to persuade the best available Russian choreographer to come over and be its director.” Why Russian? Why not an Italian pupil of Enrico Cecchetti? Why not a specialist in the Bournonville school? There is no reason in art, there are only reasons that have to do with political intelligence. Kirstein went to Paris, met with all available Russians from Sergei Lifar on down, and alighted upon Balanchine, who, like his alter-ego Stravinsky, was brought to the United States in 1933 and remained there until his death 50 years later. Balanchine never had to fight for a dime, as Warburg, and then Rockefeller, wrote out one blank check after another for the School of American Ballet (1934), for New York City Ballet at City Center, at Lincoln Center.

The Trust

Holding all this plotting together, is a thin red thread called the “Anglo-Soviet Trust” (1918-27), in which Keynes, Warburg, and Armand Hammer were among the key figures. The Trust was originally a corporation, a real commercial firm headquartered in New York, to prop up the Bolshevik regime by more or less secret economic arrangements. Lenin’s New Economic Policy was based on those concessions and arrangements with the West. Though the commercial firm folded when the NEP failed, the Trust networks live on, and the history of the 20th century has shown how successful this strategy has been.

In 1962, the year before Kennedy was assassinated, Georges Balanchine returned in triumph to the U.S.S.R. That was a signal, which became loud and clear with the death of Kennedy: The Andropov era, now called the Gorbachov era, had begun, and with it the Finlandization of Europe. Today, Balanchine’s brother Andrei sits on the board of yet another Trust-like institution: Raisa Gorbachova’s Soviet Culture Fund: He is one of the most powerful figures in Soviet music.

To end on a lighter note, if that is possible, allow me to reproduce the only honest statement in Mr. Buckle’s book. It comes from Georges Balanchine himself, who was a terrible choreographer, but a witty fellow, much wittier than his masters. “Everyone’s overrated. Picasso’s overrated. I’m overrated. Even Jack Benny’s overrated. You will ask how to preserve my ballets for posterity. I say, preserve *what?* It’s ridiculous.”