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MAGAZINE

JUNE



A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

*Joyce Coles*

# *Our Knowledge of Beauty ~ Costume ~ Music Is AT YOUR SERVICE ~ ~*

*T*HREE authoritative Service Departments are ready to help you.

Every season brings new beauty problems. There is the question of a permanent wave. Then sometimes the most preferred of blondes wonders how she can always remain one. July's generous sprinkling of freckles or coat of tan must be overcome. And to resist warmth and moisture, a summer make-up is quite different from a winter one. Or perhaps you'd rather know about reducing, and body development, your stage make-up or the latest vogues in cosmetics. Our BEAUTY EDITOR's expert advice is always at your service.

Each month we shall announce the publication of a costume leaflet. All details, such as a diagram for cutting, directions for making, and color combinations will be included. Our COSTUME EDITOR has a store of knowledge concerning costumes, dancing shoes, wigs, and stage props.

Our MUSIC MART Department offers student and teacher authoritative information and advice on music for dancing—all sorts of dancing. It answers current problems and anticipates future demands. It is a corrective for banal concert programs and a stimulus to new dance arrangements. It is specific, informed and artistically sound.

Consult these departments when you need help. Their purpose is to serve you. Address the Editor concerned, and remember the self-addressed, stamped envelope—please.

*Our advice and information  
is yours for the asking*

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*Ned Wayburn's 1928 Dance Recital will be given on Saturday, June 16th. 2 Performances only. Matinee at 2.15 P. M. sharp. Evening at 8.15 P. M. sharp at Heckscher Theatre, 5th Ave. at 104th Street, New York City. As there are only 463 orchestra and 204 balcony seats for each performance, buy your tickets NOW.*

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A new photograph of Lisa Gardiner and Paul Tchernikoff, heads of their own school in Washington, D. C.

John Howard Paine

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Cover Design—Painted by Jean Oldham after a Photograph of Joyce Coles by Nickolas Muray

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## In the NEXT ISSUE:

**D**ancing—The Big Shot of Show Business, by Roxy, America's most famous impresario. In this article he explains his own reasons, worked out by years of experience, why dancing is the mainstay of all musical entertainment today.

*How Long Can a Dance Partnership Last?* A searching article by Audrey MacMahon, a frequent contributor to THE DANCE MAGAZINE, on the reasons why so few of the famous dancing teams have remained intact over a long period of years.

*Little Miss Runaway*, beginning the story of an orphan girl who escaped from the rigors of her life in a convent, only to become involved in adventures which seemed to turn happiness into tragedy.

You can't afford to miss the interviews with Vannessi, the beautiful vaudeville star, Evelyn Law, and Marilyn Miller, Broadway's most popular dancer.

As a special feature, we are soon starting a series of group pages of well-known dancers, the photographs now being made for THE DANCE MAGAZINE by Richard Burke, much of whose work has already appeared in these pages.

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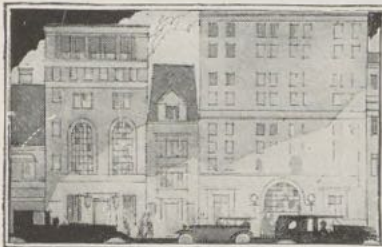
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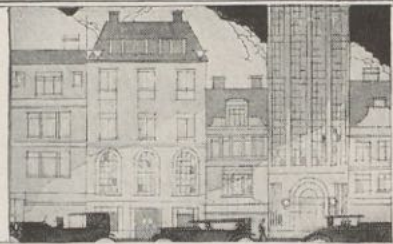
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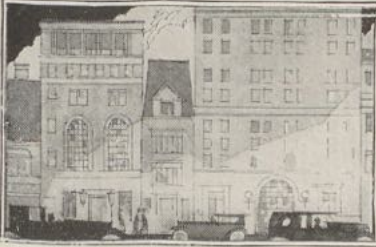
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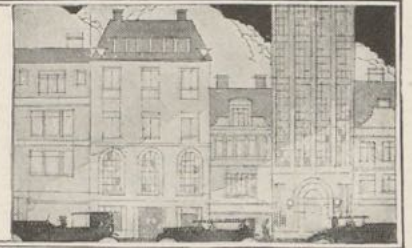
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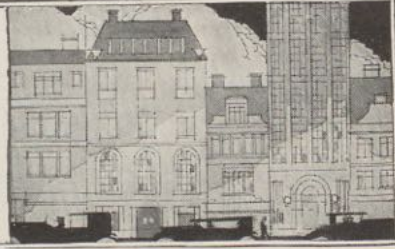
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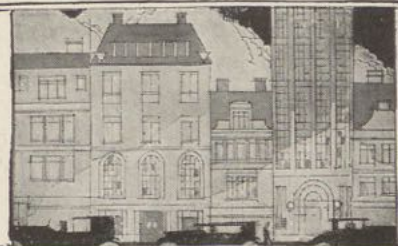
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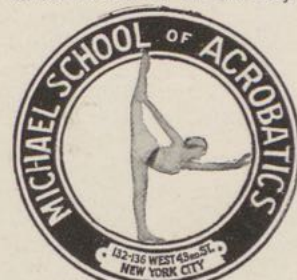
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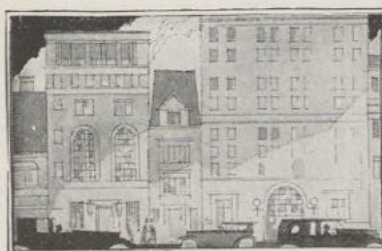
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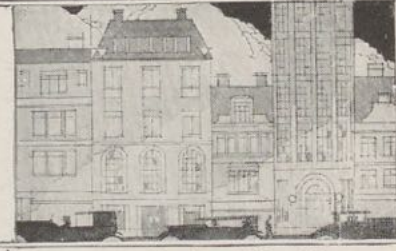
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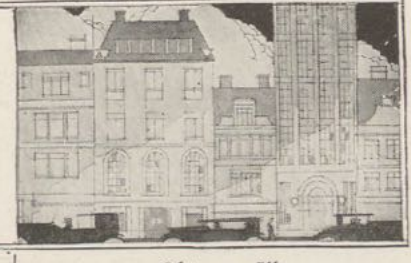
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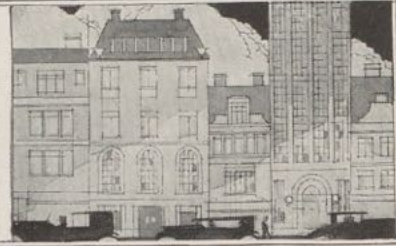
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## DANCING MUST BE UNTRAMMELED

*An Editorial by* RICHARD HOYT

ON this page is a photograph of the dancers at St. Marks-in-the-Bouwerie, one of the most famous churches in the United States. It is noted for the dignity of its services and the impressiveness of its position in the community. On frequent occasions during the year, on special Sundays, a group of dancers appear before the congregation to interpret scenes of divine significance.

Here is a religious body against which no slurs of irreverence can possibly be cast. Nevertheless, a narrow-minded bishop opposes the dancing at St. Marks-in-the-Bouwerie. And legislative and private organizations lose no opportunity to advocate laws that would seriously restrict dancing.

We all know that in many cities of the United States there is violent agitation against public entertainment of any sort on Sundays. Dancing is naturally included in this ban, for the reason that dancing is a vital part of any type of musical entertainment. The legal obstacles have gone so far even in New York of late that public exhibitions of dancing of the highest type are conditionally forbidden on Sunday. And this happens in a country which prides itself on open-mindedness;

which stands, in every detail of its legal structure, for individual sovereignty!

In simplest terms, dancing is objected to by the fanatics because it is supposed to have an evil effect on the morals of young Americans. Then how does it happen that today, at the very minute you are reading these words, more children are studying dancing, taking daily lessons, than at any period of past history? Are their morals more vulnerable on Sunday than on Saturday morning?

It is the belief of THE DANCE MAGAZINE, founded on the obvious rules of health and behavior that should govern any civilized community, that dancing should not be limited. Not only do we urge the removal of all restrictions on dancing,

but we go farther. We urge every child to study dancing, to dance for enjoyment, for a living if so desired; in other words, to give dancing the free and untrammelled rein that Nature intended it should have.

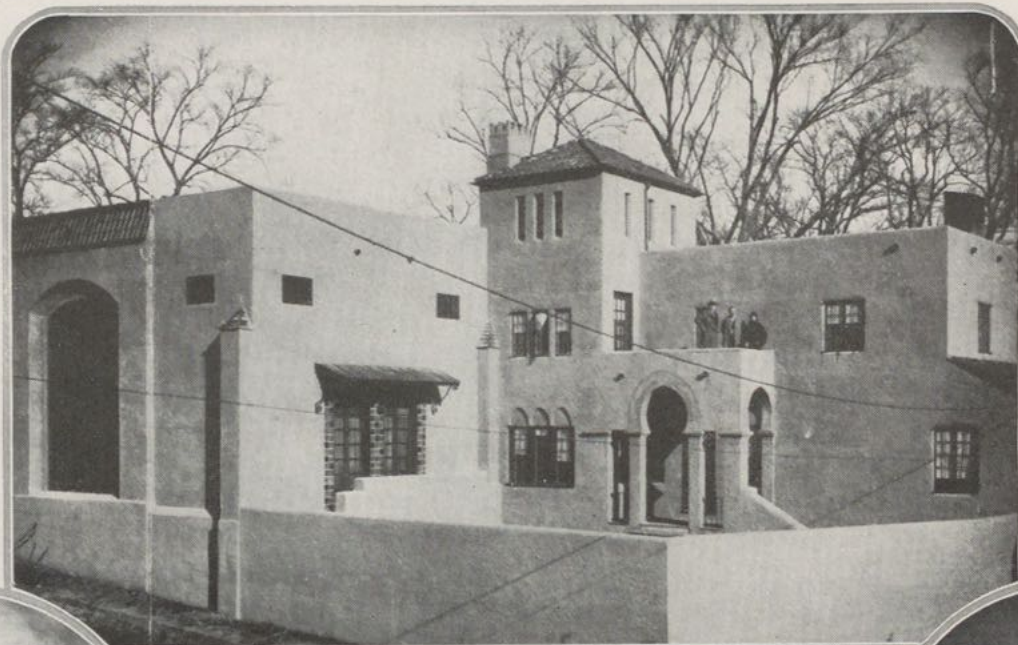
Especially let us cast aside the notion that dancing must not be performed on the day given over to worship. Of all the arts it is the one that most fully adapts itself to the interpretation of devotional ideas.



P. and A.

An unusual photograph of the ritual dance in St. Marks-in-the-Bouwerie, New York City, held on appointed occasions

The new Denishawn House, in uptown New York. On the balcony are Ted Shawn, Ninian Jamieson, the architect, and Ruth St. Denis



Ruth St. Denis

Ted Shawn



Swinney



Maurice Goldberg

## The HOUSE That DANCING BUILT

*Years of Labor and Planning, Years of Artistic Achievement, Are the Bricks and Mortar of Which Is Constructed the New Home of the Denishawns!*

By COURTENAY D. MARVIN

CHRISTMAS Eve dawned on a wave of cold, brilliant sunshine. In mid-Manhattan it gleamed upon the horns of Salvation Army singers, exhorting dimes and dollars for the poor; on windows of tempting gifts; on jovial, bundle-laden crowds.

In upper Manhattan, near Van Cortlandt Park, where the greed of progress has not quite clutched every sweeping space and wooded hillock, where the winds from the Hudson still blow unobstructed, it beamed upon a new home. This home is the result of ten years of dreams, hopes and plans. In this respect, it is not unlike the great urge that has forced its founders into the foremost ranks of creative dance artists. For this new structure is Denishawn House, the home of Ted Shawn and Ruth St. Denis.

When I arrived, the dancers were on the broad roof, which embraces an inspiring view of the near-by reservoir and country, posing for photographers. This roof, Mr. Shawn explained, will be used in mild weather for rehearsals. A cheerful chamber of the floor below will house a comprehensive library. Beneath are the personal quarters of the dancers. Miss St. Denis' apartment is done in a brilliant tone of turquoise and cream. Off this room is a balcony, just ample enough for a tea table and chairs. Something of the charm and

color of Miss St. Denis was prevalent that morning in the fluttering silk curtains, inviting boudoir chairs and dressing-table.

Mr. Shawn's quarters evidence a strong masculine tendency. The decorative theme is Javanese batik.

"You must meet Aristophanes," said Mr. Shawn, disentangling from the bed-clothes a pillow-like arrangement in the shape of a huge, green frog. Aristophanes, it seems, came from the South and was presented to Mr. Shawn by an admirer. The creature is so contrived that its arms and legs are tenacious. Great green stones make its eyes.

"At first Aristophanes was merely a curiosity. But now I have trained him to perform a personal service for me every morning. I insist upon sunshine in my room but I do not like it in my eyes. When I awake, I seat Aristophanes on the coverlets of my bed. He shades my eyes perfectly with his huge, green body."

Miss St. Denis, very smart in a brown cloche and mink coat thrown over her lounging pajamas of green and black silk, led the way to the first floor. A small reception room, furnished in Chinese, welcomes the coming guest. An intricately inlaid settee and a chest, brass studded, would delight a connoisseur. A few steps up from the reception room lead to a small office, where telephone and business ar-

rangements can be made without disturbance to the household. The studio, forty by sixty by nineteen, runs the entire breadth of the house, and one door opens upon a walled garden. When it is completed, it will contain a wall fountain, flower beds and shaded tea tables.

"This studio is symbolic," said Mr. Shawn. "It is representative of the ideas which we hope will flourish here. As one of our welcoming guests very aptly put it, 'It is a room in which a future might be born.' Its physical features of space, light and height are conducive to inspiration and thought. In addition to being our home, every consideration has been made for our work. The room can easily accommodate a hundred guests at a private performance, leaving stage room for the performers. A door from this end leads to dressing rooms and a shower bath. Lighting fixtures have been installed in the ceiling rafters and in the baseboard."

Before a huge open fire Miss St. Denis had seated herself to open packages from admirers. From one tumbled sheer hosiery; from another a lyre-shaped fan of green peacock feathers. Festooned with holly and flooded with warm yellow sunshine, the room was indeed a place where inspiration might flourish, where dreams might live.

"When we were here last summer, only six months ago, a few posts were in the ground," continued Mr. Shawn. "We come

back on the following Christmas Eve, the day of miracles, and we find our hopes of ten years firmly established in lasting evidence. It is a very proper and delightful Christmas home-coming, even if we must leave in the morning for Macon, Georgia. We shall not return until next June. But both Miss St. Denis and I are anticipating that time with much pleasure. We are very eager to arrange the place as we want it. In the basement are more than twenty trunks of treasures we brought back from the Orient, most of which have not been touched yet."

As I inspected the complete basement, with oil-burning heating apparatus, storage space and garage, not forgetting the safety deposit vault, Mr. Shawn lifted the lid of one of these treasure trunks. Quaint vases, strange fans, elaborate girdles, packed in yellowed bits of Chinese, Japanese and Korean newspapers came to light.

The dancers will use lacquer ware entirely for dining purposes—mostly bowls, plates and drinking vessels of black and red, touched with gold. Miss St. Denis likes this ware because it is very light to handle. It will withstand an amazing degree of heat, she says.

Mr. Shawn appeared very practical, very genuine and very healthy in his big coat and soft felt. Most of us know him with his Spanish sideburns, the Burmese slant to his eyes, or with the malignant hauteur and hatred of the Japanese spear dancer. Conventionally, he is a splendid looking man. This dancer gives the impression that his life is a very temperate, very complete one. In him there is apparent a keen, live appreciation of life and all its good things, the intellect of the thinker, the temperament of the creator. There is no suggestion of the hungry, groping mind about Ted Shawn. Superficially, at least, one would say that to the sweeping question, "Can Life, can Death, can anything beyond, satisfy?" Mr. Shawn's answer would be strongly in the affirmative; that a life of work, play and art can and does satisfy.

"Play," as defined by Mr. Shawn, "is something done for the sheer joy of doing it."

"Art," he says, "is an expression of emotion and a manifestation of feeling consciously done for that purpose."

Knowing this dancer's strong favor toward the American Ballet, I questioned him.

"As always, I am heartily in favor of American themes in our dancing," he replied. "I do not mean that usable, artistic material that is not American should be

when America is seething with rich, lasting material for the ballet.

"What, you will very likely ask me, is the key to this store of wealth? What is the great theme to be played upon in this American Ballet? It is not the hysterical blare of night life, the jazz, the wanton irresistance that the casual observer will speak of. It is not the rhythmic temperament of the plantation Negro; it is not the rough and ready spirit of the cowboys of the plains. It is none of these alone. But it is a little of all of these, mingling with profound, primitive instincts.

"Geographical and historical conditions are largely responsible for a country's dances. This nation is about one hundred and fifty years old. Consider its birth. It was conceived in a great belief in freedom for all. After the mental conception, there was a physical struggle. For years after, the great effort was to maintain human life in a strange, largely unexplored wilderness. Gradually population spread, cities grew, power was bridled from the water, land and air. Today the period of physical stress is over. We may safely go about the business of originating our own forms of art.

"The American nation is founded upon a deep spiritual urge—the urge for freedom of religious worship and justice for all. And so, as you will observe, such pioneer dancers as we have produced—first among them Isadora Duncan and Ruth St. Denis—have chosen for their subjects such fundamental themes as the wonders

of nature, God and the deeply spirituelle. Their work is bound to prosper. It cannot perish because it is a part of every human being.

"This was not the case with the old ballet, where only the human emotions, such as love, hate, anger, jealousy, joy, were considered. Their thematic values were human emotions, and emotions alone. Fragile, all too fragile material for lasting art. We have strong proof of this with the fading of the Russian Ballet.

(Continued on page 54)



Maurice Goldberg

Ted Shawn and Ruth St. Denis in their Strauss waltz

ignored. Both Miss St. Denis and I have been inspired by much that is Oriental, Egyptian and Indian. But I do believe that too much accent should not be placed upon the sentimental themes that inspired Watteau and Fragonard—the sweetly powdered and perfumed ballet nurtured by France. Or the hot passion and pride of the Spanish dance; the precision and line native to the Japanese art; the barbaric frenzy of the Cossack and Tartar. Not, certainly,

# Sidell Sisters

—Two girls who form a team of amazing dash and vigor. They do the type of work that is usually associated with a man-and-girl duo. Show Boat, the Ziegfeld production based on Edna Ferber's best seller of two seasons back, at present harbors these two young ladies



De Barron





# MAGIC TOES

*Joyce Coles, Ballerina of the Roxy Theatre, Danced Halfway Round the World to Reach New York—But It Was Worth It*

By W. ADOLPHE ROBERTS

THEY come from all over the world to New York, the new imperial capital which lures artists no less irresistibly than did ancient Rome. And I don't mean merely from the countries, European and otherwise, in which the dance is known to flourish. They come from far-flung colonies and the islands of the sea.

Joyce Coles, who has just succeeded Maria Gambarelli as première danseuse at Roxy's Theatre, is a native of South Africa. The soft, sweet inflections of her voice had given me the impression that she was English, which indeed is what everyone thinks. But as we sat in her dressing room and she kneaded industriously at a pair of ballet slippers to limber them up, she told me her whole picturesque story.

Born near Cape Town, she was taken to London at the age of six, and she vows that even at that period she was perfectly conscious that she wanted to be a professional dancer. One of her first treats in the British capital was a Pavlova recital, and every gesture made by the great ballerina was indelibly stamped upon her memory. The supporting cast meant nothing to her. She is firmly convinced that she saw Pavlova only, and that when other numbers were occupying the stage she day-dreamed about her own future career.

But it was to be a hard grind for the little blackhaired girl before she breathed the air, iridescent with star-dust, which wrapped her heroine about.

"I suffered from the serious drawback of a pair of badly shaped legs," Joyce Coles told me. "To be frank, I was downright bow-legged. Luckily, I was taken to a very patient and wise teacher, a famous Frenchman named Louis d'Egeville, who enjoyed a great vogue in London. (He died not long ago.) He made me practise strengthening exercises for nearly two years before he would countenance regular ballet lessons. I did innumerable *pliés* and built up gradually to the simpler positions of the dance. When I was ready for toe work, he restricted me for months to a sort of halfway balancing on the balls of my toes.

"Little by little, my defects were corrected. I developed strong muscles, and the tendons in my feet became as pliant as

steel springs. My legs straightened almost magically. But I'm sure that if I'd had a teacher less careful and scientific than Monsieur d'Egeville, I'd have been wrecked from the start. There are many so-called schools run by incompetents, where I'd not have had a Chinaman's chance of coming through. Look—one of my legs isn't quite right yet, though it's as straight as rational physical culture could make it, in view of the bad start that Nature gave me."

Miss Coles, who was in an abbreviated practise costume, stretched out two bare and shapely legs. I couldn't see a thing the matter with either of them, and I said so. She laughed and shook her dark curls.

"WHEN I don't have to worry about the public finding anything to criticize. At least, they are strong legs and feet."

She jumped up and pirouetted about the dressing room, two or three times. Joyce Coles is like that—an impulsive, joyous girl, eager to prove that her whole being is wrapped up in her work.

"I could never tire of dancing," she said. "Here at the Roxy I make four appearances a day through the week and five on Saturdays and Sundays. I also rehearse my new numbers twice a day, five days in the week, and I take part in five class rehearsals in the mornings. Does that sound like terribly hard work? It might be to some



Nickolas Murray

*The delicacy of Joyce Coles' movements on the stage won her a New York public at once. Her appearances at the Roxy are rapidly augmenting the number of her admirers*

people, but I enjoy every bit of it. The huge stage and the marvelous orchestra fascinate me. I'd feel cheated if I were given a lighter routine."

It was several minutes before she could be maneuvered into resuming the story of her early years.

She specialized in ballet and clung passionately to the dream of being admitted some day to Anna Pavlova's company. When she was fourteen, the miracle came to pass. Madame Pavlova held an audition at the Drury Lane Theatre, for the purpose of recruiting twelve student dancers. Miss Coles timorously entered the contest and found that she was one of twelve hundred aspirants. Her work seemed to pass unnoticed. She rushed off the stage, dressed for the street and was about to leave when Pavlova's manager beckoned to her. Casually, he informed her that she had been chosen, and named the place and hour for her first rehearsal. Thus began an association that lasted until 1923.

Joyce Coles came to America with the Pavlova ballet in 1920 and toured the country. She returned under the same auspices in 1921, and again the following year. After that, she decided to make her home here.

"I started out by being very high-hat," she laughed. "Girls who have been with

(Continued on page 62)

# WHAT IS *the* DANCER'S STAR?



*At left is Harriet Hoxtor, now appearing as prima ballerina of The Three Musketeers, whose already eventful career is destined to be even more so*

*Maria Gambarelli, for whom the stars predicted great artistic success*

*Read How Michel Fokine, Maria Gambarelli and Harriet Hoxtor Are Fulfilling the Destinies Indicated for Them by Astrology*

By STELLA KING

just passing from Capricorn to Aquarius, and Adeline Genée was born when the Sun was in Capricorn.

The association of these signs with the art of dancing is further demonstrated by the fact that Venus is happiest in Pisces and that Mars is at his best in Capricorn.

Other famous dancers have been born when the Sun was in Aries, which is the home of Mars, or in Gemini, the Peter Pan of the stars. Doris Niles, Ona Munson and Hal Skelly are Geminians; Michel Fokine is an Arian.

In the horoscope of Monsieur Fokine, one of the greatest living masters of ballet, we naturally look for the signs of genius and leadership. We find both; and with them, a remarkably clear judgment and an understanding of cosmic law that may be summed up in the word wisdom, the most precious of the gifts laid at the feet of man.

Michel Fokine's horoscope contains several unusual features. He was born when the Sun was in ardent, imaginative and fiery Aries and when Leo was on the horizon. Temperamentally, therefore, he is of the nature of Fire. He has a peculiarly vivid imagination and unusual power of visualization, both of which are very characteristic of the Aries type. This power of visualization, of



course, is one of the factors of genius when it is directed into constructive work, and Monsieur Fokine rightly attributes much of his success to this particular faculty. Aries is the sign of Youth and Hope and brings with it the promise of spring and of new life. Its vibrations are vigorous and those born under its influence are usually strong and active, impulsive, generous and unafraid. They are adventurous spirits,

**W**ANY times I have been asked which of the great planetary bodies is the

dancer's star, and I have answered: the laughter-loving Venus, the most beautiful of the planets. This star is the goddess of love and of beauty and the arts are under her special protection.

Art must ever be the expression of beauty, else it loses its significance as the interpreter of cosmic harmony and immortal truth. Venus symbolizes the feminine force of Nature, just as Mars represents the masculine element, and as all nature is dual in its expression, these two must work together. In the dance especially, Venus needs the cooperation of Mars, the energiser. Alone she is incomplete and unable to express herself in concrete form. In the individual, this would result in an amiable and pleasure-loving temperament without much initiative. Together, Mars and Venus—action and feeling—catch the spirit of pure art and give the dancer health, muscular fitness and emotional expression, or the combination of head and heart which is essential to success.

The signs of the zodiac, through which the planetary rays reach the earth, must also be considered. Each sign rules a certain

portion of the human body and as Pisces, Aquarius and Capricorn are associated with the feet, ankles and knees, they are especially concerned with the dance.

These are the dancer's signs and they will be found to occupy a prominent position in the horoscopes of most of the famous dancers. Pavlova, for instance, is an Aquarian, Albertina Rasch and Ruth St. Denis were born when the Sun was

joyous and eager to taste the sweets of life, ready to rush into even perilous enterprises. They have a quick sense of humor and can be most amusing and entertaining. Leo is a little more dignified, but just as enthusiastic, very determined and a wonderful host.

Immediately upon meeting Michel Fokine, one is impressed with his quiet determination and poise, his courtesy and the ready welcome with which he receives his guests. All this is quite characteristic of Leo, the Apollo of the stars. It is a sign also that gives a talent for organization and an extraordinary aptitude for allotting the right task to the right person.

The three outstanding features of this horoscope are the position of Uranus, the planet of genius, which is near the horizon; the position of Mercury, ruler of the mind, who is carefully protected by Jupiter and Venus; and the fact that the fixed star Regulus was exactly on the horizon at the hour of his birth.

The Uranian planetary spirits watch over the spiritual development of man, and the men and women who are destined to lead the race to higher things come into the world when the planet Uranus occupies a prominent position in the heavens, and in the birthchart, which is the map of destiny. Such people are intensely individual. They refuse to be limited by tradition, by worn-out theories or by methods and habits that belong to the past. Their concern is with the future and they go their own way, just as Uranus turns on his axis in a direction opposite to that of all the other planets, save Neptune.

Such a man is Monsieur Fokine. He is a pioneer and an originator, but above all an artist. He is more deeply concerned with the spirit of art than with its medium of expression. He is a man of many-sided talent—master of the ballet, a painter of considerable distinction, and an instinctive musician, ever striving to shape his material into a more perfect expression of beauty.

As a mere boy he was conscious of this urge for artistic perfection, though he possessed so many talents that it was not a simple matter for him to decide upon his life work. The Aries part of him was ready for any adventure and was willing to try anything; but deep down in his heart he knew that art, to him, was something sacred. Upon leaving school he was hor-

ribly disappointed to find the ballet, which his soul adored, spoken of as amusement rather than serious art. Indeed, this disappointment was so keen that he gave up all thought of dancing for some time and devoted himself to painting. He also played stringed instruments with great facility and, in this connection, he tells an amusing story about himself. He played the Russian mandolin—which was perfected by Andreyev—so well that he was allowed the unheard-of privilege, because his time was so fully occupied, of playing in the latter's orchestra without attending rehearsals. All went well until one fateful day when he continued to play too long and spoilt the whole performance! Needless to say, that

associated, just as in life we find success or failure often determined by the mental attitude. In this horoscope, Mercury is guarded on one side by the goddess of beauty and, on the other, by the lord of wisdom—an arrangement found in comparatively few cases. This indicates a very fine mind, free from prejudice and in tune with universal harmony, or the vibration of Beauty.

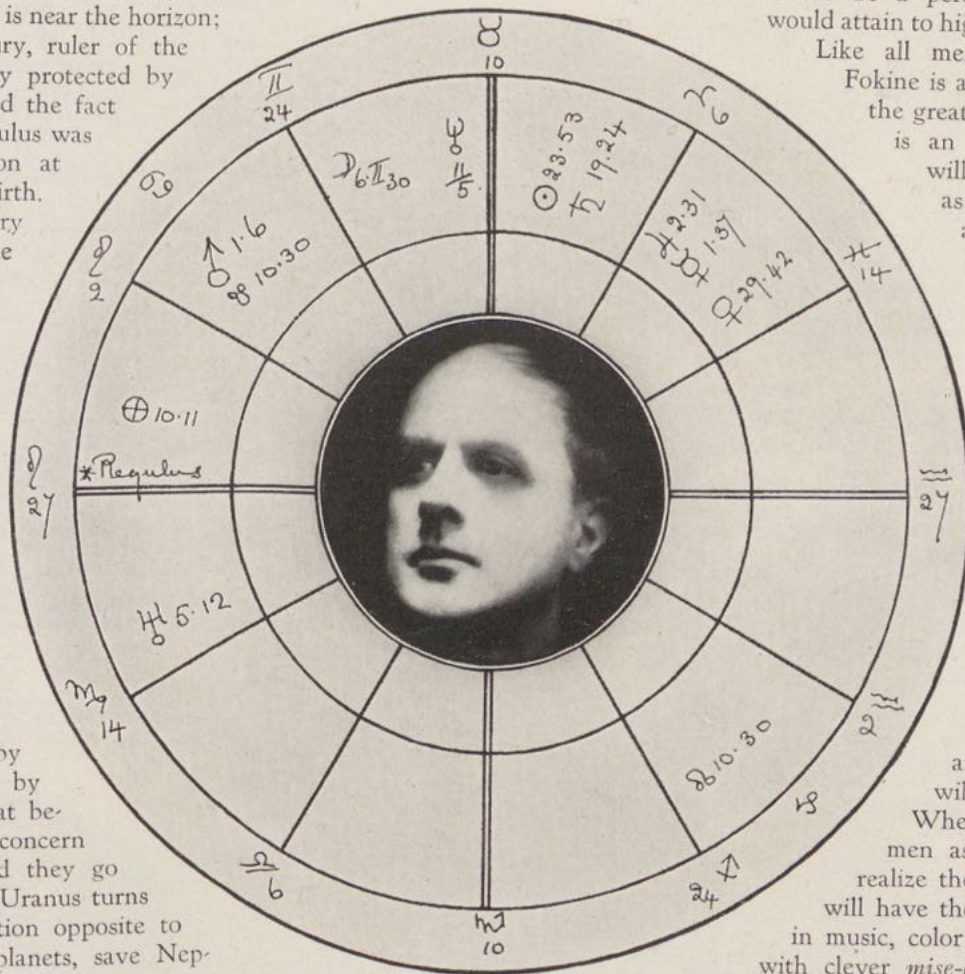
Regulus watches over the destiny of Michel Fokine. This great star of first magnitude was known to the Persians as the Royal Watcher of the North. Ancient astrologers considered it of the greatest importance. They believed that an individual born when it was on the horizon would be a person of prominence and would attain to high preferment and honor.

Like all men of genius, Monsieur Fokine is a dreamer of dreams, and the greatest of his dream pictures is an American ballet which will take its rightful place as an expression of serious art, which will challenge the work of the Moscow Art Theatre and surpass anything that has been done in Paris, where Fokine's work is especially well known. Up to the present Fokine and Fokina have worked alone since they came to America. In Russia, every encouragement and financial assistance is given the artist who attempts to create a masterpiece, and perhaps some day this will be true of America also.

When that day dawns, such men as Monsieur Fokine will realize their dreams and America will have the perfect ballet—perfect in music, color and plastic pantomime, with clever *mise-en-scène* and artists devoted to the expression of pure beauty. In such a picture there is no place for propaganda of any kind. Beauty in itself is, and should be, sufficient. Monsieur Fokine looks upon the theatre as a place of relaxation where that craving for beauty, which exists to some degree in each individual, may find expression and satisfaction.

IN Harriet Hocter's horoscope I find the same serious point of view towards Art and the same faithfulness to ideals as in that of Monsieur Fokine. Miss Hocter was born under the rule of Libra and Capricorn and is chiefly influenced by the planets Jupiter, Saturn and Uranus. She is decidedly original and possesses a quick eye for color and a pronounced sense of rhythm. Profoundly conscious of the

(Continued on page 47)



It will be noticed that in the horoscope most of the planets are placed high in the map, showing that M. Fokine's influence would be felt over a wide sphere

Starting at the horizon, where the fixed star Regulus appears, the symbols in the inner circle indicate: the part of fortune; Mars, with the Dragon's Tail beneath it; Moon; Neptune; placed directly in midheaven; Sun; Saturn; Jupiter; Mercury; Venus; the Dragon's Head, or North Node of the Moon; and the planet Uranus

the knowledge of orchestral music thereby gained is of tremendous value to him in his present work.

I have mentioned the position of Mercury as being of unusual interest in Michel Fokine's horoscope. This planet is a messenger and has no decided character of its own; it is almost entirely under the influence of the planets with which it is

# DANCE FLASHES from FLICKERLAND

*A Group of Movie Beauties Who Know What the Public Wants*



Gene Robert Richee

*Nancy Carroll was on the stage not long ago, but is now one of Paramount's best bets*

*(At right) Clara Bow, the "It" girl, struts plenty of dancing in her pictures for Paramount*



Gene Robert Richee

*(At left) The first time movie patrons took notice of Olive Borden, the Fox star, was when she danced in Yellow Fingers. Nobody has stopped taking notice*



Max Mun Autrey



Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

*Sally O'Neil did a Black Bottom in Frisco Sally Levy, but her dancing accomplishments don't stop there*

# DANCERS in the AIR

California Has Acclaimed Its Own Earlyne Wallace and John Sanna, Sensational Youngsters, Whose Adagio Work Seems Freed of Earthly Bonds

By FAITH SERVICE

Earlyne Wallace, feminine half of the young team, and daughter of Earle Wallace



Philip Newberg

VERY likely when you see a pair of youngsters dancing in a movie presentation or in vaudeville or in musical comedy you wonder where they came from, how they happen to be together, whether they are brother and sister, husband and wife, just what their story is, personal and professional.

Lest you languish in curiosity when you see Sanna and Wallace doing their aerial acrobatics, adagios and other feats of strength and grace, I'll give you, gratis, a handful of information. For you are going to see Wallace and Sanna if you see much of anything at all. You may as well make up your minds to it.

Right now they are beginning a forty weeks' tour on the Fanchon and Marco circuit—Fanchon and Marco being, for the benefit of the woefully unenlightened—producers of presentations for the West Coast and Publix Theatres. About the best there are.

Well, then, ladies and gentlemen, Earlyne Wallace and John Sanna are neither brother and sister nor man and wife nor anything approaching either status.

Earlyne is about as young as a girl dare be and live. She is petite, blond with long cluster curls, blue-eyed, painfully shy and appealingly wistful. She doesn't say much. When she had anything to say to me she whispered it to Mr. Wallace who, in turn, transmitted it. She's been in the movies—played the part of "Peaches" in *Michael O'Halloran*—so you may imagine that she is easy to look at facially as well as muscularly.

Earlyne, whose real name is Ethelynde something-or-other, started to study at the Earle Wallace School of Dancing here in Los Angeles when she was about eight years old. Maybe younger. I forget. Anyway, Mr. Wallace thinks eight is young enough. Children are apt to become showy-off if they begin too early. That is a trouble he has never had with

Earlyne, as he didn't need to tell me. Earlyne's sister, now known as Willma Joy, also studied with Mr. Wallace. Their mother had been a dancer and it began to run in the family.

Mr. Wallace, who doesn't, by the way, look like a dancer at all—or what is popularly supposed to be the appearance of a male dancer—took an interest in Earlyne from the very beginning. He believed in her. He worked with her and, he says, she worked with him. Patiently. Steadily. Courageously. A year ago Mr. and Mrs. Wallace, who have no children of their own, adopted Earlyne and gave her their name to take forth into the world. Greater faith there is none.

Earlyne, says Mr. Wallace, is one of the greatest aerial workers he has ever trained or seen. She can leap from unparalleled heights and stay in the air for record-beating periods of time. She looks aerial. So much for the sky-rocketing Earlyne.



Philip Newberg

Wallace and Sanna in a pose from one of their adagio numbers. Note the extraordinary suppleness of the girl's body

John Sanna came here from Italy when he was a youngster. He came with his father who thought the war might endure forever and didn't wish his boy to be cannon fodder.

The Sannas, father and son, went to Elizabeth, New Jersey. A few years later the father died and the young John was left alone in a strange country. He migrated a few miles into New York and went to work in a factory. Pants, I believe. Now and then, between pants, he went to a gymnasium. Every month or so the gym gave a dance under the supervision of a woman, herself a dancer. She became interested in John and told him his feet were his fortune. John didn't like the idea. He liked dancing but he didn't care for the idea. He said "I thought the dance—that was a woman's work—I didn't like it—a man, dancing—"

But the discerning woman persisted and John took a few desultory lessons. He liked it but he still eyed it askance. "What they say back in sunny It"—John Sanna, a dancer—ho, ho!" Nothing sissy about John Sanna. He is a sun-toughened, muscular, belligerent looking little fellow—seeming to belong far more to the manly art of boxing than to the soft lights of the theatre.

Later on he came to California to see what the movies were all about. He hung around studios but it didn't work. It hasn't for so many. Eventually he got a job dancing in some café in town. They asked him if he could dance and when he said that he could they told him to go ahead and be a Russian. He had never been a Russian and he had never heard the music he was to dance to. But what of that? He became a Russian and he improvised a number then and there to the strains of strange music. The next week they told him to be a monkey and he obediently became a dancing ape. He went over big. It seemed as though the dance had both called and chosen him, whether or no. He

(Continued on page 59)

# The "OH, BABY" LEG DRILL

A New Routine for a Troupe as Done by the Sixteen American Rockets

Arranged by RUSSELL E. MARKERT

**B**ARS 1-8: As in Illustration I, lift the right leg up in arabesque position, the girl in back holding the leg of the girl in front with her right hand on her shoulder, all heads turned right. Enter from left-stage, traveling backward toward right-stage, hopping on each beat. Continue this thirty-one times, bringing foot down and facing front on thirty-second beat.

**Bars 9-16:** As in Illustration II, cross left foot over the right foot, left knee bent, right knee straight, arms around each other's waists, faces turned left, left heel raised from the floor—count 1. On 2 drop

left heel strongly (heel beat). On 3 step back on right foot, right heel raised, right knee bent, left knee straight. On 4 drop right heel strongly. On 5 step left on left foot, left heel raised, left knee bent, right knee straight. On 6 drop left heel strongly. On 7 step forward with right foot, right heel raised, right knee bent, left knee straight in back. On 8 drop right heel strongly. Continue this thirty-one times. Feet together and in place on thirty-second beat.

**Bars 17-20:** As in Illustration III, lift the right knee forward and with eyes following foot, hopping on left foot, kick right foot to left—count 1. On 2 bring foot in and

kick to right, hopping on left foot again. Continue this fifteen times. Feet together and in place on sixteenth beat.

**Bars 21-28:** Facing front, hop on left foot bringing right knee waist high—count 1. On 2 hop on right foot bringing left knee waist high. On 3 hop on left foot again bringing right knee waist high and turning head to right, as in Illustration III; hold this position on count 4. Repeat this for next four counts beginning with the hop on right foot lifting left knee finishing facing left. Then, on counts 1 and 2, hopping on left foot, kick right leg forward waist high, facing front. On 3 and 4, hopping on right foot, kick left leg forward, as in Illus-



ILLUSTRATION I



ILLUSTRATION II

Music: *Oh, Baby*, from *Rain or Shine* (Ager, Yellen and Bornstein)  
Use two choruses



ILLUSTRATION III

Photographs by  
Richard Burke

Posed by four of the Rockets  
now appearing in  
*Rain or Shine*

tration IV. On 5 lift right knee waist high, hopping on left foot. On 6 lift left knee waist high, hopping on right foot. On 7 lift right knee waist high, hopping on left foot and facing right. On 8 hold position. Repeat all this.

**Bars 29-32:** As in Illustration V, swing right leg out to side and cross in back of left foot—count 1. On 2 step to side on left foot. On 3 step forward on right foot. On 4 kick left leg to left, waist high. On 5, without dropping knee, bring left foot in. On 6 kick left foot out again. On 7 bring left foot in. On 8 kick left foot out again. Repeat all this to the other side, beginning with a swing out of the left leg.

**Bars 1-8:** (Retard music) On count 1, beginning with right end of the line the first girl brings her left leg up, as in Illustration VI. On each subsequent count the next girl to the left does the same until the sixteenth girl is in this position. Then, on count 1, beginning again with right end of the line, the first girl brings her foot down into place. On each subsequent count the next girl to the left does the same until all are in position.

**Bars 9-16:** On counts 1 and 2, hopping on left foot, kick right leg overhead in front. Continue this on alternate feet fifteen times. On last 2 counts bring feet down in place.

**Bars 17-24:** As in Illustration IV, on counts 1 and 2, hopping on right foot, kick left leg to the right. On 3 and 4 kick left leg forward, hopping on right foot. On 5 and 6 kick left leg to the left, hopping on right foot. On 7 and 8 kick right leg to the



ILLUSTRATION IV (AT RIGHT)



ILLUSTRATION V (BELOW)

left, hopping on left foot. On 9 and 10 bring right foot in without dropping knee. On 11, 12, 13 and 14 hold this position. On 15 and 16 bring leg down in place. Repeat all this to the opposite side, beginning with the kick with the right leg toward the left.

**Bars 25-32:** As in Illustration VII, on counts 1 and 2 odd girls step to the right with right foot, bending forward from the waist up; even girls step right, bodies erect. On 3 and 4 even girls step to the right with right foot, bending forward from the waist up as the odd girls step right, bodies erect. Continue this sixteen times until off stage.



ILLUSTRATION VI



ILLUSTRATION VII

# AT LAST—The NATIVE AMERICAN DANCE

*The Reel, the Minuet and the Barn Dance Were Borrowed from Europe—It Is Only Now that We Have Produced a Form of Rhythmic Expression Entirely Our Own*

By PHILIP EMERSON WOOD



Sketches by Leopold de Sola

DANCING has been so increasingly prevalent in America that for a long time we have taken it for granted that there is such a thing as 100% American dancing. Let us begin by affirming this belief; but let us also define it properly, determining just where we stand as far as the intrinsically American dance is concerned. For, due to the fact that to the too casual observer dancing seems ever to be the expression of the individual rather than a gradual evolution of expressiveness, a slow heritage, we have lost sight of some salient points identified with dancing in America, consideration of which will bring us some surprises.

Take, for instance, some of the dances of the crinoline days; the dances that, in spite of a frowning Puritanism, our grandfathers and grandmothers enjoyed. We have a picture of George and Martha Washington tripping the light, fantastic minuet, and we would dearly love to label that stately step the father of all dances in this country. But our national zeal is cooled when we have to admit that the minuet was already old when the United States was new; that it was brought to us from England, and that, because of this, it mirrored much more the placid dignity of an old and established regime than the courage and defiance of a young and assertive nationality. So, wistfully, we cross the minuet off the list.

Others swiftly follow. Indeed, an entire evening of old and forgotten pleasure, grateful as we may be for its contribution toward keeping alive a necessary expression, may be dismissed as having expressed no more Americanism than the frank joy it entailed. Beginning with The Grand March, which, while it may not have been a dance at all, properly speaking, was nevertheless a gesture toward the dances that were to follow,—and what a gesture!—beginning with The Grand March that

reflected the very court-spirit our democracy sought to be free from, and passing right down through the various quadrilles and cotillions, there was scarce a moment of essentially American dancing,—just as, on the other hand, there was scarce a moment from which the inevitable influence of American adaptation was absent. (But more of that anon).

Even the Virginia Reel, as our adoptive forefathers re-named the Sir Roger de Coverly, tiptoes, when apprehended by the dispassionate glance of research, into the seclusion of a period ante-dating the establishment of Virginia by some several generations. And the barn dance,—the one arrangement seemingly most adapted to our agricultural background,—even this, when scrutinized sincerely, retires down flowery lanes to the thatch-roof barns of old England. Truly, the search for a thoroughly American dance commences to grow discouraging.

But it is only because we have been a trifle careless in our estimation of the dance. For, if only we think of it truly, all dances recede into the wings of the ages; all dances reach into the past. The English dances themselves have their roots in the beginnings of England: as the people have evolved, shaped by this change and that, so have the dances come alterably down

from dim sources of the past. Dancing being as old as life itself, we must return to the remote beginnings for the true identifications of any dance. We must trace the English dance through the days of Charlemagne, back to the time of racial hordes; and the French dance, seemingly so superficial an excretion on the face of the



present time, must lead us through many revolutions. The Russian dance, likewise, if properly traced, would take us down the winding road of old oppressions and defeats. What, then, of the true American dance?

ADMITTING such a thing; for, despite the resemblance in certain of our present-day popular dance motives to South American and Russian and Egyptian and Grecian and everything but American themes, there is such a thing indeed. Where would it lead us, were we to follow our native expression? Let us follow and see.

Before doing so, however, let us complete our survey of dancing America to get a fresh perspective. Already, we have disposed of the eastern seaboard, attributing their Puritan-defying indulgences to remembered forms brought over by the colonizers from England. How about California where, even so early, adventurous Americans were disputing with the Indians and the Spaniards for supremacy? Well, to this day, there survive influences upon

(Continued on page 48)





# CLOWNING THROUGH

*Al Shaw and Sam Lee Have Won Their Spurs in Musical Comedy—  
But Only after Long Years in the Hard School of Vaudeville*

By HERBERT M. MILLER

**S**HAW and Lee have crossed the great divide. In other words, this famous pair of funsters has jumped across the line which separates vaudeville from musical comedy. These eccentric comedians and dancers are now receiving the plaudits of those thousands who are laughing at their work in *The Five O'Clock Girl* and if applause is any indication Shaw and Lee will remain in the field of musical comedy for the rest of their stage careers.

There may be some folk in deserted corners of the land who have never seen or, perhaps, have never even heard of Shaw and Lee, just as there may be some people who have never heard of *Abie's Irish Rose*. To these souls, then, and to the followers of this talented duet, this article is dedicated.

I dropped into their dressing room after a matinee of *The Five O'Clock Girl* in which they appear, true to their vaudeville characterizations, as Roy and Oswald, two love-inspired youths.

They were busily engaged in washing off the grease paint and make-up. Al Shaw, the smaller of the two, took up the burden of conversation while his partner was preparing his toilette.

"So you're the tailor's boy," he said. "Well, just wait a moment and we'll have some suits ready for you to press." He picked up some pants and handed them to me.

"I guess you're mistaken," I declared, refusing the clothes. "Please don't let my unpressed pants deceive you. I've been requested to secure an interview with you, and I'm not really a tailor's boy. However, if you do want me to take the pants, be sure they're my size."

Mr. Shaw quickly rectified the error. "My mistake," he ejaculated, "but you did look like him."

"Thank you," I said, "he must be a



White

Al Shaw and Sam Lee, from left to right, with Pert Kelton, as they appear in *The Five O'Clock Girl*

charming fellow." I smiled roguishly.

He did not comment, but launched quickly into his story when I asked him concerning his stage partnership with Mr. Lee.

"It's ten years this month that we have been traveling together. Yes, it was ten years ago that I landed in New York City from Manchester, England, where I had been employed as an usher and everything else. When we docked at the pier, I had exactly twenty cents in my pocket. Knowing, however, that the day would come when my life story would be revealed to the world, I determined to make my way 'broke' in pocket but not in spirit. So I threw all my money away, saving two cents for a newspaper. In that paper, there

was an ad calling for applicants for a Gus Edwards revue. I answered it, and there I met Sam Lee. We were formally introduced."

He paused after this oratorical display, and the afore-mentioned Sam interrupted his abstractions to assist in the historical material.

"I had cast my lot with Horace Greeley, Colonel Watterson and the other chiefs of journalism."

"You were in the newspaper business?"

"**W**ELL, just in a small way. To be exact, I sold papers at the Manhattan entrance to the Brooklyn Bridge, with startling success whenever the other vendors took sick. They were a healthy lot, however, so I decided to change my vocation. I threw all my papers away, saving but one. In this was an ad from Gus Edwards, asking for members for a revue. I answered it, and there I met Al Shaw."

"That was the beginning," continued his partner. "Mr. Edwards called us the 'Messenger Boys' and during the six months following, we managed to make a lot of people laugh. At the expiration of the revue, we decided to stick to vaudeville, calling ourselves 'The Messenger Boys.' That was our act in vaudeville for several years, but it finally evolved into the sort of work we do in this show."

"How long were you in vaudeville?" I asked.

"Well, we were in but one production in ten years. That was Ed Wynn's *Grab Bag*. After that, we returned to vaudeville."

"All interviews," I continued, "must have a message. Won't you give me one to take back?"

Mr. Shaw rose to the occasion.

"I've a swell message, and it's sincere. We call it our theory of dancing, but I suppose you'd say it's more of a philosophy. Inasmuch as comedians are not supposed to become serious, let's put it down as a theory."

"Dancing is easy," he asserted. "The  
(Continued on page 58)

## STAGE DOOR

*The Spring Season of Shows—Some Correspondence**Welcome*

**A** FEW weeks ago, as this magazine pirouetted to press, a lad joined the staff for the purpose of taking over the *Dancers of Variety* dept. Yclept Michael Evans, he will paragraph, column and otherwise disport himself in print for you from now on in the vaudeville bureau. He's really a nice feller, with curly brown

hair, clean shaven, except when his razor goes dull, and always ready to make whoopee with the best of them. Don't be kidded by his stuff; it's really good. He knows his two-a-day like a Scotchman knows the inside of his pocket. A couple of weeks ago, when issuing from the Palace Theatre after a particularly bad bill, someone asked him: "How'd you like the show?" Quick as always, Mike replied: "What show?" He was immediately chal-

lenged to a duel, which was all very well, but nobody could catch up with him. Now turn to page so-and-so when you're through here.

*The Spring Season*

**C**ASTING a cursory eye over the show offerings that loom for the next couple of months, said eye encounters little. It bids fair (or ill) to be one of the slimmest spring jaunts of recent years. The *Greenwich Village Follies* is practically the first of the shows of the new group, followed by *Here's Howe!*, Aarons and Freedley's new opus, with score furnished by Roger Wolfe Kahn. Here and there one overhears vague plans of people readying musical comedies, but for one reason or another nothing happens. When last heard from, Earl Carroll was boasting that he would pay Lord-knows-how-much money to have the most beautiful girls in his new *Vanities*, even if he had to pay more than he had bargained for. As leads to these ever so marvelous girls, no one knows who else will be in the piece. Wild reports have floated around as to this comedian, that dance team, or such-and-such a band having been contracted. But no. However, I s'pose there will be a *Vanities* this year. The girls will be there.

The eminent Mr. Ziegfeld, after having a breakdown caused by the insignificant grosses of his shows, (amounting to something like \$140,000 a week) returned to New York from a rest cure at Palm Beach or Miami to ready his plans for a London *Show Boat* and *Rio Rita*. After that, according to a rumor, he will hire some composers, some humorists and a comedian or so and put on another *Follies*. A while back he stated violently that he would do no more *Follies*. We shall see.

And oyes, oyes, I almost forgot his bosom friend, Mr. George White, whose new

Alban

Here is Pauline Vincent, an American girl who has lately been introducing real Indian dances in Alexandria, Egypt. She has returned to Paris for further appearances



Scandals will follow *Manhattan Mary* into the Apollo Theatre. The last *Scandals* only recently returned from the road, where it has been sojourning for ever so long. Harry Richman had a beautiful café tan, and George White had a lot of shekels. Incidentally, De Sylva, Brown and Ray Henderson, who wrote *Black Bottom, et al.*, from the last show, are scoring the new one. So there'll be a good tune or so for the folks to listen to.

The main trouble in this town seems to be theatres. There are too many altogether, and what with the owners being too anxious to fill 'em, and with backing hard to get, the independent producers are fearsome. Which accounts for the heralded dearth of small musical shows. The big ones are still doing a roaring trade, led by *Show Boat, Good News, Rosalie, The Three Musketeers, The Five O'Clock Girl* and *Rain or Shine*. All wowing 'em these many weeks. *Rio Rita* just left as I Remington these words for your gaze after playing well over a year. Washington got it first. I'm told it will fold for the summer some time in June, and open again in Chicago next September.

A Rasch Girl

DOWN at the bottom of this page you'll see a very pretty little photo of a gal named Mollie Peck. She is one of Albertina Rasch's attachés, and danced with her girls in *Rio Rita* as première danseuse of the ballet until shortly before that opera went out of town. Her immediate plans include a short rest before the Madame puts her at the head of a new ballet this summer going in one of the summer shows. This Mollie can dance exquisitely, and night after night, dancing in the renowned Moonlight Ballet in *Rio Rita*, she got swell hands. It seems she began dancing in Vancouver, British Columbia, and taught for a year there. Subsequently she went down to Hollywood to study with Theodore Kosloff. She says that he persuaded her to go on the stage in a serious way, which she did. Her first professional efforts included appearances in some moom pitchers, among them: *Hollywood, Bluebeard's Eighth Wife*, and *The Ten Commandments*. Out on the coast she then joined Bothwell Brown's act on the twice-a-day, and thus arrived in New York. She went to Albertina Rasch's studio every day, and there's where F. Ziegfeld saw her. He at once had her affix the John Hancock to a contract for *Rio Rita*. Her place in that

Johnny's Tabloid Intervue—Margaret Lee

YOU wouldn't believe that such a small girl had such large possibilities. But they're more than that: they're extreme probabilities. Besides all that, she has brown bobbed hair and inquiring brown eyes, with a little quirk to her smile that makes you think she knows a lot of good gags but won't tell them. Her present purpose in life is understudying Mary Lawlor in the ingenue part in *Good News*, New York City, and through a combination of circumstances, she has had to jump in frequently. She warbles with verve, and has personality all over the place.

"Some time after I was born," she said as we stood backstage in the theatre, "I got my first job in *Tell Me More*. I had studied singing, so they gave me a job dancing."

"What place boasts of having given you to the world? Let's give it credit; cash on demand."

"Beverly, Mass., of which Boston is a suburb. It was in Boston I first got a break when *Tell Me More* opened. I went on for the ingenue. . . . They had no one else. And I just managed."

"But now you're a wow," I suggested.

"Not now," she said hesitantly, "but I will be."

And my own advice is: ask her will she be a wow. She will. She is.

opus was taken by Helen Brown very recently for various inside reasons in no way reflecting on Miss Peck. She'll open soon again on Broadway in the new ballet mentioned before.

Hear, Hear!

IN the March issue of the mag. we ran a story by Francis X. Gopelle (another nice feller) entitled *The Chorus Broadway Can't Forget*, which talked in glowing terms of four

girls who were in the chorus of *Little Jesse James*, the musical of four or so years back. The four girls were Claire Luce, Lucilla Mendez, Dorothy Martin and Frances Upton. The point of the story was to show how they riz from the ranks by dint of hard work. The story got a nice hand from the readers, and one of the letters I got about it ran as follows:

I read THE DANCE MAGAZINE with much pleasure each month. Enjoyed the March number exceedingly, especially the article by Francis X. Gopelle regarding the four chorus girls from *Little Jesse James* who became famous. I have always wondered why some aspiring chorus girls were not interviewed before they became famous. It might help them on the road a bit. As you are well aware there are in every chorus some few who have great ambitions; and

the name Gene Fontaine from *Take the* (Continued on page 62)



Jaeger

Glen Elyn is another American girl whom Europe likes. She had great success in Stockholm, where they are naming a new theatre after her, no less

At left is Mollie Peck, late of *Rio Rita*, who will appear in a new ballet under the wing of Albertina Rasch

Florence Vandamm

The  
FLAPPER  
and

the  
QUARTERBACK



*Ruth Page and  
Jorg Fastings in a  
Series of Poses  
from Their Dance  
Performed in Re-  
cital This Season*



*Photographs by  
Eugene Hitchinson*

# GODCHILD of the BALLET

*Agnes de Mille Has Not Been Limited By Traditions of the Past—She Uses the Best to Be Found Everywhere*

By PAUL R. MILTON

SEEMING Agnes de Mille dance easily, confidently, one never suspects that she is not a trouper of years' standing. Despite her youth, she possesses an assurance on stage that could hardly be obtained any way other than by years in the theatre. But such is not the case.

Twice this season just past she appeared as guest artiste with Jacques Cartier. Critics hailed her as a find, and those who filled the theatre wondered where she had been hiding. As a matter of fact she hadn't been hiding anywhere. We'll come to that.

She is the oldest daughter of William de Mille, brother of the motion picture director, and a director himself. She is, by similar token, granddaughter of Henry George, the famed economist. But these salient facts in no wise assisted her in getting public notice. In fact, precisely the contrary. We'll also come to that.

She is quite small, with a well-formed figure. She wears her tawny-colored hair back loosely over her ears, giving an effect of quaintness, somewhat as if she had strayed into this era from the days of bustles and waving fans. She has a sense of humor, and a sense of comedy, which is even more valuable. Let her talk.

"If you want to know why I do dances based on Degas paintings, here's the reason: as a child, I one day saw that famous little china figure in the Metropolitan Museum in New York. The peculiar awkwardness of that little figure attracted me. The idea of some day doing dances like that stayed with me for years. It wasn't until I got into college, the University of California, and took a course on the appreciation of art, or something like that, that I came to have some idea as to the worth of Degas' paintings."

In both the concerts in which Agnes de Mille has appeared this season, she did dances of that kind. Her scene was backstage at the Paris opera. In the lines of her frightened little figure she suggested all the agonies of mind and body undergone by a little ballet girl just before her debut. In a really masterly way she caught the terror of failure experienced by just such a little dancer, trained to have reverential regard for the painfully mechanical technique of the French ballet. And since I spoke of her sense of comedy a while back, it is pertinent to mention that she drew gales of laughter on the comic side of her pathetic little dancer. It was the observation of critics, as well as other

trained observers, that Miss de Mille has the dramatic feeling, the ability to miss not one opportunity for emotion of any kind. This stamps the true showman. But to get back to her story.

"While I was in High School I studied in Theodore Kosloff's school, and later, with Volinine in Paris. But a curious thing took place while I was first in college. My father had long been at me to give up dancing, having in mind a career of writing for the stage. I had written, desultorily, but had really wanted to dance. At times, even, I would cry myself to sleep when Mother wouldn't let me practice an extra fifteen minutes. But suddenly, one day, I decided that I would give up dancing. I said, and determined to myself, that inasmuch as a college course and a career in dancing didn't go together, the dancing would have to wait. So it did for more than three years until I had finished college.

"But one day I acted in a sort of advisory capacity to a charity show being given to relieve the sufferers from the Berkeley fire. I watched the dancers, and decided that I could do as well. Not that that was so much." She smiled her quick smile that carries with it a quaint charm.



The quaint charm of Agnes de Mille's dances has won her many admirers, proving the power of personality correctly used



William Mortensen

A close-up of Agnes de Mille in make-up

"So gradually I worked back into dancing, and took it up again with vigor. My technique had all gone and I had to start right from the bottom again. In short, I discovered that, despite my not having missed dancing, it was to be my career. That was all there was to it.

"Later I came East. I wanted to get in a production, but particularly I wanted to go with the Denishawn troupe. I would have washed floors, anything, just to be in the atmosphere. What little I had done on the stage was limited to dance pageants I had done as a child, and then some other small shows after I finished in the University.

"But nothing offered itself. I tried and tried to get a job, but couldn't."

"But you must have been working out your own ideas, weren't you?" I asked.

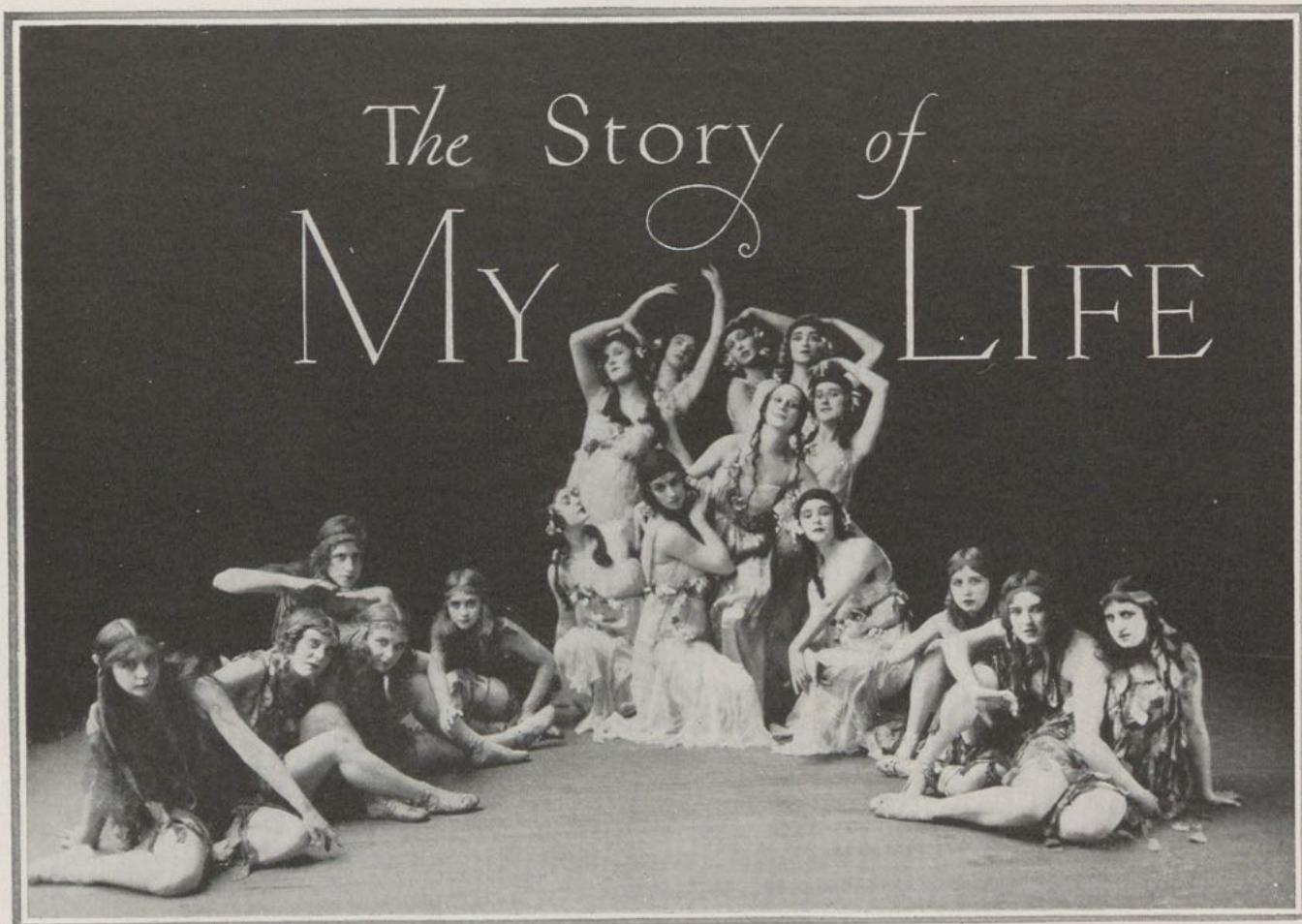
"Oh, certainly," she smiled again, "but nobody thought I was quite good enough until I got into a little operetta. But that closed too soon. My other really professional appearances included a group of my own dances out in New Mexico, near an artists' colony. I had three concerts, the last all on my own hook. If I had lost out, I would have been stranded. But lo, I actually made some money. I was terribly proud!"

I began myself to be amazed that she had had so comparatively little actual experience. Of course, I took for granted the years of study, and the hours of working out each individual dance.

"Jacques Cartier saw me dance privately just this last year, and at once invited me to be his guest artiste. I did. He was marvelous to me, and never showed the slightest desire to withhold his cooperation. Few dancers would be so very fair, particularly as I was unknown."

I had better finish that tale, because she wouldn't. Dancing several solos, and some numbers with Cartier, she was an instantaneous hit. Her two Degas numbers (the routine of one of which was recently published in the magazine) stood out, while every dance she did was characterized by

(Continued on page 48)



By MADAME ANNA PAVLOWA

### III. I Go to England

IT was at the close of one of my most successful seasons in Paris, when I was already beginning to make my name in the artistic capitals of the continent, that I was first invited to dance in London. A reception was being given by Lady Londesborough at her beautiful house in Regents Park, since transformed into the St. Dunstan's Institute for Blind Soldiers, in honor of King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra. Of course I accepted, full of excitement at this, my first chance in England. I decided to perform my Russian dance, and for the special occasion had a most elaborate and exceedingly heavy Russian coat costume made for me. After my performance, when I was invited to meet Their Majesties, Queen Alexandra graciously congratulated me, and expressed a wish to see me dance the "Paraguay," a South American importation which was at that time quite as much the vogue as the Tango became in later years. I was flattered by the Queen's request but replied that I had no costume in which to execute this exceedingly active dance.

"Dance it as you are," was the command.

I did so, and anxious to make a good impression I exerted myself to the utmost, despite the difficult handicap of my heavy Russian costume. I shall never forget that warm experience! At the end, I was almost fainting with fatigue, for it was a midsummer day. But in the knowledge that I had

danced my best, I was more than content.

One of the people who saw me at this function was Sir Alfred Butt, and shortly after he came to me with an offer of a London engagement. Anxious to gain fresh laurels, I accepted. Then came that thrilling night when I was billed to appear at the Palace Theatre as the star of a small com-

pany of dancers, which included Michael Mordkin. When at last the curtain rose, I was almost too excited to execute my part. I had heard so much about the English being a cold, phlegmatic race, with little appreciation for art, whom nothing could move to any show of enthusiasm. Accustomed as I was to a warm greeting when I appeared, and staccato bursts of applause, when I reached the conclusion of my turn without any clapping I realised the worst. I had failed. Then, after a second or two of silence, the whole theatre vibrated with a tempestuous welcome. An encore was demanded, and then I was called before the curtain. My emotion and relief were so great that I could hardly thank them.

It was not long after this that I made my first appearance at the Royal Opera House. To all true devotees of art, the first visit to this beautiful place is almost like going to a sanctuary. It is crowded with memories of the great ones in drama, dancing, music. It is one of the final testing places of the world. Yet one of the most perfect compliments ever paid to me at Covent Garden came, not from a king or a princess, but from a tiny school-girl who had been taken by her parents to one of my performances. No one knew that she thought much of it at the time, but after she returned to school, her class was told to write a fairy story. Her effort began, "There was once a feather called Pavlowa—" This charming *mot* was eventually



P. and A.

Anna Pavlova in one of her Grecian dances

sent to me; I shall always treasure it.

One incident I must mention before I leave my record of adventure at the Palace Theatre. One evening the King of Spain paid a surprise visit, of which we artists knew nothing until we were about to go on the stage. Then, in order that there should be no delays and to preserve the continuity of the performance, we had a terribly anxious time arranging the acts. Artistes had to dress anywhere—in the wings, on the stairs, nearly on the stage itself, and the whole company had to deputize for each other, till we hardly knew which was which. The surprising thing is that this was one of the best performances which we ever gave there. It had an air of real spontaneity.

Another amusing incident, this time one which happened at Covent Garden itself, was on the occasion of a most important rehearsal from which I was found to be missing after all the rest of the company had assembled. A frantic search throughout the whole of the building was of no avail. To my worried manager came a report at last that I had been seen issuing from the stage door without hat or coat.

Followed rumors of anarchists, kidnapping, nihilist plots and loss of memory. But I was found, eventually, listening fascinated at a strike meeting of Covent Garden porters, and was very disappointed when they dragged me away to the rehearsal.

The Opera House has been for me the home of many memories, several of them amusing. Once, through a printer's error, the name of my late Conductor, M. Theodore Stier, appeared on the announcement bill in the place of that of my dancing partner, M. Novikoff. M. Stier's pride at the amusing mistake was so great that it might easily have led to serious consequences between men of such inflammable artistic temperaments had not the relations existing in my company been so remarkably cordial. As one dances through life, one makes and loses many friends; but I have valued few more highly than my late conductor.

Not all my adventures, in England, have taken place in London. With my restless disposition, I cannot stay long in one place, and love touring. It was when I was dancing at Nottingham some years ago that I received the most beautiful box of chocolates which has ever been sent to me. On the lid was a magnificent painting of myself, executed in oils by a master hand. With this tribute came an exquisite bouquet of Roses de France. I could not think who had sent them, for they must have cost hundreds

of pounds. That night I glanced critically round the theatre to see if I could identify the anonymous donor. The only person who seemed to me to fit the part was a young exquisite in the stage-box. He had been there every night that I had appeared. He was always alone in the big box, and I had previously wondered who he was. Since the gift was such a beautiful one, I sent the chocolates and the Roses round the theatre for my audience to admire. But suddenly a man entered, and making his way rapidly towards them, seized them. The manager hurried to the spot only to be informed that they were taken because they had been bought from a large sum of

money because of his extreme youth and the glamor which surrounded his case.

In 1924, on the day before the opening night of "Don Quixote," it was suddenly discovered that all the costumes, which we had been expecting to arrive at the last moment, were lost. For the rest of that day, the whole company was pressed into the service of the wardrobe-mistress to make the dresses anew. One ran out to the shops, another was constantly employed at the telephone, others held or matched material, or talked dangerously despite mouthfuls of pins. Never, I feel sure; have London taximen enjoyed such a day. All through the night we worked, and through the following day. Somehow we managed to get everything done; and although some of the costumes in which we appeared were dangerously flimsy, we managed the performance without a hitch.

During the same season, we had an incident regarding Don Quixote's horse, which of course, to follow the original story, we had made to look as scraggy and ill-kept as possible. The old lady who had seen the performance was so convinced that we had ill-used the animal that she persuaded an Inspector from the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to come and make an examination. His report was afterwards that the only thing from which our horse suffered was being made too much of a pet by the entire company! But it was a great tribute to our producer's power of what the French call camouflage.

I soon found after I had been a little while in the country that England was my spiritual home. There only could I find absolute rest, quiet, somewhere I might retreat from the rush and the turmoil, somewhere I and my swans could be alone. So it was in England, after much searching and disappointment, that at last I found what I felt to be the ideal place. In all the world, I feel, there cannot be another such home of peace and contentment as mine, within a moment's call of one of the world's greatest cities.

But I suppose I can never be entirely content in spirit in any one place, and already I was beginning to turn my eyes East and West, to Japan and China and the Colonies, and to the United States. So long as there were these great countries left unconquered for my art, I was restless.

I feel that, if I were ever quite satisfied, any power I possess would leave me. It is the divine discontent that drives us artists always onward. People wonder why we are never at rest; remember, we surrender the

(Continued on page 53)



Photograph by Hutchinson  
Reproduced from *Anna Pavlova* by Valerien Svetloff  
Anna Pavlova in her characterization of  
*The Dumb Maid of Portici*

money which had been embezzled from his firm by a young clerk. Next moment I witnessed the arrest of the young man in the stage box!

I pleaded, I implored, I wept. It seemed so tragic to me that a mere boy should be taken away to imprisonment in this fashion. Had it been anywhere else but England or with anyone else but one of those magnificent, stolid policemen, I feel sure I should have got my way. I heard later, much to my relief, that the boy got only a nominal

# Our Spotlight Picked Out



*Nila Nicolaska, because she has made an outstanding hit in the new show at the Folies Bèrgère in Paris*



*Nicholas Ház*

*Māra-Māra, because, though born in the Kashmiri, India, she has come to this country to please American audiences with authentic dances of her homeland*



*De Sharon*

*Jean McGee, because she proves that no dancer need have too-muscular legs. She is now dancing in The Madcap with Mitzi*



*Arthur Muray*

*Maria Fokina, because she has brought her dark Russian beauty to the concert stage with excellent results*



*Swinney*

*Anna G. Austin, because, though only nineteen years old, she has already become one of the Denishawns' most valuable members*



# How PAVLEY and OUKRAINSKY Do It

Chicago's Famous Ballet-Masters  
Have Attained Surprising Results  
in Devising Dance Creations—  
What Are Their Methods?

By EUGENE STINSON



H. A. Atwell



Moffett

Andreas Pavley, premier dancer of the Pavley-Oukrainsky Ballet. Above, with the head-dress he wears in his Hindu Dance



Curtis Biltmore Studios



Moffett

At left is Serge Oukrainsky in Ballet Orientale and above as he appears in their Danse Egyptienne

AMONG the tendencies of modern music has been the increase of interest in scores especially intended for the ballet, such as Stravinsky's *Petrouchka* and *L'Oiseau de Feu*, John Alden Carpenter's *The Birthday of the Infanta*, *Krazy Kat* or *Skyscrapers*, Felix Borowsky's *Boudour* and some of the works of the contemporary French and Spanish. In many of these,—in most of them, in fact,—a definite scheme of action has prompted the form taken by the music, and the choreographers who assume the task of giving physical form to the conceptions embodied in these scores have practically as simple and well-defined a task as has the conductor of a symphony.

Andreas Pavley and his associate, Serge Oukrainsky, the well-known dancers and choreographers who for some years directed the destinies of the Chicago Opera Ballet, and who are now arranging tours throughout the country, have been two of the most enterprising among those artists who are giving a new form to compositions originally intended to be danced. Frequently, they have been forced to select familiar symphonic masterpieces because these were

the most suitable settings they could find for choreographic schemes of their own invention. But, according to their own statements, the process of fitting a musical score to a given dance conception is seldom so satisfactory as is the reverse process, of fitting a dance to music. It is their policy, whenever possible, to work from the score, and permit it to suggest its own choreography, though there have been notable exceptions to this rule. The ballet *La Fête à Robinson*, which Mr. Pavley and Mr. Oukrainsky devised for the Chicago Opera, under Mary Garden's directorship, was one of the most successful ballets ever produced in America. It originated first as a plot and only later was the score for it devised. Pavley and Oukrainsky, during a visit to the Robinson café, outside Paris, where food is served by baskets on pulleys to the honeymooners seated in tree-top retreats, had conceived a plot wherein a troublesome chaperone should be lifted in one of the food baskets out of the radius of interference, while a pair of young lovers accomplished their courtship in peace. For this conception, no existing score was found to give precise voice to the details

of the light and piquant story. Accordingly, a score had to be commissioned, and the choice happily fell upon Gabriel Grovlez, who, after lengthy and minute consultation with the choreographers, as to duration of scene, points of emphasis and other technical matters, produced a scintillant score.

ALMOST a similar instance originated with the *Element Ballet*. Mr. Oukrainsky had a composite idea of conveying four different portrayals or moods (earth, air, water, fire) in utmost simplicity, without the principal usage of scenery or costume; yet giving the aspect and transformation of each picture by the choreographic movements, the effects of light, and the music which had not yet been found. After much searching, Mr. Oukrainsky discovered a Russian score by Rimsky-Korsakoff, a score seldom heard in the United States. With this idea and with the music already selected, Mr. Oukrainsky arranged and created an extraordinary, unique and incomparable ballet.

Another instance of exception is found in Mr. Pavley's method of procedure  
(Continued on page 61)



ILLUSTRATION I



ILLUSTRATION II

# TARENTELE

*Italy's National Dance*

Music: Tarentelle, by Stephen Heller (G. Schirmer, Inc. N. Y. 35c)

Photographs of Helen Grenelle by Richard Burke



*Arrangement by Alexandre Kotchetovsky, Teacher of Character and Pantomime at the Convention of the American Society Teachers of Dancing*

Routine on Page 54

(At left)  
ILLUSTRATION III  
ILLUSTRATION VI



ILLUSTRATION IV



ILLUSTRATION V

# MAKING the GIFT HORSE Go



White

*Nellie Breen Says That  
You May Be Born with  
Ability, but It Takes  
Training and Hard  
Work to Win Races*

By RAY HARPER

"SURE and it's a League of Nations of the Theatre, is our family," smiled Nellie Breen in her dressing room as she made up for a performance of Arthur Hammerstein's production, *Golden Dawn*, which is the first attraction to play at the theatre that he has dedicated to the memory of his illustrious father, Oscar Hammerstein.

"A league of nations," I repeated, with a note of inquiry in my voice.

"Absolutely."

"Well," I replied, "I know that there are quite a few of you on the stage, but I don't quite understand the reason for giving them that title."

"You don't?" rejoined Miss Breen, "well, here is the answer:

"As you know there are seven of us, or rather now there are only six, for my sister, Katherine, who is married, is too busy taking care of a family. She has two children and they keep her pretty busy. But this is beside the point of the League of Nations. Well, all seven of us were born in different localities. Katherine was born in New York; Margaret in St. Joseph, Missouri; Fred in San Francisco; Tom in Lawrence, Massachusetts; Dave in London; Charles in Paris and myself in Boston. That makes seven cities in three of the leading countries of the world accounted for."

Suddenly her face, which up to this point had been glorified by a good-natured smile, took on a very menacing look.

"By the way, for your own information and good, I want to state right here and now that if there is anything that upsets me so, it is to read interviews wherein the dancer says that he or she doesn't know just how they began to dance or how they do what they do and that it all seems to be a gift. Gift, huh!"

"Evidently, you are of a different opinion."

"I'll say I am."

"But don't you think you have to have a natural talent in order to be a really clever dancer?" I queried, keeping close watch on that look of danger that flashed in her eye.

"That's a different proposition altogether. There isn't, never has been, nor will there ever be a dancer who doesn't have to work

hard all the time. If it were a gift, then there would be little need for rehearsal. In fact, according to some, they just found themselves dancing one day, and ever after that it was just pie. Well, I'm here to say that the talent and aptitude for dancing may be a gift, but the actual thing itself is hard, laborious work."

"Well, to tell the truth, I didn't say anything about it being a gift, did I?" I asked. Really, she seemed quite put out about the matter, and for the sake of my well being, I put the question gently.

"True enough," was the answer that brought back a merry twinkle to her eyes. Somewhere I seemed to hear a voice singing, *When Irish Eyes Are Smiling*—

"The fact of the matter is," she went on, "I just wanted to make sure that you didn't say anything about me that way. Why, I've seen some of the best dancers working themselves ragged, trying to invent new steps and dopping out new routines. You know, the theatre-going public today is a good deal harder to please than it used to be. They have seen some mighty

fine and original dancing and they are getting harder and harder to please every day and in every way. How often have you heard a person say, 'Well, what will they do next?' That's our chief worry. What can we do next that those out front haven't seen before? Believe me, it requires quite a good bit of brain work, not to mention physical labor, to devise new dancing stunts."

Then quite suddenly, she seemed to think that enough had been said on that angle, and she looked at me with an expression that invited a question. I immediately accepted the opportunity and asked: "Of course, you come from a theatrical family?"

"Yes, I do. In fact it is a standard saying in our family that we were born doing the time step."

A buzzer at this point interrupted us. She rose from her dressing table and pushed a button answering the stage manager's unique way of inquiring whether his charges were present and early or not.

"Yes," she continued, as she sat in front of her mirror once again and resumed the process of making-up. "We were brought up on grease paint, and in fact we cry for it." At this point, another quick thought struck her. She turned about and faced me directly. "Here's a funny thing. We all started out as jugglers."

"Jugglers?"

"Believe it or not, that's what we did. You see, my father was primarily a dancer and a good one too. However, at the time comedy juggling came into vogue, he combined the two talents, adding a comedy twist to it. He taught us all how to juggle, and we were known as the Juggling Breens. In other words, we could perform with either our feet or our hands."

A versatile family, to say the least!

"Of course, you don't juggle any more?"

"We could if it became necessary. Naturally, when juggling took a back seat we devoted our attention simply to dancing and singing."

"Are you all on the stage now?"

"No. Katherine, as I said before, has her family to look after. In fact I have accused her of starting an-

(Continued on page 60)



Richard Burke

Nellie Breen is now supplying considerable comedy to *Golden Dawn*, the stirring operetta of Africa



ILLUSTRATION I



ILLUSTRATION II

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Photographs of Helen Grenelle by Richard Burke



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Routine on Page 54

(At left) ILLUSTRATION III ILLUSTRATION VI



ILLUSTRATION IV



ILLUSTRATION V

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(Continued on page 60)



Richard Burke

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# The DANCERS



Paralta

(Above) Don Rose and Peggy Malloy, who are appearing as featured dancers with Fanchon and Marco in *The Mask Idea*, now in the West Coast theatres

(Below) Appearing on the principal vaudeville routes, Alexis Ruloff and Joan Elton are doing some excellent sensational adagio work in their own act



Canell

(Above) Marian and Marcellus have been headliners in their own act on the Keith-Albee-Orpheum circuits, and will appear in a New York production to be announced soon



Daguerre

Tina Valen, leading her own act on the Pantages circuit entitled *Vanities*, is meeting with more than enough success

Strand

## of VARIETY

**W**ELL aware of my responsibility in taking over this department from a man who is widely known as a vaudeville critic, I hasten to assure all professionals, fans and general readers that there will be no change of policy. For a while, some of my material will be drawn from letters addressed by dancers to Walter Haviland. I shall write about certain performers whom he had been asked to interview. And the spirit of my comments, right along, will be fairly similar to his.

I am impressed by the increasing number of comedy dancing teams. There was a time when anything outside the pattern of the old, conventional steps was regarded as being funny. Soft-shoe dancing, for instance, used to raise a big laugh just because it was soft-shoe. The performers might help along the illusion by appearing in black-face, or in some other eccentric make-up. But they did not find it necessary really to be comedians. That day has passed. Technique in all kinds of dancing has improved vastly and is observed critically by audiences. If there is to be humor, it derives from clever personalities and not from the supposed low-brow character of their steps.

The point is illustrated by the Diehl Sisters, whom I saw several months ago in a second-rate house and encountered more recently as one of the chief attractions at the Riverside Theatre, New York, on Keith-Albee time. A certain MacDonald acts as master of ceremonies and general wise-cracker for these California girls. He creates the impression that they are quite dumb, and that not much can be expected of their dancing. All this by means of exaggerated praise, into which there creeps a note of apology.

Then the girls dash on to the stage and seem promptly to give the lie to him. They are expert hoofers, both of them. But suddenly one sister is guilty of a grotesque piece of clumsiness. She catches her heel in the back drop, or she bumps her partner in a spot where no nice girl should be bumped. They fall to quarreling wordlessly. The rhythm appears to have been destroyed. The contrary is the case, however. The work of the serious Diehl infant becomes

A Department Conducted by

MICHAEL EVANS

faster and more brilliant, while the awkwardness of the other increases. It works up to a genuinely funny climax, with the master of ceremonies wig-wagging his distress to the audience.

In future issues, I intend to pay close attention to the offerings in the presentation houses, where some of the best dancing, comedy and otherwise, is now to be seen. But this month, I wish to give the rest of my space to a remarkable letter. If there are any readers who think that dancing is a soft life and that fame in it is easily



Browne and Browne

*Louella Lee opened a short time ago at the Paramount Theatre, New York, in Rah! Rah! Rah!, the Publix presentation in which she is now on tour*

*One of the few good female comedy duos, the Diehl Sisters are getting along nicely in the Keith Houses*

won, let them ponder the frank and somehow poignant account of herself which Hope Minor wrote to Walter Haviland. Here it is:

"I was born in Cripple Creek, Colorado. My father was French and Irish, and my mother was a full-blooded Cherokee Indian. Shortly aft-

er my birth my mother died and my father took me to East St. Louis, Illinois. When I was nine my father died and I was taken in by the neighbors next door to us. They were very poor, and at twelve I was working for the Western Union, giving my age as sixteen. But I did not like East St. Louis and persuaded the company to give me a transfer to Los Angeles. While in the employ of the Western Union, I studied stenography at night and soon obtained a position with the Western Blind and Screen Company.

"As I was interested in dancing, this concern allowed me to study from eight until eleven in the morning and stay until seven again at night for three hours. I did this for one year under the instruction of Professor Rossi of the Italian Ballet. He was bringing a ballet East, and my company advanced me one hundred and fifty dollars for traveling expenses, so that I could go with it.

"Upon our arrival in New York, Equity would not allow the show to open, as the backers did not have a sufficient bond. As my training had been mostly technique, I did not know enough about dancing to secure a position in a chorus. Mr. Alexander Oumansky, who knew of the conditions, offered me free lessons and five dollars a week in exchange for my services as stenographer. I paid four dollars a week for my room and lived on the other dollar for one month, with the aid of an occasional invitation to dinner.

"At this time acrobatic dancing was becoming the vogue, and as George Cole was starting a school he offered me ten dollars and my lessons to be his secretary. Later, I taught for him for eight months. From there I

(Continued on page 61)

Hall Stearn



# NICKOLAS MURAY LOOKS at the DANCE

*Approaching the End of the Season,  
Gavrilov's Ballet Makes an Impression—*

*The League of Composers*

THE League of Composers presented two charming operettas on Sunday evening, March 25th. A crowded expectant house waited for Monteux's baton to open the evening with the chamber ensemble of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, assisted by well-chosen artists of the most cosmopolitan calibre. The first part of the program was *L'Histoire du Soldat*, a music poem by Stravinsky,—a most extraordinary composition.

I would call it a three dimensional expression, a most unusual way of presenting a theme. It was an interesting synchronization of story-telling, a typically American expression of interpretation—choosing specialists to play the respective roles. The chamber ensemble,—the music; Tom Powers,—the voice; Jacques Cartier (*The Devil*), Blake Scott (*The Soldier*), Lily Lubell (*The Princess*),—the story in pantomime.

It was a modern improvisation of *Faust*. The story goes about the return of a soldier from the World War and the heartless re-

ception in his home town by his fellow-citizens, friends and sweetheart. A deluge of disappointments had driven the Soldier to the point where the Devil saves him from suicide. Deserted by everybody, the only ray of happiness consists in his magic-tuned violin, for which the Devil offers in exchange the Book of Life which, if one understands, will bring untold happiness and power. The exchange turns the winds of fame, power and fortune—even happiness in the favor of the Soldier. The Devil, envying the happiness and success of the Soldier, induces him to return the Book for the violin—which the Soldier willingly agrees to do. After the exchange he notes that the violin has lost its tune. He has nothing left but the assurance of the protection of his life by the Devil, as long as he stays in his own country. The Princess, however, lures him out of boundaries. The Devil catches him in his net and the Soldier dies.

The dramatic reading of Tom Powers, Jacques Cartier's devilish figure, Blake Scott's impersonation of the Soldier and Lily Lubell's of the Princess, individually

and collectively gave a perfect blending of beauty. They were ably directed by the versatile Michio Ito. The costumes and settings were modernistic with some compromise in the case of the Devil, leaning towards the conventional.

*Gavrilov's Ballet  
Moderne*

FROM the heyday of Diaghileff, Gavrilov remained with us and decided to give for the second time in two years, a two weeks' engagement of his Ballet Mo-



*Dorsha gives frequent invitation recitals, at which she experiments in the new modes of dance expression*

derne. Had this happened fifteen or twenty years ago, before the Whiteman-Gershwin-Goldmark era of "moderne" age, I probably would have joined in the applause with the rest of the distinguished-looking graybeards around me. But, having seen the Diaghileff group a year ago, and Mr. Gavrilov yesterday and two years ago, I consider his Ballet Moderne like the Gibson girls in knee length skirts. Gavrilov has taken out from his store house and dusted off his ballet, put on a few new costumes, got a few new drops, a few new steps and some new faces and added a number of pretty girls and handsome men.

*Her Majesty's Escapade* was the outstanding feature of the first part of the program. Her Majesty, played by Margaret Rutherford and the First Officer, Robert Gorham, carried this number through several adventures which were all full of gaiety. The place was the wayside inn on the road to Warsaw where the officers, the Polish girls, the family of the inn-keeper, all had a grand gay time. Enter Her Majesty masquerading as a soldier, who commenced to dance with a couple of the servant girls. The Jewish family gave a very droll and amusing number that really "stopped the show" for a minute or two. Finally, by the coachman's mistake, Her Majesty's identity was revealed and put an end to the show.

*Seven Kids, a Cat and a Witch*, a new version of the nursery tale of the old lady with a broomstick, was bewitchingly

(Continued on page 55)



*Miriam, Irene and Phyllis Marmein gave a final concert under the auspices of their Dance Art Society, stamping them again as artistes of very considerable popularity*



# The SHOWS REVIEWED

*Few New Productions This Month, Though More Are Slated  
for the Coming Weeks*

By ROCKWELL J. GRAHAM

## *Greenwich Village Follies*

**A**FTER a lapse of over a year, this perennial revue has returned to Broadway, though this time under the guiding hand of the Shuberts. They have made it a serviceable, fairly amusing revue, with nothing extraordinarily excellent in it. It moves rapidly from one skit into another musical number with speed and precision, and serves chiefly as the vehicle to bring back to their admirers such people as Evelyn Law and Grace La Rue, who have for one reason or another been absent from behind the foots a little while.

A feature of the entertainment as a whole is the manner in which two dancing troupes are played up. Beside the fact that no musical show today is complete or efficient without a trained troupe, this opus plays them up on the program and on the stage. Chester Hale and Ralph Reader both have groups of sixteen girls working, the first doing toe work, the other straight troupe dancing. Needless to say, this adds tone to the principals' background such as a regular ensemble cannot do. Against this setting Evelyn Law kicks, Annie Pritchard pirouettes, and Laura Lee steps, all with good effect. Twice an adagio team entitled Valeria and Carlos appeared, and the second time wowed them with an Oriental effect. This opened the second act. There is nothing especially new about the dancing of this duo, but they take it easy, and accomplish their tricks with finesse. Hence the hand.

Other than the dancing aspect, the show offers some comedy, leaning toward the risqué. Harry Jans and Harold Whalen, one of this reviewer's favorite comic duets, do their nonsense frequently for a lot of laughs. Dr. Rockwell, recruited from vaudeville, failed to please me as much as he seemed to win the rest of the house. His stuff is funny, but a bit far-fetched.

Blossom Seeley and Benny Fields whip out a couple of ditties in hot style, materially assisted by Arnold Johnson's orchestra in the pit. It seemed to me that the show missed a trick in not featuring this band more, because it's one of the finest in the business. In the first full stage scene the band is on stage, and thus is pretty well spotted, clicking with a radio specialty that won an okay reception. The rest of the show they stay in the pit.

It should be observed that the Martha Graham Dancers, three little girls who got swell notices out of town, appeared the opening night only. The next night they were whisked out for some unknown reason, certainly not that they didn't please. Who knows?

The music is by Maurie Rubens and Ray Perkins, Mr. Perkins being of this staff. It

provides no outstanding numbers but several are catchy. *What's the Reason?*, the program doesn't say which virtuoso wrote it, is the biggest song in the show.

Taken all in all, I suspect that this new edition of *Greenwich Village Follies* will stick around for some months. It is no great smash, yet will be in the pretty fair money.

\* \* \*



Craine

Annie Pritchard dances through the latest edition of the *Greenwich Village Follies* with charm and grace

# BLACK and BLUE NOTES

News and Information about the Field of Dance Music—  
Paul Whiteman's Plans—Items from the Leading Cities

Paul Whiteman

**UNDOUBTEDLY,** one of the most important events of the last month or so, from the point of view of the pop music lover, is the shift of Paul Whiteman from the Victor company to a position as ace recording band leader for Columbia. The story goes that Whiteman has long been dissatisfied with the way Victor exploited his discings, and it is rumored that there were other causes of dissension in the ranks. Be that as it may, the Columbia company turned up with an offer very considerably larger than Victor cared to offer at the time, and landed the big boy. Of course, Victor immediately made a big counter-offer, but it came too late. Whiteman's new contract with Columbia gives him a better break on record royalties, besides specifying extensive exploitation for the band. He will broadcast more, it is understood, starting with the Dodge Brothers hour on a transcontinental hookup. With Columbia Whiteman will have a special label, featuring the caricature of his face that has been used everywhere since he opened his restaurant in New York last year. In that



Witzel



De Barron

(Above) Jack Virgil, standing by the table, and His Orchestra, playing in the Club Casa del Mar, just outside Los Angeles

(Below) Ray Henderson, of the year-old music firm, De Sylva, Brown and Henderson, whose song hits, including the tunes from Good News, have swept the country this season

place, which did no business, the Whiteman countenance decorated everything; all chinaware, menus, and even the little leather match-folders on every table. At the moment of writing this stuff, the band is at the Paramount Theatre, and outside the edifice hangs a huge sign bearing the same face.

Another development in the Whiteman aggregation of interest to those who

follow him closely is that Henry Busse, assistant conductor for the last few years, has left to start a band of his own. Just the other day someone told me he was in Texas some place playing. Argument is the rumored cause of the split. Busse, who trumpeted straight when he wasn't clowning as Paul's brother (they look very much alike) was one of the men in Whiteman's original orchestra when it first played in the East, and first recorded. The first discs made by the famed outfit were, you remember, *Whispering* and *Japanese Sandman*. I don't believe that there are any other of the original men left except Mike Pingatore, the crackerjack banjoist. Ross

(Continued on page 58)



The Keith circuit has been getting great results from Don Miguel Lerdo de Tejada and His Mexican Orchestra. They have stopped the show consistently with native Mexican music of a high order

# The SERIOUS ART of COMIC DANCING

*Charlotte Greenwood Is Not Funny by Accident—The Basis of Her Subtle Technique Is "Naturally Awkward Arms and Legs"*

By

MILDRED ASH

At the right is Charlotte Greenwood as she appears today. Below is the same lady in one of her humorous characterizations



"YES, this is Ivanhoe 2934," answered a brisk masculine voice, "What can I do for you?" A surprisingly pleasant tone for so early in the morning!

"I'd like to speak to Miss Greenwood," I ventured.

"Sorry. She's gone to town for the day. I'm her husband; if you care to tell me your business, I can probably put you in touch with her."

"Never mind, thank you," I demurred, "Tomorrow will do just as well."

"Tomorrow we're leaving for Pittsburgh for the entertainment Secretary Mellon and his daughter are giving at the Hunt Club, and at which Miss Greenwood is to perform. And from there we go on to California, for her to fill her contract with the Metro-Goldwyn studios. So I fear if you don't reach her today, you'll have a long wait," he kindly advised.

Upon announcing my mission, Mr. Broones obligingly tried to trail the shooting star,—for that is a most graphic description of Miss Greenwood, who starts out from her charming Flushing home at nine every morning and shoots blithely through traffic, and past the guardians of the red and green lights, until her sporty little blue Chrysler is parked somewhere in the vicinity of One-thirty-two West Forty-third Street. Here, at "Mikes," she puts in from two to three hours' strenuous practice at acrobatics and the various exercises that keep her supple and lithe enough to delight her audiences with those convulsingly funny eccentric dances through which she has risen to fame. With that engaging candor, which is perhaps her greatest charm, she tells how she happened to specialize in her distinctly characteristic comedy dancing.

"My first part, on any stage, was in the chorus of the late Sam Bernard's show *Nearly a Hero*. I was so painfully thin that I, and a very plump girl, Eunice Burnham, were chosen for the measuring skit, in which Mr. Bernard made one of the



greatest humorous hits of the play. Realizing how comical we must look together, Eunice and I practised various songs and dances, whenever we got a few spare moments. The result of this was, when the show closed, we formed a team and played the smaller vaudeville circuits for two years, until we had qualified for the Orpheum circuit, in which we had continuous bookings until joining *The Passing Show of 1912*.

"It was in the early days of our vaudeville work that I quite accidentally struck upon the idea of caricature dancing," related Miss Greenwood. "I started out to be a sad singer of sad songs, our little team attempting some very charming and touching ballads. To our great astonishment, audiences invariably laughed at many of the most plaintive and heartrending passages. This naturally gave us the uncomfortable

feeling that something was wrong, somewhere. 'It's something you do with your hands and feet,' Eunice finally announced. And she was right. The merriment was undoubtedly caused by the naturally awkward way I moved my arms and legs. Hitherto, I had been totally unconscious of the grotesque element in my dancing, but now we watched carefully and noticed which gestures caused the most amusement so that I could purposely exaggerate them. That is how, little by little, I developed what you are complimentary enough to term my comic technique."

"But where did you learn to dance?" I asked.

"I didn't," was her cryptic answer.

"I suppose I must always have had a natural tendency towards rhythm. In all my parts, I've simply done natural steps and gestures and had them set to a regular rhythm,—worked into a dance routine. I'm starting now, for the first time in my life, to go to dancing schools, so that I can get different teachers' ideas and then interpret them my own way."

Of old Quaker stock, Miss Greenwood was born and reared in Philadelphia. The only child of a widowed mother, she frankly confesses that she went on the stage, not from any great artistic yearning toward self-expression, but because of the urgent need to earn a living. "There didn't seem anything else I could do," she said simply. "I never could count, and, with these arms and legs, can't you see me getting a model's

(Continued on page 60)

# In A Chinese Tea Garden

Frank H. Grey

Moderato  
*In oriental manner*

Piano

The musical score for 'In A Chinese Tea Garden' is written for piano. It begins with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Moderato' and the style is 'In oriental manner'. The score consists of four systems of music. The first system includes a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The second system features a first ending bracket labeled '1.'. The third system includes a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking. The fourth system features a second ending bracket labeled '2.'. The score concludes with a double bar line.

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This block contains the continuation of the musical score from the previous page. It consists of five systems of music, each with a treble and bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The first system includes a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The second system features a first ending bracket labeled '1.'. The third system includes a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking. The fourth system features a second ending bracket labeled '2.'. The score concludes with a double bar line.

**I**N A Chinese Tea Garden, here reprinted by the courtesy of Harold Flammer, Inc., New York, is suggested by the Music Department of THE DANCE MAGAZINE for a short dance in the spirit of the land of mandarins.

# The MUSIC MART

Comprehensive Review of Selections from Authentic Chinese and Japanese Compositions for the Dance—Best Dance Records

By RAY PERKINS

**D**RAGONS, tea houses, cherry blossoms, wisteria, incense, big brass gongs and such things are all duly recognized as more or less symbolic of the Far East, I do admit. But, alas, I am the badly organized sort of person who can't for the life of me recall which of them represent Japan and which stand for China. My suave and delightful Chinese classmate of college years (who gathered bookish honors as easily as a child plucks daisies) would be horrified at such an admission I am sure; and wherever he may now be in his ancestral fatherland, I sincerely hope he is not a reader of THE DANCE MAGAZINE. Being but a casual student of Oriental culture, and in order to avoid any acrimonious argument as to whether herons feather their nests in Japan or in China, I have obtained the editorial sanction to a discussion of dance music on behalf of both those ancient countries in one article.

Customers of this department, anyway, know that we make no pretense of advising our dance-wise public on matters of dance routines. Music is simply a corollary to your art, a background for your individual interpretations. If we can suggest music that will inspire the free exercise of your own creative ingenuity, we have fulfilled our purpose. The music chosen below is offered solely with that idea in mind.

There is a Japanese composer, Koscak Yamada, whose work is frequently met with in concert halls and studios. Indeed his music, always based on his native folk material, has been employed in several important New York dance recitals the past season. From his pen we particularly recommend *Three Old Japanese Art Dances* (Michio Ito has used them, I believe), a striking group that embraces many shades of tempo and feeling. No. 1 is entitled *Crane and Tortoise* in 2/4 time, moderato; No. 2, *Four Seasons in Kyoto* is a livelier piece, allegretto; and No. 3, *Song of the Plovers* is a slow, stately number in common time.

The American composer, Homer Bartlett, wrote several piano pieces, based on Japanese themes, notably the two labeled Opus 221. The first of these is *Japanese Revery*, a dainty light little thing in 3/4 time of moderate tempo; the second, *Japanese Romance*, is slower and more dignified, but considerably longer and contains an agitato middle section. They are published by G. Schirmer.

Another group, widely known, is the *Japanese Suite* by Walter Niemann, a diffi-

cult, and extremely modern composition, based on authentic Japanese themes, and worth consideration for serious and pretentious programs. The suite is in five distinct parts.

A *Geisha Dance* by William Baron (who is not to be confused with William LeBaron the playwright and motion picture executive) is published by Oliver Ditson Co. (Boston). It is an example of the light, free and not especially authentic treatment of the Japanese idea. A dainty little piece, to my ears more Occidental than Japanese, it might have an appropriate place for a little Japanese dance not intended to be taken too seriously.

Waldemar Schneider wrote a number called *Mimosa*, published by Wm. Kann, Milwaukee, that has been used extensively, I am told. It bears the subtitle "A Japanese Serenade" and is a graceful, characteristic dance in 3/4 time.

More serious than these is the *Aubade Japonaise* by Aimé Lachme (Enoch & Cie, Paris and London). Its peculiarity consists of its being written in 2/4 time with a frequent interspersions of bars in 3/4

time, so that the effect is one of occasional irregularity in rhythm, presumably highly effective if properly routined.

The firm of Belwin Inc. publish an *Idylle Japonaise* by Maurice Baron, which is also in 3/4 time, somewhat lively in tempo but with a middle section of contrastingly slower movement.

There appears to be considerably more music available for dances of a Chinese character than for the Japanese. Is it because the spirit of Nippon is more elusive more difficult to capture? At any rate composers seem to have sought the Chinese element with greater frequency.

If you are in the market for musical background to a Chinese dance, we would suggest that you procure the suite *In a Chinese Garden* by G. A. Grant (Arthur P. Schmidt & Co., Boston). Here are fine delightful numbers. The first is called *Clocks in the Tea House*, a highly descrip-

(Continued on page 49)



Underwood and Underwood

European music in Japan. This is the all-woman's orchestra of the Imperial Theatre in Tokio rehearsing a French opera

## Mr. Perkins Recommends:

- Three Old Japanese Art Dances, by Koscak Yamada
- Japanese Revery, by Homer Bartlett
- Japanese Romance, by Homer Bartlett
- Japanese Suite, by Walter Niemann
- Geisha Dance, by William Baron
- Mimosa, by Waldemar Schneider
- Aubade Japonaise, by Aimé Lachme
- Idylle Japonaise, by Maurice Baron
- In a Chinese Garden, by G. A. Grant
- Chinese Red, by Charles Repper
- In a Chinese Temple, by Albert W. Ketélby
- Chinese Dance, by Harry Crismore
- Danse Orientale, à la Chinois, by Harriete Cady
- Chinese Lilies, by T. R. McCluskey
- Chinese Serenade, by Charles Puerner
- In a Chinese Tea Garden, by Frank Grey
- Geisha Dance, by Irénée Bergé
- Dance of the Mandarins, by Irénée Bergé
- Danse Chinoise, Nutcracker Suite, Tchaikowsky

# DANCING IS *the* UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE

*If You Are Lost in the Wilds of Siberia, and Speak Only Hottentot, You Still Can Make Yourself Understood—Because Rhythmic Movement Is More Expressive Than Speech*

By ADA PATTERSON

**I**F everyone should learn to dance we would have no need of Volapuk or Esperanto. The German who laboriously invented one of those tongues and the Russian who hopefully and patient-

ly devised the other would have wasted their life-time efforts. For dance is the universal language.

North American Indian or silent Siberian exile would know the meaning of his combination of steps, posturings and pantomime. Better secure, as soon as you can, an expert teacher. But if you are far from the center of civilization, where art gladly and skillfully serves, let nature be your teacher. A dancer well remembered by Broadway, Violet Romer, told me that she had had no instruction from any human teacher when she charmed that most captious of the world's audiences. She told me that, longing to dance, and being far from the studios of teachers, she went to the beach below her cottage home and watched and imitated the Pacific's

waves. Slow, strong, rhythmic, they advanced, broke at her feet and gradually, irresistibly receded. They were her teachers. Critics wrote of the wild, beautiful freedom of her movements of her torso, her arms, her legs.

Mae Murray told me that she had learned more of grace from her orange-colored Angora, with topaz eyes, than ever she learned from any other creature.

"Every motion is beautiful" she said. "It never wastes energy. It never makes a mistake. All is lithe, measured, lovely, perfect."

I have seen Ada May, head lifted, eyes of alarm, listen for a mimic menace as I have seen a deer in a woodland of the northwest listen to the crackling of a dead limb beneath an alien tread. Nature taught.

Her pupils, a group of twenty High School girls for whom she had been physical culture instructor in the Los Angeles High School, Marion Morgan,—who discovered Ramon Navarro, and placed him, sole male dancer, in the group,—again and again adjured: "Vacation time is the best study time. Watch the clouds and the tree branches in motion. They are better teachers than I am."

Like all other normally minded dancers Marilyn Miller is grateful for her nimble and obedient muscles. "Some girls' fortunes are in their faces," she has told me. "Mine was in my toes and allied muscles. I mean it," she said to me the day before Thanksgiving. Looking down the long line of her boots and wriggling the nimble toes secreted by their autumnal colored suede covering, "I am grateful to those ten members. On Thanksgiving Day I recited the things for which I had cause to be grateful. After my health and my family and friends came my toes.

"Because they have brought me everything for which I am consciously and habitually thankful. A girl may have a face that will get by, that is even attractive, and go through life lonely, a failure, misunderstood. She may have other talents. She may have a cheerful, friendly nature and

(Continued on page 59)



(At left) Mata-Hari, the notorious Dutch dancer of World War days, who was acclaimed in the leading countries of Europe

Adeline Genée, who is recognized as having been one of the most perfect ballet dancers of modern times. She received the adulation of all Europe



ly devised the other would have wasted their life-time efforts. For dance is the universal language.

Music stirs the emotions of many. Not all. Paintings are of wide, though not so vast, appeal. But the dance is intelligible to everyone who is not blind, and to him who is it may be interpreted.

A practiced dancer climbing the Tibetan Mountains, or penetrating the dusky heart of an Andean forest, could tell the story of his loss of way, of pain and hunger and weariness, without a sound or a word. He could dance at the foot of the Pyramids or at the door of the Taj Mahal and dark-browed Arab or liquid-eyed Hindu would understand his message, be it one of joy or sorrow. To fur-enveloped Eskimos or clouted Panaman he could carry successfully his tidings. Stoic



(At left) In this evening ensemble, the upper part of the gown is black satin with rhinestones forming a brilliant collar, front edging and girde, the latter extending into an apron front with fringe. The sleeves and skirt are white crêpe de chine, the skirt gathered and the sleeves of the new harlequin effect, wide at the wrist. The skirt is several inches below the knee. The cape is black silk net with alternate chain design of gold scallops on the border of black satin, which is circular and very full

Photographs of Miss Tamara by Lipnitzki, Paris



The evening ensemble pictured above is of white and sapphire, trimmed with jewelled bands. The wrap, especially adapted for summer wear, is of white chiffon, banded with white fox

# STRICTLY PARISIAN

Florenz Tamara Wears Some Exclusive Creations of Paul Poiret



(At left) This dancing frock is of pastel pink chiffon with bodice embroidery of pink wool and silver, with flower-worked ribbon bands in two widths. These are wider at the sides, tapering to a V. Four tiers of chiffon, edged with small loops of silver lace, compose the skirt. An amber-handled fan, a cascade of willow ostrich, adding much to the grace of its yellow shading from pale to deep tones

A unique adaptation of Oriental style to modern dress has been accomplished in this pantaloon gown. The pantaloons of Nile green are clasped tightly at the knee. The upper part is embroidered solidly with a delicate design carried out in shaded green and gold beads, the same effect being used on the floating panels hanging from the hips



# The GIRL from

## The Final Episodes in the Career of Vera But Has Come

Transcribed by

**M**Y parents owned a small tent show, and thus it was that I was born in the atmosphere of a carnival. My mother danced quite a lot in the show, and in response to my insistent demands to learn to dance, she taught me everything she knew. But years later, when I came to New York to study under the greatest ballet teacher I could find, he told me that I would never make a good toe-dancer. My mother had taught me incorrectly, just enough to kill my ambition along that line. So there I was, stranded in New York with only a few dollars. And those were stolen from me the first night when I foolishly sheltered a fleeing burglar. When he left my room, my purse was gone!

After horrible weeks of job-hunting, I finally had a little good luck. A certain agent who had been kind to me advocated me as partner in an act with a chap named Larry Powell. I jumped at the chance, and when I met Powell for the first time, I knew him. He was the man who had robbed me! We went out together to discuss the act, and I openly accused him of burglary. But his denial was so honest, so convincing, that I owned myself wrong.

In the restaurant where we were eating, a large fat man tried to flirt with me, and Larry hit him. We only learned later that he was Jake Bamberger, head of the vaudeville circuit on which we hoped to go to work in a couple of weeks. Soon after, one night when we had finished rehearsing, I was walking up Broadway alone, when I saw Larry. I spoke to him, but he didn't recognize me. Just stared and walked by. A few days later our rehearsal was interrupted by a woman and a detective, who arrested Larry for burglary. His alibi was good, however, and no stolen goods were found in his room, so he was dismissed with apologies. As we walked home together Larry seemed terribly troubled by what had just happened. I was mystified.

Our rehearsal period ended, and we were to open in Paterson, New Jersey. Our act was a hit, and it was then that an accident decided that I was to be a comedienne. For, happening to look off stage during a difficult step, I was taken unawares to see Bamberger watching me. I fell, but drew a big laugh, the audience thinking it intentional. From then on I did comedy. When I went outside to wait for Larry, Bamberger spoke to me, and ended up by offering me a great salary to go out on his circuit



"I didn't steal any of her stuff," I expostulated. "She's sore because I went so well, that's all"

without Larry. He said that a performer like Powell would only hold me back. I could say nothing, for Larry had been the means of saving me from starving to death.

**L**ARRY stared after the retreating back of the producer. He stood next to me in silence for the moment, regarding our display on the lobby-stand.

Finally Larry said, "What did he want?" indicating with his thumb the direction in which Bamberger had gone.

"Oh, nothing much," I said. "He saw our act."

"Oh," said Larry. Then, after a pause: "Did he like it?"

I nodded, without saying anything, but he detected a reservation in my manner and was quick to catch it up. "You really mean there were lots of things he didn't

like about it, don't you?" He smiled.

I shrugged my shoulders. "You can't always tell about these people," I said. "The audience seemed to like all of it."

Larry looked at me in silence for a moment and then asked a direct question: "Did he make you an offer?"

I said, shrugging my shoulders, "Oh, a kind of an offer, but it wasn't anything worth bothering about."

Larry smiled gently. "You mean that he offered to take you on as a single, don't you, Vera?"

I nodded mutely.

Larry continued: "He told you that I was a second-rater and that you would do much better alone than with me, didn't he?"

I looked at him frankly. "Yes, he said something like that," I said, "but you mustn't pay any attention to that, Larry; he is just angry with you on account of that time he tried to flirt with me and you put him in his place."

"You mean," Larry interrupted, "the time I put his nose out of place, don't you?" We both laughed, and there was a tenderness between us in that moment that was inexpressible in words.

"What did he offer you, Vera?" asked Larry at length.

"Fifty weeks at two-fifty per."

Larry whistled in amazement. "That's a swell offer," he said, "he must have confidence in you. This bird Bamberger doesn't give up so easily, as a general thing." He placed his hand on my arm gently and looked me in the face. "I think you would do well to accept it, Vera."

I shook my head. "Nonsense," I said, "he doesn't know what he's talking about—"

"I think you had better," Larry broke in; "it won't do you any good to burden yourself with dead wood like me."

"You aren't dead wood, Larry," I said gently, "you've made all this possible. I wouldn't leave you if he offered me a million dollars a week."

He looked at me gratefully. "Thanks,



# the CARNIVAL

*Carton, Who Was Born in a Tent Show  
to Be a Star*

LYON MEARSON

Vera," he said, "I was hoping you would say something like that, just so as to save my vanity, but as a matter of practical common sense I think you would do better to accept the offer."

I shook my head decidedly. "There's no use discussing it," I said, "my mind is made up and I am hungry. Let's eat."

We got through the night show very well indeed. I had more confidence now and was not afraid. We rehearsed my comedy fall a little before the performance, and it received even more applause and more laughter that evening than it had in the afternoon, when it had been spontaneous. We were pretty well satisfied with ourselves when we left the theatre.

**I**N New York, at the corner of Forty-ninth Street and Broadway, I met my friend, Maizie LeGrand, who insisted on taking me to Child's for buckwheat cakes and coffee. Larry excused himself, saying he had to go home and was tired. I, myself, would have liked to do the same but I was genuinely glad to see Maizie, and as she was leaving town next day I felt that, although I could ill spare the half-hour necessary, yet I would have to do it.

I told Maizie over the restaurant table exactly what had occurred and she nodded sympathetically. She was a woman and there were certain things one did not have to explain to her. "You got a case on this guy Powell, ain't yuh?" she smiled at me. I didn't answer, and she went right on, "I know, kid, yuh don't have to write it down in black and white for the old lady; I been there before."

I let it go at that; but it was true, I reflected. For the first time, I faced myself and tried to read my own mind about Larry Powell, and it did not surprise me to find that my feeling for him was much more than either friendship or gratitude. There was much about him that was unexplained—much that I would have liked to know about—but all that faded into insignificance beside the plain fact that I loved him and that nothing else mattered. When I left Maizie, Broadway was still fairly lively and I decided to walk the few blocks to my room. I was still too excited to sleep. I thought of our debut on the vaudeville stage, the astounding offer that Bamberger had made me, and above all my love for



*"Well, you don't stay in this show!" said  
Ada Fields. "Either you go, or I go!"*

Larry Powell filled my mind and churned it to such excitement that sleep would have been quite out of the question.

As I turned the corner into the street where I lived I almost bumped into the figure of Larry Powell.

I looked up at him in surprise and my mouth opened in a glad exclamation, although I had just left him a few minutes before. To see him was like a rebirth of my soul. I opened my mouth after greeting him and kept it open in astonishment, for he looked at me with the face of a stranger and said, "I'm sorry; I beg your pardon." He lifted his hat and walked on, leaving me standing there as though I were some person he did not know.

My mind was made up in an instant. I remembered that once before Larry had passed me on the street in the same fashion. He did not seem to be opposed to me. The man actually looked at me as though

he had never seen me before, and I could see that there was more to this matter than appeared on the surface. What was the meaning of this? I made up my mind to find out at once.

By now Larry was already twenty or thirty yards past me, and walking up Broadway. I turned and followed him. Two blocks up Broadway he walked, with me thirty yards in the rear, and when he turned into a dark side street I hastened along his path, not to lose him. It was now after one o'clock in the morning and the street was fairly deserted, lighted only by an infrequent lamp-post that served rather to accentuate the gloom. He walked swiftly down the street as though he had a definite objective and must get there on time. For my part, I kept in the shadows as much as possible, trailing him as though I were a detective. Halfway down the street was a row of flat houses, and suddenly, without any warning, Larry turned in at the basement door of one of these.

Without a thought as to the danger of the situation, knowing only that I must follow this through to some conclusion, I broke into a run and went into the same door. Somewhere ahead of me in the dark hallway that led straight through to the backyard I heard the soft patter of Larry's footsteps, though in the dense blackness I could not see him.

In a moment or two I came out into the backyard, and saw above me the dark sky, slightly radiant in the direction of Broadway. I looked around quickly but could not see the man I was trailing, and there was a sinking sensation in my heart as it seemed to me that I had lost him.

A moment later I saw that he was still within my sight, for when I raised my head there was a dark figure going rapidly up the iron fire escape ladders. Not knowing what to make of it all, yet feeling that here was the solution of everything that had puzzled me in connection with my dancing partner, I resisted the impulse to call after him.

**I**T would have done no good for he was already at a second floor window, raising it silently, and the next instant he had disappeared into the room. How long I sat in that dark yard not knowing what to do next I do not know, but it could not have been more than a few seconds. As I stood there, gazing in desperation at the black window that marked the entrance to the room where Larry had disappeared, he reappeared, climbing through with the lithe agility of a panther; with hardly a backward glance he started to climb down the ladders again and I watched him fascinated, for I could see by his haste that he had evidently wakened someone in the room. A moment later there appeared at

(Continued on page 57)

# STUDENT and STUDIO

Coast to Coast News of Teachers and Pupils—  
And Some from Europe



De Mirjan

Burns and Stokes, now being featured on the Loew circuit with Paul Tiesen and His Orchestra. They are under the management of Fred LeQuorne

## New York

**S**HUOK has announced a classic dance festival to be held the week of October eighth in honor of Isadora Duncan. The series of performances, which are to be most elaborate in every respect, will be given by Miss Irma Duncan, twenty-five pupils from the Isadora Duncan School of Moscow and several hundred leading exponents of interpretive dancing now being selected by a committee of dancing masters. Irma and her group are coming to America through the permission and with the assistance of the Minister of Art and Education of the Soviet government. The Russian dancers intend to remain in this country five weeks, appearing in Boston, Washington, Philadelphia, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis and New York before returning to Russia.

After their New York recital Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman will continue teaching in Carnegie Hall throughout the summer. The new course begins June eleventh and ends August thirty-first. They will not teach at the Denishawn Summer Camp in Westport, Connecticut, which the real estate agent says is an hour from New York City.

Dorothy E. Kaiser, a pupil of Albertina Rasch, is ambitious to be like her teacher. This is her third season at Ridgewood, Long Island, and she is opening another studio in Kew Gardens. Like Madame Rasch she is training her own troupes which she intends for professional appearances. Already she has a troupe of eight which she calls "Dorothy's Dancing Dolls" who do lovely toe work in perfect unison with each other. Dorothy could have gone out with one of the Rasch troupes but she prefers staying at home, teaching and working out her own ideas.

## Alabama

**T**EACHERS of the South will not have to go to Chicago or New York for new material this summer, writes Norma Allewelt. During the month of June Miss Allewelt will conduct a normal course at her school in Mobile which will comprise every form of dancing. The same work will be offered at her summer school at the Thousand Islands on the St. Lawrence River, from the middle of July to the middle of August.

## Kentucky

**I**N Louisville Ethel Welsch Nagel, who is only nineteen years old, has an enrollment of a hundred and fifty pupils, mostly tiny tots. They are now preparing for their Spring Song and Dance Recital.

## West Virginia

**T**HE city of Charleston, made famous by the w.k. dance of that name, has sixty thousand inhabitants of which one hundred  
(Continued on page 63)



Above are Le Don and Dorese, well advanced pupils of Ethel Quirk Phillips of Philadelphia

## A Sculptress in Dance Motifs

**T**HE dance studio of Sara Mildred Strauss is hidden away, high in a corner of old Carnegie Hall, that musty landmark of New York's cultural world. Among these hallowed and somewhat time-worn traditions Miss Strauss has chosen to carry on the development of a distinctly novel approach to the arts of the dance.

She has made a rather arbitrary division of the scope of her work. First, since she views the living human body as the artistic clay and modeling tool, it must be developed in perfect physical condition.

From physical culture the step is essentially a natural one to imaginative development. Through music, poetry and the drama dancers are inspired to deepen and broaden their imaginative faculties, in order that they may serve as better instruments in the dance.

The next step in the dance as Miss Strauss is developing it is that of composition, or pictorial pattern-making. "The dance," she explained to me, "is essentially a pictorial art. It is visual, and subject to the same laws that govern other purely pictorial forms." Artists study the laws and principles of composition for years before they are ready to paint a finished picture. Miss Strauss approaches the problems of dance arrangement in the same careful and scientific way, arriving at dance techniques through the building upon fundamentals.

And, as the last step, we have the dance as a means of really creative expression. Here this young teacher and experimenter visualizes emotions and moods in the difficult terms of rhythmic motion. Furthermore, she puts the greatest emphasis upon the necessity for her students un-

derstanding in an individualized way the whole idea of the composition.

At the time I talked with Miss Strauss, her studio was being used by a number of her students and designers as an experimental workshop. New costumes were being worked out, new rhythms discussed and smoothed and revised.

She has chosen to eliminate music, except in the second, or imagination-developing, stage of her teaching. The dance, to her thinking, is so particularly a pictorial art that it can only find its fullest strength and development when free from the somewhat hard and fast and arbitrary rhythms and tunes of music.

Costumes she has likewise done away with, to a great extent. Her dancers wear only the very simplest of costumes, and these are carefully designed to carry out and accentuate the mood of the dance. There are no colors, except in the lighting, which gives a modernistic harmony of effect.

"Why are you interested in the dance?" I asked Miss Strauss. It was a difficult and personal question, but it seemed of importance. Her long, wine-colored robes draped themselves around her as she leaned back in her chair. Only a moment did she hesitate.

"Why, because everyone ought to dance, because it's so natural, so human, so fundamental. . . . And because it is a medium with which I can work in the expression of pure form and motion. . . ." She gestured, and I seemed to see her thumping the wet clay beneath her hand.

THEODORE ORCHARDS

# WHAT IS *the* DANCER'S STAR?

(Continued from page 17)

mystery of art and a devotee at the shrine of beauty, she is extremely individual. She believes that an artiste is a single flower and not a whole bouquet; that it is better to achieve perfection in one thing than do half a dozen things moderately well.

Yet it must be admitted that she belies her own words, for she does more than one thing well. She is an exquisite dancer and is entirely wrapped up in her art, but she also possesses a decided talent for designing and for drawing. In fact, she designs her own costumes and this may be one of the secrets of her charm on the stage, apart from the perfection of her dancing. She presents a picture that is completely harmonious and yet distinctly individual.

Being of the nature of Air, there is something peculiarly graceful and elastic about the carriage of the daughters of Libra. They have the most perfectly formed bodies and are often gifted with unusual beauty of face.

In her work, Miss Hocror shows very clearly the influence of this sign. There is a grace and sweet dignity about her dancing that results from perfect balance and poise. Toe-dancing, to her, is as natural as walking is to the rest of us, and as easy. She believes—and is herself a living demonstration of her theory—that there need be nothing unnatural about the ballet. She considers that work should be a pleasure and that more attention should be paid to making it so. In this she is expressing not only the viewpoint of the Librain but also that of the occultist and the progressive thinker.

Another characteristic of Libra which Miss Hocror possesses is the burning desire for harmony and an intense dislike of anything discordant or ugly. She is extremely sensitive, intuitive and spontaneous in her artistic expression. So much so, that she finds it almost impossible to do things she dislikes and with which she is out of harmony. She feels that, if once the harmony is shattered, the spirit of beauty is destroyed and the result must fall far short of perfection.

The Capricorn vibration gives rhythm, order and persistent ambition—and these Miss Hocror certainly possesses. It gives rather a serious outlook upon life in general and a keen sense of responsibility. It is, of course, one of the dancing signs and is closely associated with the rhythm of the universe, or the music of the spheres.

Miss Hocror's success is shown by the "luck" vibration between the Sun and Jupiter, who occupies that portion of the horoscope which rules the theatre. She is both gifted and fortunate and is destined to enjoy an eventful career. Venus and the Moon, both in the house of partnership, indicate great popularity and augur well for her happiness. At present she is under favorable vibrations, and the years 1929, 1930 and 1935 are especially full of promise.

**M**ARIA GAMBARELLI is a daughter of the fiery Mars and the mystic, sensitive Pisces.

She is of the musical, poetic and imaginative type; yet she possesses enough of the Arian spirit of adventure to interest her in the physical joys of swimming, horseback riding and sports of all kinds. For the dancer this is an excellent combination of influences, for Aries provides the fire, enthusiasm and love of action needed to give concrete expression to the aspirations and talents of the more sensitive Pisces. The martial vibrations of Aries strengthen the constitution and lend energy and muscular force to those of Pisces, a sign that is inclined to become absorbed in moods and in the interpretations of emotion rather than in definite

In temperament and in appearance, Maria Gambarelli is the child of Pisces. She is rhythmic in her expression and very dependant upon moods. As she herself puts it, she can only dance well when she is happy. She is intensely Mercurial and loses herself entirely in the mood of the moment.

Pisces is a peculiarly receptive sign and many of the greatest actors and actresses have been born under its influence. It gives a temperament which feels acutely an atmosphere or mood, and by living the emotions produced by that mood is able to portray its significance in a most convincing manner. It is the poet or interpreter of the heavens and is not especially ambitious from a worldly point of view. The thrill of artistic success and the joy of holding an audience spellbound means more to the Piscarian artiste than anything else, but let the least hint of failure creep in and the joy gives place to a despair which, at least for the moment, is very real.

As a child, she expected to become a concert pianist. She possesses a distinct talent for music and undoubtedly would have made a success. Temperamentally, however she is much more fitted to be a dancer, and it was probably her Arian love of movement and action that led her to the ballet. The chief rulers of her destiny are Mars, Mercury and Neptune. Mars, the ruler of Aries and therefore her "star of destiny," stands close to Venus in the versatile Gemini, which is the home of Mercury. This shows that Miss Gambarelli possesses both energy and emotion. Gemini is sensitive and fleet of foot and to the trained dancer lends a grace and poised expectancy that is very charming. Neptune adds an elusive touch to the personality, a creamy, alabaster complexion and a mobility of expression that is attractive and quite alluring.

The Gemini vibration also indicates an interest in writing and the Piscarian temperament naturally expresses itself in poetry rather than in prose. I was not surprised, therefore, when, after a little coaxing, Maria Gambarelli confessed that she does write poems and is interested in children's songs. Perhaps, some day, when she has a little more leisure, she will devote more time to writing.

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## AT LAST—The NATIVE AMERICAN DANCE

(Continued from page 22)

the dancing spirit of that vigorous posterity plainly indicative of the Spanish Inquisition. That there are no obvious reflections of the Indian Influence may be due to either of two things: (1) that the Indian Dance, always having been more of a religious ceremony than a joyous outpouring, did not readily recommend itself to the apathies of the white man, or (2) that only seldom was it comfortably seen, the white man only getting the "low-down" on it at a time when he was about to be put to death,—a contingency not very persuasive of the preservation of any rhythm. The Spanish influence, though, abides in Pacific-coast dancing as eloquently as the Hawaiian influence of a later time, or, to put it more truly, as vibrantly as Spanish blood and traditions abide in the veins both of Californians and Hawaiians.

In the north, to hasten on, the same condition has prevailed. The French Canadian, naturally, has introduced into our northern dance-expression the Latin laughter and the fervor of France. But here, too, we find ourselves at a loss for much that is essentially American: is it because, driven by the harsh rigors of a climate that forbids indulgence, we have so persevered with individual development as to neglect social and communal and therefore rhythmic development? When we leave the constricting cruelty of the northern climate for the larger latitude of the warm south we are tempted to believe that this climatic condition at least has something to do with it.

For it is in the south that we find the real American dance.

In the south, in other words, we find the roots—transplanted roots, to be sure, if we must be so exact as to trace them back hundreds of years—of all that we honestly can claim is restrictedly American in the dance that survives today. They are deep roots, strong, far-reaching roots that strike deep into the rich soil of African jungles; yet they have been so harmoniously transplanted,—the nutriment of abandon and joyous exultation which they once derived from that black jungle soil has so consistently existed also in the rich soil of our Southern plantations,—that we cannot but call these dances American dances, and much more justifiably than the Roger de Coverly was called The Virginia Reel.

I refer, naturally, to the Negro dances.

To the cake-walk, to begin with. For that was probably the first negro dance destined to enjoy large popularity. Its inception is accredited to the Negro waiters of a period now part

of history; waiters who, at the large barbecues that were given in the south, balanced huge trays to the accompaniment of rhythmic steps. Always, peoples—from the ancient Egyptians who performed incredible feats of moving enormous stones through synchronized movement to the galley-slaves who faced storms with the persistent chrousing of a "Yo-heave-ho!"—all peoples, confronted with work to do, have approached their tasks with a responsiveness to coordination,—a dance-mood,—but it remained for the Negro to dramatize this as the American dance-expression. The cake-walk, originating at barbecues and spreading through the dance halls of the country, is a happy illustration.

It is extremely significant that the successors of the cake-walk have invariably been Negro dances; it is significant of something essential in the Negro's harmonizing of underlying American themes,—something essential to American expression. True, there have been exceptions to prove the rule. Just as, less than a century ago (according to that outstanding authority on the dance, Havelock Ellis) a Bohemian servant girl, Anna Slezakova, introduced the polka, "extemporizing out of her own head for the joy of her own heart," so, from time to time have we witnessed the introduction of other themes, such as the South American tango, the maxixe, the mazurka. But, invariably, we have returned from such foreign excursions with renewed ambitions to see American dancing first.

The outstanding testimonial to this is evidenced in the whole-hearted response we lately gave the Charleston,

a dance obviously much surer of survival on the popular program than any predecessor. Surer, not only because of the felicity of its inception,—the reasonableness of its having developed at all,—but because of the universality of its appeal. Some generations ago, we welcomed the waltz from abroad; accepted it as a sole gift from gypsies that hailed from the Danube; but we gradually built it nearer to our heart's desire, evolving at last the one-step. Now, reciprocally, we have sent not only to Austria, but to every other country, our Charleston, a dance so specially perfect as to defy alterations for many years to come. And because of its peculiar individuality, it is only reasonable that it should be known as the American folk dance.

Bee Jackson, in a recent article published in *Collier's Weekly*, has some interesting things to say of this greatest of American dances. It was first brought to her attention, it seems by Miss Lida Webb, dancing-mistress of *Runnin' Wild*, the Negro musical comedy. For years, after its inception as a rhythmic expression of toil, it was done, according to Miss Jackson, by the "Buford" negroes,—the negroes of the islands of Beaufort County on the South Carolina coast,—at outings and picnics, reaching the mainland "about six months before I saw it, probably carried there by negro sailors or laborers," and coming north to Charleston, from which city it got its name. "The Negro girls and boys of Harlem," Miss Jackson goes on to say, "had been dancing it on the streets of the uptown Negro section of New York for weeks, when Miss Webb saw Mary Scurdy, her ten-year-old niece,

"stepping it" in her home. She had the child teach it to her. Then she took sixteen chorus girls and three chorus boys, showed them the fundamental steps,—and how fundamental!—worked out the routine of it," and started the ball rolling for the greatest dance-craze of history.

"Dancing and building," again to quote one of the leaders of modern thought, Havelock Ellis, "are the two primary and essential arts. The art of dancing stands at the source of all the arts that express themselves first in the human person. The art of building, or architecture, is the beginning of all the arts that lie outside the person; and in the end they unite. Music, acting, poetry, proceed in the one mighty stream; sculpture, painting, all the arts of design, in the other. . . . And dancing came first." Because it was the uttermost and initial medium through which man should express himself, first as the workman seeking to establish the most effective rhythm, later as the lover aspiring to communicate to the beloved the high, soaring flights of his devotion. Today, in our foremost American folk dance, the Charleston, and in its innumerable derivatives and predecessors, from the strut to the drag, we have a complete reflection of both the work of a people and their liting dream. Wherefore, we may be indulged the privilege of venturing a prophecy.

It is simply this: that as time goes on, we in America are going to produce more and more native dances. We are not going to be content simply with the Negro forms, valuable as they are to us today for their preservation for us of the essential dancing mood. But we are going to branch out, as other civilizations have branched out, ultimately conserving in some native form of dance each and every contribution. Glancing back over the past,—over a past when the dance as a ritual, as a ceremonial and as a joyous outpouring survived all other mediums of artistic expression,—we see in the Egyptian dances, in the Greek and Roman dances, in the dances of the worshipping east and the ampler dances of the west, living testimonials to the chronicle of experience lived through by the dancing nations. So with us. Someday, thanks to the present establishment of a definitely American technique, our story, too, will be told in the pattern of the dance: our colonizing, our pioneering, our vast progress through mountainous obstacles with the weapons of iron and steel. Already, our architecture is commencing to testify; so if the dance comes first, it has been developing within for a long time.

**COMMENT**  
from the readers of THE DANCE MAGAZINE has convinced us that one of the most valuable service departments herein is The Music Mart. Every month Ray Perkins, its editor, covers some division of the field of music, keeping in mind the requirements of all different kinds of dancing. Hence, The Music Mart is



Ray Perkins Unity

used by dancers and teachers who realize the value of intelligent assistance in choosing selections.

Ray Perkins is a musician of note, and possesses keen musical judgment. His wide acquaintance with the works of the modern composers fits him well to advise along the lines of modern dancing. Read The Music Mart this month on Page 41.

a delicate understanding that marks her as a dancer and actress. Her facial expressions are far from the least of her artistry.

She believes with great earnestness that there is a tremendous public for the highest type of dancing, if only it is correctly presented. The American public demands speed, not in the dances themselves, but all the rules of applied showmanship must not be forgotten. And some day, she is also certain, there really will be a Theatre of the Dance.

"How about," I asked her, "this blue music of America? Do

you consider using it yourself?"

She thought a moment, and said: "Personally, I can't interpret anything. That is not my work. Anything that moves or breathes in the world is my field, and consequently the only way I could use such music would be to characterize the dancing that is done to popular music today. And if you ask me if I like popular music, I'll answer that I do. It's

not great music, but it's written in the American idiom. It has the rhythm of American slang in it. And that's expressing America, isn't it?"

Only a girl with a sense of humor would be as open-minded about her work as is Agnes de Mille. It's difficult then to conceive how she is going to avoid doing some very fine things before she advances very much

in years. She has, so to speak, adopted what she likes best from the ballet—she is its godchild.

"My dream," she said, "is to do very fine comedy work with people who are not only dancers, but who know timing and the fine points of comedy as well as the best comedians today. Don't you think that would be something worth while?"

She'll do it. No doubt of that, because though she may appear to be the quaint inhabitant of an older day, she has the courage and convictions that belong only to a girl of this dynamic age. She'll do it.

## GODCHILD of the BALLET

(Continued from page 27)

tive piece in which one can hear the steady beat of the clocks. It is in 2/4 time, not intended to be taken very fast. Next is a lively number entitled *The Mysterious Magician*; then an idyllic composition, *The Winding Brooklet*, in E-minor, 3/4 time, through which the steady running of the stream is portrayed. Number four is a *Chinese Dance*, in which a motive is employed taken from an old native dance melody. The fifth and last number of the suite is *Songbirds*, a quiet piece of the smooth melodic type.

An extremely bright and characteristic number is *Chinese Red* by Charles Repper, the Boston composer, published by Charles Brashear (Boston). With brisk staccato phrases Mr. Repper depicts a Chinese holiday crowd, darting and weaving through narrow streets—an excellent accompaniment for a short dance.

For a short descriptive ballet you might consider *In a Chinese Temple Garden* by Albert W. Ketèlbey (Bosworth & Co., N. Y.). In a half-a-dozen pages the composer cleverly introduces the incantation of priests, the wooing of two lovers, a Manchu wedding procession, coolies quarrelling—a vivid scene, running a wide range of rhythm and suggesting through descriptive notes a mode of interpretation.

A moderately fast Chinese number is the *Chinese Dance* by Harry Crismore published by the Gamble Hinged Music Pub. Co. (Chicago). Incidentally, although this has nothing whatever to do with Oriental music, the same publishing house is responsible for the famous *Melodie* by Vice President Charles G. Dawes, a wistfully sweet tune in moderate 6/8 time—a novelty for an interpretive number on any dance program.

In her *Danse Orientale, à la Chinois* (G. Schirmer) Harriette Cady has given the dance world a number especially notable for its contrast between the first and second movements. The former is a bright 2/4, staccato; the latter has a tremolo effect in the right hand with a smooth legato melody in the bass.

Two Chinese pieces, short and fairly simple, are *Chinese Lilies* by T. R. McCluskey (Boston Music Co.), and *Chinese Serenade* by Charles Puerner (Carl Fischer, N. Y.). The McCluskey opus is of the slow sweet variety; while the piece by Puerner is the light, dainty, staccato sort.

More or less in the same category of short numbers, characteristic but unpretentious, is *In a Chinese Tea Garden* by Frank H. Grey (Harold Flammer Inc. N. Y.), published this month on page 40.

There are two selections from the *Suite Orientale* by Irénée Bergé that deserve a place on our Chino-Japanese list. They are the *Geisha Dance*, No. 5 of the suite, Japanese of course; and the *Dance of the Mandarins*, No. 6. Published by Ross Jungnickel (N. Y.), both numbers are extremely bright and lively and have all the atmosphere that their respective titles imply.

Nor should we forget that the Titanic Tchaikowsky wrote one of the most widely used Chinese Dances in dancedom as a part of his *Nut-cracker Suite*.

All this music has the virtue of being quite authentic, which means

## The MUSIC MART

(Continued from page 41)

that it has aptly caught the spirit and the rhythms of the lands of the Far East. Catch it in the dance.

## NEW DANCE RECORDS

SOME ten or twelve years ago, if memory serves us right, the world of ballroom dancing bestowed its sudden fancy on Hawaiian bands. Wherever one went the sliding sound of the Hawaiian guitars to the accompaniment of appropriate "oom-pass" from musicians with orange-colored ropes around their necks, was wafted across the dance floor. Then the fickle public grew tired of the delicate crooning music characteristic of Honolulu; and Hawaiian stuff more or less disappeared from the picture—not entirely, mind you, but enough so that you couldn't find a slide guitar around Broadway with a pair of binoculars.

But now, unless our ear-to-the-ground department is wrong (as it often is—oh yes) the Hawaiian sort of thing is staging a bit of a comeback. You find it here and there, you actually do. It even crops out in otherwise standard dance orchestras; it's getting to the point that you're likely to have a steel guitar spring right out at you from behind a bass fiddle, or appear without warning between a pair of saxophones. Several whoopee dance places along Broadway are featuring Hawaiian music; and of course the record men will tell you that the demand for it has never really stopped out through the country at large.

Another interesting development—we certainly are the greatest little fellas for tracking down developments, aren't we?—is the really significant trend in the direction of classical-jazz records. Gershwin's *Rhapsody* started it, and Rube Bloom's compositions helped it along. Now you have Victor putting out plenty of Whiteman-band numbers that really can't be called fox-trot or waltz or anything else along the old standard lines—but man! it surely is American music.

Also, we ought to have an understanding, you and us, to the effect that the records listed below are not by any means submitted as the best of the current lists. Superlatives are a matter of opinion, you know; and while we think the following records are worth choosing we wouldn't exactly fight to the last gasp about it with anyone who disagrees with us. Maybe we're wrong, but we don't think so and that's as far as we'll go on the subject.

**Brunswick**  
No. 3822

**Singapore Sorrows.** Fox-trot by the Anglo-Persians. A very snaky Oriental type of number with no vocalizing.

**Lady of Havana.** Another fox-trot by the same orchestra. Castanets are handled well and both these discs are beautifully arranged.

No. 3792

**Mary Ann.** Hal Kemp and His Orchestra (formerly of University of N. Carolina). Full of tricks and a grand vocal trio.

**If I Can't Have You.** Another fox-trot. Hal Kemp again and a fine tune. These boys have lots of stuff.

No. 3808

**Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man.** Ben Bernie and His Hotel Roosevelt Orchestra, with Vaughn de Leath doing a corking vocal chorus. A rich, full Bernie arrangement.

**Make Believe.** Another hit from *Show Boat* as is the above. Also Ben Bernie. He gets plenty of variety in both numbers.

No. 3770

**Linger Longer Lane.** A waltz of the "Beautiful Ohio" type well done by the Regent Club Orchestra. Vocal duet is good.

**A Kiss Before the Dawn.** Also a waltz. Same orchestra. Smooth, and devoid of stunts.

**Columbia**

No. 1313

**Cobblestones.** Ted Lewis and His Orchestra, with the violin and piano beautifully handled. Easy and graceful fox-trot done more quietly than Lewis usually does.

**Mary Ann.** Another recording of the big hit, also by Lewis, who does a vocal in his accustomed dramatic manner.

No. 1333

**Not Too Good, Not Too Bad.** Paul Specht and His Orchestra. A fine arrangement, featuring a clever type of accompaniment.

**One More Night.** Also a fox-trot by Paul Specht. Full of pleasant contrasts of color.

No. 1322

**Humoreskimo.** Fox-trot played by the Cliquot Club Eskimos, under direction of Harry Reser, whose banjo makes itself heard here and there.

**Wings.** Again the Cliquot Club Eskimos do some different things.

**Victor**

No. 21184

**Sluefoot.** A very hot number played by the Coon-Sanders Orchestra. The low-down sort of jazz.

**The Wail.** Similar to the above. Don't take these too fast. As "dirty" jazz they're great.

**Mississippi Mud.** A wicked hot number played by Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra. Opens with a few bars of vocalizing, and later some more smart singing, featuring an unnamed girl blues singer.

**From Monday On.** Paul Whiteman again. This also opens with singing. Very effective. The usual Whiteman richness of orchestration.

No. 21258

**Stay Out of The South.** Dizzy jazz by Coon-Sanders Orchestra. The saxes work hard. The sort of stuff flappers and prom-girls love.

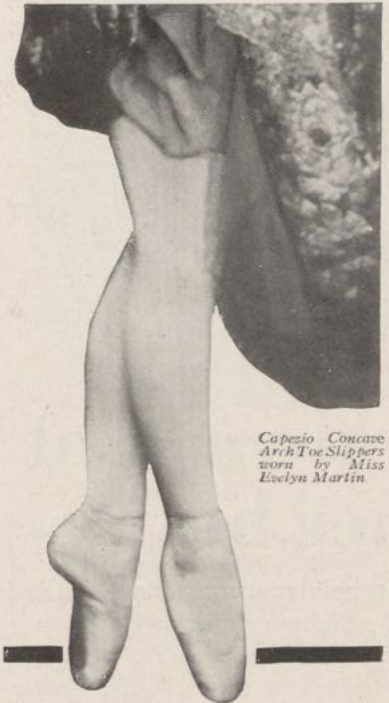
**Who's Blue Now?** Also a fox-trot. Played by Waring's Pennsylvanians. Very tricky and very good.

No. 21256

**The Sunrise.** Fox-trot. Johnny Hamp's Kentucky Serenaders. Pretty straight dance stuff but good.

**The Beggar.** Nat Shilkret and His Victor Orchestra. Contains some excellent banjo work.

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6-28

# Beauty



"BEAUTY begins with the feet. From them spring motion. Lucien Lelong, famous French couturier, has said that woman is her loveliest when in motion, and he has designed his creations to billow, to blow or to sway. The foot is truly as lovely as the hand, and as expressive, when it is not abused and neglected. It is the root of comfort and well-being for the entire body, and the wings of humankind. I have seen the grace and harmony of a charming *tout ensemble* broken and marred by graceless feet. I have seen premature furrows and harrowed faces because of foot discomforts or the effort to wear shoes which in no way suited the feet. More poor posture could be traced to unfortunate feet than any other cause. I recall the time when the "débütante slouch" was the vogue. The body drooped and the walk reminded one more of an elephant than a young lady of fashion. Today, fortunately, the frank skirt, the utter zest with which women have gone in for sports and active forms of recreation, together with the universal urge to dance, in some form, have relegated the slouching, clinging pale-faced ladies to the mauve past."

We had gathered that afternoon in late May in the studio of M. Jacques, master, producer and critique, to discuss arrangements for a ballet to be presented in our sylvan theatre later in the summer. As usual, however, something always happened and we always found ourselves launched on strange seas. If we gathered for a lesson, it might end in a game of bridge. Or if we gathered for a little tea and conversation, we'd be sure to work instead. Deep yellow sunshine glinted through the wide windows hung with gold theatrical gauze and danced along the apple green walls. A gentle new breeze stirred alike the curls and smooth coiffures of a host of young dancers, among them our old friends, Marianne, Beryl and Thyra.

"I speak of feet," M. Jacques continued, "because the world is more beauty-conscious today than ever before. We seek beauty everywhere, in the street, the factory and the studio. We drink deeply of it, and we find it everywhere and where we would least suspect. If any age will vindicate humanity, it will be this one. The woman of today is not satisfied that her make-up should conceal any imperfections of her skin. There must be no imperfections. In the olden days if the form could be squeezed into steel corsets to give it the typical shape of that age it might pass for beauty, regardless of its natural endowments. The same is too likely to be true of the human foot. Formerly it has been crowded into shoes, and considered only as a means of locomotion. With the new order of things, that is changed. Today there seems to be prevalent a great desire

to be beautiful, to develop and to emphasize to the utmost the gifts that nature has allowed us. And so a foot that is just a foot is not enough. Since we all have them and expect and hope to have them for a long time, sensible attention now and then would be a wise investment, especially for dancers and those whose work and play are dependent upon the feet."

This discourse recalled to my mind Marianne, who had just entered, very smart in a peach colored sports suit of jersey, trimmed with narrow bands of violet. One time I had commented on the care she devoted to her feet, and she had replied:

"Well, I couldn't very well dance without them, could I?"

She has told me of a magic powder she sprinkles into her shoes, whether they be ballet, frail, lovely evening things of silver and gold, or the trim little reptilia pumps in which she swings over the pavements so neatly. A dust of this powder in the shoe, and even the happiest of feet feel more flexible, lighter, cooler and daintier. And as for the foot that is unhappy, this powder is paradise. Sometimes warm weather causes a slight swelling or puffiness, especially when the feet are used a great deal. A dash of the powder, and this condition, along with any of the lighter ills you can think of, disappears. It is particularly welcome when an evening of dancing is ahead—not professional now, but just as you and I. Nine chances out of ten, if you could peek into the shoe of the dancer who never misses a dance, you'd find a trace of this fairy powder. And don't forget it when you plan an afternoon of shopping, or when you expect to be very busy about the house. It comes in a purse-size package.

Then there are those painful and annoying afflictions, corns, callouses and bunions. We may not even like to talk about them, but we like even less to have them. They are really protests from the feet against undue pressure. They usually come where the bone is near the surface and unprotected by flesh. If the pressure is relieved, they will go away. Some skins are very tender and shoes, no matter how comfortable, are likely to cause calloused skin. Today you may buy very small, dainty pads, which may be applied instantly, and which will relieve pressure until the skin has had a chance to regain its normal condition. In this way pain, danger and inconvenience is side-tracked. I have asked so many dancers how they avoid foot troubles, such as I have mentioned, and many of them have told me that they use these little devices. These also may be slipped into the purse, and the size and shape come to fit all manner of foot ills and for both men and women.

One of the simplest ways of relieving foot fatigue is to change the shoes

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as frequently as possible. The variance in shape will give the foot a chance to rest, and the life of the shoes is prolonged considerably. It is quite a mistake to think that the shoe which fits the foot loosely is always a comfortable one. If the feet are used to a large extent, then a certain amount of protection and support is necessary. The thicker the sole, the more protection it offers the foot. A doctor told me that men usually have smooth, soft skin on the bottom of the foot, due to heavy shoe soles, while women suffer greatly from the thin turned soles we all wear. Support at the heel and through the instep is highly advisable, while toe room should be ample. A change in heel heights will be found restful, too, because the adjustment of the foot varies decidedly with the tilt of the heel.

A nightly foot bath is always advisable. Use warm water and soap, rinse carefully and dry. Now a soothing powder or a cream may be used. Several months ago I mentioned a marvelous cream for use in this connection. It is to be massaged well into the skin. Unless the foot is very fleshy, a rub with any good cream now and then will be soothing and helpful. For undue perspiration, bathe as suggested and apply a liquid astringent and afterwards dust with an astringent powder. Any good druggist will make these up for you.

Putting your best foot foremost is not always so easy, but it is decidedly worth the effort.

Legs give concern to many of us today because they are so in evidence. Here is an issue none of us can evade. If they are thin or fat or shapeless or have bulging muscles, there is no hiding the fact. But there is a lot that can be done about it.

Beryl, whom I have told you about before and who has such great success as a model when dancing engagements are few and far between, knows a great deal about making the best of your legs; so I silently determined to find out all her secrets and publish them sometime for you in a little leaflet. When the idea came to me, she was earnestly in conversation with the tall Russian, Ivan, who has staged so many beautiful productions here and abroad. I noticed her rounded, slim legs in their beige stockings. They were not silk, but lisle, woven in a lacy, open design, and were quite distinctive. Many dancers believe, she tells me, that a certain amount of limbering or "warming up" is necessary before jumping right into a dance, to prevent this crowding and bulging of the muscles. Dolores Farris, whose lovely legs are well known, once told me that she never thought of doing this, that she felt that any exertion before she was ready to dance would spoil her movements and break in upon the theme of her dance. She feels that she must come utterly fresh to the stage. So there you are!

By far the most satisfactory thing to do about bad legs is to exercise. And paradoxical as it sounds, the same exercise that will build up your legs will reduce them. If there is excess flesh, exercise will burn up the fatty and watery accumulations, and by wearing down the present cells, new ones are encouraged to grow. By being more in use than the former ones, they will be more healthy, and will, therefore more nearly approximate nature's intentions concerning you than the undeveloped, or over-developed ones that have been worn away. Swimming is a marvelous way of gaining shapeliness; and with summer just next door and opportunities at hand, we have a chance to work a great change before autumn. Leg exercises will occur readily to the dancer, because ballet and other steps are ideal for this. The Charleston (if we can get back that far) is excellent, and so are clog and tap dancing. And remember, you cannot exercise your legs without in turn affecting the hips. If you exercise to reduce, then expect this part of the anatomy to respond proportionately, and of course the same thing happens if you wish to develop.

Here are a few simple routines for shapely legs:

Stand straight, heels together, closed fists resting on chest. Rise slowly on the toes, then lower the foot slowly. Slowness is of great value in this exercise. Be sure there is a strong muscular pull in the legs. Repeat ten times, gradually working up to twenty. If too much is attempted at first, there will be a stiffness and a soreness.

Stand straight, heels together, hands resting on hips. Lift the right leg, bent at the knee, until it is in line with the hip, then straighten out the leg, bend, and lower. Repeat with left leg. Take this gradually, as suggested before.

Use radio, phonograph or piano music, if possible.

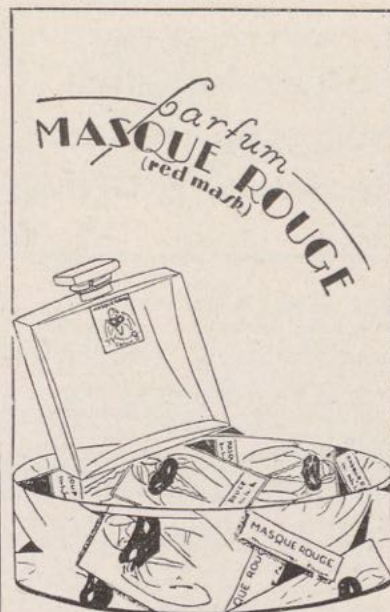
A number of letters have come recently, asking what can be done about bow legs. Since this is a bone condition, it is usually a matter of surgery.

Thyra walked over. I thought I had never seen her so beautiful. She seemed to glow with some strange, inward happiness. I thought it might be her modish frock of printed silk. The design was most bewitching—sandy beaches with palms and bright fish sporting in the sea.

"This is Palm Beach," she announced. "Now you wear your favorite resort or city emblazoned on your clothes. They come in designs appropriate to anywhere from Honolulu to Hoboken, I understand," she laughed.

Then I decided her charm lay in her new haircut. But I was to have another surprise. Her hair, however, was very lovely. I have never seen an arrangement quite like it before.

(Continued on page 52)

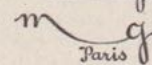


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(Continued from page 51)

It was parted slightly to one side, and the front of the hair, which had been bobbed rather short and softly curled, was brushed back against the head, rather like a man's. Just before each ear there was a small curl, very soft and natural looking. Now the back of her hair, believe me or not, was long and rolled in flatly and smoothly to the head.

"I thought you would approve of it, Marjory. Did you ever see anything like it before?"

"Never," I told her.

"I thought not. When I went to this hairdresser, I told him I wanted something distinctive, something becoming and something in good taste. He specializes, you know, on individual haircuts and individual permanent waves. Many of the smartest New Yorkers and stage folk go there because his is so absolutely an individual service, so different from the usual shop where you get what you ask for—sometimes—but never any more. Due consideration is made for the contours of your face and for your features, but your own personality is the important issue. Now a woman's type of beauty or charm or whatever you wish to call the qualities that attract, is not determined by her nose or her eyes or her mouth. There are no types, according to this hairdresser, but every individual is a complete picture. A flat, decided wave or cut always has a mature appearance, he thinks. Yet not everyone can wear curls. The tendency this season is strongly in the trend of the curl and softness and femininity. There are so many variations. The young girl sometimes finds that a swirl of hair off the forehead is a lovely frame for her face. Sometimes the hair may have that soft, blown appearance. Another will find the hair brought low over one side of the face, while it is lifted at the other, rather a becoming arrangement. Hair off the face usually gives a youthful look, as do soft curls. I especially recommend this hair artist to people of the stage, because here it is that beauty, distinctiveness and smartness are at a high premium, and this artist excels in these respects. His prices are modest, and his work is that of a creator. He sells a liquid brilliantine, faintly scented in a number of odors, that is unusually good.

According to this authority, few people use brilliantine correctly. Several drops should be put in the palm of the hand, the brush rubbed through this, and the hair brushed, beginning at the ends, which are often dry and need it most, then working up near the head. Unless the hair is very dry, it is better not to apply it to the hair near the scalp. The natural oil makes its appearance here first of all and a brilliantine is not needed.

Late that afternoon, when all details of the concert had been com-

pleted, Thyra and I started up Fifth Avenue. A soft haze of blue was over the city, and that poignant brilliance of early summer afternoon was everywhere, over the tempting shop windows, and the crowds of attractive girls that passed in a confusion of color.

I had been more absorbed by outside details, I fear, for after all I had little idea of what actual arrangements had been made at M. J. Jacques'.

"What will you dance in the festival?" I asked Thyra.

"I shall not be in the festival. I shall be in Europe."

"Europe?" I gasped. "Why?"

"My honeymoon," she replied sweetly. "Ivan and I."

"Oh-o-o," was all I could say.

As I told you, the incredible always happens in that studio with its golden windows and its green walls.

My dear Miss Maison:

How can I make my eyebrows and eyelashes dark, permanently, if possible? My eyebrows are not too thick or too thin, and my eyelashes are quite thick and long but both are very light, much lighter than my hair. Please don't tell me to use vaseline because I tried it for a long time and it didn't work.

Can you tell me any way in which to make my lips thinner? They are not too long but too thick.

Y. R.

The only way of permanently darkening hair is to dye it, and the lashes and brows should not be colored with ordinary dye. However, a hair expert here in New York makes a brow and lash preparation in black and brown, especially designed for this use. It is quite harmless and may be applied at home. The color lasts about a month. The price is one dollar and twenty-five cents and if you will send me a self-addressed envelope I will send you his name. I have only your initials now.

Vaseline is excellent for encouraging a better growth of brows and lashes and has a slight tendency to darken. Olive oil darkens quicker, although this requires a period of steady application.

You cannot change the actual shape of your mouth. If you bite your lips or have tendencies toward habits that exaggerate the size of the mouth, these must be stopped unless you wish your lips to become more emphasized.

If you use a lipstick, a little clever manipulation will make your lips appear smaller. Cover the natural outlines very lightly with rouge, then toward the center of the lips apply it heavier. The deep tones will meet at the center of your lips, thus detracting from the original shape.

(Continued on page 53)

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(Continued from page 52)

Dear Miss Maison:

About a year ago my face and back broke out in pimples. They are now beginning to go away, but my pores have filled with blackheads and you can see scars where pimples were. I wonder if you could give me the name of some remedy for this.

A Reader

Your skin condition is known as acne. If it is a severe case, a skin specialist should be consulted. If the case is mild, with care you can overcome the condition. If you will send me your name and address, I will tell you the names of some excellent creams and lotions for this purpose. Do not attempt to remove the blackheads unless your hands are covered with sterile gauze, and exert only light pressure, as the skin is apt to bruise and this makes the condition much worse.

Dear Marjory Maison:

Your column has proved most interesting to me. I have been a loyal patron of The Dance Magazine ever since its birth. I am an eccentric dancer and would like to know what the standard weight for one five feet, four inches, should be. What is the standard of the fashion models (they are always so much thinner)? Also what is Ziegfeld Follies standard, as I see a picture of several Follies girls on scales, is it becoming fashionable to be plumper? I am one hundred pounds and have been ninety-six. This does not seem to be extreme for my type of dancing.

M. E. C. C.

P. S. Are snaps or drawings ever acceptable for this magazine?

According to general acceptance of weight standards, you are quite underweight. For your height and at your age, you should weigh about one hundred and twenty pounds. Of

course your type of dancing requires a slim type. If you are in good health and do not appear thin, you should feel very happy, for you can make a big gain without any worry any time you feel like it. Fashion models follow the general acceptance of weight standards because they wear model clothes. A size sixteen must be of a standard size, which is a thirty-six inch bust, and other sizes must follow proportionately. I do not know that Mr. Ziegfeld's weight standards differ from others. Of course these young ladies are usually quite young and slim. Since the boyish mode is giving way before a much more feminine mode, naturally the rounded figure is much more acceptable than it was a year or so ago.

Will you write to the editor about the snaps and drawings, telling him just what you wish to submit?

*Marjory Maison*

*We have considered the modern girl this month from the crown of her very smart head to the tip of her dainty feet. If you have any problems concerning any subject mentioned or not mentioned, a letter from you will bring a prompt reply. If you sign initials to your letters, expect them to appear about three issues hence. Our feet secrets will make you trip merrily through the summer months, and the right haircut can not only change your whole appearance and your outlook on life, but it may lead you into the lap of romance as it did Thyra. Whatever your beauty worries, Marjory Maison, Beauty Editor, THE DANCE MAGAZINE, 1926 Broadway, New York City, will try to show you a happy way out of them. And all for a stamped, addressed envelope!*

## The STORY of MY LIFE

(Continued from page 29)

things that others find so beautiful—the divine wonder of real home life, the quiet growth with and for one's surroundings—but it is because ambition will not let us rest. I do not excuse myself or that feeling—without it the world would lose much that is best of the intangible things that its restless artists give it. To us stagnation would be death. So it was that my conquest of England found me still unsurfeited with the applause I had always hungered for, found me

looking over the seas to lands still unvisited.

*The fourth and final instalment of Madame Anna Pavlova's own account of her amazing career will appear in the July issue of THE DANCE MAGAZINE, on the newsstands the 23rd of June. In it she tells of achieving the homage of the world, of having at last won the universal adulation for which her soul hungered since she first started dancing. Don't miss the end of the greatest dancer's history.*



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makes an extensive research of all cosmetics and accessories to beauty, before mention is made of them in our columns. They may or may not be advertised in THE DANCE MAGAZINE, but if they are, it is assured that THE DANCE MAGAZINE has placed its approval upon them. They are the best that money can buy.

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## TARENTELLE

## A Routine for Italy's National Dance

(Illustrations on Page 32)

**Bars 1-10:** (Including two-bar rest): Introduction. No action.

**Bars 11-14:** Entering left-back stage to circle stage, starting directly to the right, on count 1 lunge forward on right foot as in Illustration I; on 2 hop forward on right foot, left foot still lifted in back; on 3 step back on left foot; on 4 step right on right foot; continuing circle of stage, on 5 lunge forward on left foot; on 6 hop forward on left foot, right foot still lifted in back; on 7 turn completely around in place to the right by stepping back on right foot; on 8 jump on left foot, lifting right foot up in front.

**Bars 15-18:** Turning to the right, beginning with a jump on right foot on count 1, lifting knees high, jump on alternate feet for 8 counts, on eighth count landing heavily on left foot and facing front.

**Bars 19-22:** On count 1 jump on left foot; on 2 hop on left foot kicking right foot up toward the left; on 3 and 4 stamp right, left, right, in place. Repeat this for next 4 counts.

**Bars 23-24:** On count 1 jump on left foot; on 2 kick right foot forward, hopping on left foot; on 3 jump on right foot; on 4 kick left foot forward, hopping on right foot.

**Bars 25-26:** For 4 counts, beginning with left foot, run 4 steps forward, finishing on 4th count with both feet together.

**Bars 27-30:** As in Illustration I again, on count 1 lunge forward on right foot; on 2 hop forward on right foot, left foot still lifted in back; on 3 step on left foot in back of right; on 4 step on right foot to the right; on 5 lunge forward on left foot; on 6 hop on left foot; on 7 jump on left foot to the left; on 8 lift right foot forward in front of left.

**Bars 31-32:** On count 1 lunge forward on right foot to the right; on 2 hop on right foot, left foot still lifted in back; on 3 lunge forward on left foot to the left; on 4 hop on left foot, right foot still lifted in back.

**Bars 33-34:** In place, on count 1 jump on right foot, bending body forward and lifting left foot high in back; on 2 jump on left foot, lifting body up; on 3 jump on right foot again; on 4 lift left foot in front as in Illustration II.

**Bars 35-36:** On count 1 jump on left foot lifting right foot in front of left; on 2 hop on left foot bringing right foot in and kick it out again; on 3 jump on right foot lifting left foot in front of right; on 4 hop on right foot bringing left foot in and kick it out again.

**Bars 37-38:** On count 1 jump on left foot lifting right foot in front

of left; on 2 jump on right foot lifting left foot in front of right; on 3 and 4 repeat action for counts 1 and 2.

**Bars 39-40:** Repeat action for bars 35 and 36.

**Bars 41-42:** Lift right foot in front of left and turn left in place quickly hopping 4 times.

**Bars 43-46:** Beginning in 5th position, right foot back, glissade right 7 times, finishing on 8th count in 2nd position (feet apart), knees bent. (8th count is the 1st beat of Bar 47). (Glissade: Step to the right with right foot and slide left foot up to and in back of right foot—count 1—Illustration III. On 2 step to the right with right foot and slide left foot up to and in front of right foot—count 2. Repeat to 7th count.) Illustration III shows 5th position, left foot back.

**Bars 47-50:** With right foot lifted in front, arms out, turn in place to right for 6 counts, hopping on left foot on each count; on 7 and 8 reversé (lift right foot up, out to right, and back to turn body around) finishing to face front in 5th position on 1st beat of Bar 51.

**Bars 51-54:** Beginning in 5th position, glissade left for 7 counts finishing on 8th count (1st beat of Bar 55) in 2nd position, knees bent.

**Bars 55-58:** With left foot lifted in front, arms out, turn in place to left for 6 counts, hopping on right foot on each count; on 7 and 8 reversé, finishing to face front in 5th position on 1st beat of Bar 59, left foot in front.

**Bars 59-62:** Making a circle to the right, on count 1 jump on right foot to the right; on 2 hop forward on right foot lifting left foot in front of right; on 3 jump on left foot to the left (continuing circle); on "and" jump on right foot; on 4 jump on left foot. Repeat this for next 4 counts, beginning with a jump on left foot to the left.

**Bars 63-66:** On count 1 jump on right foot; on 2 hop on right foot lifting left foot in front of right; on 3 jump on left foot; on 4 hop on left foot lifting right foot in front of left; for next 4 counts run 4 steps forward (still continuing circle).

**Bars 67-70:** Repeat action in Bars 59 to 62.

**Bars 71-74:** In arabesque position (left foot lifted high in back) hop forward on right foot 8 times, once on each beat.

**Bars 75-76:** On count 1 step on left foot, facing to right as in Illustration V; on 2 jump on right foot kicking left foot to right and hitting tambourine on left toe at the same time; on 3 jump on left foot kicking right foot to right; on 4 land on right foot knee bent, body facing to left as in Illustration VI.

**Bars 77-78:** Straightening body up, pivot on right foot to the left, lifting left foot up in front—count 1. Continue turning in place to left for next 3 counts, hopping on right foot 3 times.

**Bars 79-80:** On count 1 jump forward on left foot, bending body forward and hitting tambourine in front; on 2 hop on left foot straightening body up; on 3 jump back on right foot, leaning body back and hitting tambourine over head; on 4 hop on right foot.

**Bars 81-82:** Hopping forward diagonally left on right foot with left foot lifted in front, bring left foot in and kick it out again (ballonné) 3 times to 3 counts. On 4th count drop forward on left foot, right foot back (4th position).

**Bars 83-86:** Take 2 tour jetés to back-stage-center, starting back on right foot and hitting tambourine after each tour jeté. (Tour jeté: on 1 step back on right foot; on 2 close left foot up to right; on 3 step back on right foot kicking left foot up to back stage, body facing left foot; on 4 jump on left foot, body turning to face front-stage, right foot lifted in back.)

**Bar 87:** From tour jeté, reversé right to finish facing front.

**Bars 88-95:** As in Illustration IV, with right foot lifted in front, continue to turn in place rapidly to the right, hopping twice on left foot to each measure.

**Bars 96-103:** With right foot lifted in back in attitude position, continue to turn in place rapidly to the right, hopping twice on left foot to each measure.

**Bar 104:** Finish turn with a reversé right.

**Bars 105-106:** Chenée (fast turns) twice diagonally right forward.

**Bars 107-108:** In arabesque position (left leg lifted high in back) hop forward diagonally right on right foot 4 times—4 counts.

**Bars 109-110:** Step forward with a stamp, on left foot, right foot in

back and hit tambourine. Then shake tambourine in right hand high over head.

**Bars 111-112:** Turn in place to right on right foot and run to left-front stage.

**Bars 113-114:** Take 2 fast turns in place to right.

**Bars 115-116:** Run to center-stage and hit tambourine high over head.

**Bars 117-118:** Run to right-stage and hit tambourine high over head again.

**Bars 119-120:** (Including 2 bar rest) Run to back-center stage and hit tambourine high overhead.

**Bars 121-122:** With feet apart and without moving them, bend knees low to face left, twisting body to face left at the same time—2 counts. Rise and bend knees facing to right—2 counts.

**Bars 123-124:** Rise and turn in place to left, hopping on right foot 4 times, left foot lifted in front.

**Bars 125-126:** Repeat action in Bars 79 to 80.

**Bars 127-128:** Hopping forward diagonally left on right foot, with left foot lifted in front, bring left foot in and kick it out again (ballonné) 4 times.

**Bars 129-136:** Repeat action in Bars 121 to 128 to opposite sides, beginning to the right.

**Bars 137-177:** Cut all this music.

**Bars 178-181:** In arabesque position on right foot, left foot lifted high in back, hop back diagonally left 8 times, twice to each bar.

**Bar 182:** Turn in place to right once, stepping first on left foot back—count 1; on 2 step on right foot turning to face front.

**Bars 183-185:** Hopping on right foot six times, turn in place to left, left foot lifted in front.

**Bars 186-189:** In arabesque position on left foot, right foot lifted high in back, hop back diagonally right 8 times, twice to each bar.

**Bars 190-193:** Hopping on left foot 6 times with right foot lifted in front, turn in place to right.

**Bars 194-201:** In a large circle to the right, take a step on the left foot and leap over onto the right foot (1 bar). Continue this 8 times beating the tambourine in the air on each leap.

**Bars 202-205:** From center-back stage take 4 coupé turns (or other fast turns) to center-front.

**Bars 206-209:** As in Illustration IV, with right foot lifted in front, turn in place to right, hopping on left foot 8 times.

**Bar 210:** Take a big reversé right.

**Bar 211:** Drop into 2nd position (feet apart) and finish as in Illustration IV.

"Miss St. Denis realized all this before I did. That is one of the reasons that the cosmic ideas of Egypt, India and the Orient have been used to such an extent in her programs.

"My ideas today are in perfect accord with those of Miss St. Denis. But I came to my realization through an unusual predicament. Many of my audience know that I began life with the ministry in mind—the Methodist ministry. In my junior year at the University of Denver I became ill and was confined to my bed for a long time. Throughout those long, quiet hours I thought a great deal. In

## The House That DANCING BUILT

(Continued from page 13)

some manner, my religious thought became weaned from the actual ministry and focussed itself upon the dance as a medium. I decided that thenceforth my efforts would be directed toward this art. Later I saw Miss St. Denis dance in Los Angeles. I instantly recognized that her art was the crystalized form of my ideas and conceptions. Later when I came to New York we met and found our artistic and human ideas and ideals

to be in perfect accord. We were married shortly after.

"We have many hopes and plans for the future of the dance. I have in mind such magnificent subjects as Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" and James Stevens' "Paul Bunyan" for ballets. It seems to me that these two masterpieces comprehend as completely as any works the spirit, virility and character of art that is truly American. In his universal love for all

things and all people, Whitman has voiced more potently than any other American the cosmic voice of the nation.

"Great things must come of this American Ballet. It will not be the medium of a few trifling human emotions. It will become the masses in movement—huge stage pictures representing the very foundation of humankind.

"Great things, we believe, will take place within these walls, just as our smaller plans and hopes are embodied in them. And here in the house that dancing has built, our hopes for its future are very high."

# NICKOLAS MURAY LOOKS at the DANCE

(Continued from page 36)



Nickolas Ház  
Priscilla Robineau, who appeared with the Marmains as guest artiste

danced by Gavrilov as the Witch and Virgil Cody as the Cat. The Cat was out of his character most of the time and behaved very humanly; the Witch was excellent. It was a good idea badly done except for the Witch and it was a relief to see him ride off on a broomstick and to know the number was ended. *Pancake Day in Russia*, as in most Russian numbers, starts with a bit of wailing before they arrive at anything that resembles joy. This number started with *Yearning Souls* to Dvorak's music. After they yearned for about five minutes, the yearners joined the festival to which Rimsky-Korsakoff supplied the music. When Russians begin to be gay, led by a Swedish bog and a couple of Russians, the gaiety rises to such heights that one cannot sit still in one's seat and would like to join the merry-makers and be a fool oneself. Sven Larsen puts spirit into most of the numbers. The Princess (Rita Glynde) tried her best. Robert Gorham and Demetrius Vilan as the Boyars were particularly impressive. In fact, most of the numbers were good, but the ensemble work lacked precision and direction.

The second part of the program was again a repetition of two years ago. It started with a bas-relief, an individual figure on an elevation, a superb body going through a number of slow movements that one sees in the Old Masters, done with perfect control of line and design. Each movement was a clear-cut picture. This was followed by a group within a triangle on the façade of a Greek temple. The possibility of such group work by simply copying the illustrations of the old Greek friezes is without limit. Instead, this group resorted most of the time to modern gymnastics and acrobatics, creating a total disharmony between the beautiful actions of the single figure and the group within the triangle.

This number was followed by *Tragedie d'un Faun*, which actually was a tragedy to this reviewer. The very obviously feminine satyrs opened the curtains on a clearance in the woods, the secret abode of the faun on which the Three Graces trespassed; of which the tallest one, Margaret Rutherford, caused the tragedy of the faun. After much waving of arms and classic movements, entered the faun extraordinaire. It was a very prosperous-looking faun clothed in silver and gold. Gavrilov's best creation, an alluring spirit that brings mythology to us in its fullest significance. He falls in love with the tallest of the Three Graces, to whom the faun is but play and leaves him broken-hearted.

*Manhattan Holiday*, a jumble of color, put in front of a skyscraper drop, was arranged by Gavrilov and Jimmy Pendleton. Its prolog is supposed to have been the spirit of modernism. There was nothing modern or spirited about it. If the machine-age robots had been dressed in gymnasium suits, one would have recognized readily the Turnverein calisthenics. Four numbers followed, the only ones that were entitled to be in a modern ballet which, of course, many vaudeville houses include on their programs. *The Spirit of Harlem* was a riot of jazz, with Emily Oppa and Jimmy Pendleton sharing the honors with the rest of the company who, in these numbers, were more at home than any of the others. Gavrilov's *Cine-Cisms*, the two-in-one movie comedian, were very amusing. The movie star, Margaret Rutherford, did not adapt herself to the rôle. She was neither amusing nor graceful. *St. Patrick's Day on the East Side* was the closing number, amusing in spots, but in perfect discord with the settings and the title of the presentation.

Gavrilov still remains, in my estimation, in spite of this fruitless production, an excellent dancer and I hope for the day when I shall see him give a concert of his own accord, without so many unnecessary supporters.

Doris Humphrey with Charles Weidman

TWO messengers descended from the Denishawn heaven, bringing a new message and a new note. Although classical, it was an original one. It was interesting to observe what the pupils of Denishawn, with their academic background, were able to evolve. Here and there one recognized traces of the Denishawn influence but, on the whole, it belonged  
(Continued on page 56)

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# NICKOLAS MURAY LOOKS at the DANCE

(Continued from page 55)

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to these two as original creators. The new era, as almost all of that which we call new, is the outcome of the old. So is the dance composition of Doris Humphrey. One easily recognizes the influence of Isadora in costume and manners—with adaptations of the progressive present; it is poetic in spots, dynamic in most parts.

In *Allegro* Charles Weidman was original in Pierrot costume, using the sash as a guitar with which to serenade an imaginary Columbine. It conveyed all the sorrow and joy of Pierrot.

*Color Harmony*, written by Clifford Vaughn in collaboration with Doris Humphrey's idea, was one of the outstanding numbers of the season. In spite of the limitations of the John Golden Theatre in lighting and space, the power and clarity of this novel composition projected the idea of Doris Humphrey. It starts with the red, passionate and scintillating red. The red group, in a center elevation, begins with a slow movement, rising like intense fire and finally bursting into flame, covering the stage with dynamic movements . . . finally regrouping itself on the raised platform.

The green comes on in a very smooth movement, being as pastoral as the color itself, representing gentleness and peace. After the green fades out, a rich purple comes on, led by light violet—the whole representing aspiration. The second part of *Color Harmony* consisted of the revolution of the red forcing itself through the other two colors in a chaotic fashion when, in a white light, a symbolic figure appears representing the controlling mind which converts the chaos into rhythmic harmony of its own essence.

Charles Weidman contributed *Cathedrale Engloutie* in a very impressive manner: a dramatic symbolic story of the church, its beauty, its depressing tyranny and its ultimate hopelessness.

Weidman's *Minstrels* was an engaging piece of pantomime—street singers, evidently not blessed with the best voices, pleasing some and maltreated much by others to the hearty applause of the audience.

The first movement of Grieg's *Concerto in A-Minor* was absolute music translated into dance form with its introduction, scales, climax, and occasional repetitions to emphasize the

moods. The dance was inspired by Grieg's genius without any attempt at adaptation. I have to mention here again the excellence of the ensembles coordination and response to the music. Not like most ensembles that work as if in a cast in a certain mould, each individual had his own province of expression, still remaining within the rôle each was assigned to.

*Pavane* and *The Fairy Garden* to Ravel's music was a classic figure covered only with chiffon and was an esthetic joy to behold. Sylvia and Evelyn danced *Bagatelle* with very appropriate childish, cunning movements. *The Banshee* was a spooky spirit and most realistic spectre that made me turn up my coat collar and look to see if all the doors were shut. The ghost music was supplied and played by Mr. Cowell himself. The closing number, *Etude—Opus 8 No. 12* by Scriabin was a very dramatic climax for a finish, the story being that man, in his ambition to achieve success should be able to rise above life's temptations.

Mr. Horst ably assisted at the piano, leading a very competent small orchestra.

## AMONG the TEACHERS' ORGANIZATIONS

WHILE this issue was under way, we sent out to as many teachers of dancing as could be located reprints of the two editorials by Richard Hoyt which appeared in the March and April numbers of THE DANCE MAGAZINE. One advocated the official licensing of every teacher of dancing; the other strove to stimulate interest in the compilation of a Dictionary of the Dance brought up to date. It is a matter of congratulation for the teachers to whom we addressed these appeals for support, for they have responded with enthusiasm. This does not imply that they all agreed with us, though most did, but it signifies that we have, as we had hoped, put our fingers on a vital spot in the dancing situation in this country. Accordingly, the department this month is being devoted almost exclusively to reprinting a few of the letters received from teachers. They have been chosen purely at random, and are largely typical of the manner in which the problems discussed were intelligently grasped and understood. Here are the letters:

In reply to the letter received from you, regarding the manner of licensing the dancing teacher, would like to say that I heartily agree with you, and shall be glad to cooperate with you in any way. Having personally received my training in Europe and lived in England for many years, I favor very much the plan they use over there, which I believe was originally conducted by Mr. Richards, Editor of THE DANCING TIMES. Before being allowed to teach, a student must pass certain examinations, which promotes her first to a Student Teacher, and

then can finally obtain her teaching permit.

In regard to the matter of a Dance Dictionary, has no one ever heard of the Technical Dictionary of Dancing, published by Edouard Espinosa? This is in itself a wonderfully helpful little book, and contains everything possible in the technique of the Dance.

A Teacher in Florida

As I am ill, still allowed only to sit up in bed, you will excuse my writing in pencil, and also any mistakes.

In regard to the matter of licensing the teachers, I am overjoyed that something has been started. I have been teaching for fifteen years, and have several cases in mind where a young girl has come to me to take "dancing." In about a dozen or so lessons, I would see her advertisement in the paper as a dancing teacher. Before the season was over, she might have as many as sixty-five pupils to put in her closing reception. The sad part of it here is, the people seem to fall for it right away. And I think one matter that would help in our city is the question of prices for private lessons and classes. Some of them will go from studio to studio till they find the cheapest price. And we have so many cheap ones here that it somewhat robs the better one.

In regard to a Dictionary of the Dance needed—it certainly is. It is very hard to induce pupils to take bar or centre work. They want a dance and don't care about "terms".

A Teacher in Massachusetts

I am interested in the editorial about the licensing of teachers, and have been advocating same ever since

I became a member of the Dancing Masters of America. It is bound to come some day, and the sooner the better for all, especially the public. Much harm has been done as it is, but once we organize in a nation-wide campaign, we will quickly wipe out all evil.

A Teacher in Michigan

In reply to your letter in regard to the dance dictionary and licensing the teachers, I beg to advise that you have my hearty approval in this work. I believe that the dictionary could be worked up satisfactorily by using the terms that are used in the larger schools in cities like Chicago and New York. I believe it will be satisfactory and save the details of checking the names of steps, et cetera, from so many schools.

I believe that licensing the teachers should be taken up at the next convention of the Dancing Masters of America, and in a short while it will be possible to have this in effect in several states. I believe I could put it over here in North Carolina.

A Teacher in North Carolina

I am heartily in favor of licensing the teachers of dancing. In fact, I expressed myself publicly to that effect several years ago. Anything that can be done along this line will receive my support.

Regarding the Dictionary of the Dance, my work, though it has a few characteristic differences, is based on the pure ballet, and the movements are described in ballet terms. I will be happy to assist in the compilation of this dictionary in any way possible. Please accept my good wishes for the development of these new projects.

A Teacher in New York

# The GIRL from the CARNIVAL

(Continued from page 45)

the window a form in light-colored pajamas—a form that looked down wildly and seemed to wave something in its hand, upon which the moonlight shone with an evil glitter. By this time Larry had reached the part of the ladder that hung perhaps ten or twelve feet above the ground and was just about to let go.

The loud report and flash of a revolver awoke me to the critical consciousness of what I was witnessing. With a groan Larry dropped down the remaining few feet and for an instant lay on the ground in a heap, but before I could move my paralyzed limbs in his direction he was up and running lightly to the hallway through which we had entered. I was after him again on the instant but he went so fast I could hardly keep pace with him. In a few moments we were on the street once more, Larry fifty yards in advance and going rapidly. He disappeared into a house on the same street, near the corner of Sixth Avenue.

Without thinking what I was doing I dashed after him into the same house, the rooming house type it was, as I could see when I got into the hallway. In the lower hall, where I stood, there was no sign of Larry in the dim hall-light that burned and for a moment I was nonplussed, but glancing down, I saw at my feet a red trail that was still wet. By this I knew Larry had been hit and was upstairs somewhere, wounded, perhaps dying.

With fear clutching at my throat I ran up the steps to the first floor and found the door of a room which was slightly ajar. A light was burning.

I did not hesitate but pushed this door open and entered. It was a bare little room, and over a couch in the far corner lay the silent, still form of the man who was my dancing partner. A glance at his white face showed me that he was unconscious.

I AM not going to go into the agony of the next four days. Let me say at once that Larry Powell died.

But before he died came an explanation of the mystery that surrounded his actions. The shock of the bullet that eventually was the cause of his death revived something in him, and joined together two things that had been separated.

During the war Larry had been both wounded badly and shell-shocked, at the same time. For months he had hovered between life and death, and when he was finally on the road to physical recovery a curious thing had happened to him. He was two people. In most people the subconscious self slumbers while the actions of the man are dictated and governed by his conscious. In Larry the subconscious and the conscious became two separate entities, so that while one slumbered the other one operated and lived an entirely separate existence, each unknown to the other.

Of course this has been pieced together from what Larry remembered and from what the great doctor who visited him at the hospital deduced.

You see, a few moments after I got to Larry in his little room, the police, having trailed him by the blood he lost, arrived. He was removed to Bellevue, where he was placed in the criminal ward. For a day the case caused newspaper comment, and then it was lost in the onrush of greater and more pertinent news.

I was with him every moment possible, and these four days were actually the most vivid of my entire existence.

The truth of the matter was that, unknown to himself, Larry had been leading a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde existence. When he was what we know as awake, he was a young actor. When he was supposed to be asleep his subconscious self was awake and impelled him to action as a burglar. It was really the struggle of the two natures in Man, personified physically in Larry. Neither of his natures knew of the existence of the other, and when Larry was awake, while he was troubled by many strange and seemingly inexplicable things that occurred to him, yet he was far from suspecting that at night, when he thought he was asleep, he was as deft and experienced a burglar as was to be found in New York City.

I will not discuss the anguish of those days. Let it be sufficient to say that before Larry died he knew of my love for him, and told me that he loved me better than everything on earth. He died, content, in my arms, and that is a peaceful and poignant memory. His last moments were happy.

AMONG the other things recovered in Larry's room—which room, by the way, was where his plunder was hidden and where his subconscious self had its abode—was my purse with every dollar in it that had been there when Larry's poor, unknowing fingers had lifted it from the table in my room.

I now had a little money and some training and experience. But, after the funeral of Larry, I could not compose myself to anything like attempting to get bookings. I went away to the country for a few months in order to get a new lease of life. In the quiet peace of the fields and the streams, I renewed myself. I came to a better understanding of what life could mean to me. I came to a readjustment of values, and to a quiet contentment, for I felt that Larry was always with me. I could not conceive him as dead, and I could often hear his tender, caressing voice whispering in my ear.

It is so to this day, and no other man has ever taken his place, as you all know. Vera Carton has always played a lone hand.

When I returned I was ready for work, and I went around to Bamberger's office, prepared to accept his offer, if it was still open. He was away in Europe, so I turned to the booking agencies, and in a short time I was engaged in a miniature revue that was to tour over the vaudeville circuit.

I was surer of myself now, which

accounted for my great personal success on the night of our opening in one of the uptown vaudeville theatres in New York. We had a star in the show, of course . . . Ada Fields. She was Pierrette, and she was beginning to feel herself slipping, I think, which perhaps was the reason for her great jealousy of everyone else in the show.

I was Columbine, and I never danced better in my life. I was recalled for as many curtains as Ada Fields was, although she stole several that she was not entitled to. No sooner, however, had the applause actually died down, when she turned on me viciously back stage.

"Hey, you," she said. "You must think you're being featured here!"

I turned to her. "Why, what do you mean?"

"You get me!" she sneered. "Cuttin' in on me like that—who d'ya think ya are, anyway?"

I was angry, and didn't mind showing it. "I'm the best dancer in this show," I said, "that's who I am! And don't let anyone tell you differently, either! What have you got to say to that?"

I don't know why I spoke to her in this fashion, except that the whole business was so stupid that it roused my anger regardless of consequences. We had raised our voices, and the manager hastened to get between us, as we stood there glaring threateningly at each other.

"What's wrong here?" he said, looking from one to the other.

"Nothing," snapped Ada Fields, "except that this bimbo has been trying to crab my act—"

"I didn't steal any of her stuff," I expostulated. "She's sore because I went so well, that's all."

"Well, you don't stay in this show!" said Ada Fields. "Either you go, or I go!"

She glared at me, and the manager looked at us, first one and then the other. Then he spoke, calmly and slowly.

"Well, you can go, Miss Fields. This is a vaudeville revue . . . not a prize fight club, as you seem to think it is. I'm tired of getting an argument out of you every time anyone else in the company gets a hand."

He turned and walked away, leaving her staring after him open mouthed.

I took the leading part the next performance . . . and as you know I've never played anything but leads since then.

There's nothing else to tell. Everybody knows my history from that point on. I have had a great deal of success, enough to turn the heads of most actresses, and I suppose mine would have been turned long ago, were it not for the fact that life has seemed such a dead affair with Larry gone, that nothing is worth getting very excited about.

But whatever I have learned I owe to a man who is now dead . . . but who will never be dead to me. To me he is a live, vital presence that is ageless and deathless.

I think that's about all.

THE END

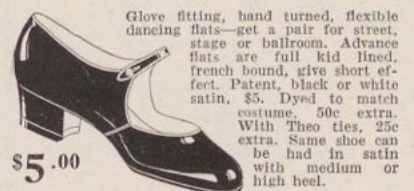


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Gorman left some while back and now has his own band. So Busse has gone now.

### South America

FOREIGNERS have long been advancing on these hallowed shores to study American customs, habits and vices. Economics, finance, politics, manufacturing, everything, has sooner or later come in for its turn. But it's only lately that people from the outside have waked up to the possibilities of studying dance music on its home ground. The case is usually, as with England, France and Germany, that they wait for Americans to come and show them. Anyway, a chap named José Bohr, from Buenos Aires, some time ago came up and took a load of the spirit of jazzique music back to his native heath with him. There he organized a flock of bands, composing and directing himself. Lately he returned to this country with his Argentine outfit, and is now in California, maybe going in the flickers.

### Jack Virgil

ON the front page of this column this month you'll see a photo of Jack Virgil and His Orchestra, from Club Casa del Mar, Santa Monica Bay, California. This is a class rendezvous of the film colony, and draws every night in the week. Virgil and his outfit are held largely responsible for this, for the band is a corker.

Virgil began in the music racket by scoring for acts on the two-and-more-a-day. He piano'd in the Orpheum houses, and fixed up music for all types of acts. From that he went out to the coast, having got a chance at the Casa del Mar booking when the place was opened. He took him a cottage in a side street in Los Angeles, and gathered together a

# BLACK and BLUE NOTES

(Continued from page 38)

bunch of tooters. Day after day they rehearsed, Virgil directing and scoring. He opened finally in the new Club, and has been a sensation there ever since. In addition to scoring for his own aggregation, Whiteman has used some of his stuff, and quite a few big acts still use the scores he put together for them when he was a pianist in the Orpheum pits.

In the band he has the same crew who began with him. Gene Conklin, Rollin Smith and Larry Wright are the reeds; Cecil Noe and Marlo Imes, brass; Charlie Fling, Bob Green and Robb West handle the banjo, drums and bass. Virgil leads.

Film celebs and near-celebs frequent the place, so if you're out that way you might drop in there.

### Here and There

REAL professional musicians say they are beginning to feel the ravages of the college bands in the summer resort jobs. It seems these outfits will take any kind of a salary, playing the dates just for fun. They don't have to work for a living, but they are, incidentally, cutting out men who do. At this time, with a bad show season just past, there are no end of first-rate bands out of work, despite the increased demand created by the picture houses going jazzique. *Variety*, the theatrical weekly, carried a story recently about the standardization of dance bands. They all sound alike, with only a few standing out because of individual style. Personally I disagree. Every band has its

own style, and the good ones always manage to click somehow. It's just that a rage for dance music in every corner of the country has resulted in an over-supply of fair bands, tending to swamp the good ones. However—

Tal Henry and His North Carolinians opened in Atlantic City after a road tour up from Miami. This is a hot band.

Husk O'Hare and His Own Band are booked in the new Hotel Stevens in Chicago. They play the dinner hour in the spiffy hostelry, and are getting over well in a town where the outfit is very popular.

Ernie Golden is clicking at the Arcadia Ballroom in New York. His name is a draw of some strength, since he has long had a good rep on the air.

Ted Weems and His Victor Recording Orchestra have finished up their engagement in Hot Springs and are now on a tour of the colleges. This field is very lucrative for name bands at those times of the year when the universities are tossing their parties.

Charles Dornberger has finished up at the Hotel Muehlbach in Kansas City and is moving to the Oaks in Tacoma, Washington. They play the whole route on one-night stands, not losing a day en route.

Ray Miller followed Dornberger in the Kansas City hotel for a month. Weems goes in for four weeks, and Jimmy Joy finishes the season.

Next month I want to say something about name bands playing shows, a favorite topic of mine.

—KEYNOTE

*Orchestra leaders: this is your department. I want to know what you think of it, and if there is any way I can better adapt it to its purpose. Drop me a line, wherever you are, and tell me what you think.*

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actual movement of the legs is a mere function and not difficult. It is learning the dance and remembering it which presents the problem. Dancing originates in the mind, and the secret of dancing lies in thinking. In other words, to be a good dancer, one must know how to think," he paused. "I suppose you don't dance?" he asked, smiling.

"The proof of our theory," he continued, "is this. No matter how well you can do a step, if your mind forgets it, the mechanical movements of your legs are valueless. Furthermore, if you think you can dance, you will dance.

"Why," he gazed intently at me, "I can even make you dance."

Visions of terpsichorean success, with myself in the leading rôle, rushed to my mind. In my dreams I had become a master of dancing, despite the hundred-and-eighty-five pounds which kept me from it. I started to figure out the headlines, but, remembering, took up the business at hand.

"Your eccentric dance routine," I said, "how did you finally complete it?"

"It took Mr. Lee and me several years to add new bits to it. Once in a while, an idea would hit us by accident. For instance, that part in which we start buttoning up each other's

# CLOWNING THROUGH

(Continued from page 23)

coats during the dance resulted from a habit of my partner. Through this force of habit, he began to button my coat and unbutton it on the stage, and the audience laughed. We made it a part of our routine after that.

"Dancing needs originality. Why," he declared, "I will give five hundred dollars for a new dancing step which would be certain to draw laughs from the audience—"

A muffled roar had come from Mr. Lee. He protested:

"Not out of my salary you won't. Give it out of yours," he exclaimed. The partnership of Shaw and Lee was approaching a snag. Calmness prevailed, however.

"Can't you see I'm joking?" Mr. Shaw insisted. "Besides, who thinks that a wager from two comedians would be taken seriously?"

"I would," I said.

"And who else?" asked Mr. Shaw.

"We, that is, Sam and I," continued Mr. Shaw, in the best Lindberghian manner, "never try for

coarse laughs. We feel that the audiences appreciate clever and clean humor, and that's what we try to give them in our dancing. Of course, you know that it's easy to draw guffaws from an audience, but the kind we try to get are the wholesome laughs. You understand what I mean?"

"I hope so," I replied.

By this time, it occurred to me that we weren't getting anywhere in particular and that Messrs. Shaw and Lee were trying to interview me. I turned to go.

"You can have your pants back," I said to Mr. Shaw. "I don't think that I like the color, unless you insist, of course, that I take them."

"I never insist," said the veteran comedian, "but there's just one more thing I'd like to say. Tell your readers that if I had time, I would write a book concerning the relationship of thinking to dancing. The trouble is that I haven't time."

At this point, Sam Lee turned to look at the man with whom he had been stepping face to face, shoulder to shoulder, and leg to leg for ten years.

"Al," he said, "for the benefit of the book-lovers of America, I must say that it's darned lucky you haven't."

So another literary masterpiece has been denied this generation.

# DANCERS in the AIR

(Continued from page 19)

went to several dancing schools but couldn't seem to get very far or to find out what it was all about. Then a boy of his own age suggested the Earle Wallace School of Dancing. John decided to try it for a month. If he didn't get anywhere he would forever forego the thought of dancing.

It has "got" him, as first appearance, the prolog to *What Price Glory?* at the Carthay Circle Theatre and the forty weeks' tour on the Fanchon and Marco circuit. All with Earlyne, of course. It is apt to get them both Broadway and musical comedy and revue . . . the top rung of that ladder upon the lower rung of which they

stood not very long ago, not for long.

The idea they are presenting now is called *Jungle Idea*. Needless to state John is the ape—and what an ape!—and Earlyne the pursued nymph. This is the first time the character of an ape has been attempted in the dance, and the aerial and acrobatic work they do is nothing short of phenomenal.

And there you have the requisite information . . . Wallace and Sanna . . . two youngsters of the Earle Wallace School . . . teamed by Mr. Wallace . . . believed in by him . . . sent out into the world to prove that not all of us are earthbound.

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# DANCING IS the UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE

(Continued from page 42)

not win life's prize. But all the world loves a dancer."

One of the chief lessons of the dance is witchery. It was by the dance that the lovely Irish Terpsichorean, Lola Montez, enchanted a king. On dancing steps she mounted to Bavaria's throne.

And Mata-Hari, the lovely spy, who was half-Dutch and half-Javanese, served Germany so well that, when she was caught, the French, in sheer admiration of her skill, named her "The Red Dancer." To this day she is remembered less as a spy than as a dancer.

In the quaint, wide black costume of the Yama-Yama Girl, Bessie McCoy bewitched, and married the late Richard Harding Davis, the novelist of grave and studious mein.

Cavalazzi, whose name is a classic in dance, and who in the evening of her career was ballet-mistress at the Metropolitan Opera House, before she retired to ease and her memories in Italy, told me with a gleam of mischievous memory, that the son of her impresario had fallen in love with her at a rehearsal.

"That was before he knew I was the première danseuse imported from Italy as a feature of his father's opera," she said. "To him watching rehearsal from the dimness of the auditorium I was the unknown in the violet tights. I was glad. For it proved that his heart was not touched by my fame. He loved not the première ballerina but the girl who, incognita, was weaving her way among other figures

through the measure of the ballet. I was as proud of that conquest as I would have been if I had been an heiress to millions and had been mistaken by my admirers for the housemaid."

At forty-three, she stopped dancing the Daughter of the Regiment, and told the newspapers that she would no longer dance save for her pupils. She ended in a tempest of tears.

Calmer was Adeline Genée's exit. "One should stop dancing at forty" was her dictum. And her practice. She married a London lawyer and is no longer known as the exquisite Genée but as Mrs. Frank Isett.

Usually the dancer's message is the cosmic one of love and joy. From the vital Occident to the dim Orient, they are comprehensible messages.

But they who dance may bring messages of different import. Anna Pavlova and Adeline Genée have conveyed lessons of spiritual significance. Isadora Duncan translated the dreams of the master sculptors by repeating their friezes in flesh and motion. When her children, beautiful and beloved, were killed in an automobile accident, in Paris, she expressed her grief, not by sobs nor moans, but by dancing a dirge about their coffins.

The language of the agile toes, the swiftly flexed calves and thighs, the swaying shoulders, the posture, bent or upright, the lifted or bowed head. The gamut of the thoughts and emotions of all mankind.

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(Continued from page 39)



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job as a 16 misses? As a kid, the only flair I ever had was for dancing and singing, and I had a fairly decent voice that got me by when I left school and applied for the chorus in *Nearly a Hero*."

"But wasn't your mother opposed to your entering the profession?" curiosity prompted me to inquire. "The average old Philadelphia families regarded the stage much like the Devil proverbially did holy water."

"Oh, she's great on family trees and all that sort of stuff, and is tremendously proud of a trunk of old papers that prove we're descended from French, Irish and English stock of more or less distinction. I don't lay much stress on all that excess baggage; genealogy never got me my next week's booking." Then she humorously added: "Can't you see what a hit I'd make if I blew into a manager's office seeking an engagement on the ground of being descended from Major Peter André Jaquet? 'And where does he work?' would probably be the question, or 'what show was he in last season?'"

Wishing to arrive at her most dominant characteristic, I frankly said to Miss Greenwood: "If you were writing a sketch of yourself, what

would you consider your most outstanding trait—what one word would most graphically convey to a reader an impression of your personality—of the real, away-from-the-footlights you?"

"Activity," she instantly replied. And right she is, for one can scarcely imagine the speed, the momentum, with which she expends that boundless energy of hers, in a hundred and one unexpected directions. When I say "unexpected" I merely mean, directions one would scarcely expect of the average comedienne, whose time is usually totally mortgaged by the exactions of continuous practising of amusing steps and songs. But then Miss Greenwood is far from "average," in any sense of the term—she simply disproves all laws of average.

Who would dream that every noon, except when she is on tour or in Hollywood, she works very earnestly in having her truly exquisite contralto voice cultivated for Grand Opera? And yet she very diffidently confided her secret ambition to scale such operatic heights as to render the card song in *Carmen* and those marvellous arias in *Samson and Delilah*. Jestingly she insisted that nothing would satisfy her short of the "high spots,"

but I can assure you that it is really no jesting matter. I was privileged to hear the rich, full tones of that golden voice, while her teacher was putting her through her daily lesson. To think that such a voice should be hidden away behind the sprightly syncopation of the latest jazz hit, or, worse still, to be utterly wasted upon the silent drama! The irony of keeping Miss Greenwood "silent," when her diversified gifts fairly shriek for expression!

Of course, even if Miss Greenwood took herself and her genuinely fine voice seriously, would her public be content to do so? They clamor to be amused; and ever since the days of her brilliant successes in *So Long Letty*, *Linger Longer Letty*, *Letty Pepper* and the *Ritz Revue* they have recognized in her a dance comedienne of the highest degree.

So definitely established has her status become, that she no longer needs to burlesque her appearance, with her hair screwed up in a knot and her feet in shoes that made them closely resemble ferry boats. She has long since accomplished the most difficult task of a comedienne—to make her audiences laugh because she is funny, not because she looks so.

## MAKING the GIFT HORSE GO

(Continued from page 33)

other generation of the Breens. My brother, Charlie, who is the youngest, is at present attending Cornell. Father says that he will be the brains of the family and will most likely become a plumber and get rich."

Almost everybody, when they read of a large and successful family of the stage, are interested to know just how amicably they get along. However, I didn't have to hear Miss Breen speak of her family for more than two minutes, before I was absolutely convinced that they were the happiest of families on or off the stage. When I asked her about this, she confirmed my speculations by stating, with a sound emphasis, leaving not the slightest doubt, that they always had been and were at the present moment happy.

"We are a particularly agreeable lot. Of course, there have been those little differences from time to time, but nothing so serious as to disrupt the perfect harmony which has made my home the most wonderful one that any girl has ever had. When I

am playing in shows, my brothers come and sit out front and criticize my work and offer suggestions as to just where I might improve this or that piece of business. Then when I have the chance, I do the same for them. One thing that is perhaps the secret of the absence of any discord among us is that we are always open for suggestions and we all welcome a helping hand. A great deal of this spirit is the result of our bringing-up."

The Breen family lives in the Richmond Hill section of Brooklyn, and all of them when playing in New York live at home, which makes it a small-sized boarding house.

Dave and Tom Breen have just finished a two-year engagement with the Marx Brothers' show. Margaret is in her second year with *Peggy-Ann*, and Fred is in vaudeville; while sister Nellie is now playing in *Golden Dawn* opposite both Olin Howard and Gil Squires.

"Your father, it would seem, trained you all quite thoroughly for the stage," I suggested.

"He most certainly did. Dad gave us all a thorough schooling both academic and histrionic. In the course was included, naturally enough, dancing, singing and elocution. He fitted us out for a varied career in musical comedy, and believe me, we have a lot to thank him for."

Miss Breen appeared for a couple of seasons opposite Eddie Buzzell in the *Desert Song*, and she has played in Europe as well. On this point, Miss Breen expressed a most curious attitude. "Do you know," she said, "that playing in Europe is thrilling to me.

I've had quite some success, yet no matter how much I succeeded over there I couldn't help but wish that my American audiences could see what I was doing. In other words, although I liked playing there, I would often say to myself, 'If only New York could see this.' And as much as I liked it there, I have always been glad to get back."

A flash of the dressing room lights announced the overture, and I took this as my cue to exit, for Miss Breen had yet to don her costumes. I said good-by to her and started down the hallway, I hadn't gone more than a dozen steps when her door opened quickly, and she stuck her head out and called, "And don't forget what I said about dancing being a gift. Whether you're a world beater at it or not, it requires almost daily plugging to keep up to snuff, and don't let anybody tell you different. Good-by!"

### Give a Thought to Your Health

**HOMER CROY**, celebrated writer, has achieved a fortune and a reputation over two continents. Yet twice in his life doctors gave him up for dead. Read his remarkable story in the June issue of *PHYSICAL CULTURE MAGAZINE* (a Macfadden publication).

Other features in the issue are: "The Truth about Great Strength"—"How I Cured Cancer"—"How Husbands Can Make More Money." Also full announcement of the *Physical Culture Venus Contest*. Get the June issue for full particulars. On sale June 1st.

### Make Your Home Dustproof

**THERE** are several little things that you can arrange for your home that will keep down the housework. The June issue of *YOUR HOME* tells you how. You will also be interested in the articles on rock gardens, porch furnishings, the uses of chintz and cretonne in introducing a summery note in the house.

The issue will be on sale May 23rd on the news-stands, 25c a copy.



# HOW PAVLEY and OUKRAINSKY DO IT

(Continued from page 31)

in his arrangement of an Aztec fire legend, for which he was at first forced to use some music of Rubinstein's. Later, when de Falla's *Danse Rituelle de Feu* was accessible, he found much more congenial material for his prepared plot in that, and has since altered his Aztec dance to suit the newer music.

Pavley and Oukrainsky state that often the music speaks for itself merely in terms of pure movement, its mood, rhythm and line. Liszt's *Les Preludes*, for instance, suggested itself to Mr. Pavley as incorporating a Boticellian quality of movement. Once he had convinced himself that this style was truly characteristic of *Les Preludes*, he began to search for a special line of movement, whereby that style might be expressed in harmony with the large effect, as a whole, of the general line in which Liszt's score presented itself to his imagination. In this endeavor, Mr. Pavley spent three weeks with his accompanist and his premiere danseuse, developing a series of steps and of groupings which would preserve the character of the music and also reflect its thematic progress.

Occasionally, both a picture and a plot will occur simultaneously. Upon

hearing a pianist play Ravel's *Alborado del Gracioso*, Pavley and Oukrainsky became aware of a fantastic idea, in which a somewhat pathetic clown amused himself with a doll. The color and setting of the action flashed into their minds together with the plot, and, it is interesting to note that the Spanish character of Ravel's music immediately defined the costume and the type of the clown.

In a similar manner, Pavley has recently completed a dance to the *Golliwog's Cake-Walk*, of Debussy, in which a Golliwog, dressed in a costume familiar to the public, wrestles with a Jack-in-the-Box for the favor of a sweetheart, and indulges in characteristic cake-walk movements. For this dance, Mr. Pavley has been perfecting his skill in wrestling, a sport in which, for some years, he has found much of the physical exercise with which he maintains his fitness as a dancer.

A highly interesting instance of music's suggesting an idea it was originally not intended to convey, is the case of Wagner's overture to *Der Fliegende Hollander*. To Pavley and Oukrainsky, this score, with its dramatic changes and its intense climax, has suggested a dance they, at present,

term *La Mort d'un Fou*, being unwilling to translate the French term into a comparatively coarse equivalent, such as "clown" or "fool". The hallucinations suggested by the music center about a crazed young man, in modern dress, who enters the scene obviously walking in his sleep, with a lighted candle in his hand. In a semi-circle of yellowish light, a green chair of weird design gradually reveals itself in the darkened stage. A series of distorted visions suggests to the crazed man that the chair is a throne from which he can command his own destinies, but also a refuge upon which he is not, however, safe from creeping monsters. The chair also represents to him his beloved, and though upon relighting his candle, which has fallen to the floor during a paroxysm of distress, quiet seizes him for a time, he eventually falls to the floor in a recurrence of crazed exhaustion.

Pavley and Oukrainsky are now busy arranging and creating ballets at their schools. Serge Oukrainsky has just finished a successful season with the Los Angeles Opera and, at present, is directing a ballet for the Fox Studios for Dolores Del Rio's new film. Andreas Pavley, at the Chicago School, is producing ensembles for tours.

# The DANCERS of VARIETY

(Continued from page 35)

was chosen by Earl Lindsay for the Strand Roof *Revue*, where I did an acrobatic specialty. Then I was in a series of shows, mostly of short duration, including *The Chiffon Girl*, *Dear Sir*, *Bye Bye Barbara*, *Top-Hole* and *The Daring Duchess*. Interspersed were night clubs, chief of which were Texas Guinan's and with Ted Lewis at the Parody Club.

"At this time I was considered a remarkable acrobatic dancer, and I was just about to make a hit when I was operated upon for a suddenly ruptured appendix. After about twelve weeks, I returned to Texas Guinan's and doubled at the Kit Kat Club, which necessitated a second operation.

"After this I was unable to do such strenuous work. Edward Root was looking for a partner and Mr. James Redmond, owner of the Parody Club, suggested me. I had been playing the part of Mimi the French girl in *The Daring Duchess*, but as usual it closed suddenly. Mr. Redmond was opening the Rendezvous Cafe and needed a dance team, so after one week's rehearsal we opened there. On the bill with us was a mind reader by the name of Rajah R—. Being



Dora Duby is an American girl who has had considerable success in European night clubs. She is expected to come to this country soon

a bit skeptical about teaming up, I asked his advice. It was to the effect that it would be hard at first, but if we stuck to it we would be a phenomenal success. That gave me courage.

"As a matter of fact, it has not been at all hard compared to my earlier experiences. Everyone seemed to like us immediately. We were booked at the Mount Royal Hotel, Montreal, the Beaux Arts, New York, and several other places, during which time we were offered engagements in Europe, but decided to accept a year's booking on the Keith circuit.

"In our present act, we do a semi-adagio waltz, my partner does a novelty tap dance and I do a single vivacious parasol dance with a little pantomime story and a fast whirlwind acrobatic finish. We have several other dances which we expect to do next season. My best solo is an authentic Indian number which did not fit in this act."

If the vaudeville fans who read THE DANCE MAGAZINE would like to see any of their favorite vaudeville dancers interviewed, write to Michael Evans. Give the name of the individual or team, and mention what questions you'd like answered. He also invites suggestions and news items with photographs from professionals.

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## MAGIC TOES

(Continued from page 15)

Pavlowa are apt to imagine that the average Broadway job is beneath them. So when John Murray Anderson offered to put me in the *Greenwich Village Follies* four years ago, I haughtily declined. I was broke a few weeks later and tried to land the same part, but it was too late. With my pride taken down a peg, I joined a vaudeville act in which Simeon Karavæff was featured. We toured the Orpheum circuit for two seasons. Then Chester Hale engaged me for the Capitol Theatre. This was one of the best things that ever happened to me. Mr. Hale is a wonderful teacher, and I improved technically under

him. From the Capitol, I came to my present post."

"Is there some special point you want me to mention?" I asked.

"Well, now, you might say that ballet is not the only kind of dancing that I can do," Miss Coles answered. "The public seems to associate me entirely with toe work. It will continue to be my specialty. But I have studied Oriental dancing, and I am very fond of it. One of my ambitions is to appear as *Salome*."

I promised her to put the matter on record—and that's why this month's cover is illustrated with a picture of Joyce Coles in an Oriental pose.

## STAGE DOOR

(Continued from page 25)

*Air* attracting my notice, I would like to have her interviewed and hear what she aspires to be.

Very truly,  
E. B.

I have entrusted this letter to Francis X., who ran to the Editor with it, demanding the assignment to write a follow-up story, as suggested by Miss E. B.'s letter. When it was mentioned that four young ladies who, Mr. Gopelle's perspicacity told him, will be somebody some day were to be interviewed, it was okay. So Francis X. is now out scouting here and there. He has been to see Gene Fontaine in *Take the Air*, but he hasn't told me who the other three will be. The last time he came in the office he said he thought the story would shape up nicely. So personally I'm waiting for it. He's glad that letter came in.

A letter from Estella Reed thanks me for shoving her photo in this

col'm some months back. She is in Paris now at the Palace Theatre, having just sent her girls to Buenos Aires to dance. She herself will soon return to San Francisco to train another group to take back to Europe next year. Swell.

A letter from Miss I. D., Chicago, clamors for more news about Chicago, mentioning the schools. I have turned that request over to *Student and Studio*. She also wants to know when Pavlowa is coming to this country. Nobody seems to know exactly but I would not be at all surprised to see her over here early next season. It's about time.

—JOHNNY

If you want any questions answered about people in show business, drop Johnny a line. If there is some particular individual you would like to see interviewed, write in, and Johnny will speak to the Editor about it. That's what this department is for.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF THE DANCE MAGAZINE, published monthly at New York, N. Y. for April 1, 1928.

State of New York } ss.  
County of New York }

Before me a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared W. Adolphe Roberts, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of THE DANCE MAGAZINE and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Dance Publishing Corporation, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Editor, W. Adolphe Roberts, 121 West 67th St., New York City, N. Y. Managing Editor, Joseph M. Roth, 541 Nepperhan Ave., Yonkers, N. Y. Business Managers, none.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Owners—The Dance Publishing Corporation, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Stockholder—Macfadden Publications, Inc., 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Stockholders in Macfadden Publications, Inc., Bernarr Macfadden, Englewood, N. J., O. J. Elder, 276 Harrison Street, East Orange, N. J.

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is.....(This information is required from daily publications only.)

(Signed) W. ADOLPHE ROBERTS, Editor

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of March, 1928, Wesley F. Pape, Notary Public, Queens County, No. 2682, Reg. No. 4846, Cert. filed in New York County, No. 471, Registered No. 9333, Commission expires March 30th, 1929. (SEAL)

# STUDENT and STUDIO

(Continued from page 46)



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## Indianapolis

**A**RTHUR COREY, Mlle. Theo Hewes and Jack Broderick are forming a concert company that will be ready by the fall.

## London

**M**ONSIEUR EMILE JACQUES-DALCROZE of Geneva conducted a class in Eurythmics at his annual Lecture-Demonstration given at the New Scala Theatre. The advanced group of students from the London and Geneva schools gave some very lovely plastic studies.

## Austria

**E**LIZABETH SELDEN is leaving New York to conduct a summer school in Sonntagsberg, situated in the Alps of Lower Austria. An old monastery on the top of the mountain overlooking the valley of the Danube will be the seat of the school. Miss Selden specializes in the technique of barefoot dancing, group work, improvisation and dramatics; she also gives lessons in German.

—RACHEL MOSS

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# SOME NAMES of DANCERS

By EDWIN LEIGHTON

**M**ANY interesting things are often revealed by a little investigation into the backgrounds of words and names, and this is true of the names of dances,—especially those names which, by long association, have become a part of the usual inheritance in vocabulary of our mother tongue. Not only interesting things, indeed, but now and then some startling things!

Take *waltz*, for example. There is room in the history of that word, as revealed by the dictionary, for many an unkind remark. Would you, for instance, ever suspect that there was any relation between waltzing in a ballroom and wallowing in a mire? There is, however, for *waltz* is distinctly related to the Anglo-Saxon word *weltern*, the basic meaning of which is to roll. *Waltz* itself is German, where again the basic meaning is to roll. In an encyclopedia of 1802 this was noted about the waltz (quoted by Ernest Weekley in his *Etymological Dictionary*):

"Those maniacal turnings and gesticulations which have lately become fashionable in this country [England], under the appellation of German vaults (or rather, *walzen*)."

Mr. Weekley also records that *waltz* may have come, according to some authorities, from the same source as *volte* or *vault*, the turning in horsemanship or fencing. This sense of the word is also found in *volte-face*, meaning to face suddenly about.

*Polka*, on the other hand, is Polish, probably from the word *polka*, mean-

ing a Polish woman. Thus, not only the dance but the word, its name, is of the same origin—as might be expected, of course, but it is confirming. *Polonaise* is also Polish, being the French feminine of *polonais*, meaning Polish. Similarly, *mazurka* was named from the Polish word which meant a woman from the province of Mazuria or Mazovia (the latter is given by Webster's New International Dictionary).

*Schottische* is in itself the German word for Scotch or Scottish, but its pronunciation (shot-ish) is probably due to the name of the dance having come into English through French. Webster's New International takes particular pains to point out that this should not be confused with *écossaise*, which is the French word for Scottish.

*Bolero*, of course, is Spanish; it is also the name of a jacket. Resembling the *bolero* is the Spanish *cachucha* (sometimes erroneously spelled *cachuca*). Of the Spanish names probably *sandango* is the most common; it was originally West Indian, being brought from there to Spain.

*Quadrille* may have a military origin. A possible Italian derivation relates it to the name of a band of soldiers. Mr. Weekley points out its relation to the Spanish *cuadrilla*, and adds that it was originally a troop of riders in four groups. Its basic meaning is that of a square, or four—it was the square dance of five figures introduced to London in 1815 and rapidly becoming popular. The lancers or

lancers were a certain arrangement of a set of quadrilles; the word is French, and it first meant one who used a lance.

*Minuet*, as a dance, and *menu*, as a bill of fare, have much in common, since they both come from the French for "small" or slender, diminutive. The dance was so named because of its short steps. The word dates from the seventeenth century.

Such dances as the *two-step*, *galop* (French), *caprice* (Italian: *capriccio*), *reel* (Gaelic, the Scotch reel of the Highlanders), *jig* (possibly imitative, suggesting short quick movements), *fling* (Highland fling), *march*, etc., suggest more or less their fundamental significance. The Virginia reel was the common name throughout the United States for the English country-dance known as the Sir Roger de Coverly, named after the kind-hearted and simple old gentleman who was supposed to be a leading spirit in the editing of the Spectator papers of those days.

*Cakewalk* is perhaps the most interesting name of all. Probably like the Charleston and the Black Bottom, it is of Negro origin. It was at first a Negro form of entertainment in America, in which the prize of a cake was given for the performer of the most eccentric or accomplished steps done in walking, usually to music. Hence, the dance. The expression "to take the cake" is perhaps of the same origin, though it is earlier in usage.

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