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THE DANCE

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MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER



TED SHAWN

Announcing—
“Dancing Before the American Public”

An Unusual Analysis of Eight Phases of the Dance Art
by Specially Selected Commentators

STARTING in the November issue of THE DANCE MAGAZINE, there will appear a series of discussions on eight basic types of dancing important to the art in this country, prepared by authorities selected for their intimate knowledge of each subject. No more informative and interesting compendium of dance fact, past and present, has ever been made available to devotees of dancing. Teacher, student and professional alike will find herein material of invaluable inspiration and assistance. The authorities who will take stock of the point America has reached in dancing today will be the following:

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Editor of The Dance Magazine

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by NICKOLAS MURAY

Dance Critic of The Dance Magazine

THIS is dance fact you should know. Every line of every article will add new information to your knowledge or refresh your memory on important facts that you will delight to recall. The editors are confident that the publication of this series of articles is a contribution to the art of dancing that will be noteworthy for its helpfulness. Can you afford to miss even a paragraph? The first discussion appears in the November issue of THE DANCE MAGAZINE—on sale October 23rd wherever magazines are sold.

New Features for the Coming Season

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P. and A.

A remarkable aerial photograph of Honera Childers, leaping from a tree into the arms of her partner in Elysian Park, Los Angeles

C · O · N · T · E · N · T · S

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Cover Design—Painted by Jean Oldham after a Photograph of Ted Shawn

Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain a copy of their contributions; otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every possible effort will be made in our organization to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs and drawings, but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

In the Next Issue:

THE TRUTH ABOUT NIJINSKY—the revelation of the life of the young Russian who became the greatest male dancer of his time, if not all time. The biography uncovers the details of his rise to artistic pinnacles, and his descent into a tragic life far worse, to those who knew him, than death. It will appear in two parts beginning with the October number.

The next issue is one that teachers and pupils cannot afford to miss. It is one that professionals and lovers of dancing cannot permit to pass by—the Special Studio Number. It will be a bigger magazine, and its contents will deal largely with the great names in the dance-teaching world. If you want to know how the glittering stars of today's stage were developed, read the accounts their teachers give—of how technique, personality and dance-consciousness are elaborated to give still more beautiful dancers to this country.

As usual the magazine will contain its popular feature departments under Walter Winchell, Ray Perkins, Michael Evans, Rockwell J. Graham and Nickolas Muray.

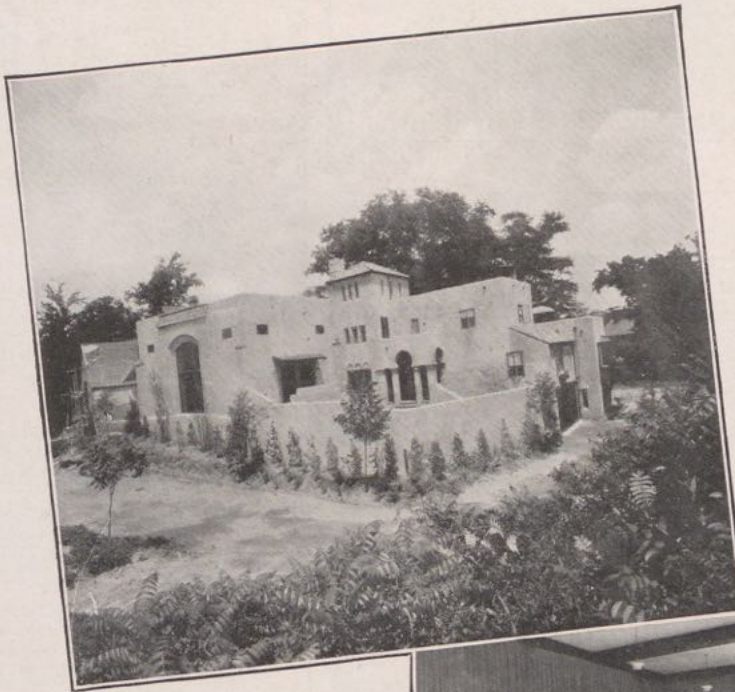
Remember the Special Studio Number!

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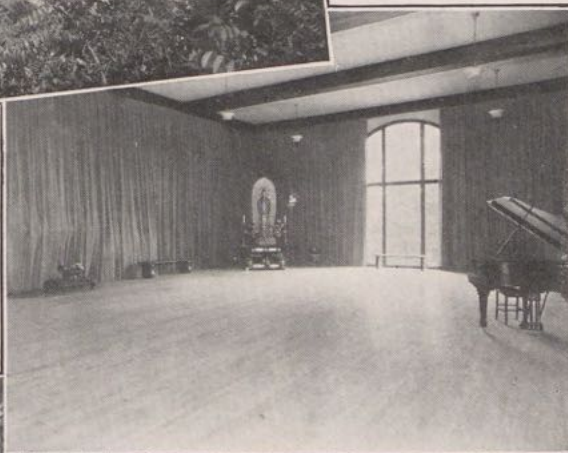
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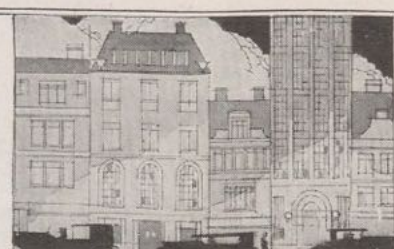
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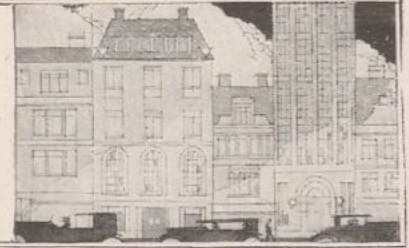
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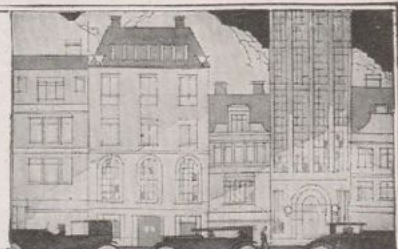
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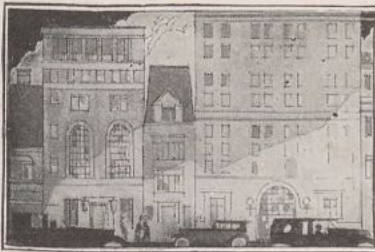
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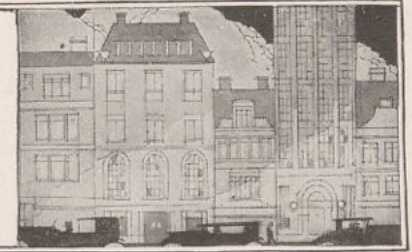
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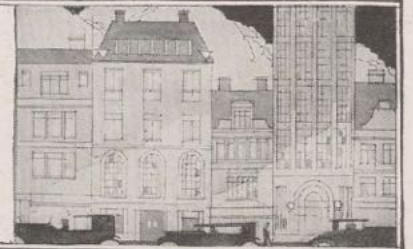
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Teddy Walters

Columbus, Ohio
I prophesy that it will not be long before this talented pupil, who is just seventeen years of age, will have her opportunity to appear in entertainments of a professional nature, and that she will justify herself and the studio when that time arrives . . . Today, Teddy Walters is creating nightly sensations in adagio work in Harry Delmar's "Revels" at a large salary.

Raymond Eisman (Ray Eisman)

New York City
Eddie Cantor may well look to his laurels. In a few years this eight-and-a-half-year-old comedian and dancer bids fair to develop into a stage artist worthy to be considered as Eddie's natural successor. Here is a case where the wisdom of the parents is shown, in watching the boy's proclivity and fostering it. As the result of occasional lessons in our studios covering only one year, Raymond has developed from a child who loves to dance into a real dancer who is growing along lines that later insure a lifetime career as a professional. Watch Raymond Eisman develop . . . Today, Raymond Eisman (Eisman) is earning between \$400 and \$500 a week headlining in Keith-Albee Vaudeville.

Virginia MacNaughton

New York City
Here is a little dancer who bids fair to charm Broadway in a few years. She is but eleven now, and

already has been placed in the advanced ballet class in our studios. Virginia first came to us as a member of the Saturday children's course. That was two years ago. So pleased were her parents with her interest and remarkable progress in dancing that they arranged for the continuation of her studies in the regular classes for adults. The guidance of her future dancing career, continuing in our hands, should secure for her an enviable place in the charmed circle of public favorites . . . Today, Virginia MacNaughton is dancing in "Ned Wayburn's Chicks", playing Stanley Theatres of America.

Diantha Freeman (Gloria Lee)

Arverne, L. I.

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Mortimer Becker (Georgie Taps)

New York City

Mortimer Becker takes to all forms of stage dancing as a duck to water. He is at home in the Charleston, acrobatic dancing, ballet, toe, musical comedy and tap and step. At our studios, he is now learning the most advanced tumbling tricks. He will be seen on the professional stage, beyond all doubt, as soon as his years permit . . . Today, Georgie Taps (Mortimer Becker) is the star male dancer of Gene Buck's "Take the Air".

Ruthie Goodwin

Greenville, N. Y.

Here is a little lass of fourteen whose mother is a retired stage dancer and who numbers among her near

relatives no less a celebrity than Nat Goodwin, a very popular comedian on the American stage only a few years ago. For the past two years she has been a constant pupil in our studios, taking all the dancing classes, four classes a day some of the time, besides private lessons, and fitting herself thoroughly for a bright future . . . Today, Ruthie Goodwin is dancing in "Lovely Lady," the Shubert musical skit now on tour after a long New York run.

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Madeleine Northway
—Who dances atop the Biltmore
Hotel, New York City, with her
partner, George Chiles
Photos by Richard Burke



WHAT WE ARE GOING to DO

An Editorial by RICHARD HOYT

IT appears wise this month—a moment of lull before the new season begins—to devote this space to a forecast of what policies THE DANCE MAGAZINE will emphasize in its pages during the coming year.

First of all, the editorial page will treat in detail of the various subjects intimately connected with the world and art of the dance on which a crystallized viewpoint is held by those who live to dance and dance to live, and by those who closely follow dancing. These editorials will clarify the attitude of the magazine on points of importance to dancers and dance lovers. We shall endeavor to the best of our ability to work out and advocate, chiefly, ways and means of making this country even more dance-conscious than it already is. Also, we shall attempt, as the only popular magazine exclusively devoted to the dance, to serve as a guiding finger to those who seek the road to success, artistic and material.

But editorial comment is not enough. THE DANCE MAGAZINE OWES it to its readers to let them hear from the great students and critics of dancing. We believe that the propitious moment has arrived for America to take stock of herself. How far have we come in dancing in this country? What have we done, and what will we accomplish

in the immediate future? Every dancer and lover of the art is interested in these questions. Therefore, we have arranged for a series of articles, written by the chief authorities in their various fields, which will review the situation in masterly fashion. The first of the series will appear in November, and thereafter one article will appear each month.

A fundamental point in the policy of the magazine is the belief that dancers are in dire need of a theatre of their own. Musicians have their concert halls, but dancers have nothing of the kind. Somewhere, soon, there must be built a theatre of the dance. And intimately related to this belief is the conviction that dancers have yet a great deal to learn about the proven principles of showmanship. It must never be overlooked that dancing is a spectacle for the eyes, and that the presentation of any type of dancing whatsoever calls for the use, to the absolute limit, of the rules of showmanship that have dominated the stage since the first dancing girl appeared before the first Chinese

Emperor, and will prevail when the final curtain falls in the world.

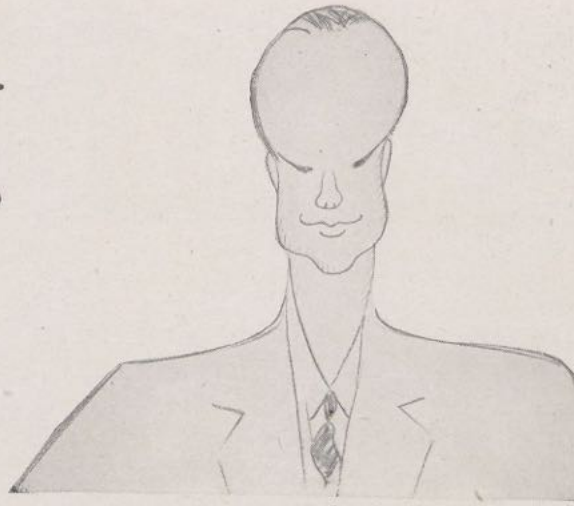
These principles must govern the modern presentation of dancing, and THE DANCE MAGAZINE hopes to be able to emphasize them in a constructive way.



Part of a Persian dance recently done by pupils of the Aslanoff school

HAVANA NIGHTS

By TED SHAWN



A sketch of Ted Shawn by Conrado Massaguer, Cuban artist and editor of two leading magazines in Havana

It is so rare that realization surpasses anticipation, but in Havana this really happened. Having seen many tropical cities, having sailed into faraway harbors, and threaded the narrow streets of many romantic towns, I somehow did not expect to find romance and beauty so near at home.

Havana reaches out to you while you are still on the boat, gathers you to itself and from that time on, you are its slave. As you steam in past Morro Castle and see that ivory-colored city nestling in green hills on the shores of a peacock-blue sea, you feel at once a transition from the world of reality into a land of enchantment. Through our whole two weeks there, the spell was never broken, but rather deepened so that at the end our departure was made with heavy hearts.

The architecture of the National Theatre, where we played, was beautiful and ornate in the manner of an old world opera house, and it faced a plaza like a musical comedy stage setting where one imagined comic opera revolutions were brewed, fought and forgotten. The narrow "sun dodging" streets wending their way between store fronts of brilliant colored tiles with their Spanish signs, and windows displaying fans, mantillas and shawls, lead one irresistibly on and on until recalled by the lateness of the hour and the distance from the theatre where a matinée was probably even at that moment ready to start without you.

But I must admit we saw very little of Havana in the day time. Every night the cabarets of the city vied with each other in having our whole company as honor guests. Our performance at the Teatro Nacional starting at ninety-three, we dressed and left the theatre and arrived at a new cabaret each night at about one o'clock. Most of the cabarets have dancers imported from Spain. At the Montmartre there was one little group consisting of a man, Pépe Guerrero, his wife and his sister, true Flamenco dancers, called the Trío Ibérico.

The work of this trio was very fine, very true and was received by the crowd with true Spanish fervor. It consisted of solos and trios entirely in the Spanish Flamenco manner, and the dances of Pépe himself were marvels of technical virtuosity. The rapidity and intricate design of the rhythms of his heel beats were truly amazing even to trained dancers, and our applause was even more vociferous than that of the ordinary public because we knew how rare and how difficult his performance was. Pépe had one interesting novelty in a new sort of tambourine dance. He had had a huge tambourine especially constructed so that it would bear his weight. This tambourine was brought out, placed in the middle of the dancing floor of the cabaret, all lights were put out except for one spot light on the tambourine. Then Pépe rushed out, leaped onto the tambourine and surpassed his previous efforts in the way of rapid and complex heel beat patterns. This dance "brought down the house." Pépe was so good that we returned to this cabaret a number of times for the sole purpose of seeing him, each time with greater satisfaction.

The Charm of the Old World and the Zest of the New Combine in the Capital City of Cuba to Weave about the Visitor a Spell of Magic Beauty

Of still more native interest was the performance of a woman quite well-known in Havana, a native Cuban. She was a large woman, and by no means young. She gave to us our first impression of that native dance, La Rumba, which is supposed to be so naughty that it is forbidden by the police. Her costume was a theatrical adaptation of the "Sunday best" of the Cuban negroes, a ruffled skirt with a long train, a very low bodice, kerchief tied over her shoulder, another kerchief tied bandana-wise around her head, and a still larger one held in back of her from hand to hand. This was all of bright yellow satin and black lace. She sang and danced to the music that is known as "La Rumba." Her performance was earthy, frankly but inoffensively suggestive and performed to the music of the native orchestra, than which I know nothing more seductive. If people who enthuse over jazz get as much sheer sensuous enjoyment out of jazz as I got out of this Cuban music, than I understand and forgive. I realized that it is because jazz has never given me a thrill, that I have preached so against it. It has been so unutterably stupid and boring; but the Cuban music was anything but boring. I felt as if I could not possibly remain a spectator, but must spring out onto the floor and dance to these strains which seem to move in my blood like

some rich, old heady wine. Soon I had the chance to, for in between the cabaret numbers there was general dancing. The Cuban beaux and belles dance the Danzón, which is the very smart dance of Havana. This dance is rather slow, with an alternated series of one and two steps, but interesting pauses which occur at appointed places in the music, very much after the manner of the dancing of coplas in the Sevillanos. That is to say, after dancing a certain number of measures, which the Cuban seems to know by heart, the entire assemblage stops, the women fan themselves, they talk and at a given moment all take positions and go on dancing. The music having gone on in a steady flowing stream that



Brown Brothers

A photograph of some dancing dolls, made in Havana, and brought from there by Ted Shawn on his return to this country

would not have indicated to a stranger that any cessation of dancing was called for at all. The quality of the music in the Danzón is just as seductive as it is in the Rumba, and I realized that it was produced partly by the quality of the instruments themselves. I went over to the orchestra and examined the instruments and the next day bought all that were peculiar to Cuba.

One man plays on a big bottle-shaped gourd which has had a hole cut in it along one side and notched on the other side. The musician strokes the notched side of the gourd with a sharp stick, producing a musical rasp. Another musician has two round gourds which are filled with hard beans and these he shakes one in each hand, in the manner of the Hopi Indians with their dance rattles. The third musician has two hard wooden sticks, which he hits together, producing a sound such as one hears only in certain Oriental orchestras, the Japanese for instance. These three, added to the guitars and the usual violins, flute and piano of our own orchestra, produced such exotic rhythms that it had an entirely new, and as I said before, a particularly seductive effect upon me. Often the entire orchestra would sing, as most of these pieces are written both to be sung and danced. There was one popular song which they told me was quite new, and had been done by a Cuban composer and published only recently, called *Rosa Roja*. That I had played for me over and over again, by the orchestra, at the different places we visited.

It was very gay in Havana while we were there. The Pan-American conference was at its height and President Coolidge and President Machado both addressed the Conference from the stage of our theatre, in the morning of the same days that we danced in the afternoons and evenings.

We went to the races and Miss St. Denis put a horseshoe of roses around the necks of the winning horses. Other nights we went from the cabarets on to the great Casino where roulette and all of the other notorious games of chance were being played. Having rapidly lost our previously decided apportionment, we gave ourselves over to the beauty of the Casino itself.

It is built about forty-five minutes from the heart of the city, a building of pure white set in a garden of beautiful flower beds, and hedged walks on the shore of the bay. Immediately in front of the main en-

trance to the building is an exquisite fountain of nine life-sized nude dancers, holding hands and dancing, in a ring. Beside the gaming rooms there were beautiful dining halls and ballrooms where the fashion and beauty of Havana, as well as people of wealth from all over the world, display and amuse themselves nightly. Here, too, was a native orchestra playing these strange instruments and producing their magic music.

Having had a taste of La Rumba in a modified version, we were not content until we had run it down to its original source, which is among the poorer class of Cuban negro. It is a duet dance; and when seen in its unexpurgated condition, it is not sug-

simpler and yet in some ways very much more native and unsophisticated than those to be heard in the expensive cabarets. Nightly they come to play and gather such gifts offered them by the transient public. There are times when a dozen expensive automobiles will be drawn up and the wealthy occupants of these cars sit and partake of the most seductive hot dogs that have ever been concocted (a hot dog which is put to bed between blankets of shredded fried onion and shoe-string potatoes). But there are dull times when the laborers, loafers, roustabouts, ladies of light morals and that sort creep out, and thinking themselves unobserved, (having made reconnaissance to find the police at a safe distance) they indulge in the genuine, unadulterated, forbidden Rumba. By patiently waiting on several nights, around three and four in the morning, we saw these dances as they should be seen. Although we visited

several of the commoner cabarets where it was rumored that the Rumba was done, what we saw was always a very shamefaced and diluted version. It was only at those times when the hot dog stands were almost deserted, long after midnight, that by keeping very quiet and unobtrusive we got the same dance as it is done when there is no foreigner present.

As would be surmised, it is a dance done with a great deal of hip and body movement, but what is unusual with the general run of sensuous dances, this has also quite a bit of rapid foot work. It starts slowly but gradually increases in speed until the musicians and dancers get so worked up, the feet and hips move faster and faster and the volume of the music increases until, with a series of rapid

whirls, the dance seems to explode of its own energy. When the dance is done as a duet the man passes his handkerchief around the girl's hips and pulls it taut and by moving this handkerchief back and forth he assists in keeping her body constantly in motion. One of the amusing steps done as a finishing movement was a low renverse, ending in a dip so low that the knee almost touched the ground. This is done in opposite directions, cogwheel wise, and brings the dancers back ending face to face. In this movement the man releases the handker-

(Continued on page 54)



Another sketch by Massaguer, of a pair of Cuban Negroes dressed in festival costumes for the execution of the Rumba, the sensational native dance

gestive, simply because it leaves nothing to be suggested.

Halfway out between town and the Casino is a unique sight. Out in a field, far from any building, is a little community made up entirely of hot dog stands! There are about twenty or thirty of these, forming a hollow square, little tables in front of each one. There one finds strolling bands of musicians who play there. These are much

Natacha Nattova

—Who is known as one of the most sensational
adagio dancers now on the American stage



Strauss Peyton

NATACHA NATTOVA *the* VERSATILE

She Came from the Paris Opéra, via Nice and War-torn Russia, to Become One of America's Most Daring Adagio Dancers—But That Is Not Her Only Accomplishment

By W. ADOLPHE ROBERTS



This statuette is of Natacha Nattova. The original, life size, by the Russian sculptor Yourievitch, was bought by the French government and is in the Petit Palais, Paris

Foto Topics

“IN the dance—as in all the arts—it is not so much what you do as how you do it,” Natacha Nattova told me. She drew fine eyebrows together, turned her delicately chiseled face to look out of the window, then added slowly: “That is another way of saying that personality is the chief factor. Many beautiful measures have been created. Thousands of dancers learn to render them with technical perfection. Only a few of the thousands are satisfying to watch. They only have the thing which cannot be learned—personality.”

The girl who gave new meaning to this eternal truism is one of the most interesting figures in dancing today. She is known for her daring and graceful adagio work, always a shade more sensational than that of her rivals. It was the big feature in the *Greenwich Village Follies* of two years ago, and later it has taken vaudeville audiences by storm. But the person who thinks of Natacha Nattova simply as an adagio dancer does not comprehend her versatility.

Though still in her earliest twenties, she has had a surprising artistic past. Her plans for the future are highly original. Then take into account her magnetic temperament, her courage and her keen intelligence, and you will have begun to do her justice.

The day I went to interview her, I found Nattova in bed with a broken ankle, which she had sustained in New Haven while making a difficult leap in her act on the Publix circuit. She was propped up against the pillows, her lovely brown hair brushing her shoulders and a curious look of proud tranquillity on her face.

“Does it hurt very much?” I asked.

“Not now,” she answered. “It isn’t pain I remember in connection with this accident, anyway, but an illusion of calamity. I was knocked senseless, and they took me to a hospital and removed a bone from my foot. The first thing I knew was awakening from chloroform and noting that there was no feeling in one leg below the knee. I thought they had amputated it, and I screamed in horror—not because I feared suffering, you

understand, but because I believed I never would be able to dance again. A doctor came in and set me right. Afterwards, there was pain, as the local anæsthetic wore off.

“I have had eight serious accidents in my life, most of them on the stage. Once, my partner failed to catch me, and I smashed into a piece of scenery, breaking my nose. That hurt, if you like! Terribly at the time, and untold agony while it was mending! I would rather have my legs and arms all broken than another injury to my nose. But I love danger, and I must expect to pay a price for it every so often.”

“What bred this love in you?”

“Do I know? I fled as a child with my parents from the Russian revolution. Ever since, I have felt myself to be an adventurer, with a passion for new scenes, new pursuits of beauty. Perhaps that has had something to do with it. I know that I feel it keenly.

“We settled in Nice after leaving Russia, and the glamor of Southern France colored my childhood. Then I went to Paris and studied dancing under Clustine, the ballet master of the Opéra. He drilled me most strictly in the technique of ballet. It is the best preparation one can have for no matter what kind of dancing. In time I was admitted to the Opéra company and appeared in small rôles.

“But I had also taken up the study of painting. Some of my work was exhibited. I even thought that my real career might lie in that direction. I wrote poetry in Russian. It was published, and I dreamed of being a poet.

“Finally, I became interested in modern dancing. I left the Opéra and gave a number of recitals. My adagio work was so conservative, so mild, compared with what I do now, that I have to smile when I remember it. But they had never seen anything of the sort in France, and it was hailed as being very thrilling.

“Three years ago, Mr. William Morris saw me abroad and engaged me for the *Greenwich Village Follies*. America filled me with new ideas, and audiences were nice to me. So I stayed and

went into vaudeville. That is my story.”

“It is only the beginning of your story,” I objected. “Tell me, do you like vaudeville?”

Natacha Nattova’s lips pouted, and she gazed at me with narrowed eyes, as glowing and enigmatic as a cat’s. “Is that a fair question?” she asked. “Well, never mind, I will answer. I am not so fond of vaudeville, because it is like a factory. Two appearances a day in the best houses, and three or four elsewhere. At least four appearances, if it is a movie presentation. My dancing is usually in the tragic mood. One cannot die perfectly four times a day. I would rather give concerts, of course. Yet I am grateful to vaudeville for providing me with large public and good pay.”

“What are your plans for next season?”

She reached among some papers scattered

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Whitley Broady

The little Russian danseuse began her dancing career on the European continent doing ballet exclusively. It was only later that her adagio work won instant success



THE young ballerina pictured here is one of the chief drawing attractions of the Opera in Cologne, Germany. These are new photographs of her, and well represent the grace of one whom the citizens of Cologne consider a leader among Europe's dancers.



LISA PARNOVA is not a product of Europe exclusively. She was born in Russia, and did her early studying there. The chief part of her work has, however, been done in this country, where she spent six years under the able tutelage of Michel Fokine.



Lisa Parnova

Photographs by Gropp



The STAGE or the STUDIO—WHICH?

Florence Cowanova Believes that Dancers Should Decide Early on an Answer to This Query—Her Own Experience is a Case in Point

“SUCCESS should never be completely realized. It must beckon and urge, but always glitter just ahead. A consciousness of success in the minds of many spells their stagnation. As a dancing teacher, I have recognized this condition in my class, although for the deeply artistic there can never be final success. A bright pupil sometimes grows to feel that she has learned all there is to learn. Her development ceases with that thought. This is one of the reasons that I endeavor constantly to present my routine work in such a manner that it is not evident to the pupil that much is repetition. In an art as fragile and as exacting as the dance, months, indeed years, of routine are necessary if technique is to be perfected and the true spirit of the dancer discovered, moulded and developed.”

Florence Cowanova, mistress of her own school in Russian and Italian technique, spoke in a soft, firm tone from the study of her massive studio at Twenty-second and Walnut Streets, Philadelphia. Enthusiasm and conviction were expressed in her warm brown eyes.

“WHEN contemplating or planning a life work, I do not think one should be too determined or set in ideas until she has proved that her ambitions and desires are those to which she is suited. I am sure that most girls and boys, too, begin dance study with a professional career in mind. It is natural that the lure of stage lights, their name on a program and applauding audiences should be tempting bait to the young. Today there are so many interesting outlets for dance training and knowledge that often they eventually appeal to the student more than a strict professional life. At this time the dance teacher enjoys a unique privilege, opportunity and indeed duty. Dance in some form is included in the curriculum of every good school. Rhythmics now are becoming an important part of the beauty salon treatment, and women throughout the country are finding dancing a most inspiring, effective and delightful means of keeping young, healthy and happily entertained. Thus, from a material standpoint, teaching has become a lucrative profession; from an artistic standpoint, it promises the dancer a rich field in which to exert her art. The very trend and spirit of her class is as much an evidence of her talent as a brilliant personal performance, for she is the guiding and controlling influence of the

By COURTENAY D. MARVIN

group. She will find more fertile soil in the young people about her for such experimentation, growth and ideas than if she alone were the medium for her dance conceptions. No matter how versatile the individual, the range of thought, expression and stage personality must be limited.

“I train my pupils with the direct purpose in mind that their work must fit them

that I have a two-purpose thought in mind when instructing, and in no way does the teacher-professional training detract from the work the pupil prefers.”

Florence Cowanova is a living example of the artistic and practical features that she instills into her classes. It may be accurately reported that at one time Miss Cowanova was the youngest teacher of dancing in this country. For she opened her first school when she was eleven. Even then, years of training had preceded her venture. The war might be credited with her first courageous attempt, although with her unusual energy, stamina, fortitude and versatility, it is just as likely her capabilities would have manifested themselves without a war. Then it seemed likely that her father, Mr. Cowanova, now instructor of acrobatics and male physical culture in her school, would don a uniform. The plucky child decided in that case she was the one to shoulder the family burden. Accordingly, she sought to lease a small studio in Thirteenth Street, Philadelphia, her parents assuming responsibility, of course. The owner declined to let the studio, because he felt there was little chance for the child to succeed and he was thereby preventing a broken lease after

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Carlo Leonetti photos

Two new poses of Florence Cowanova as she appears today in her ballet school in Philadelphia

either for a professional or a teaching career. It is surprising how many have chosen teaching in preference to stage work. Throughout Philadelphia today there are numerous small schools taught by teachers who were once my pupils. Too many teachers instruct with the idea of a professional career alone in mind. Thus should the pupil fail professionally, he is unable to utilize those years of training in other pleasant fields. This was my own experience. I began with the stage alone in mind, but teaching proved far more desirable and happy for me. Let me say that I do not make it evident to my pupils



FLORENZ ZIEGFELD *tells why*

DANCE

EVERYONE recalls that a backwoods rail-splitter became President.

That a country-born tinkerer and mechanic became the world's most widely known and wealthiest automobile manufacturer.

That a tenement-reared lad who first earned his keep selling fish in Fulton Market is today a candidate for the highest post within the gift of the people of the United States.

But mighty few know that the man who is acknowledged internationally as pre-eminent judge of feminine stage beauty, as well as being an outstanding producer of the times, was once a cowboy.

Yes; we mean Florenz Ziegfeld.

Ziegfeld, the glorifier of the most beautiful and shapely of America's young womanhood, an artist in stagecraft, costuming and lighting, a finished musician, a master judge of terpsichorean proficiency, a keen critic of literary merit, a careful dresser, a polished man of affairs and a guide and mentor to the thousands of girls who enlist to serve under his banners, was in his late teens a cowpuncher on the Wyoming ranges.

Seems hard to credit,

DeBarron



but "Ziggie," as he was known to his hard-riding companions in the old days—and still is to a few intimates—put in two full years in the wide open spaces. And there he won his spurs as a rider of the bucking bronco and the speedy pinto pony and held his own with the rifle and the long-barrel Colt.

And here, probably, is something else you don't know about this man whose reputation for years has most generally been associated with the artistic and beautiful—girls and stage productions. His close fitting garments conceal a complement of splendid



U. and U.

The Ziegfeld Theatre in New York City, built by Florenz Ziegfeld to house his magnificent operettas. Show Boat is now playing there

(At left) Caryl Bergman is at present Marilyn Miller's understudy in Rosalie, and is being groomed for a leading part next season

muscles, tough and sinuous, kept so by persistent exercise. For Florenz Ziegfeld is a one hundred per cent physical culturist. Has been, in fact, since a negative physique caused him to head for the far West to make himself bodily fit.

That is the reason why, when in need of recreation and rest from his arduous labors, he turns his back upon the theatre and treks for his camp in the Canadian

The Glorifier of American Type—Could You Qualify He Needs to Replace the



Florence Vandamm

Florenz Ziegfeld at his desk

mountains or steams out into the broad Atlantic upon his yacht. The glut and glamor of the cities encompass him much of his time, for it is there he earns his livelihood and brings into creation his esthetic dreams. But his heart always is out where the life is wild and free, where push and struggle can be forgotten in the solitudes into which no bedlam can penetrate.

And so sincere is he in upholding his health creed that a sound body can overcome all obstacles, that he spends considerable of his time spreading this gospel among his employees. The general theatre-going public appreciates that today—for some years past, in fact—the girls of the stage are of an entirely different calibre from those of past decades. They live sanely and take care of their bodies as well as their beauty.

And no man identified with the world of make-believe has done more to bring about this amazing change than Mr. Ziegfeld. For not only does he insist that "his girls" shall maintain physical fitness, but he talks and reasons with them; explaining not only why they should care for their bodies but how they can keep themselves as capable

HOLDS *the* STAGE to EDWIN A. GOEWEY

Girlhood Is Seeking a New as One of the Six Hundred Yesterday's Boyish Figures?

Illinois.

The younger Ziegfeld inherited his father's artistic temperament, and his gifted parent intended that he should succeed him as head of the college. With this object in mind, he was given a fine musical education. In one respect success in this line seemed assured, for his musical sense was keen.

However, the lad's physical condition did not suit his father and shortly before "Flo" reached his majority he was sent to Wyoming to rough it.

When he returned home, bronzed and muscularly fit in every way, he decided not to take a place in the college, but to become a showman and a creator of entertainment—the only way in which he could give expression to the dreams with which his thoughts had been busy when he rode the ranges.

During the Chicago World's Fair in 1893—when not yet in his middle twenties—he brought from Berlin a famous military band and from London the Apollo-like strong

man, Eugene Sandow. He exploited them at the almost defunct Chicago Trocadero with such amazing, energetic methods that there and later throughout the country these attractions won sensational success.

His first New York star was Anna Held in *Papa's Wife*. Other early musical hits were *Mlle Fifi* and *The Red Feather*. In 1907 he produced the original *Ziegfeld Follies*, atop the New York Theatre on the roof. These were followed by twenty-three additional *Follies'* productions, each in turn serving as the most elaborate stage production of its day, and with a full program of dancing acts as an outstanding feature.

In 1926 he built the magnificent New York theatre bearing his name. Within the last year and a half he has personally produced *Rio Rita*, which ran sixty uninterrupted weeks in the metropolis—and which will be presented to the London public next season—and also three current New York musical record-breakers, *Rosalie*, with Marilyn Miller and Jack Donahue, *Show Boat*, from Edna Ferber's dramatic story and Dennis King in *The Three Musketeers*, all different in texture and classification. His plans for the coming season call for from five to seven new productions in addition to his current attractions, his road shows and his London offering.

Before quoting Mr. Ziegfeld on beautiful girls and stupendous stage productions—and none is better qualified to speak on either subject—permit us, speaking from the side-lines, to inject some information to emphasize the thought previously expressed briefly; that he is as much interested in the physical fitness of those who work for him as in their beauty of face and form.

Here is the type of talk he gives to a girl entering his employ: "Now Miss _____,
(Continued on page 54)



Foto Topics

Sammy Lee, who has staged the dances for several Ziegfeld productions, shown picking girls on the stage of the Ziegfeld Theatre



Eva Puck and Sammy White, famous dancing and comedy team, supply generous comedy to *Show Boat*

(At right) A group of Albertina Rasch girls in the *Moonlight Ballet*, a sensation in *Rio Rita*

and healthy as nature intended.

It is because of his enthusiasm for sound, well rounded and muscular bodies—fully as much as because of the public's desires—that he always has been partial to dancing in his productions. He insists dancing means more than mere rhythmic display of body evolutions. He considers it the most vital method by which the human body can give beautiful expression to itself, and with an artistry beyond the grasp of the singer or the dramatic personator. In his own words, "It is the poetry of motion and muscular effort."

Mr. Ziegfeld is a native of Chicago. His father, the late Dr. Florenz Ziegfeld, was the founder and owner of the Chicago Musical College, the musical Mecca of the Middle West for years, prominent in the artistic and social life of the city and a Colonel on the staff of the Governor of



Pinchot

Alfred Cheney Johnston

NEFERTITI, the DANCING QUEEN of EGYPT

New Discoveries in the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings Have Revealed the Life and Love of the Obscure Girl Who Won the Lord of the Nile by the Beauty of Her Dance



By STUART PALMER

Sketches by the Author

HISTORY is full of colorful stories dealing with dancers who had meteoric careers. There was Maurice Mouvét, a head-waiter's son who danced his way into the hearts of two continents. The Vernon Castles, only a few years ago, were setting the nation's styles. Pavlova, Ted Shawn, Gilda Gray . . . dancing has been the pathway to the pinnacles of fame for many men and women.

But in the entire history of the dance, there is no more glamorous story than that of Nefertiti, an Egyptian girl who lived and died three thousand years before Broadway became a street. Historians and archeologists have been, during the past decade, slowly gathering together the fragments of her story.

Near Thebes, the oldest city of Egypt, lies a rocky gulch in the hills, on the border of the forbidding Libyan desert. In this desolate spot, excavators have been rewarded by the discovery of some thirty royal tombs of the Eighteenth Dynasty. The dry climate has preserved the contents perfectly. Here, only a few years ago, Lord Carnavon and Howard Carter discovered the grave of Tutankh-Amen, and from inscriptions in his tomb the last touches can be put to the history of Queen Nefertiti. Here her husband was buried, among portrait busts and statues of his wife. It is possible that Nefertiti herself lies in some undiscovered cave in this little valley, and that future excavations will stumble on its secret.

About the year 1375 B. C. the government of Egypt was in a very unsettled state. The empire was at its height, yet Amenhotep the Magnificent had just died, leaving a wife, Queen Thiy, and a son only fourteen or fifteen years of age. This son, Akhnaton, was a lineal descendant of Queen Hatshepsut, the greatest ruler that Egypt ever had. Thiy was made regent over the little prince, and immediate arrangements were made for his marriage to the daughter of the King of Syria. Messengers and presents were sent to this king, and his daughter was expected to arrive soon in the capital at Thebes.

But the young prince had a mind of his



Nefertiti, Queen of Egypt, from a facsimile in the Metropolitan Museum, New York City, of the original portrait bust now in Berlin

own. Owing to his insistence, he was crowned king of upper and lower Egypt almost immediately. At that time, his dominions stretched across Palestine, through Syria, to the seacoast cities. It included Cyprus, Crete and the islands of Greece. In Africa it extended as far south as Somaliland. All this great empire was under the sceptre of a pale, dreamy-eyed boy.

On the day that a messenger arrived from Dushratta, King of Syria, bearing messages saying that Tadu, second daughter of the king was on her way to Thebes, Akhnaton sat in his low-pillared palace by the Nile. It was a jewel-like setting. The building was of red brick and scented woods inlaid with colored glass and semi-precious stones. Ceilings and walls were decorated with the most colorful and cheerful paintings. Most of them were scenes of animal life. Wild cattle ran through swamps, many-colored fish swam in green water, and flights of ducks and geese seemed to pass overhead. Through curtained open windows could be seen a great garden, filled with flowers strange to Egypt. . . .

On a low throne Akhnaton sat sur-

rounded by the nobles of his court. After the messenger had been received from the King of Syria, dancers were brought before the assembly. Ten blind men sang a wailing song in the hall, to the accompaniment of a seven-stringed harp.

It was not customary for those of noble blood to dance, in those days. The girls who danced before the royal court were, for the most part, of the lower, or fellahin, class. Yet on that day a daughter of Ay, lesser nobleman of Thebes, appeared before the King Akhnaton. Her name was Nefertiti.

We know from drawings in the tombs what her dance must have been like. Dressed in a transparent robe that fell almost to her feet, she glided across the mosaic floor to the strange singing of the blind chorus. Most of the dance was done with the arms. At first they arranged themselves in various curves and angles. Their motion was almost always inward, never stretching outward and upward as in the Greek classical dances. The nearest counterpart of this type of dancing extant today is in Korea. Yet the dance of Nefertiti was a more refined, more sophisticated affair.

The dance then developed into a series of well-defined postures. She leaned backward until the long braid of her dark hair touched the floor. She clapped hands with an imaginary partner, almost after the manner of the "patty-cake" that children play today. All the time she moved back and forth along an imaginary chalk line, as if footlights divided her from the audience.

At the end, she sank to the pavement in exhaustion; and then ran rapidly from the hall. We know that the young Pharaoh's eyes must have followed her as she went. He had never seen her before, but he was determined to see her again.

Some weeks later the cortege of the Princess of Syria approached the palace at Thebes. In a golden chariot she came, this heralded daughter of Akhnaton's richest vassal king. Akhnaton stood on a balcony, together with his mother and the high priest of Amen.

But in spite of the gold and jewels with which Tadu, Princess of Syria, was loaded, Akhnaton turned in disgust

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A CIRCUS in HIMSELF— JOE COOK

Today His Name Blazes Forth from Electric Signs—But He Had to Go Without Meals to Buy the First Things He Needed to Enter Vaudeville

By PAUL R. MILTON



Maurice Goldberg

Above is Joe Cook as Smiley Johnson, his part as a circus manager in his starring show, *Rain or Shine*

THIS is to be a story of Joe Cook. Of how Joe Cook came to be what he is, which is plenty. Of how Joe Cook came to imitate three Hawaiians, but never four. Of how Joe Cook came to be a musician, an acrobat, a tumbler, a juggler and a trickster of many kinds. Of how Joe Cook came to be a dancer, and also of how Joe Cook learned enough about show business to become one of the finest comedians on the American stage today.

You will now have gathered that this story will have something to do with Joe Cook.

We'll begin with his first show, and work up to his latest, not his last. Hear him tell it.

"I was born," said Joe Cook, "in Evansville, Indiana, and I had the urge to go on the stage almost at once. You know how kids give little shows in barns, and charge ten pins, or three bottle-tops or one cent, for admission?"

I nodded and mopped my brow. It was one of the hottest evenings on record or in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, though his testimony was not called on. We sat in Joe Cook's dressing room in the George M. Cohan Theatre just near Times Square, which a lot of people think is the crossroads of the world but isn't. It was just before the show, *Rain or Shine*, that night, and on the stage beyond the dressing room door were girls in practice costumes stretching, and stage hands puffing as they hauled, pushed and shoved. I remembered that kind of kid show, having been identified with some such enterprise in my not far distant youth.

Joe Cook went on. "Well, in Evansville we had a barn, and in that barn we staged



Joe Cook as a musician during the episode in the show when he leads his own recording orchestra

Florence Vandamm

a show, including every sort of thing that we could do. Personally I did a little acrobatic stuff, a little juggling and was general manager. It was a good show, if I say so myself." He smiled modestly. "But we didn't get ten pins or three bottle-tops for admission. No, sir! We got a nickel a head. You know, for kids that's as much as half-a-dollar nowadays. More, if you haven't got it. And we packed 'em in and stood 'em up. Not such a bad start."

Probably, though he didn't say, his name was painted on the side of the barn in tottering letters and was a drawing-card, even as it is today on the marquee of the George M. Cohan Theatre, though now it blazes forth on Broadway in neatly aligned rows of Mr. Edison's best Mazda bulbs.

"I was left an orphan when I was three," he continued soberly, "and my foster mother, who was always set against the theatre and the stage, brought me up. With her I came to New York when I was some older, and she sent me to school at a place in Sixteenth Street. We lived in Thirty-sixth. So every morning she gave me thirty-

five cents: five to ride down, five to ride back, and twenty-five for lunch. But I wanted to go on the stage, and I didn't have money to buy any equipment. So I'd walk to school, and walk back, and go without lunch, which represented a daily profit of thirty-five cents. That went up on a shelf above my bed, and when I had enough I went out and bought my first pair of Indian clubs. But even then I had to tell her that someone had given them to me." He laughed, and I thought I caught a tender undertone in his voice. "My foster mother never could understand why I'd be so hungry right after school. Why, I'd just eaten! . . . But I had the Indian clubs."

He went on to explain how he and his brother finally did go on the stage together, doing an act that included everything. Joe himself gave up a chance for a college education because of his ambition for the theatre. But he had something interesting to say in this connection:

"Sometimes, now," he said, "I regret that I never had that college education. But I figure that only one thing made me want the theatre so badly that I threw the chance away. That was the well-meant opposition of my foster mother. Mind you, she had my welfare at heart. And nothing else. But her opposing me only made me want footlights more. I've got my own children now, and if they want to follow some career, I won't argue with 'em. Street-sweepers, doctors, lawyers or actors. If they want to do it, they can. I remember my own start too well to forget it."

Which may apply, one way or the other, to you who read this.

After a few years in vaudeville with his brother he went out himself, always picking up new tricks, learning new dancing steps, absorbing more bits of stage lore that stand him in such good stead now. I asked him then how he came to do that nationally famous bit about the four Hawaiians. You know how he imitates one, then two, then three, and then delivers a long pointless discourse as to why he can't imitate four, the discourse having nothing to do with Hawaiians, nor with anything else.

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A DUTCHMAN once said of his own countrymen that they had such long necks because their ascetic Calvinist heads wanted to break away from the bodies which they look upon as a place where their souls are murdered. I quote this sentence not to cast a reflection on the length of Dutch necks. Personally I didn't notice any more long necks in Holland than any other country. But this sentence characterizes so perfectly the dualism that exists between their minds and bodies, and consequently their attitude toward the expression of Spanish dancing in general and more particularly of La Argentina. She gave her concert in the "Groote Schoneburg" (Amsterdam's Carnegie Hall) to an audience of full capacity which became, with every dance, more silent. It was the silence of a little child listening to a fairy tale. Here they saw that a free and dancing body, instead of stunting the growth of their soul, gave it added strength and that beauty and purity which can never be found by cold intellectuality alone separated from our great human instincts and emotions.

Without a doubt La Argentina is one of our greatest living dancers, and like all great artists she is neither a professed modernist nor a pedantic in the classical traditions and conventions of an old school, but takes from both of these that material which could help her to realize her own expression of the dance. She had a very good ballet training and at the age of nine was made première danseuse at the renowned Opera of Madrid. This, although a place of great honor and always coveted by ambitious dancers, had much too small an outlet for the fiery and passionate Spanish rhythms which were seeking a new expression in this great artist. Perhaps the greatest contribution to dancing came from the Spanish people. And perhaps they danced so well, because they really understood the function of the body which is—or at least can be—the medium of the soul.

It was a very far cry from the audience of Amsterdam to that of Paris. In the "Salle Peyel," where La Argentina gave her last concert in Paris, one felt from start to finish an atmosphere which could be said without any exaggeration to be that of amorous joy. However, speaking of a Parisian audience is not speaking of a French one. For instance, my personal



d'Ora
La Argentina in a peasant's dance of the province of Toledo in Spain

surroundings gave a good example of what such an audience really consists of. To begin with I, an American, was accompanied by the young Georgian painter, Mikhail Bilanichvili, and the Javan Prince Raden Mas Mihardjoh Moeroto, both of whom are passionately interested in the dance. On our right Spanish was being spoken with a native tongue and from our left came sounds of some Scandinavian language; curiously enough, we might say, those in front of us spoke French. Certainly not every row of seats was as cosmopolitan as ours and probably the majority was of French nationality. But in any case a great part of the theatre-going public are foreigners, a part of whom are surely only the regular tourists seeing Paris; but on the other hand there are those who have left their native countries—Japan, Finland, Rumania and so on—to find in the "Ville Lumière" an expression of beauty. So their enthusiastic reaction was not a casual one.

One naturally expects from a whole evening of only Spanish dancing a great amount of repetition. But each dance had so completely its own character and atmosphere that—

although many of the steps and movements themselves, if closely analyzed, may really have been repeated—we felt with each one the

The SPELL of LA ARGENTINA

From Amsterdam to Paris with Spain's Most

Famous Dancer

By ESTELLA REED



d'Ora
Above, a pose from La Argentina's interpretation of Danza V, by Granados.

suggestion of an entirely distinctive expression of life. We must not forget that the different attributes of each dance are not merely changes of capricious posture. But it has taken many ages of practice—perhaps not so conscious as in modern times, yet certainly as persevering—to find (with that surety that only great traditions give) that for example *la jota* ought to be danced without the mantilla, and the *fandango* with the mantilla and the high comb, and that each dance had to have its own comb, shawl and flower. This same nuance of difference is also found in the steps. It was with a refinement, which at the same time was of incredible strength, that La Argentina accentuated these nuances, not only with her steps and movements but also with the masterful playing of her castanets.

In Amsterdam she found a great silent respect and in Paris a great joyous participation. It will be interesting to watch how America will receive her, for I had the pleasure of hearing from her own lips that she leaves for New York this coming October.

NIGHT CLUBS as the PROVING GROUNDS of SHOW BUSINESS

*The Retreats of Nocturnal Gaiety Have
Come to Be Recognized as Ideal Training
Camps for Dancers*

By CATHERINE NEVINS



Richard Burke

(Above) Claire Luce, noted dancer late of the Follies, gained invaluable experience working in the *Rendezvous*, a night club now no longer in existence in New York

(At right) The Everglades in New York City has Olive Pearson, who is gaining experience with night club audiences that will stand her in good stead later on



DeBarron

NOR the ambitious dancer who seeks eventual recognition in her profession, and who is willing to work for that recognition, there seems to be no better field of endeavor than that of night club entertaining. This holds true for the girl who has not risen above the chorus of the night club revue as well as for the specialty dancer.

There are certain definite advantages for the dancer in a night club which are recognized not only by teachers of the dance, producers of revues, but by the girls themselves.

In the first place, let us consider the audience. It is a commonly known and accepted fact that the night club habitu , or even the occasional visitor, is more appreciative, more willing to be amused, more prejudiced in the entertainer's favor, than the theatre or vaudeville patron. They respond heartily to the request, "Give this little girl a hand!" If the dancer shows ability, if she can put her number over, she will be applauded; and how else may

we measure an entertainer's value save by the applause she receives?

The night club is an intimate amusement place. The stage being set right in the midst of the audience there is a closer view of the entertainers who, because of this, can get across many little bits which would pass unnoticed on the stage of a theatre. The specialty dancer who can pass muster at this close range has certainly passed the acid test and need rarely fear that she will not please a theatre audience. Referring to the applause, what can encourage the struggling young artist more, what can so justify her faith in her ability?

To the dancer who has not yet reached the magnitude of a star, or the standing of a featured part in a musical

comedy, the night club offers the opportunity to gain experience, publicity and a following. Frequently it affords the golden chance to have one's work viewed by a producer or his agent.

There is little doubt that the experience gained in night club dancing is of the highest value. The men who stage and produce the revues and train the dancers are specialists in that field. They are not only impresarios but teachers of dancing. Their course of training is rigorous and they are vitally interested in the success of the girls. For after all their own success depends on the success of the individual members of their troupe.

The producer of these revues is not only improving the variety of dancing to which the girl is accustomed but he is also continually teaching her the other varieties of expression. Moreover he gives her a chance to exhibit them. Very often the same dancer
(Continued on page 50)



White

Dorothy Deaver has already made a name for herself in *Bye, Bye, Bonnie* on the road, and is now at the *Frivolity Club*, one of Broadway's most popular night resorts

Harold Stein

(At left) Ruby Keeler, one of the best female tap dancers on the stage, got her start under the aegis of Texas Guinan



ILLUSTRATION I

BARS 1-2: Entrance: Starting from left-stage, crouching low, step forward on right toe on count 1; on 2 bring right heel down heavily; on 3 step forward on left toe as in Illustration I; on 4 bring left heel down heavily (1 bar). Repeat this for next bar.

Bars 3-4 (first bars of melody): Drop forward to the ground on right knee, left foot straight back, ear to the ground as if listening, then raise head looking forward to the right as in Illustration II.

Bar 5: As in Illustration III raise arms as if drawing imaginary bow and arrow and shoot.

Bar 6: On the floor cross the left foot over in front of right knee, rise and turn in place to the right, finishing to face



ILLUSTRATION II



ILLUSTRATION III

BROADWAY INDIAN

A New Dance Routine

Arranged by

Hope Minor, of Minor and Root, Now on the Keith Circuit

MUSIC NOTE:

Cut and paste together the following selections to form one manuscript, then number the bars before following instructions for the dance. For bars 1-18 use first 18 bars of the *Dagger Dance* from *Natoma*, by Victor Herbert (G. Schirmer, N. Y.). For bars 19-96 use *Dance of Warriors*, one of the *Three African Dances*, by Montague Ring (G. Schirmer, N. Y.), bars 1-38: cut next 18 bars; use next 21; cut next 17; use next 19.

left-stage, feet in place.

Bars 7-10: Repeat action in bars 3 to 6 to the left side, finishing in tenth bar with a complete turn to the left, ending facing left-stage.

Bars 11-12: Facing left-stage, arms as in Illustration IV,

stamp forward with left foot on count 1; on 2 stamp forward with right foot, as pictured; on 3 stamp forward with right foot turning to face right-stage; on 4 stamp forward with left foot, facing left-stage; on 5 stamp again with left foot in same place; on 6 kick right foot forward vigorously in the air, still facing right; on 7 step on right foot, turning to the back; on 8 finishing facing left-stage: on "8-and" lift the left

foot up in back in arabesque position, right hand to forehead, body facing left.

Bars 13-16: Repeat twice action in bars 11-12.

Bars 17-18: In arabesque position on right foot, hop on right foot in place turning in a circle to the right, 8 times, once to each count.

Bars 19-22 (*Dance of the Warriors*, by Montague Ring): Thunderbird step: Advancing diagonally right-front, on count 1 rise on left toe, opposite foot out to side, arms out to side shoulder-high; on 2 bring left heel down vigorously to the ground, bending knee, and bringing arms down the sides like a bird flapping its wings. Repeat this step with right foot, then left, then right again.

Bars 23-26: In a small circle to the left, elbows out to side shoulder-high, hands clenched and close to body, on 1 stamp on flat left foot; on 2 hop on left foot, right foot lifted out to side and knees bent; on 3 and 4 repeat step-hop on right foot; on 5 and 6 repeat on left foot again; on 7 and 8 repeat on right foot. The body leans way over to the side of the step-hop foot each time. On "8-and" finish facing right-front in attitude position on right toe.

Bars 27-28: Tour-jeté diagonally back to left.

Bars 29-30: Pirouette to the right on left foot, finishing with a lunge forward on the floor on right knee, left foot back, body facing front.

Bars 31-34: Rise in attitude position on right foot and tour-jeté diagonally back to right, pirouette right and lunge forward on the floor on right knee, both hands on the floor, left foot back, body facing right-front.

Bars 35-36: In a small circle to the left, same as entrance step: bending forward low, arms in back, on 1 step forward on left toe; on 2 bring left heel down heavily; on 3 step forward on right toe; on 4 bring right heel down heavily.

Bars 37-38: Pantomime of killing a snake: facing front, on 1 stamp right foot bringing lifted right arm down heavily and lifting left foot in back; on 2 step back on left foot, raising right foot in front. Repeat all of this for next two counts.

Bars 39-40: Bending forward low, arms in back, hands clenched, in a small circle to the left, on count 1 step on left foot; on 2 hop on left foot, raising right knee high in front; on 3 step on right foot; on 4 step on left foot, posing as in Illustration V, as if shooting with bow and arrow.

Bars 41-42: Moving diagonally left-front, on 1 lunge forward on left knee, both hands on floor, right foot away in back; on 2 rise, crouching low to floor; on 3 and 4 rise and repeat.

Bars 43-44: Take a leap, a run and jump, landing low on left foot, right foot in back, bringing lifted right arm down as if killing game.

Bar 45: Retreating toward the back, change weight from left to right foot, flinging the body back, both hands on the floor,

Photographs of Hope Minor, Half-Blood Cherokee Indian, by Carlo Leonetti



ILLUSTRATION IV

eyes looking back toward the front as if in fear.

Bar 46: Crawl diagonally back-right with two long steps, still looking back toward the front in fear.

Bars 47-48: Rise and take two stamps, both arms lifted straight over, head as if appealing for help from Heaven. (1 bar.) Repeat.

Bars 49-50: Turning in place in a circle to the right, in arabesque position on right foot, left foot lifted high in back, right hand close to forehead as if gazing into the distance, hop 8 times, once to each count.

Bar 51: Continue the turn by placing left foot over the right and then pirouette to the right.

(Continued on page 64)

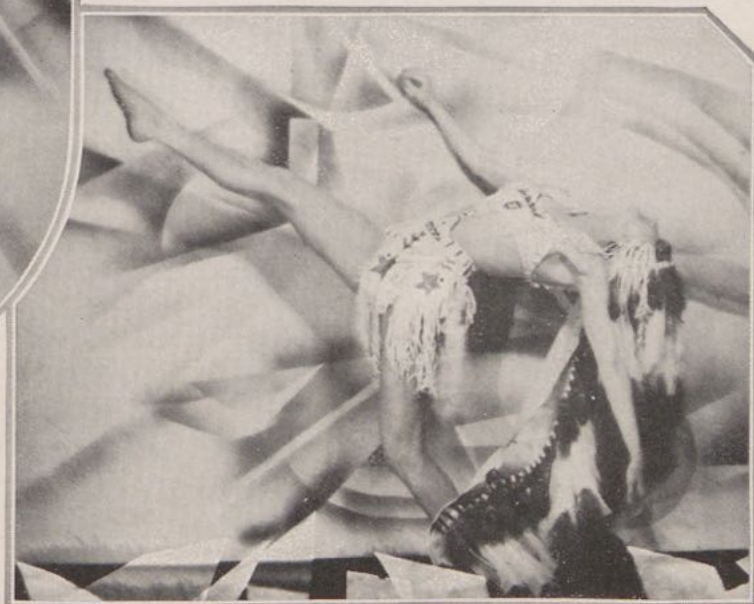
(Below)
ILLUSTRATION V



(At left)
ILLUSTRATION VI



(At right)
ILLUSTRATION VII



WHERE RENÉE ADORÉE LEARNED to DANCE

She Was Born under the Big Top of a French Traveling Circus, Which Taught Her Not Only the Hard Lessons of Life, but Also the Grace and Rhythm of Body That Have Made Her a Motion Picture Star

By
GLADYS HALL

SOME twenty odd years ago a little girl was born in France. A special little girl, I mean. With that something in her face, rather nameless.

She was born under a circus top with sawdust for a floor. Around about her came the rank breath of animals, the hocus-pocus of circus fee-faw-fums, the driving in of stakes, the mumbo-jumbo of the elephants, the "artists," the Strange People, the painted faces and the traditionally broken hearts of hurly-burly clowns.

And today that same little girl sits in a luxurious small home in Hollywood. She rides in an opulent motor. She is swathed in furs and girdled in silks. Her name is affixed to a gilt-edged contract. It has shimmered and will shimmer in Broadway electrics. Her fan mail requires the valetage of a couple of secretaries and her second husband. Wherever the word Art is spoken in connection with the silver screen there her name is spoken, too.

That name is Renée Adorée.

It is a marvelous illustration of the fluidity of life; the rubbing of the lamp of Fortunatus.

In a few brief years everything external about her has changed. The only thing that remains as it was is the warm, responsive heart that first learned to beat the blood of human kindness among the sawdust. The giving heart.

The small Renée's mother and father, sisters and brother were circus folk. They toured their native France. They toured Germany and Russia, Belgium and Sweden. Renée speaks these languages. They were members of a traveling troupe. They pitched the magic tents wherever they thought a crowd available. Sometimes the francs or marks or rubles rolled in. Some-



Ruth Harriet Louise photos

Renée Adorée, who danced her way from circus sawdust to the silver screen, in dancing poses from some of her pictures

times not. Very often not. There were hoops and rings and trapeze and sawdust. There were sleepy lions and venerable elephants and Strange People and sawdust. Always there was sawdust and brass hopes transmuted into gold by the beating of hot gypsy hearts. Gay hearts, sad hearts, hearts painted in stripes.

The child Renée began her professional career as a dancer at the age of eight. Prior to that and after that she "doubled in brass," which means that she and her sisters and brother did everything about a circus that there is to be done. They rode horses in brief skirts, bareback. They defied the laws of gravitation on rickety trapeze. They swept out tents and mended the tawdry ravelled and tattered in which they appeared before their public. They rode the elephants, small Maharanees. They painted their infant faces white and were tumbly clowns.

The small Renée loved to "dress up." It was a passion with her from infancy. The only way she was permitted to wear mama's things was when she edified the

public by sticking her small defiant head into a lion's jaws. So she stuck her head into the lion's jaws again and again as a matter of course. The fact that she was attired in grown-up raiment more than compensated for the moist unpleasantness of the King of the Beasts. Renée assured me that he was toothless and would emit a roar only under severe prodding. She says that is the way with most circus "brutes."

But for the most part, and as she grew older, Renée danced. She never had a dancing lesson in her life. She never went to a dancing school. She never studied technique. She was wholly uninstructed save for the teaching of the circus where, said Renée, one learns *everything*.

Perhaps her aerial work came to her suspended twixt heaven and next-door-to-hell on an improvised trapeze. Perhaps the tap came on a horse's gyrating back. The adagio sprang from the indolent sawdust. Who knows . . .

She seldom went to school. There wasn't time. Nor money. Nor opportunity. Now and then, when the circus went into temporary repair or winter quarters or something, school was attended in a desultory fashion, wherever they happened to be at the time. That was all. Renée's education came through her emotions, open like tentacles to absorb the stuff of human drama.

She was dancing in Brussels when the Germans invaded Belgium. It was necessary to depart from Belgium if one wanted life.

(Continued on page 64)

OUR FATHERS' FAVORITES

Some Leading Figures of the Dancing Nineties



Savony

The leader of The Black Crook Company in 1893. This piece stands out as one of the greatest theatrical successes in this country



Schloss

All our parents remember Bessie Clayton, above, who is shown as she appeared when with Weber and Fields in 1900



Savony

(Above) Britta Ward was a precision troupe all in herself. The four-legged dance she created was always a sure source of laughs

That the previous generation liked dignity is proven by the photo of Amelia Glover, below, who was one of Broadway's brightest luminaries during the nineties

Falk

(Below) But for innumerable yards of surplus material, this skittish picture of Mabel Clark would pass nowadays. Imagine the gasps when she did this step! She recently committed suicide

Schloss



Photographs by Courtesy of Harold Seton



STAGE DOOR



Did You Know—? Have You Heard—? It's This Way—

By WALTER WINCHELL

Confession

I WAS once a song and dance man myself. I wasn't a good song and dance man, however. I merely faked a routine of soft-shoeing and clowned through it with a femme partner and depended on the quips and gags that we sprang to attract appreciative response.

But few dramatic critics in the various cities and towns throughout the country were unkind to me. That is, except the lad in Lansing, Michigan, who proved irksome. He pounded me every day for a week with rude comment in his department and I think I owe him some thanks for helping to drive me out of show business into the writing racket, which has proved more profitable.

I forgot his name. I cannot recall the label of the rag he represented, but every day he wrote something like this: ". . . . Winchell dances as gracefully as a duck out of water." I might have written him a letter of complaint at the time, as most of the players do to the critics in New York when they are the victims of sour notices, but I didn't. I didn't because I couldn't think of a piercing retort.

That all happened in 1922. In 1924 I

turned traitor and became an alleged critic myself and have been telling the other fellow where to get off, when as a matter of fact when I was an entertainer I really couldn't get on.

The Retort Proper

PERHAPS the most amusing quarrel between a player and a critic took place during William's Winter's time. Mr. Winter, considered the most able reviewer of his decade, had scolded an actor severely and the actor met him later at a banquet.

"You said some cruel things about me in the paper," said the actor, "but I really didn't take it seriously. You see, I figure it this way. Before I take the counsel or criticism of a critic I demand that the critic first show me how the thing should be done."

"I'm glad you brought the subject up," replied the critic drily, "because I am not a hen and I cannot lay an egg—but I certainly know a rotten one when I smell it!"

Gag

I THINK another amusing anecdote concerning dancers is the one about the small-time vaudeville duo who were playing at a Brooklyn theatre and between performances strolled through the residential district. It was in July and as they passed a handsome dwelling one of the hoofers observed a stout man reclining in a hammock on the porch.

"Look at that guy enjoying life," he grumbled. "I'll bet he's so ignorant he can't even do a time-step!"

The Jewish readers might appreciate this one. It happened at the grill room of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel in Atlantic City last season when Al Wohlman officiated as master of ceremonies.

He was introducing a team of steppers and announced them in this manner: "Next will be Ramon and Rosita, who will offer an apache dance—in which he potches her and she potches him."

A potch, in case you are not a dialectician, means a spanking.

So It Goes

EVERY time I think of that musical smash hit *Good News*, I think of the luck which followed Zelma O'Neal, whose

"varsity-dragging" in that show attracted such warm response from the critical fraternity and others.

Miss O'Neal, a newcomer to New York, might not have crashed the theatrical heavens so easily had the Williams Sisters accepted an engagement with a Broadway show when it was offered them.

The tiny member of the Williams combination, it seems, was the first to offer that style of wah-wahing and crazy rhythm singing and stomping around Broadway. But they spurned an opportunity with a show to remain in the various cabarets, and Miss O'Neal, who supplied the identical stuff, became locally famous as a stylist. In fewer words, if the Williams girls appear in a show on Broadway the play reporters will not be startled, but probably will record in their reviews that they are aping Miss O'Neal. It doesn't seem quite fair, does it?

Of All Things!

AMONG other facts that surprised me last year was that Lee Tracy, the star of Broadway, who essayed the chief assignment as the hooper, cannot do a break or a time-step. The brief Charleston routine



White

One of the hits of the Grand Street Follies is the dancing of Sophia Delza and Blake Scott. This is a Gypsy number they do. Both are solo artists of considerable ability



Maurice Goldberg

The team of Fawn and Jardon, Fawn being the sister to Fay Adler, will appear on Broadway in the fall in *Chopin*, a new operetta based on the life of the great composer

which he did in the play took a dance instructor three weeks to teach him.

Paul Whiteman, for that matter, who supplies the nation with the best dance music, cannot dance either.

And George M. Cohan is said to wear out more pairs of dancing shoes than any other dancer in the business, and Florenz Ziegfeld spends more money supplying shoes to his stepping girls than any other producer.

Marilyn Miller, the star of *Rosalie*, still has the ballet shoes she danced in when she was four years old.

These Producers

SAMMY LEE, who once was part of the dancing combination known as Ryan and Lee, has made so much money for other people arranging their dance ensembles that he has shelved all of them to produce independently. He is one of the most popular lads along the Incandescent Belt, and the natives are all rooting for his success.

Florenz Ziegfeld, the big whoopee and folly man, is a superstitious fellow. It is a fact that whenever Mr. Ziegfeld presents a new production he carries his little daughter Patricia's baby boots in his right hip pocket, for luck, he says.

But he carried those baby shoes in his right hip pocket on the nights that *Betsy* and *No Foolin'* premiered and they proved to be his two greatest failures, costing him a pretty sum.

The nights that *Show Boat* and *Three Musketeers* opened he forgot to bring the boots with him and they are his two greatest successes.

Historical

WHO remembers when Jack Donahue, now a star who rates a salary and a huge percentage of whatever show he appears in, was merely a hooper with his wife in vaudeville? At the time Donahue served his wife as foil or "straight man." She supplied the amusing quips. Today he is the life of the party and in *Rosalie* he hogged all of the notices, which Marilyn Miller didn't quite care for in a big way, as we say around Times Square.

Fable

PERHAPS the most prosperous of former song and dance men is George White, whose annual revues are Mr. Ziegfeld's only irritation—that is, when Eddie Cantor isn't giving Ziegfeld something to worry about.

White, at any rate, enjoys telling this story on his rival. Several seasons ago when

he first produced a *Scandals* Mr. Ziegfeld sent him this taunting telegram:

"Take my advice the show business is a precarious racket. Think fast old boy and save money. Why not shut down your revue and work in my new *Follies* with Ann Pennington. I'll pay you both a high salary."

To which White responded. "Don't worry about me. I'm doing all right. How about you and Billie Burke working in my show. I'll pay you ten thousand a week."

Dance Man

BUSBY BERKELEY came into prominence as a dancing arranger last season. The critics raved over his novel arrangements and then Busby decided that

They met at the corner of Forty-sixth Street and Broadway and one groaned about the conditions in vaudeville. "It's been pretty tough," he said. "I've been idle for six months. They sure are hard-boiled on this street. Here I am starving, but I can't get next week."

"You said it," rejoined the other lay-off. "I've been begging them for a date for a year and all I get is the ice." Suddenly one of the hoofers looked across the street at the Gaiety Theatre and read out the electric sign that covered the building. *Four Sons* it blazed, and the subtitle read: *As Big as the Heart of Humanity*.

"As big as the heart of humanity, eh?" growled one. "I'll bet it's a one-reeler!"



When visiting New York recently, Gracella and Theodore did some of their breath-taking adagio stunts atop the McAlpin Hotel for exercise

he would turn actor in *Present Arms*. He did fairly well, however, but checked out of the show a few weeks later when the producer decided that he needed a lad who registered more "love interest."

Seymour Felix is another expert ensemble director. One will never forget his amazing routines in *Artists and Models* two years ago and his work in *Rosalie*.

By the way, whatever became of the Tiller girls?

Haw!

BROADWAY is swapping this one about a pair of small-time hoofers who had ill fortune.

For Example

WHEN there is the classic sprung by Frisco, who turned humorist after starting as a jazz dancer. Frisco was at the Palace one matinee and it rained as he exited. He was wearing a new suit and a new hat at the time and he paused under the theatre marquee, waiting for the rain to stop.

Suddenly he turned up his coat collar and dashed out into the wet saying: "What the deuce? This rain can't hurt me. Look what it did for Jeanne Eagles!"

(Continued on page 55)

The story thus far:

I SPENT the first sixteen years of my life in an orphans' asylum in Philadelphia. I then learned that my mother had been a great dancer, and that my father had deserted her. This knowledge started me dreaming of a life in the theatre. I, too, wanted to dance! But I knew nothing of the world outside the gray asylum walls except what I culled from books and magazines. The sisters were horrified at my unruly behavior. I was punished one night by being prevented from listening to the new radio given to the asylum, but late that same night I crept down to it and turned it on. A sister walked in and discovered me dancing about the room! But not before I had heard the voice of George Warwick over the air: George Warwick in Chicago, who urged his listeners-in to write to him about his program.

Inexpressibly thrilled, I wrote a childish letter to him, explaining my dreams. His reply was intercepted by the Mother Superior. He urged me to run away. They locked me up, but I escaped! A policeman wanted to arrest me when I asked him the way to Chicago, but I managed to get away from him. In wandering about Philadelphia I went into a five-and-ten-cent store and bought a copy of sheet music that had

LITTLE MISS

*The Forbidding Walls of an Orphan
Once Outside She Found Herself Plunged*

Confided to

George Warwick's picture on it. I treasured it from then on. Luck gave me a job with Mrs. Carter, who owned an exclusive women's shop. She took me into her family, and I came to love her dearly. I told her about George Warwick and his orchestra and she showed the greatest sympathy. When she found out that I wanted to dance she arranged to send me to New York to live with her married sister who was in a show. I got on the train, and across from me sat George Warwick! He saw me looking at the piece of music with his picture on it, but when I told him my name, he didn't remember anything about my letter.

I SHRANK back, hurt and embarrassed at the confession that my name meant nothing to George Warwick.

"Hey!" he cried, leaning toward me with a quick jolly smile. "Don't be sore at that. You've no idea, perhaps, how many people I meet. You see, unless I meet 'em a couple of times, I just might forget. Understand? Of course, I don't see how I ever forgot such a pretty little kid as yourself, but . . ."

I flushed at that, and took heart. At least he thought I was pretty.

"You never met me," I interrupted quickly, glad in my heart to give him an excuse.

"Well then!" He made a broad explanatory gesture in the air, and his smile widened. "I thought I never met you. I could hardly have forgotten those dimples. I mean it. I'm not kidding. I never saw a girl with dimples in her cheek-bone before. Darn cute. Now, look here. You tell me all about everything. Why I should have known you, how you got my picture, and everything. Will you?"

At first it was difficult to start. His compliments (the first flattery I had ever received) meant so much to me, that my throat was tight as I tried to speak. I told him first about the letter I had written him from the asylum, and the answer he had written back. "Why don't you beat it?"

He remembered that with a chuckle. From then on, it was easier to talk to him. His face became sober, and his eyes softened as I explained that I had beat it on his suggestion. He whistled a low speculative note as I related my adventures. His mouth twisted into a wry smile as I described the policeman who wanted to take me to the Captain to prove whether or not I was Beatrice Brooks Warwick. Then, when I got as far as Mrs. Carter, and the letter she



Kendall never noticed me until I had been there four weeks. Then he spotted me doing some Russian work, and from that day on, he singled me out for special attention

RUNAWAY

Asylum Failed to Restrain Her—But into a Life She Could Not Understand

GRACE PERKINS

had written him, he interrupted suddenly.

"I never got it!" he exploded quickly. "Honest, I've been travelling for the last three weeks. Been up to Canada, Montreal and Toronto, and they haven't forwarded any mail except to New York. I'll probably get that letter when I get to New York. What you must have thought of me for not answering!"

I confessed my disappointment, and he seemed to take it very seriously, assuring me that he would not have deserted me had he known. Then he began to ask me questions. It was good to talk to him, his eyes were sympathetic and reassuring, and at times his voice was husky when he questioned me. I told him all that had happened, and how and why I was on my way to New York.

But when I told him that I wanted to be a dancer—that I had wanted it ever since I heard him say "Dance and be happy"—he laughed at me and told me I was foolish. There were too many girls on the stage, he protested, too many striving for the one goal. Then I told him about my mother, and he seemed strangely interested and moved. Even so, his face clouded and his eyebrow lifted at my ambition for the theatre. He suggested that I wait until I had become accustomed to New York and its ways before I decided definitely on any career. He hinted that he might have a great deal to say about my choice—for wasn't he really responsible for my running away?

The two hour ride to New York melted into nothing while we talked. Just before we rolled into the station, Mr. Warwick invited me to have dinner with him the following night. I was to meet him at seven at the Astor Hotel.

At Grand Central he put me into a cab, and when I arrived at Mrs. Morgan's house, I found he had paid the fare. I was so thrilled with the whole adventure that I don't think I noticed a single glimpse of New York during that long ride up to the Bronx. I had met George Warwick, and he was even more wonderful than I had dreamed. It seemed as if my Prince Charming had been deliberately sent across my path.

Ann Morgan, or Hanky as every one called her, lived in a little flat in the Bronx with her husband and two children. Fortunately it was Sunday night when I arrived, and so Hanky did not have to go out to her theatre, though Hilbert, or Hilly, did

go to his movie house for the night show.

From the moment I met her I knew I was going to like Hanky, for all that she was a direct contradiction of almost every quality of her sister, Mrs. Carter. She seemed very young to me (I imagine she was really about thirty at the time, however), very slight and girlish in figure and manner. She was slangy, she smoked, she

possessed a lack of modesty that would have shocked the good nuns of my asylum into a ten-day swoon; she even swore. Yet, Hanky was one of the gentlest and most affectionate souls I have ever known, square-shooting and as straight as a die.

Hers was a laughing, devil may-care, light-hearted atmosphere. The entire home and household was a marvel to me from the very evening I stepped into it. It was so cluttered and bestrewn that it always looked to me (who had been used to painful neatness) as if it were moving day. Every one ate at different hours, either in bed or at the kitchen sink. There was apt to be company at ten o'clock in the morning, or midnight, and company always meant drinks or sandwiches or cakes. Gay, happy-go-lucky, quarrelling one moment and honeying the next, Hanky

(Continued on page 57)



One day she saw a card in the mail box from George Warwick addressed to me, and before a number of other girls she tore it to bits and threatened me if I didn't "lay off that man!"

Our Spotlight Picked Out

(Below)
Mlle. La-Jana because she is a French dancer who appeared in an American-style revue in Paris and both Americans and French liked her



(Below)
Mari Fletcher because she is just beginning in show business and displays strong promise of making good

P. and A.



G. Maillard Kessler



George F. Paul

Tom and Laurie De Vine because they rate high among Europe's acrobatic dancers, and would rate high here likewise

DeBarron



(At left)

Ethel Kriston, who is of Hungarian ancestry, because she is one of the most charming and accomplished members of the Rosalie ensemble

(At right)

Vera Martin, because during her first season as a dancer she proved her ability to entertain in night clubs



Sisters and Dancers Three

Miriam, Irene and Phyllis Marmein Live, Play and Work in Harmony; the Original Art of the Trio Has Marked Them for Public Favor—But This Year They Have a Startling Innovation to Offer

By WILL THOMAS



Strauss Peyton

An intimate camera study of Miriam, Irene and Phyllis, the Marmein sisters

THE skyscrapers, the hustle and bustle of the people that rush in the dark canyons between high and towering buildings whose deep shadows overlap each other with powerful shadings, the raucous voices, the never-ceasing upbuilding that ever follows an endless tearing down, New York in its constant process of remodelling, and in fact, the general spirit of progressive America—that is the spirit which the Marmein sisters, better known as the Marmeins, endeavor to create in their drama dances.

Sitting in the modest studio of the Marmeins with Mrs. Marmein directly at my left and two of the girls, Miriam and Irene, facing me, I asked my first question: an inquiry as to just what was the Dance Art Society which the Marmein sisters are founding, and of which they are, in its present

embryonic state, acting as directors, with the ever-apparent guidance of Mrs. Marmein.

Miriam beat her mother and sister to the answer with: "The Dance Art Society is first of all the outgrowth of a need that has long been crying for a remedy. It will enable young and practically inexperienced dancers to give expression to their art, which, either for lack of funds or as in some cases, finished ability to do solo work, they have found it most difficult in securing a proper hearing before a proper audience . . ."

"An audience that is made up of people who are really and truly interested in dancing as an art and not only as a means of livelihood," suddenly interrupted Irene, whose last breath was the first of her mother's continuance of the idea with: "In other words, the young dancers have the opportunity of doing their work outside of the commercial theatre."

"You see," interrupted Miriam, as though she had received her cue to speak, "we believe that in union there is strength, and we are set on proving there is more than a little truth in the old saying."

That was, it must be confessed, a generous answer to the question. "If, as you say," I next asked, "it enables the girls to do their work outside the boundaries of the commercial theatre, how then do they profit for their time and energy?"

"The whole thing is

worked out on a cooperative basis," quickly answered Irene. She was immediately relieved of further explanation by Miriam's statement to the effect that the girls share in the proceeds from the different recitals given during the course of the year.

"I think I'll go and see how Phyllis is, Mother," said Irene quite unexpectedly. Then to me, she excused herself and left the room.

"Unfortunately," replied Mrs. Marmein, —she dropped her handkerchief and I picked it up—"Phyllis, my youngest daughter, is ill with the grippe."

"Yes, it's too bad," broke in Miriam, before I had an opportunity to say as much myself. She continued: "She is the third one of the trio, and I'm sure you would have enjoyed having her in on this interview."

"Judging from the sincerity with which you say that," I answered, "I am inclined to agree with you."

At this point, Miriam was called from the room. Mrs. Marmein, making the most of the opportunity, said, "My girls are wonderful. They think the world of each other, and they work at all times with that harmony, so often an absent quality among people with a talent for creating."

This, I could see, was quite true, and I said so, as Irene re-entered the room. "She is asleep," she said to her mother. Then to me—"You know, we are rather worried. We are supposed to leave for Florida on Friday, where we are to appear in a Dance Festival, but if Phyllis doesn't improve, I'm afraid we'll have a difficult problem to solve."

From the expressions of the others, upon this remark, it was quite apparent that not a little concern was held in the matter of Phyllis' illness. Not so much because of the fact that she was seriously ill, for they promptly informed me that her condition was at the moment by no means alarming,

(Continued on page 60)



G. Maillard Kessler

The Marmein sisters in one of their interpretive dances given last season at one of their recitals

DANCERS MUST HAVE BEAUTIFUL LEGS!

THE real test of the grace of a ballet dancer, especially a toe dancer, is to see her in street clothes. If she waddles along with toes turned out and the foot scarcely bending—held as rigidly as if she were still in toe shoes; if she is sway-backed, so that her abdomen is thrust forward and she displays an equal protuberance in the rear; if the muscles of her calves are lumpy and her manner of walking suggests thighs of architectural solidity, we may begin to suspect that something has gone wrong. Her training, obviously, has failed to keep her in good shape.

A tennis player, wrestler or any other athlete who appeared before the public with a purely local development of muscle would not only fail to win a title; he would be booed off the court or out of the ring. Yet it must be admitted today that many of our athletes have far better figures, esthetically speaking, far more graceful carriage, far more supple movements, than many dancers. The reason for this is simply that an athlete today is trained for all-round development and strength, while the dancer who is improperly trained overdevelops some of her muscles and completely neglects others. It is time that the principles of athletic training were applied to the dancer and that she take at least as good care of her figure as the boy or girl who goes in for a title in the field of sport.

Ballet work, properly taught, will produce a symmetrical figure. It cannot, of

course, remake the bony structure of the body, alter the skeleton; but since the lines of our bodies frequently depend upon our muscles rather than upon our bones, much can be done to mold the figure by the proper development of our muscles. Properly taught, the technique of the ballet will even correct many faults of posture. Legs inclined to bow or knock knees can usually be straightened in a child if it falls into the hands of the right teacher. Foot troubles can quite often be entirely cured by the right kind of training although the wrong kind will often bring them on.

Three serious physical defects follow closely in the wake of ballet training of the wrong kind: over-developed muscles in the calf that break the line of the leg and give it a lumpy look; a sway-backed posture resulting from an unnecessary tightening of the muscles in the lower part of the back; and the enlargement of the big joint at the base of the great toe, spoiling the naturally straight inside line of the foot.

Four New York teachers

were interviewed in an effort to ascertain the cause of these evils and their prevention or cure. In the old days, such defects were often quite calmly accepted as a part of the penalty the dancer must pay for acquiring a difficult technique. But today dancing teachers realize that it is not necessary to deform the body in any way. Even the highly stylized movements of the ballet, the tremendous strength and agility necessary to its execution, call for nothing more than the natural development of muscles. The dancer of today quite rightly refuses to spoil her figure, and more progressive teachers, studying the problem, have come

Maurice Goldberg



An example of how overdeveloped muscles can completely spoil the leg lines. It is easily possible to avoid this

(Above right) Trina Schihowa, Viennese dancer who has appeared all over Europe, is famed for the shapeliness of her legs

(At left) The beauty and symmetry of Ruth Page's legs show how much is added to dancing by those two factors alone



U. and U.

to the conclusion that she is right. It is not only unnecessary to build up large, bunched muscles in the legs and thighs; it is not even desirable from a technical point of view.

M. Ivan Tarasoff feels very strongly that no girl need lose the beauty of her figure because she wants to be a dancer. On the contrary, the lines should become more lovely as she works and feminine softness of contour, so appealing, so dainty, need not be sacrificed. In the first place, M. Tarasoff believes that each pupil should be trained as an individual, not as part of a machine. Each student's physique must be carefully studied and the way in which she is to work must be modified to suit her peculiar characteristics. A short girl with a rounded figure cannot possibly move in exactly the same way as a tall, slender girl. A short-waisted

*Scientific Knowledge Has Taught Us
that Those Who Live by the Movement
of Their Feet Can Avoid Ugly Bulging
Muscles by the Right Kind of Study—
The Day of Racking Exercises Has
Passed Forever*

By JO PENNINGTON

girl needs a different kind of training from the girl with a low waistline. The position of the arms, with its marked effect upon balance, must also be varied for each different type.

M. Tarasoff lays the blame for over-developed calves on an excess of work on the half toe. This stiffens the muscles of the back of the leg and in time gives them a lumpy appearance. The Italian technique, with many movements that M. Tarasoff considers wholly unnecessary, was largely responsible for the heavy legs that disfigured some of the old ballerinas. This technique is not suited to modern conditions; it must be modified considerably because we are no longer willing to sacrifice beauty of line to agility.

M. Tarasoff also says that many teachers make the mistake of giving too much bar work. He allows only eight minutes for these exercises,—just enough to start the circulation and limber up the muscles. He has eliminated all the deep pliés from his technique. They are quite unnecessary. A slight plié will give the leg all the development it needs, even for high jumps and pirouettes.

Another mistake that is commonly made, M. Tarasoff says, is to permit a pupil to kink in the small of the back. This not only throws the body into an ungraceful position, with the stomach thrust forward and the posterior thrust out behind, but it is a position that *hinders* rather than helps the dancer in high jumps and spins. The body should be held straight, in a natural position. He says this more relaxed attitude will enable the dancer to spin a greater number of times and jump higher than when she stands in a sway-backed position.

M. Tarasoff also urges young dancers not to overdo acrobatic work. Too many hand-stands and front-overs and back-overs will give the shoulders a lumpy look and spoil the natural soft line that should flow from the neck down into the arm. The girl who dances must still be a girl. She must not look like a pugilist or a football player. Properly done, under the guidance of a teacher who knows how to build up the



Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer



The above photograph of Dorothy Sebastian, Joan Crawford and Anita Page is reproduced here for the sole purpose of emphasizing the value of beautiful legs to anyone who appears before the public

(At left) Another example of how what should be graceful curving lines are turned into unsymmetrical bulges by overworked muscles

muscles gradually without undue strain, acrobatics are beneficial. But overdone or wrongly done, they eliminate the softness of movement and of line that are so much a part of the classical ballet.

Rosetta O'Neill, the first and only teacher of Irene Castle, had some interesting contributions to make to this discussion. It is of primary importance, according to Miss O'Neill, for the dancer who wishes to preserve her figure in spite of the vigorous technique of the ballet, to learn the proper way of finishing a movement. Each exercise in the routine of bar work and floor work must be finished *with both heels on the floor*. This provides a natural sequence of flexing and stretching for the muscles up the back of the leg. All of the exercises in which the toe is pointed—and that includes almost every exercise in the ballet schedule—cause a contraction of the calf muscle. If the exercise is finished with the heel well down, the contraction is followed by a stretching of the muscle and so the effect of strain is overcome in an entirely natural manner.

Miss O'Neill made the further interesting point that all of the exercises should be done with the weight on the *outside* of the foot. As the dancer stands in any one of the five positions, her weight should rest so completely on the outside of the foot that she can curl her big toe quite freely. Standing with

the weight on the *inside* of the ball of the foot, that is with most of the weight on the great toe, not only gives the leg an ugly line but it throws the dancer off balance and may result in serious foot troubles.

Miss O'Neill is convinced that toe work, properly done, will not thicken the ankles nor overdevelop the calf. In a proper toe position, the line from the hip to the tip of the toe is absolutely straight. There is not the slightest break either at the knee or below the ankle. Furthermore, the weight is held up, not so much by the ankle and lower leg as by the upper leg and the muscles of the trunk. The muscles of the abdomen and posterior are tightened and the real support comes from them. The body is held erect; the small of the back must not curve in. Teachers who permit their pupils to stand with relaxed knees and with the weight resting on the big toe ought to be put in jail.

Toe work should be given, Miss O'Neill says, only to girls who expect to become professionals. There is no great merit in merely standing on the toes and toddling uncertainly about on them. Toe work is not an art in itself; it is really only a stunt. Unless the dancer can actually dance while on her toes, she is not a dancer at all but an acrobat. Toe work is difficult; it requires constant hard practice; it should therefore be limited to

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NICKOLAS MURAY LOOKS at the DANCE

A Critical Review of Last Season's Events on the Concert Stage

IT IS rather a pleasant task to abridge this season's activities, for this was a most energetically fertile year, versatile in quality and quantity. Not only did our native sons and daughters of the dance arrest the attention of the dance-loving public, but new invaders from foreign lands were numerous. Particularly so were those from Germany. I must admit, even though I may have seemed somewhat critical in my previous reviews, that there was a high mark in the untiring effort to introduce new material in ideas and to store most of the old familiar vehicles that would have brought forth plaudits in previous years. A compliment is due to the majority of concertists for their courage in this experimental season.

For I am sure this year was the sowing of sturdy seeds that will bring forth a field of original, colorful ideas and that it was but the cornerstone of a new era, out of which I hope to see the rise of another that will hold high the torch of inspiration and follow in the footsteps of the few great dancers. But in a new direction, respecting their art as the foundation and starting point.

For I believe the present generation's language has changed a good deal and it is only natural that evolution must proceed unobstructed in all branches of life. In

painting as in sculpture, the art of simplification is considered the point of progress. The dance is gradually dispensing with its old-fashioned decorative frills, and is trying to keep step with its sisters in art, as much as a sensible compromise permits. This also goes for the selection of music and the interpretation of dance themes. I should say the adaptation of dance themes for, to my mind, America's forte is the ability to adapt. I could almost say that we are specialists in adaptation.

This season we had an invasion of foreign material which our dancers had translated into our own language before the season was over—some more successfully than others. Inventive talent also held its own and there were a great number of originalities created that caused furores, pro and con, in the profession. Nevertheless this year decidedly marked that the dance has gained a firmer hold upon its own ground than ever before. There were many more concerts this year than any previously, of which the quality, as well as quantity, was preeminently of a much higher average than last year. In many cases it resulted in the justification of affording the artists the presentation of not only one, but a series of concerts in the same season. Let us make a panoramic review of the past season's artists.

The curtain raiser of this prolific year was the revival of Fokine's performance at the Century with Madame Fokina and a sup-

porting company, consisting wholly of pupils of their school whose inexperience was in great contrast to his and Madame's polished performances. This concert consisted of three of M. Fokine's own creations which he produced between the years of 1910 and 1918. I am hoping that this master mind of the classic ballet will next year give us another program.

Doris Niles and company tried their dainty fingers at interpreting a difficult subject, *Saint Joan*, as an opening of the program, with very moderate success compared to their subsequent offerings. Among the more popular numbers were *Madame du Barry*, *Southern Roses* and her own exquisite Spanish suites. Doris and Cornelia Niles are undoubtedly two of our best interpretive dancers of the conventional type. Angna Enters is one of our most successful individual entertainers who should not be classified as a dancer, since she merely uses the dance as an accessory to her interpretation of character sketches. She is, on the stage of the dance, what Ruth Draper represents on the stage of the theatre. What Ruth Draper expresses in words and dialects, Miss Enters does without voice, with movement, mimicry and costume. At this writing she has established herself successfully in England. Among her successful numbers are

(Continued on page 60)



Torres

Pedro Rubin's contribution to the recital field consisted entirely of Spanish and Spanish-derived dances



Nickolas Muray



Carlo Leonetti

The performances given by Jacques Cartier with Agnes de Mille received excellent public acclaim

(At left) Doris Niles was one of the few recital artists to go on tour, which she did with success

The SHOWS REVIEWED



White

Frances Williams lends her talents to the new Scandals again this year and is a big individual hit

George White Brings in His New Scandals for the Summer and Fall

By

ROCKWELL J. GRAHAM



Florence Vandamm

The extraordinary antics of Tom Patricola, the genial hooper, are still winners with those who attend Mr. White's newest show



Todd, St. Louis

The tiny Miss Pennington flashes knees and smile in the Scandals, and displays the kind of ever-youthful pep she is famous for

Say When

THE producers of this little opus made an effort, not too valiant, to revive the type of small intimate musical comedy that once ruled the roost in New York years ago. There have been previous spasmodic attempts of this nature lately, all of which have failed. This one was foredoomed, for the simple reason that theatre-goers have become accustomed to eye-filling sets and costume-filling girls, and the lack of these is an indication of weakness in their eyes.

Say When is a musical version of *Love-in-a-Mist*, a highly successful straight comedy of a couple of years ago. Into the musical went the musical efforts of many composers, including the Hon. James J. Walker, Ray Perkins of this magazine and others identified with Broadway. The score is by far the best thing about the show, and will be materially assisted by the fact that Henry Busse and His Orchestra, who play the show in the pit, have recorded tunes from the piece. Comedy lacks, there is too much dialogue, and the dancing offers nothing of real quality.

Henry Busse, for many years the first trumpeter and assistant conductor with Paul Whiteman, has his own Victor-recording band in the show, and it's okay.

For the rest I have no doubt that the show

will fold up almost before I manage to finish this sentence.

The Scandals

GEORGE WHITE has crashed in again with a big fanfare, and all in all he has done a swell job. The last *Scandals* was a great show, in just those words. This one is not a great show, but it is a good show. That he has succeeded in doing as well as he has is very much to Mr. White's credit.

The principals this time are pretty much the same group as graced the last production: Harry Richman, Frances Williams, Tom Patricola, Ann Pennington, Rose Perfect and the Howard brothers, Willie and Eugene. They are all capable and work hard to put over their stuff. To me, Frances Williams is the hit. Her blond good looks and sure-fire personality give any amount's worth of entertainment.

George White has surprised this year by not having such a large production, materially speaking, as is customary with him. We have been used to great flashing sets, hundreds of gorgeous costumes and what not. But this year he has gone in for sets and costumes of a more novel order without the coatings of rhinestones always associated with White shows. Personally I rejoice. Thus the production is not as heavy and imposing, but it's just as interesting.

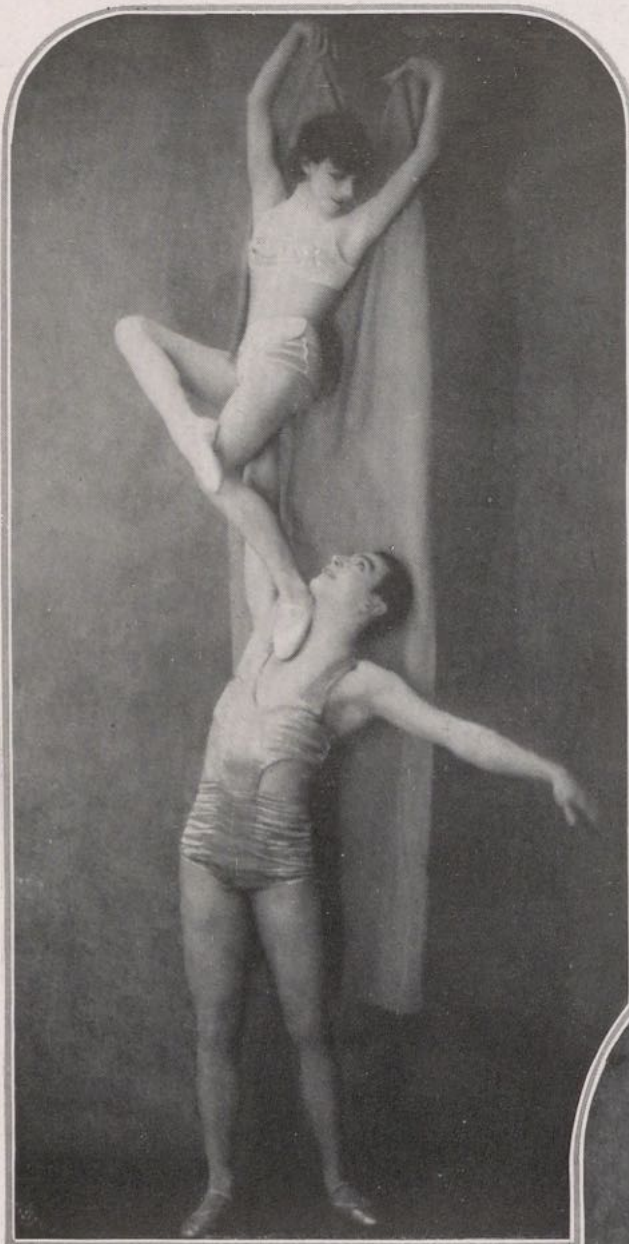
The chief difference (since comparison cannot be avoided) between the two shows lies in the score. In this year's edition there is no *Black Bottom*, *Lucky Day*, nor *Birth of the Blues*. But there are two tunes that will go over: *Pickin' Cotton* (plugged as *Black Bottom's* successor) and *On the Crest of a Wave*. Richman sells this last with all his energy and ability, and it's a very fair fox-trot. *Pickin' Cotton* is great rhythm for dancers, but seems to me a trifle too complicated for country-sweeping popularity.

Now for the dancing, which is really the mainstay of the show. Tom Patricola wins individual honors with several of his marvelous routines, and Ann Pennington does a number or two with him that are first-rate. Penny still wows 'em with the knees, the long hair and the smile.

Frances Williams does a little hoofing, mostly tap, but the prime sensation of the evening is the clock-work acrobatics of Bernice and Emily, a little team picked from the Loew circuit and the picture houses. They work in perfect unison, and when I say perfect I mean it. A series of perfectly timed nip-ups gets them a thunderous hand for the finish of their first routine. They return later to do more on a large flight of steps. On these steps also Penny and Patricola do a long routine.

Russell Markert has another one of his
(Continued on page 59)

The DANCERS



De Mirjan

The Roxy Theatre, New York, presented Berinoff and Eulalie, a new combination of two well-known people. Eulalie is noted for the extreme flexibility of her body



G. Maillard Kestere

Valodia Vestoff, also with a new partner, Marion Vaughn, is appearing in presentations in the East. He opened not long ago at the Capitol Theatre, New York, and from there went out on the circuit

(Below) The popularity of Americans in Europe continues. Dick and Edith Barstow are prime favorites in London vaudeville and the night clubs of Paris. They are playing many return engagements

DeBarron

(Below) Betty and Garner, now doing their smooth, appealing work in Keith houses, spent a considerable part of last season in Chicago night clubs



Todd



(Below) The growing need for precision troupes in presentation houses led Pedro Rubin, the Mexican dancer, to send out his first group not many weeks past. Pictured here is the troupe that is dancing in Sunny Skies on the Publix route



of VARIETY

A Department Conducted by
MICHAEL EVANS

A PERFECTLY matched team is something that's mighty difficult to find on the variety stage. One of the partners usually dominates—and it's not always the girl, by any means, though dancing is an art which comes more naturally to women than to men. It's often the case that the good one is a headliner and the other is in the act frankly as support. Vannessi, Nina Payne, Natacha Nattova, overshadow the partners with whom they may be working. At the Roxy a few weeks ago, Eugene von Grona did as much—as was intended—to Betty Woodruff in their *Dance of Anitra*. Combinations of this kind are not teams, in the proper sense of the term.

On the other hand, in similar circumstances, there was little to choose between Joyce Coles and Nicholas Daks when they appeared together. And now that Miss Coles has gone over to K-A time, Patricia Bowman also seems evenly balanced with Daks at the Roxy.

But the fact remains that couples performing numbers that call for close and consistent teamwork are seldom ideally paired. I shan't mention any names in this connection, for I don't want to get some of my best friends sore at me. I simply throw out the suggestion for what it may be worth and turn to the grateful task of noting some of the things that have given me especial pleasure during the past month.

At the Paramount that stunning red-haired beauty, Nayan Pearce (it was spelled "Naon" on the program and the screen. Has she changed her name?) was the featured dancer in a pretty act called *Temple Bells*. The rising of the curtain shows her reposing on a couch in front of a Hindu shrine. I ask for nothing easier on the eyes. She dreams that she is to win the love of a certain prince by dancing for him, and when she wakes up he is conveniently right on the spot. She then performs an Oriental number with a great deal of verve. Her tall and slender figure gives distinction to this sort of work, and she has the magic touch of artistry. I predict that Nayan Pearce is destined to go far.

A recent bill at the Roxy was made extraordinary by the double appearance of two of the best male dancers in the game. Jacques Cartier offered his *Congo*, a strong and colorful conception which never grows stale, though it has been featured in different shows during the past two seasons. Cartier dances on a huge drum to tom-tom music, and produces an effect that is primitive African to the nth degree. The other attrac-

(At right) Nayan Pearce, late of Artists and Models, has gone over to the presentation houses for a spell. She executed an Oriental dance recently on the stage of the Paramount Theatre, New York

Sunny Skies, the Publix presentation unit, boasts Georgie Hayes, a girl who dances as a girl, but masquerades as a female impersonator. It gets over well



Maurice Goldberg



tion was Eugene von Grona, supported by a group of girls, in a splendid interpretation of Rachmaninoff's *Prelude in C# Minor*.

The number I enjoyed most at the Capitol was neither a solo nor a team, but a dance performed by the chorus of sixteen Chester Hale girls in the Boris Petroff production, *Gypsy Trail*. Their costumes were exceptionally gay and well designed and the music was catchy. No doubt they were directed with skill. But chief credit must go to the girls themselves for dancing with charm and a creative harmony that is seldom seen.

Edith, of the team of Dick and Edith Barstow, writes me chattily from Paris, as follows:

"We are always very much interested in

your department in THE DANCE MAGAZINE, and think it is a marvelous idea to give the news of everyone. Several of our friends have been writing us, asking what we were doing, so we thought you might find our news worth publishing.

"We are American dancers, enjoying good success here in Europe. We opened at the Kit Kat Club, London, February sixth, and have been going steadily ever since. We played three weeks there, and then some of the leading variety halls, before going down to the French Riviera, where we played the Casinos at Cannes, Monte Carlo, Nice and St. Raphael, and also a command performance for His Majesty the King of Sweden.

"In Paris, we are at present at the Perroquet Club. We certainly love it over here and intend visiting all the other countries for which we have offers. We open for a return engagement of a month in London soon—at the Palladium, Alhambra and Coliseum Theatres—and then go on to Switzerland.

"I am enclosing a photo you might like to use (You bet. I've put it on the first page of the department—M. E.). Our last appearance on Broadway was with John Murray Anderson's Publix unit, *Dancing Brides*, at the Paramount Theatre. He featured our double jazz wedding dance—both my brother and self carrying out the ceremony on our toes. You see, my brother has gained the reputation of being 'The World's Greatest Male Toe Dancer,' being the only boy to perfect an entire Russian

(Continued on page 53)

De África a España

(From Africa to Spain)

This selection is by Alvaro Retana, Madrid composer, and is printed here by courtesy of Pedro Rubin



The Danish Ballet Production of Prince Igor

Borgen

A Review of Outstanding Ballet Compositions—New Dance Records

By RAY PERKINS

Mr. Perkins Recommends:

BALLETS

Krazy Kat, by John Alden Carpenter
 Skyscrapers, by John Alden Carpenter
 The Spirit of the Sea, by R. S. Stoughton
 Relâche, by Erik Satie
 The Nothing-doing Bar, by Darius Milhaud
 Man and His Desire, by Darius Milhaud
 The Three Cornered Hat, by Manuel de Falla
 Love, the Magician, by Manuel de Falla
 The Triumph of Neptune, by Lord Berners
 Ogelala, by Rewin Schuloff



U. and U.

Sigmund Romberg, noted composer of operettas, has written an American ballet which will probably be staged in this country in the early fall

great ensemble dancing. A significant event last season, for example, was the official tribute to the ballet occasioned by the presentation of Stravinsky's recent work, *Apollo Musagetes*, in Washington under the auspices of the Library of Congress Chamber Music Festival. Indeed a further indication of the importance of the event was in its marking the opening evening of the festival program.

The music of *Apollo Musagetes* has, as far as

we can ascertain, not yet been published. At any rate I have not had an opportunity to see or hear it, and can only pass along to you the general observations of those who have. As to be expected, its style is in continuance of the late Stravinsky manner, in which he does extraordinary things harmonically and calls into play his now well-known theories on the absolutism of music—a style of pure polyphony devoid of romance or sentimental expression.

In the hope of inspiring even a passing thought to ballet music, suppose we mention a few such compositions that have attained prominence here or abroad (mostly the latter, we must say) in recent years. The American, John Alden Carpenter, has given us two ballets, of which the first was *Krazy Kat*, a mock serious affair based on the newspaper cartoon, done by the Bolm Ballet several seasons ago. The latest is his *Skyscrapers*, "a ballet of modern American life", first given in the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, in 1926. It has occasioned a flood of favorable comment both in music and dance circles, was presented only last season in Munich, and its music has been played this summer by the N. Y. Stadium Symphony Orchestra. Intensely modern in conception, it compares favorably with any of the more advanced products of present day European composers, with the additional interest contained in its truly American flavor both as to music and story. Certainly it achieved tremendous response when originally done at the Metropolitan. It is published by G. Schirmer, and is obtainable for orchestra or in piano score.

At this point we would remind our readers that the choreography for ballets is seldom published. Should you be interested in studying the dance plot of *Skyscrapers* or any other ballet, it will be necessary for you to communicate with the publishers of the

(Continued on page 50)

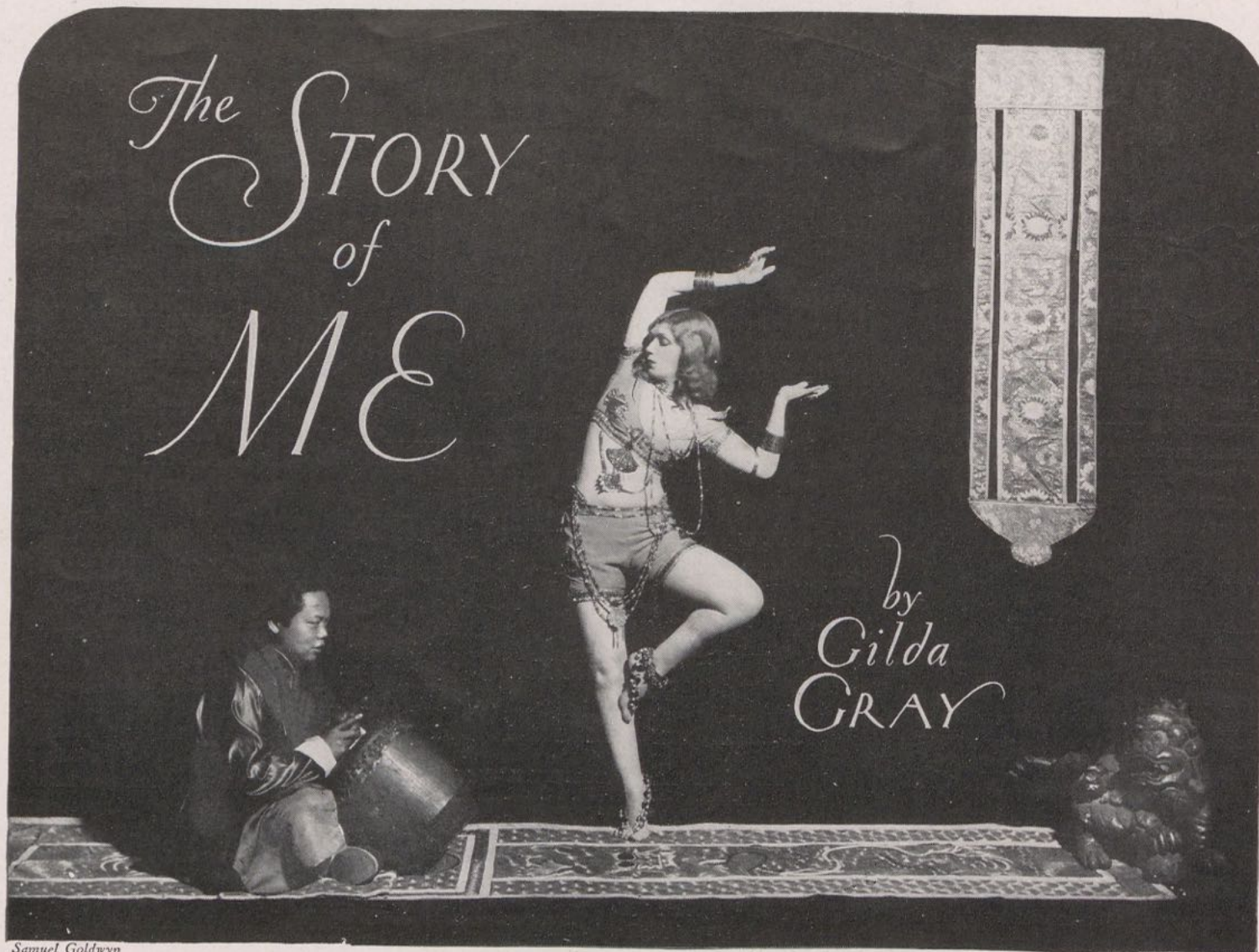
WHAT the dance is sharing in the rapid artistic development of

America cannot be denied. Observers cannot help but marvel at the extraordinary rise of popular interest in music, art and the serious drama, that has characterized the last few years; and it is only natural that dancing should take its place in the general movement. The number of recitals in New York, artistic Mecca of the

dance as well as music, the past season has exceeded any previous year; nor does that include the numerous presentations in moving picture houses, or the equally numerous theatrical enterprises in which dancing has played a featured part. The musician must inevitably have noticed, however, the present tendency in the direction of short dance forms, employing correspondingly short musical compositions, or at least short extracts from longer works. The dancer today appears much as the concert musician, in a recital made up of individual numbers, grouped in various ways on a program; the advantage evidently lying in the opportunity to capitalize the artist's versatility, and to obtain the variety necessary in personal recitals which average two hours in length. In other words, the dance in America has not reached the point where large ensembles and ballets are attempted to any great extent. It is as though our musical fare were mostly made up of recitals by single artists or small groups, as though orchestral or choral performances were rare.

The parallel between music and dance, we insist, is inevitable. The symphony orchestra represents the highest development in music. No individual performance, duet, trio, quartet, or other combination of limited size can approach the majesty and richness of the full orchestra. There may be a soloist, as in concertos, but even then the orchestra is more than his accompaniment; it is his complement. Similarly no dance form can equal in artistic satisfaction and maturity the effects obtainable through the ballet. In other words, what the symphony orchestra is to music, the ballet is to dance.

No doubt we will see the day when the ballet will be given its just amount of popular interest and artistic attention. Meanwhile at least a few dance minds of highest rank are preaching and practicing the spirit of



Samuel Goldwyn

Gilda Gray in a scene from her last picture, *The Devil Dancer*

NEW YORK! The very name sent little thrills running all over me. What a magic sound . . . New York! Streets lined with gold; thousands of people applauding; great names shining in huge electric lights . . . New York! The city of opportunity.

That night Mildred and I were in a daze. We were too excited either to eat or sleep. Still, Miss Stewart had offered us nothing definite. Just a chance to go to New York, and perhaps obtain employment. But we were ambitious . . . and we were young. Our imaginations were fired, and we came to a decision the following morning when the postman delivered a special delivery letter from Rosalie Stewart. She stated that she was about to leave town, and felt she could get us each seventy-five dollars a week if we came to New York with her. Also, that there was a fair chance of our increasing those salaries within a year to two hundred dollars a week.

Mike hated to part with us, and he even offered a larger salary as a special inducement to stay at "The Arsonia," but we could listen to nothing except wondrous New York, and within twelve hours we were on the train with Miss Stewart.

II. At the Top

Upon arriving in New York, that Mecca for actors, Miss Stewart immediately got us rooms at Reisenweber's, which was then one of the flourishing hostelrys of the city. She offered to pay our room rent while she endeavored to get us work in some show or cabaret. It was just in the midst of her efforts that Miss Stewart was unexpectedly called out of the city on important business. And that left Mildred and me on our own again.

If you have never been alone and at the same time jobless in a big city then you cannot fully understand our feelings. We were homesick and afraid of going completely broke. We could not obtain jobs. The restaurant owners and producers would not even give us a hearing, partly because they were not interested in two little unknown girls from the West, and partly on account of the season. It was considered a very bad one. Weeks passed . . . and we were stranded. They say you are never a real show woman until you have found yourself stranded. Then I certainly ought to qualify. It was just when we decided to split our last quarter for an evening meal that

we received a wire from Miss Stewart. She offered us work singing to the soldiers as we traveled from camp to camp.

"It's not much," she said; "but it will help you girls to get along until I can place you with the right people."

She was right. The work was not much. There were no beautiful theatres and great stages. There were no names in electric signs and enormous salaries. But it was work, and we were happy. For weeks we cheered the departing boys with our songs. They seemed to prefer *Dirty Dozen* and *Beale Street Blues*, and they kept me shimmying night and day.

It was at Camp Merritt in New Jersey that Frank Westphal, then Sophie Tucker's husband, played the piano for our songs. After our act he ran to us and took our hands.

"Girls!" he exclaimed, "You've got to meet Sophie! You're just what she's been looking for. You're knockouts!"

Then followed an introduction to Sophie Tucker, the kindest hearted woman in show business.

"Mary Gray," she chuckled, when she heard my name. "You'll never be a success as Mary. It doesn't suit you. Be . . . be . . . Gilda . . . Gilda Gray."

So Gilda Gray was born. Born out of Sophie Tucker's mind because she had just been reading a magazine story about a dancer called Gilda.

Sophie performed nightly at Reisenweber's, and finally succeeded in having the management give us a tryout one Sunday night. They insisted that Mildred and I work alone. When the night was over Sophie fairly bubbled with enthusiasm. I cannot say the same for the management, but Sophie was certain she could place us with some Broadway revue. But it turned out to be a long, long time, an endless succession of days, nights and even months before anything tangible happened. I was losing hope. Often I considered giving up and going back to Chicago. Every day I met with fresh disheartening problems. I would walk around from office to office, coming home in the evenings tired, worn and jobless. But Sophie, good natured Sophie, would be there to cheer me up with a "Better luck tomorrow, dearie. Now don't get discouraged."

So I kept on trying, and then one morning my telephone rang. It was a sharp ring. A loud one. It woke me from a sound sleep, and in gruff, annoyed tones I answered the call.

"Atlantic City on the wire," came the voice of the operator. "Is Miss Gray there?"

"This is Miss Gray speaking," I said. Who in the world could be telephoning me from Atlantic City? I knew no one there.

"Hold on," ordered the operator. And then . . . and then . . . I heard another voice. That of a man.

"Is this Miss Gray?"

"Yes," I answered. "Who am I speaking to?"

"Mr. J. J. Shubert."

I gasped. J. J. Shubert telephoning me! I nearly fainted from the shock. His voice continued to speak. Words. Words that thrilled me.

"Jump on a train immediately, and come out to Atlantic City. I have a part for you in *The Gaieties of 1919*."

"I haven't the money for railroad fare!" I shouted back. "Besides I don't know where Atlantic City is. I've never even been there!"

Mr. Shubert laughed and told me to go to their office in New York and draw the necessary money. I did, and that evening I arrived in Atlantic City.

Here was my great chance. At last. I was determined to make good. My salary was to be one hundred and twenty-five dollars a week. All mine, except for a small commission which I intended to pay Miss Tucker, for it was she who secured the job

for me, telling the Shuberts about my work.

I was too happy to speak. Just consider my position. Jobless one moment, and then suddenly a part in a great revue which netted me a wonderful salary. I was in a seventh heaven. I know I borrowed money to send my father and mother a wire. It read:

Tell Sis and the boy I'm going to be a real actress.

I will never forget the opening night of *The Gaieties of 1919*. I have weathered many openings since that memorable occasion, I will probably dance through many

knees shook. There was a horrible buzzing in my ears. I was scared to death. Why, my entire career depended on this night, and I was weak with excitement. I had not been able to swallow food during the last few days of rehearsal. I was too nervous. I was sure I would be a "flop."

I stood in the wings, shaking with fright. My hands trembled; that awful buzzing in my ears continued. Grew worse! They were playing my music. The opening bars of *The Beale Street Blues*, and suddenly I found myself in the centre of that vast stage . . . singing . . . singing with a throb in my voice. I wore a white velvet dress, and I shimmied . . . shimmied with complete abandon. Shook from head to my feet. Suddenly the buzzing in my ears stopped; another sound had taken its place. A strange sound; a welcome one, that of applause. Thousands of hands were pounding against each other, palm striking palm! There were whistles and cheers. Miss Stewart had been right! Sophie Tucker had been right! I was a hit!

The newspaper notices were wonderful, and I was nearly overcome with joy. To think that I, an unknown Polish refugee, stood out in a show which boasted six celebrated stars. And the first person
(Continued on page 52)



Murray Studios

When Gilda Gray stopped shimmying, she started hula-ing. Above is the lady at the beginning of her grass skirt days

more, but never . . . never . . . as long as I live will I be as thrilled and as frightened as on that very first evening. The evening of my Winter Garden debut. Here was I, Marianna Michalska, from Poland and Cudahy, suddenly to be thrust in the centre of a New York stage as . . . one Gilda Gray. I was seized with stage fright. The worst kind. Everything appeared blurred. My



Edward Thayer Monroe

(Below) Gilda Gray as she was when featured in the Follies



ILLUSTRATION 1



ILLUSTRATION 2



ILLUSTRATION 3



ILLUSTRATION 4

FLOWER-VENDOR

*An Oriental
Character Dance*

Arranged by Helene Denizon

Routine on page 63



ILLUSTRATION 7

(At right)

ILLUSTRATION 5



(At left)

ILLUSTRATION 6

Photographs posed
by Helene Denizon
of the Fokine Ballet
by Hal Phylfe

Music: No. 2—
Dans L'Aoule of
the Caucasian
Sketches by Ippolito
Ivanow. (Carl Fisher,
N. Y.) Begin
dance at Allegretto
Grazioso. Use first
page as introduction.



Apeda

(Above) A recent photo of Bernie Cummins and His Brunswick Recording Orchestra, who are playing the Cascades on the roof of the Biltmore Hotel, New York City



Apeda

At left is Henry Busse, who is now leader of his own orchestra. The organization is to make Victor records exclusively

BLACK and BLUE NOTES

A New Band

HERE can hardly be anyone in the country who has heard or seen Paul Whiteman's band during the past ten years that doesn't know the round face and form of Henry Busse, erstwhile first trumpet and assistant conductor of the rotund leader's tooting aggregation. Anyway, a few months ago Busse decided to go out for himself and left Whiteman. On that occasion I erroneously reported that he had gone to Texas on a job. My error. He was at once signed by the Victor outfit to record and to be heavily plugged as one of Victor's ace recorders to succeed Whiteman, who has as you know shelved Victor for Columbia. Busse broke the ice on Broadway by going into the pit and on stage in *Say When*, a light musical that proved so light it lasted only two weeks. But the ex-trumpeter's band was the hit of the piece. As a specialty in the show he did a solo of *When Day Is Done*, using the same orchestration as Whiteman used on his twelve-inch disc that swept the country early this last year.

Among other old Whiteman men with him is Harold McDonald, one of the finest

drummers in the business. Following *Say When's* rapid flop, the band is seeking to land a new show, meanwhile having recorded a couple of ditties from the dead musical, which because of some merit can be plugged separately.

The new leader has the best wishes of every man in music, and especially of this department.

A New Racket

THE sudden splurge by the movie companies in "talking shorts," or acts recorded on talking pictures, has caused wild excitement in every branch of show business. Vaudeville teams are making shorts and getting a good break. Singers, night clubs, stage presentations, everything, are being thrown out in sound stuff in an effort to get sufficient good material to keep a lot of houses well filled.

Already a flock of bands have recorded for the films and seem to go over nicely, having fewer actual technical difficulties to overcome. Gus Arnheim of the Coconut Grove in Los Angeles, Ben Bernie and several others have been shot, and a lot more are undoubtedly under way.

News and Comment on Dance Orchestras around the Country

The chief defect with the band shorts is the obvious self-consciousness of the men. They may be used to stage appearances and on the floor, but the camera gets them down. I just heard that they get instructions to look anywhere but at the camera. Consequently you can see them making an effort to keep their eyes away from the lens. This strikes me as wrong. It's simple showmanship in selling something to an audience directly out front to look at them. It's stronger. But otherwise the bands get over well so long as they avoid waltzes and slow pieces not in strict tempo. The hotter the music the more the cash customers like it. Personally I enjoy the things and look to see every first rate outfit recording periodically the same as discs, though of course not so frequently. The bands with good entertainers will click the biggest.

More Bands in Shows

I'M harping again on one of my favorite manias: dance combos in the pits for shows. I maintain with my last breath that that's the only kind of an orchestra that belongs in the pit of a fast dancing musical
(Continued on page 62)



(At left) A high-heeled black patent leather slipper held fast with snakeskin straps, for smart street and afternoon wear



(At right) A chic yet serviceable shoe is the patent leather tie, adorned with a stitched bow. It has a high heel and short vamp

DANCING FEET on the STREET

*A Few Pertinent Suggestions
about Shoes*



At left is a fancy cut-out sandal for afternoon and evening. It is designed in black moiré, black satin bands, white moiré with white satin bands, gold kid with silver kid bands, silver kid with gold kid bands, and pink, green, blue and yellow doe skin



The shoe at right is designed especially for party wear, in gold and silver kid with a high-riding strap. It has a short vamp and high heel

Shoes by The Peacock Shop, New York City

(Below) The tie pictured below is of black moiré trimmed with silver kid, but also comes in white moiré with silver kid trimming. An advantage of this model is that it can be dyed to match any gown



(At left) Of genuine water snake, this model has a gray kid quarter, water snake strap and a medium heel, all designed for smart lines and comfort



Photographs by
Richard Burke

STUDENT and STUDIO

Interesting Notes from the Studios

New York

ENTERING upon the fourteenth year of its existence, Denishawn has taken a great step in adding a private dormitory for the exclusive accommodation of sixteen pupils. It is the aim of Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn, they write us, to gather about this institution only the highest and finest type of young people, who seriously desire to devote their lives to a career of dancing; and for that reason they want to provide the proper home for these students rather than have them live apart from the atmosphere and environment of the school. As the school grows the accommodations will be increased. Denishawn House, now completed, will be the home of Miss St. Denis and Mr. Shawn as well as their studio.

Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman are severing their ten-year connection with the Denishawn school beginning in October. Much as they love Denishawn and all its beautiful associations, they want to concentrate on their own creative work, teach, and present the results to the public in the form of concert recitals. Good luck to them!

After vacationing in her beloved Santa

Barbara, Martha Graham returns to New York about the middle of September to resume her teaching and recital performances.

Upon finishing the ballets for the opera, *Samson and Delilah*, Agnes Boone presented twelve of her dancers in it out in Orange, New Jersey, in connection with the Metropolitan Symphony Orchestra and several principals from the Metropolitan Opera. Miss Boone and her dancers also posed recently in dances for a Fox movie director who shot yards of film. They will soon be released on the screen. Miss Boone tells me she has signed another contract to join the faculty of the New York University next year. She is teaching the summer session of the school at Lake Sebago and as soon as it closes sails for Europe. Bon Voyage!

The Ned Wayburn summer courses are bigger and better than ever. The studios are open and classes conducted from nine a. m. to ten p. m. every day but Sunday. There is a free booking service which secures positions for graduate pupils and they also say that positions in commercial houses are very often obtained for boys and girls who desire to study in the evening classes and devote the daytime to earning their expenses.

The Whitehead School of Rhythm and Drama has added to its staff Blake Scott to teach fencing and Kumar Goshal to teach authentic and traditional Hindu dances.

Around the Country

MIRIAM C. PHILLIPS, who has just ended her first season in Minneapolis, writes us an interesting letter from which I would like to quote: "I am closing my year very tired but very proud and happy for I have proven to myself and to others that a studio can be successfully run on a non-professional basis. By that I mean without having 'Kiddy Revues,' or anything like them. I have always felt that there were still some sane mothers left who would like to have their children take dancing but do not want them exposed to the 'lure of the stage' or forced into any exhibition work. There are many studios of that kind here and I was very fearful for the success of the Joy Studio, but now I can breathe a sigh of relief." We praise her spirit heartily, and wish there were more teachers like her.

Arthur Corey and Jac Broderick have joined the Marlatt School of Dancing in Terre Haute, Indiana, where they are giving an intensive course in all types of stage dancing. They also teach in Indianapolis.

From Arizona, Forrest Thornburg writes that after two successful winters in Phoenix, teaching an all-Denishawn course, he closed



Harry A. Cole

Otar Shillet in the title rôle of Pa'yatamu, in which he takes the part of half man and half animal

Stephanie Kovak has just closed a successful season's teaching in Long Island



Alma Wartel, in a difficult pose, is an advanced pupil of the Victoria Dance Studio in San Francisco

Albert R. Dupont

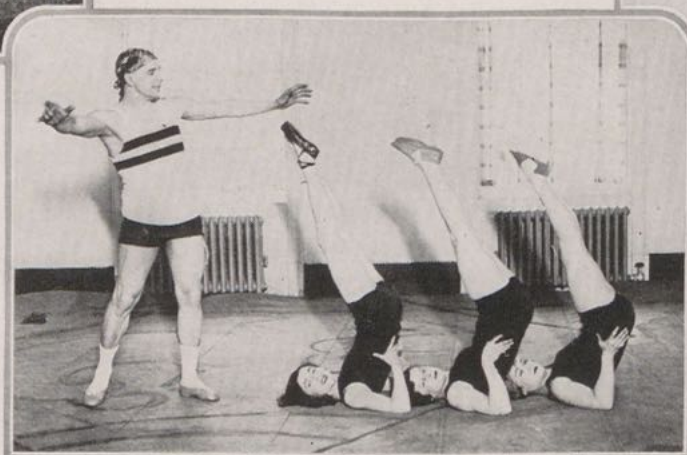


(At left)
Marie Burke, a pupil of the O. Gorman School in Boston recently appeared at a pageant on an estate nearby



(At right)
Eleanor Tennis, in a perfect ballet position, is one of Maestro Albertieri's best students

Introducing rhythmic exercises in a famous New York beauty palace is the gay Russian, Mikhail Mordkin, himself



P. and A.

F. Ruberti

his season with a gala program of students at the Rialto Theatre. Directly after this he began a summer course in Flagstaff in connection with the University of Arizona and the State Teacher College. When the Normal course closes he goes to New York to study and then reopen his studio in Phoenix and Flagstaff with a branch school in Tucson with five assistants on his staff. This certainly shows fine progress for so short a period.

In Astoria, Oregon, Helina Parras gave her fourth annual recital at the local high school where despite the inclement weather hundreds of people attended. The rain and wind on the outside were forgotten while on the stage dainty little figures interpreted Maytime, summertime, fairyland, Mother Goose rhymes, gypsies, highland lassies, princesses, and all kinds of fine folk.

At the annual recital given by Harrold DeWolfe in Boston were seen some of the future stars of America. Mr. DeWolfe teaches his pupils with an eye to their financial as well as artistic future. He gives them character dances, songs, and speeches to make them feel at ease behind the footlights; in short, he equips them with all that is necessary for musical comedy and revue, as well as grooming some for more artistic dance recitals of their own.

Norma Gould has removed her studio to One Hundred and Eighteen North Larchmont Boulevard, Los Angeles.

Canada

R.VIVIEN RALPH, of Vancouver, closed her season with a Dance Fantasy which included all types of dancing, and returned to study at the Belcher School in Los Angeles, for the summer. She will reopen classes early in the fall.

London

A correspondent writes us that the pupils of Madame Seraphine Astafieva had the talent and fortune to win a cup, a medal and silver laurel wreath at the recent Congress of the National Dancing Teachers' Association held in Paris. Madame's school, which is under the distinguished patronage of Diaghileff, is situated in the artistic quarter of Chelsea where is the home of many famous men of arts and letters. She teaches the traditional Russian ballet as well as character dancing.

Dublin

THE teaching of form, line and design in grouping is of the first importance in the work of the Academy of Choreographic Art which is under the leadership of Ninette de Valois, artiste of the Diaghileff Russian Ballet. Her productions at the Festival Theatre in Cambridge so impressed William Butler Yeats that at his request a branch school was opened in connection with the Abbey Theatre, Dublin. Realizing the value of a technical knowledge of composition and design, many professionals have joined the classes.

Paris

ANDREAS PAVLEY, the director and head of the Pavley-Oukrainsky Ballet, appeared in a concert in "La Salle Pleyel"

with his pupil, Mlle. Zara Berkowitz. There were four beautiful numbers, a Fire Dance, by Mr. Pavley, a Pastorale, by the twain, L'Ephemere—a butterfly that lives but a day, by Mlle. Berkowitz, and The Martyr—the crucifixion of a martyr who refuses to renounce his religion, by Mr. Pavley. They were very well received.

Australia

FROM away out in Sydney we get a letter from Prof. J. Bolot who says he has the largest dancing academy in Australia. He teaches modern ballroom and stage dancing according to the latest methods and seems to have earned a good deal of recognition from prominent people.

Obituary

AT the age of seventy, after teaching dancing for fifty-nine years, Jacob Mahler, the venerable president of the St. Louis Dancing Teachers' Association, has passed away. His father, Albert Mahler, was a ballet dancer in France. From him he learned most of what he knew, and started teaching at the age of eleven as his father's assistant. Many of the children to whom he taught the modern dances were the grandchildren of the boys and girls to whom long ago he taught the mazurka, the schottische and the polka. His work is being continued by his daughter at the same studio.

RACHEL MOSS

If you have any items of interest concerning your work in the studio, or suggestions to submit, write in and let us know. Address Rachel Moss, THE DANCE MAGAZINE, 1926 Broadway, New York City.



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- 4—Troubled with dandruff?.....
- 5—Irritation or eruption of the scalp?.....
- 6—How often do you shampoo your hair?.....
- 7—How fine or coarse?.....
- 8—How often do you brush it?.....
- 9—Have you a suitable brush?.....
- 10—Previous treatment used?.....

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

Beauty

"I AM in despair," breathed Dolores hopelessly when I met her on Fifth Avenue one bright, breezy morning. Her lithe little figure in a blue woollen suit from which peeped a yellow silk blouse, certainly did not suggest despair in any of its forms, so I waited for her story. "It is my hair," she bubbled. "It is hanging in dull little strings all over my head, and you could never guess from its looks now that I really have a delightful permanent. I shampoo it every week. For a day or two it is so soft and bodiless that I can hardly manage it. Then it becomes too oily to manage. I am particularly annoyed now. We are to dance this evening at the Everglades. There will be several Naval officers and some interesting guests. I have a lovely flowery frock and some adorable green suede pumps with clear crystal buckles. But I am afraid my hair will ruin the whole picture. What can I do, Marjory?"

Dolores' plaint is but an echo of the huge chorus of vacationers whose natural tendency is toward oiliness or whose summer of salt water immersions, exposure to burning sun, dust and wind, plus scalp perspiration, have aggravated scalp conditions until they have become downright oilies. The oilies and the dries vie with each other for victory in the scalp and hair complaint line, but I believe the oilies have it at this time of the year. Fortunately, each condition will respond rapidly to the correct treatment and proper selection of preparations.

One of the most prevalent causes of these unwanted conditions is the too-frequent use of soap and water. In either case, it seems to offer temporary relief. It makes the oily head seem dry and fluffy for a day or so; it makes harsh, dry hair seem a little more governable and lustrous for a day or so. Then the conditions are more emphasized than ever.

Now the first step in overcoming both conditions will be a decided change from the soap and water régime. Normal heads—and these are as rare as normal skins—may be safely shampooed about once a month. Shampoos for dries and oilies had better be less frequent, if possible. Since absolute cleanliness must prevail in the interests of health, beauty and daintiness, we must find soap and water substitutes. The proper brush and the proper tonic are the solution. Choose a brush with long,

flexible bristles, so that they may sink into, between the hairs, and cleanse every one individually. And the tonic you choose will depend upon whether your scalp is dry or oily.

The preparations recommended in this article are by an organization world-famous for its scalp and hair remedies. Successful years of investigation, experimentation and perfection form its authoritative background, and its members speak with the knowledge and authority of hair and scalp doctors as well as beauty culturists.

It seems that the very world is full of hair tonics. You see them everywhere. Some of them are good; many of them are no good. It is obvious that any tonic will not suffice when a scalp may be suffering from as many troubles as dryness, oiliness, baldness, falling hair, et cetera. Tonics are designed to cleanse and tone the scalp, so they must combat the dry or oily conditions, since other annoyances are usually offspring of one of these cases. Our scalp specialists mentioned suggest one of their two tonics—a mild astringent, which gradually tones and regulates oil secretions until the flow is normalized; a lotion which feeds the under-nourished scalp, strengthens the hair and promotes a beautiful lustre.

There should be a daily treatment with the appropriate tonic and a good brush for one month. Try to arrange a ten-minute period somewhere among those busy hours and devote this time rigorously to the hair. Pour out about a tablespoonful of tonic and apply it to the scalp with absorbent cotton. Part the hair every inch or two and pat in the tonic or rub gently if the scalp seems soiled. This will cleanse and tone the scalp. Now separate the hair into strands and brush vigorously up and away from the head. This will cleanse the hair and exercise the scalp. Perhaps it is the very lack of brush exercise that has caused your scalp difficulty.

After a month's daily use of the tonic, begin alternating daily with a special preparation designed to nourish the scalp, remove any trace of scale or dead skin (commonly but erroneously known as dandruff), and keep the skin in a healthy relaxed condition.

With women the hair has a tendency to grow away at the temples. Gradually the forehead becomes a little higher with the years. With men, (Continued on page 51)

YOUR FACE IS YOUR FORTUNE

Restore your attractiveness by building up the system. If you have pimples, freckles, wrinkles, blackheads, redness of face or nose, a muddy sallow skin, you need

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NIGHT CLUBS as the PROVING GROUNDS of SHOW BUSINESS

(Continued from page 23)

appears two or three times on the evening's program executing a different dance each time—tote, tap, musical comedy or acrobatic.

Nils T. Granlund, the famous Broadway N. T. G., known to radio fans all over the country, says: "Dancers who would never get beyond the chorus, through the medium of night club entertaining have been able to attain feature rôles in stage productions at fabulous salaries."

Barbara Stanwyck, leading lady of *Burlesque*, now playing on Broadway, came to Mr. Granlund from the chorus of the Strand Roof. She was for a while a dancer at the Club Anatole when Willard Mack selected her for an important part in *The Moose*. She was a tremendous success in that play and is now making a big hit in *Burlesque*.

Irene Delroy and Frances Upton, who now draw large salaries as featured artists, have both been El Fey Club dancers.

Alice Boldan, a chorus girl of the Winter Garden, after six months at the El Fey was taken back into the Winter Garden show as a principal with her name in letters six feet high on Broadway. Claire Luce, who was with Ziegfeld last season, Mollie O'Doherty and Ethel Norris, both of *Rain or Shine*, Dorothy Deaver, in-

genue of *Bye, Bye, Bonnie* road company, were former night club entertainers. Peggy Bernier of the Chicago *Good News* company, Dolores Farris of the Boston *Good News* company, Damaris Dore of *Present Arms*, Lina Basquette of the movies, and dozens of others began in the night clubs. Not only in the New York clubs either, for Peggy Chamberlain, to mention only one out-of-towner, came to the *Follies* from Marquand's in San Francisco.

Not so long ago a little girl named Lucille Le Seure danced at the Silver Slipper club; she took some screen tests, went to Hollywood, and—she is now Joan Crawford.

"From the observations I have made of the theatrical world, and from my own personal experience, I have come to the conclusion that the night club is most valuable for the young dancer who seeks a career," said Mary O'Rourke, a blond solo dancer who is also at the Everglades. "At the time

that I was dancing at the Silver Slipper I was one of the girls selected from various night clubs to go to London with the *Mercenary Mary* company. Willie Edelsten of Jennie Jacobs' office saw me at the club and gave me the chance. I spent an enjoyable year in England and now I am back here working hard so as to be ready for any opportunity which may offer."

Willie Mae, formerly of the team of Don and Mae, is now at the Frivolity Club. She has appeared in movie presentations at the Capitol and Roxy Theatres and at the Embassy Club in Atlantic City. "I have been on the road," said Mae, "and I think night club work has it beaten all hollow. Here I can have a home, continue my studies and save money. It seems to me that you can really build a good following by performing in a night club, while if you go out of town people forget you."

At the Frivolity Club also is Mary-

land Jarbeau, specialty dancer. Her first professional appearance in New York City was in the Strand Roof chorus. She later joined the chorus of *Louis the 14th*, and then went to the Fifth Avenue Club as a specialty dancer. Here she was seen by Earl Carroll, who put her in the *Vanities*. She is now in *The Bachelor Father* and is doubling at the club. She hopes to go with *Belasco*. Miss Jarbeau is in favor of night club work because she says it pays well, the expenses are negligible, and the time it leaves one in which to study is ample.

Ruby Keeler, latest Broadway luminary, was formerly a specialty dancer at the Texas Guinan club. She was recently selected as Paramount Personality Girl to be on Paul Ash's initial program in New York. Miss Keeler attributes most of her success to the experience and acquaintance acquired in her night club work.

The above are examples of most of the night clubs of New York City and of all other cities of the country.

The progress appears to be from dancing school to night club chorus and specialty dancing, with the attendant training and opportunity for further study, to the occasional parts in musical comedies, with stardom as a final realization.

* * *

music, who usually have the complete choreography, or who can put you in touch with the original creator.

Another American ballet of recent importance is *The Spirit of the Sea*, composed by R. S. Stoughton, musical director for the Denishawns, with a story by Miss St Denis. It is published in orchestral or piano score by G. Schirmer, New York.

There have been a number of interesting ballet productions in London and Paris at the Coliseum and the Champs Elysée theatres respectively, given as supplementary parts of motion picture programs. The renowned Erik Satie, for example, has not been above composing expressly for this purpose, as witnessed by his ballet *Relâche*, only recently published, but originally presented in 1924 by the Ballet Suedois, at the Champs Elysée. It was designed as an entr'acte to a motion picture entitled *La Queue de Chien* (The Chinese Queue). The piano score is published by Rouart Lerolle & Cie., Paris, but is obtainable in this country.

The French composer, Darius Milhaud, also wrote for the Ballet Suedois. In 1920 his ballet *Le Boeuf sur le Toit* or *The Nothing-doing Bar* was first presented. Based on a story by Jean Cocteau, it contains eight principal characters, such as "a barman, a policeman, a negro boxer, a book-maker," et cetera. It is now published by Universal Edition, and can be procured through their New York representatives. A year later (1921) M. Milhaud wrote *L'Homme et Son Desir*, *Man and His Desire*, based on a poem by Paul Claudel, also given by the Ballet Suedois, with choreography by Jean Borlin. The story is of the allegorical type and calls for five principal dancers in addition to the ensemble. It is also published by Universal Edition.

Manuel de Falla, whose shorter compositions have been extensively

done on dance programs, is responsible for some gorgeous ballet music. Perhaps his best-known ballet is *El Sombrero de Tres Picos*, *The Three-Cornered Hat*, originally given by the Ballet Russe in London, 1919, with choreography by Leonide Massine. After a story by the celebrated Spanish author, Alarcón, the piece requires five principals and a vocalist. The music is rich, melodious and conservatively simple in character. Another excellent de Falla ballet is *El Amor Brujo*, *Love, the Magician*, first done in 1921. Both these de Falla ballets are published by J. & W. Chester, Ltd., London, but they can be purchased in New York.

An elaborate and beautiful ballet is *The Triumph of Neptune*, by Lord Berners, with book by S. Sitwell. The original choreography was by Georges Balanchin. It requires about twenty principals, plus a large ensemble, and contains ten scenes. It is difficult and mature music, and is published by J. & W. Chester, Ltd., London.

A ballet of German source is *Ogelala*, "mystery ballet from an old Mexican original," by Erwin Schuloff, published by Universal Edition. It is based on an old Aztec story, and its music is highly modern although naturally tinged with an ancient Indian flavor. Although it was published in 1925, I can find no record of its presentation.

If you are interested in further information concerning any of the above ballets, we will be glad to advise you as to prices, addresses of publishers, et cetera. Any of them may be purchased in piano score form in New York at a retail cost ranging from two to six dollars.

The MUSIC MART

(Continued from page 41)

BEST DANCE RECORDS

IS it a coincidence? Or does the prolific Walter Donaldson, writer of more popular songs than any living man, now turn 'em out in pairs? At any rate it's worthy of comment. We refer to the release of two Donaldson numbers, *Because My Baby Don't Mean Maybe* back to back (on the same record) with *Just Like a Melody Out of the Sky* by three phonograph companies. The two numbers are done by Whiteman for Columbia (No. 1441); by Olsen for Victor (No. 21452); while none other than Ben Bernie bats them out for Brunswick (No. 3953). Of the three, we believe we like the Bernie recordings best, altho' Monsieur Olsen runs him a close second. Strange to say the Whiteman recording, in our opinion, is far below the Whiteman average—although at that a weak Whiteman record is incomparably superior to the general run of dance records of all classes. We know of no past instance that has ever so permitted a comparison of three of the most prominent dance maestros.

Here are our nominations for your record cabinet, taken from late lists:

Brunswick
No. 3936

You Took Advantage of Me, a hit fox trot from *Present Arms*. Lopez and His Orchestra at their best. The soloist, Dick Robertson, has personality.

Do I Hear You Saying That You Love Me, another good number from the same show, and by the same maestro.

No. 3935

Blue Idol, The Anglo Persians in some corking Oriental stuff. No vocal refrain, but lots of character.

Dance of the Blue Danube, another fox trot by the Anglo Persians. A gorgeous arrangement—in fact a hundred percent.

No. 3918

Rag Doll, listed as "Novelty Fox Trot" and is. The Varsity Four: Piano, xylophone, banjo and saxophone. Fast tempo.

Snow Flakes, similar to the above and by the same quartet. Lot of cute tricks, at a high speed.

Columbia
No. 1444

'T Ain't so, Honey, 'T Ain't so, Whiteman's Orchestra, opening with vocal solo and a hot accompaniment. Trumpet featured. Smart ending too.

That's My Weakness Now, another Whiteman. Big brass opening. Vocal trio does nifty doodeos and a trick second chorus makes you smile.

No. 1431

Rosette, a waltz done by Eddie Thomas' Collegians. Dreamy, slow rhythm, and a simple tune.

So Long, a good contrast to the above by Max Fischer and His California Orchestra. Fox trot.

No. 1430

Hum and Strum, played by "Doc" Cook and his fourteen Doctors of Syncopation, who have an amusing way of accenting strong beats. The vocal quartet is excellent, and also some clever banjo.

(Continued on page 63)



(Continued from page 49)

head also suffers this gradually thinning of the hair. An excellent pomade is to be massaged about the temples, top of the head or over the entire head if the hair seems weak and thin. In a short while fine new hairs will appear.

The two treatments—dry and oily—just mentioned cover approximately two months. By this time the hair will have undergone a noticeable change. Heads that formerly knew no restraint and were each a case unto themselves will begin to show normal tendencies. The oilies will be quite manageable and natural and the dries are beginning to show enough life to be soft, pliable and glossy.

These suggestions apply with equal force to the permanent wave owners. There seems to be a prevalent fear that brushing will remove a permanent wave or make it too loose. Nothing could be further from the truth. A permanent wave is really an artificial means to impart the qualities of naturally curly hair to straight hair. Once it is in, a permanent will remain until it grows out. Brushing and care will put the hair in better condition, thereby deepening and beautifying the wave.

A word about the setting of the permanent wave. If you are to have the maximum of chic and beauty from this wave, you must care for it. If it is allowed to blow helter-skelter, it will not be beautiful. Presuming that you have cleansed it with the right tonic and used any remedy that may be necessary, brush it the way it should go, apply a bit of lotion to set the wave, use combs to hold the wave in place for a while or merely press in the waves with the fingers. Allow it to remain "set" as long as possible. A little daily care of this kind will insure a smart, beautifully coiffured head at all times. The practice of using water on a waved head is a mistake. Water gradually dries out the natural oils and makes the hair dead, dull and brittle. One of the reasons for hair thinness and baldness among men is their habit of wetting the hair daily under a shower.

A rubber cap is the simple solution to the desirable and refreshing daily shower.

When it is time for that shampoo, be sure that you do not undo the work of weeks by using harsh soaps or liquids. Among the superior products mentioned, there is a delightful liquid shampoo made largely of castile soap and olive oil. It is foamy, convenient to use and easy to rinse from the hair. Men and women will find it an easy way to the home shampoo. Always rinse the hair in tepid to cool water until the water that runs from it is perfectly clear. Avoid hot or cold water. Dry in the fresh air, if possible, but avoid the very hot sun.

Here is good news for those who need more color in their hair. An-

other convenient shampoo comes in a powder form and contains enough henna to brighten the hair without changing its color. It positively does not make the hair red but does produce those elusive lights that are constantly associated with the idea of beautiful hair. The lights will vary from blonde to bronze, according to the natural color of your hair. For actually changing the color of the hair, pure henna is advisable. Henna is not a chemical dye but a natural vegetable stain.

There is still a great deal of talk about the vogue of the modern bob. So far as I can ascertain from authorities, the bob is really a permanent style, with wide preference for the type most becoming rather than any special cut. The cuts, in general, seem more artistic and feminine than for a while past and will likely continue in this trend. Long hair is seen in many instances. All coiffures, however, follow the trim, snug natural lines of the head. A quantity of hair is not smart, whether long or short. If the hair is long, a suave arrangement, with ends rolled under smooth at the back, or a flat knot low at the neck are favored at the moment.

By this time you will certainly want to know what happened to Dolores. I introduced her to the salon where the treatments mentioned herein are practiced. A thorough brushing relieved her hair of much oil and dust. A mild astringent tonic was then used to cleanse the scalp, and then one of those marvelously deep brushes brushed every strand of her little blonde head until her hair was bright and fluffy. A tiny bit of pomade was massaged into the temples, and her permanent was then pressed into sleek, chic lines.

Happily I was included in the party at the Everglades that night. And as Dolores floated about the roof garden in a maze of green chiffon against the white of the lieutenant's uniform I marveled. The orchestra played *Was It a Dream?* and I wondered. That drab little head of the morning had been miraculously transformed into charming lines of smooth, molten gold.

Margery Mason

At this season of the year, most of us have our hair troubles. Marcells, permanents, naturals and plain straight hair are misbehaving themselves conspicuously. A letter to Margery Mason, 1926 Broadway, THE DANCE MAGAZINE, will produce a number of ways of overcoming these conditions and tell you the names.



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THE SAFE AND GENTLE
WAY TO END A CORN

© T. & B., 1928

"It happened this way. I used to do a bit with a ukulele, and one day got the idea of doing an imitation of one Hawaiian. It went over fairly well, so the next show I imitated two, and the next three. But when I found that the next thing was to imitate four, I couldn't think how to do it. So I stuck to three, and threw in the long story to explain away the fourth man



Age-Lis

Joe Cook as he appeared when in Earl Carroll's *Vanities* in 1923

from Honolulu. It went over, and if I got a few laughs I was very well satisfied.

"One night I opened in a town, and I decided that I had used that piece of business long enough, and cut it out. I was really surprised when a man I knew came up to me after the show and demanded why I had cut it out. He claimed to have come from a nearby town especially to hear it. I paid little attention to him, and left it out again the next show. He raved

to congratulate me, the first to shake my hand, was none other than Al Jolson!

Then, as far as I am concerned, the greatest thing in the world happened. I met a wonderful man, the man who is now my husband . . . Gil Boag. Handsome Gil, tall and dark, a man who has seen many stars in the making, and who told me repeatedly he felt I was destined for success.

At that time Gil was guiding genius of a syndicate that operated most of the night clubs of New York, such as the Palais Royal, the Montmartre, Pavillon Royal, Little Club, Moulin Rouge, Plantation, Bal Tabarin and others.

On that wonderful first night of the *Gaieties* he asked the stage manager to introduce us, and then he made me an offer to entertain after theatre hours at his Bal Tabarin. This was one of the smartest night clubs in the city, and Gil spent considerable money advertising the fact that Gilda Gray was now their star performer.

About the first of October the *Gaieties*, after a six months' Broadway run, left New York and went to Philadelphia. This was the time of the celebrated actors' strike, and since I was a member of Equity I joined the general walkout, and went back to my night club work in New York. But I was still under contract to the Shuberts, and shortly after the strike they put me in another show that was

A CIRCUS in HIMSELF—JOE COOK

(Continued from page 21)

at me then, and swore it was the funniest thing I did. So I began to think about it, and put more effort on it, and put it back in. Then I noticed that it was going over really well. So I did it from then, without fail, up until three years ago. When *Rain or Shine* was in rehearsal (his present starring vehicle) the author and producers wanted me to do it. But I said no. I'll drag it out in a while again. By that time it will be so old it'll be new."

Much the same thing took place with those famous pointless discourses he spills. He noticed how the pit musicians became bored, in the course of fourteen shows a week in the two-a-day houses and even more in the towns where there were more shows a day, with the speeches made by acts thanking the audience for a cordial reception. You've heard them a thousand times: "Well, folks, me and my partner wanta thank you for the way in which you received our little offering . . ."

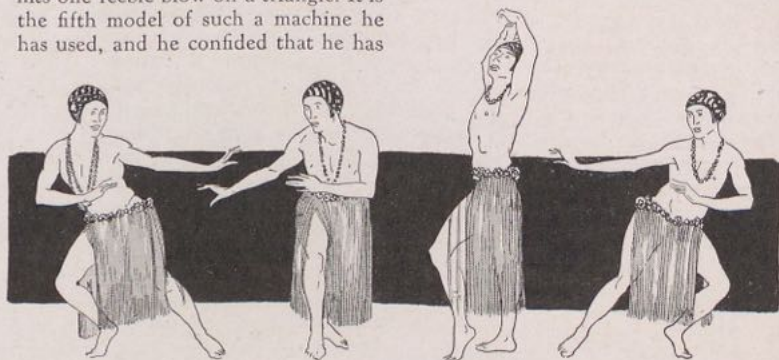
So Joe Cook became so bored with these, and so sorry for the musicians who couldn't escape them, that he began ad libbing a different speech every performance. Another reason for his doing this was an engagement he had in a town where he stayed the full week in a theatre which was otherwise a split-week house. That is, most acts played there only half a week. When the second half of the week opened up, he noticed the same crowd out front. It would never do, he concluded, to pull the same line as before.

So there and then was born his aimless talk. It was strictly ad lib all the way, and when it became better known

in vaudeville, audiences would call their subjects. Any subject at all and he would start with it and wander away, nine times out of ten sure to get laughs. Some of his talks, he admitted, were just punk, and he confessed himself well satisfied to get one good snicker.

Then he signed with Earl Carroll and played out a four-year contract in different *Vanities*, and from that joined *Rain or Shine*, one of the biggest smashes of this recent spring season, and still packing them in.

In this opus he does all sorts of tricks, (it's a circus story) while in one scene he gives his one-man show, including very difficult balancing, tumbling, juggling, and culminating in what he calls the Fuller Construction Company Orchestra. It is a huge machine, built like the crazy ones Rube Goldberg the cartoonist has made famous. Joe himself plays the trumpet, while the machine, with the co-operation of six more men, goes through an enormous amount of whirling, the revolving of a ferris wheel, with the climax coming when a man hits one feeble blow on a triangle. It is the fifth model of such a machine he has used, and he confided that he has



designed another, to be used in his next show, which will need twelve men, but will all have the same insignificant result: a tinkling blow on a triangle.

"In this show," Joe Cook gestured toward the stage outside the dressing room door—it was getting late—"I use up a lot of my tricks. Consequently I now have to work up an entire new batch for my next show. If I don't you know what will happen. People will say that I'm resting on laurels won in the past. Can't do that. So right now I'm practising a trick of throwing a lariat, fancy style, while riding on a unicycle, half-a-bicycle. I'm doping out another too, in which I balance a ladder in my feet while a man climbs up and down it. So I hope to be ready."

It was hard for me to realize that this was really Joe Cook. I mean that he sat there and discussed his work with such offhandedness, that it hardly seemed possible one man could do all the things he can do. I realize that there isn't an awful lot about dancing in this story, which, you may have gathered, is about Joe Cook, but since he can do so many things so well, it's hard to write about just one thing that he does. I hope that's clear.

The STORY of ME

(Continued from page 43)

short-lived. Realizing that I was of far more importance to him performing in his restaurants than just traveling in a road show, Gil succeeded in getting a release from the Shuberts.

Then he sent for me and told me of his plan to open a smart intimate supper club for the society people of New York.

"I intend to call it Gilda Gray's *Rendezvous!*" he informed me. "I think you're a great performer, but you mustn't shimmy any more. It's passé. Everybody's doing it. You'll have to create something new and different!"

I must not shimmy any more! I must not shimmy any more! The words rang through my head. I saw my career tumbling over my ears. I had reached the end of my rope.

Then Gil had a wonderful idea. It seems he had been reading one of Frederick O'Brien's South Sea books, which were the rage of the day. Why shouldn't I originate a dance in keeping with the spirit of that time? A South Sea dance. I was eager to follow his suggestion, but where and how could I learn to do such a dance? Mr. Boag solved the problem.

"Here," he said, "take this book home with you and read about the native rituals in the South Seas. Come back tomorrow, and I'll let you meet some interesting people."

I stayed awake most of the night, reading and planning. It was a fascinating book . . . *White Shadows of the South Seas*, and as I closed my eyes I could mentally see the native girls slowly dancing toward me.

The next day I was introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Blum, the well-known artists, who had just returned from a three years' trip to the South Seas. Through the use of intimate sketches and graphic word pictures I soon visualized the dances of Samoa. I began practising a slow languorous number and suddenly I found my feet and hips working in perfect co-ordination. I was delighted. Mr. O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. Blum and other visitors to the tropics were all present at my dress rehearsal, and I knew from the expressions on their faces that my South Sea dance bore a striking resemblance to the real one.

So with a great flare Gilda Gray's *Rendezvous* opened, and New York turned out to visit the new club. My

South Sea dance was a success, and to my surprise I was besieged with requests to dance at special functions. My first private recital was given at the home of Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt.

Among our nightly visitors, for a time, were Flo Ziegfeld and his wife, Billie Burke. The subsequent result was an engagement for me in that goal of goals . . . that zenith for stars . . . the *Ziegfeld Follies*.

I could write pages. Glittering gay accounts of my tours with the *Follies*, my numerous night club appearances, my marriage to Gil Boag. I could tell you of my European tour, and of my picture house prolog performances where the receipts for one week were forty-seven thousand dollars. All this and more I could tell you, including the details of my exciting career in the movies, and how, during the making of my first pictures I actually did visit Porto Rico and the tropics.

But why should I go into details about these later years? These successful, happy, motion picture years with blissful vacations spent at my Long Island home? I do not feel that the triumphant part of Gilda Gray's life would interest you as much as the poor struggles of Marianna Michelska. I know that if the story of my hardships, and they were hardships, can help to encourage just one little would-be dancing star . . . well . . . then . . . I have done something worth while.

dance on his toes. And while playing the Paramount, he established a record for walking and remaining on the toes for forty-five minutes, and walking four miles up and down Broadway. He never could have accomplished this had it not been for the strength in his feet through dancing.

"We look forward each month for THE DANCE MAGAZINE over here, and certainly feel lucky that we have so far, always been able to obtain it.

The DANCERS of VARIETY

(Continued from page 39)

Edith Barstow is the kind of friend this department will welcome warmly, any time she cares to write.

Another team heard from is that of Betty and Garner, who inform me

that they have just finished a successful season in Chicago night clubs and will open soon on K-A time.

If the followers of Mr. Evans' department, *The Dancers of Variety*, want to see any of their favorite vaudeville dancers interviewed, write in. 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.

NEFERTITI, the DANCING QUEEN of EGYPT

(Continued from page 20)

from her squat, Syrian face with its thick lips and greasy complexion. In spite of his mother and the High Priest, he refused to marry this Princess. The ceremony was first postponed for a day, then for a week, and finally it was cancelled. Messengers were sent to King Bushratta explaining that the doubtful health of the young king prevented thought of his marrying. It was true enough, for Akhnaton had never been strong, and now he seemed consumed by some fierce inward fire.

The Princess Tadu, no doubt feeling very put out, was returned in all haste to Syria. Even today we must stop a moment to sympathize with this unfortunate little girl who had failed to please the young king for whom she had come across deserts and mountains. But Akhnaton had seen Nefertiti. Had poor Tadu been the most beautiful woman in Syria, her reception would undoubtedly have been the same.

A few months later Nefertiti was married to the Pharaoh Akhnaton, in a ceremony so simple that sculptors remarked it on his tomb. The young king was sick of court and religious procedure. At this time Egypt was in the hands of the priests of Amen, and they had built up formalism in temple and court until it had become unbearable to him. Thus it was that the young king refused the wife they had chosen, and married the girl who had danced before him. Thus it was that the ceremony was in the royal gardens instead of the great temple of Amen at Karnak.

It is interesting to note at this time the gradual breach between Akhnaton and the priests. It was eventually to widen into the break that made this Pharaoh, according to Professor Breasted of the University of Chicago, "the first individual, and the first idealist, in human history."

For, only three years after his marriage to the beautiful Nefertiti, the young king chose a site on the Nile for a new city, which he named "God's Horizon." Here he planned temples of worship, but not for the old gods. There was no mention here of Amen, Set, or Bast. Here were no beast-like crocodile gods like Mut. Lion-headed Hathor had disappeared. Instead the young Pharaoh had visioned a god typifying eternal warmth and life, a development of the old sun-god after whom he had been named. But Aton was not one of many gods. Akhnaton thought only of one God, who was typified in the beneficent sun, but who was worshipped everywhere.

Together he and his Queen, who had been a dancing girl, planned the

open temples of Aton. They were not dark gloomy halls, as the older places of worship, but small chapel-like buildings, wide open to the sun. There were no places for sacrifices, but vases which were to be filled with flowers.

After three years of building, the Pharaoh Akhnaton sailed up the Nile to the new city of God's Horizon. A painting on the wall of his tomb shows him in his royal dahabiyeh, seated next to Nefertiti, who holds the first of their daughters. He was then only twenty years old. When he entered the city, he swore a vow never to leave it. Here he decided to remain, with his wife and family. Whether Nefertiti agreed in this we do not know. But on one of the markers which excavators have found at the borderline of this city is found a vow her husband made which sheds some light upon the influence she had come to have over him. It reads "I, Akhnaton, shall remain here all the days of my life. Neither shall I hearken unto the Queen if she say unto me 'Behold, there is a goodly place for the City in another where.'"

But they were an unusually happy couple. It had always been the custom for royal personages to be portrayed by artists only in the most dignified positions. However, Akhnaton and Nefertiti were painted in all manner of natural and human positions. Once they are shown kissing each other in a chariot, while their little daughter, now several years of age, strikes at the horses with a bit of stick. This was a most radical departure in Egyptian art. Several wall paintings show the young couple holding hands.

In all of these tomb paintings Nefertiti was drawn in the same value as her husband. Always before this time, the Pharaoh had been portrayed twice or three times the size of any of his family or court.

About this time Akhnaton composed his famous Hymns to the Sun. Two of these later became a part of the Psalms of David, and are to be found almost intact in the Christian Bible of today. Indeed, there was little in the religion of this young dreamer that is foreign to Christianity. He preached the fellowship of man. He did away with every idol and every statue of the gods, maintaining that God could not be pictured. And he outlawed war, which was a bold step indeed for a king who held many foreign possessions.

The unusual position that his wife held is shown by the fact that she is mentioned in almost every official letter of the time which remains. In one, the King Bushratta of Syria, evidently a little piqued by the treat-

ment of his daughter, writes to Akhnaton—"I have been ill for some months, and yet in no letter has the Queen (Nefertiti) expressed her sympathy."

In spite of the fact that she bore him seven daughters and never a son and heir, Akhnaton never took another wife. In fact, he was the first king, and the last, in Egyptian history to practise monogamy. He had never loved before he met this dark-eyed dancing girl. He never loved another.

His empire crumbled away, since he refused to send out his armies. All his life he had been subject to epilepsy, and a semi-invalid. Yet he was known as the Happy King.

At the age of thirty he died, and Nefertiti saw that he was buried as befitted a Pharaoh. His tomb had been in preparation, as was the custom, since his coronation. The body was wrapped in scented cloths and spices, and then in a solid covering of gold leaf. At first he rested near the city of God's Horizon, but when the capital was moved back to Thebes Nefertiti had his mummy buried in the tomb of his mother, Queen Thiy. Here his body was found in 1905, in the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings.

Little is known of Nefertiti after his death. Tutu, a noble of the court, married the second princess, and thus became heir to the throne of upper and lower Egypt. He took the name Tut-ankh-Amen, and spent most of his short reign undoing the work of the greater Akhnaton. Nefertiti soon followed her young husband into the Valley of the Kings.

A portrait of this royal dancing girl was found near the body of her husband when the tomb was opened. It is a delicately modelled bust, painted in soft warm color. Arthur Weigall, who has written the best book dealing with this period in history, remarks—"The portrait head in Berlin Museum is that of a strange, dreamy, heavy-eyed girl . . ." The excellence of the likeness is shown by the strong resemblance between this bust and the wall-paintings of the Queen at Amarna and in the tombs.

What dancers of today have had a career like Nefertiti's? Within thirty years she grew to womanhood, danced her way into the heart of a king, was the mother of seven beautiful daughters, helped her husband to plan a city and a new religion . . . She was the first woman in history to show herself the equal of her husband. And, if you have seen the portrait in Berlin of which the accompanying sketch is an unsatisfactory copy, you will know that she was one of the most beautiful women in history.

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chief, then passes it back of her again and once more starts his oscillating movement.

We had the great privilege of meeting the Cuban artist and editor, Conrado Massaguer, and one night sitting in the bar of the Hotel Inglaterra, this cartoon genius made for us many fascinating drawings of native Cuban life and types. The accompanying cartoon shows a couple of Cuban negroes who live in a small village, and who have dressed themselves up for a festival night. It is thus that they are dressed when they do the Rumba in their own environment.

Through Massaguer I met several of the young modern Cuban composers, especially Amaldeo Roldán, whose work has been played by the

HAVANA NIGHTS

(Continued from page 13)

Cleveland Symphony Orchestra, and as a result of this meeting, Roldán is writing a Cuban ballet for me based on the genuine indigenous themes and rhythms that are almost never heard by the tourist, for they are unwritten songs and dance music of the village people far from the railroads.

Roldán pointed out to me that while most people think of Cuban music as being an adulterated form of Spanish music, it is something distinctive . . . a blend really of racial strains, the Indian, the Negro and the Spaniard, combining to give a

richness and complexity that not one of these peoples alone have. The Cuban music has all of the languor and easy grace of the Negro, the barbaric strength of the Indian, and the romance and fire of the Spaniard.

It is inevitable that Cuba will see me again, for it has already intimated that its rich treasures have not half been seen, and that they are well worth seeing. I want to go back and leave the beaten paths, get out into the native villages and find the Cuban types that I only caught glimpses of in Havana; for here I know I will find something near to Nature's breast, a measure of the cosmic rhythm that I seemed to hear calling me from afar during those enchanted Havana Nights.

NATACHA NATTOVA the VERSATILE

(Continued from page 15)

on the coverlet of the bed and produced one of the most novel designs for a stage set I have ever seen. It was expertly drawn, her own work, done while she was convalescing. Natacha Nattova, by the way, always designs her costumes and scenery.

"I have almost finished with adagio dancing," she declared unexpectedly. "This machine age in which we live fascinates me, and I want to interpret it. You will observe that my stage set calls for a mechanical contrivance. It is supposed to manufacture men."

The drawing suggested a bizarre printing press. At one end, there was a roller from beneath which would emerge a flattened human outline on

paper or cloth. This would be sucked into the machine, to reappear in more solid form. A second vanishing would be followed by the seeming ejection of a completed man.

"That is how my partners will come on the stage," chuckled Natacha Nattova. "I shall have three partners, all costumed alike, but as the machine feeds them to me in rotation there will appear to be a dozen or more. I am to represent electricity. I shall dance with each partner for a while, then give him back to the machine at this far end. It will look as though he were being stamped flat—reduced to the sort of silhouette the audience saw in the first place. I shall take the

sheet of paper bearing his image and spear it on a tall metal file. Then I shall turn to receive a new partner.

"The musical accompaniment will imitate the sounds of piston and derrick and stamp. The only name I shall give the dance is 7777, because seven is my lucky number."

"A wonderful idea," I said with sincere admiration. "But watch out! It's likely to be copied by others."

"Let them copy it, if they wish," answered Natacha Nattova calmly—and went on to voice the sentiments quoted in the first paragraph of this interview. "In the dance, it is not so much what you do as how you do it."

DANCE HOLDS the STAGE

(Continued from page 19)

ance. Consequently no producer would even think of attempting such a thing. Each succeeding season I have striven to better the dancing numbers in my productions and make them more novel. As for the future, there is no picture within the range of my imaginative vision which does not embrace dancing, more dancing and still more dancing.

"To me dancing is the most vital form of expression. It is impressive, real, harmonious and rhythmic. This is because dancing is done to music, which compels orderly expression of motion at all times. In other forms of the theatrical arts the actors interpolate and change their performances from time to time. Not so, however, with the dancers. They simply cannot run wild. Their efforts always must be precise and orderly. If more than one dancer is performing, they must work as a unit to produce the necessary harmonious effect."

Passing from dancing to the division of his productions which he has "glorified" most—the outstanding types of young American womanhood—he began: "Fashions in forms, like fashions in clothing, change with the season." His explanation of that statement was that, as far as his pro-

ductions were concerned, a new type of femininity is about to come into its own behind the footlights. Or, to put it bluntly, the master judge of what constitutes a beautiful singer and dancer is about to pronounce sentence against the flat-chested, over-slender, boyish-form type which has reigned as the fashion for the last ten years or so. The new Ziegfeld beauty is to be a creature of curves and contours—she must be possessed of the kind of beauty which comes from natural living and abundant vitality rather than the powder puff and the rouge box.

"Boyish forms came into vogue along about the time of the armistice," continued Mr. Ziegfeld, "and since then anti-fat concoctions have been the principal diet of the American girl. To be in the mode she had to look as much like a sixteen-year-old boy as possible. Her hair was 'shingled' and her clothing was designed to hide any suspicion of a curve.

"When I begin casting my productions for the coming season, the plumper, shapelier girls will be the ones I shall employ. They will have to be svelte, or what the French term 'fausse maigre'; that is to say willowy, but with sufficient flesh so that no bones will show. Such young women will present pleasing curves and contours and not appear like synthetic, surgical or diet creations.

"To make my plan even more specific, the girls I employ for the 1928-29 season must be naturally beautiful. Artificially will be banned.

"I know the theatre-going public is going to be pleased with this new girl and give her a rousing welcome, for my years of dealing with American feminine loveliness tell me the natural girl is the finest flowering of the ages. Such girls are upstanding and clear eyed; not so much Venus types as replicas of Diana, the divine huntress, mistress of herself, exquisitely feminine and not overblown in flesh.

"The boyish form never represented real beauty because it was artificial. It was acquired by fasting and by medicines. The real beauty, the type I shall demand in my productions, must be natural.

"However, I appreciate that I shall experience considerable difficulty in finding sufficient of the type of girl I desire. Recently, in London, a producer sent out a call for girls to appear in a revival of *Floradora*. He specified they must be of the full-blown, plump type—such as were the vogue when that musical show first was produced. To his dismay he discovered that practically all of the professional beauties of London had dieted and exercised to the point of emaciation and that those who were sufficiently plump to meet his requirements were too old.

"I shall not seek the 'Floradora' type. They were too plump. That type of figure has passed out of fashion and never will return. I seek a happy medium—girls about five feet, seven or eight inches tall, who weigh approximately a hundred and thirty pounds."

Some idea of the care and trouble to which Mr. Ziegfeld goes in selecting the beauties who grace his productions can be gained from the fact that during the casting of *Rosalie*, *Show Boat* and *The Three Musketeers*, he personally interviewed about ten thousand young women. They came from all over the country to pass in review before him. Some were too young; many too old. By the score they came into his office and only about one out of every seventy-five measured up to his standard.

Incidentally, Mr. Ziegfeld will require about six hundred girls for the productions he will sponsor during the coming season. And, because of the new standard he has set, perhaps two hundred of these will have to be chosen from young women he

never has seen. This will be a golden opportunity for many ambitious and beautiful young American girls. Of course he prefers those who can dance, girls who have been trained in the schools teaching dancing or who have had some experience behind the footlights, the pay running from fifty to one hundred and fifty dollars weekly, according to their qualifications, and their advancement depending absolutely upon their own efforts. About twenty small speaking parts will be distributed among the six hundred singing and dancing girls.

However, unlike most other producers, Mr. Ziegfeld does not insist that every girl he employs shall be "stage broke" and able to dance. If a girl has the necessary beauty, figure, personality and health and is willing to work hard, she will be taught dancing by some of the teachers he employs. It is a costly process, but it enables him to obtain a constant supply of new and youthful talent. He also employs a corps of physical culture teachers, one for each of his companies, and these will assist the girls to keep physically fit.

"However, Broadway needs talented beauty today as never before. It is the scarcest thing on the American stage. I can obtain easily mere prettiness of face and form. That is the ordinary show and dancing girl type. What I must have are girls with these qualifications plus intelligence.

"To Mr. and Mrs. Average Person the business of being a producer of musical comedy successes seems a highly lucrative one and one which entails little more labor than counting the profits on Saturday night. Once a production is opened, according to the popular theory, the producer has nothing more to worry about. He pays the theatre rent, the salaries of the actors, the musicians and the stage crew, and the remainder is velvet.

"Well, let us see. Take, for example, *The Three Musketeers*, a production which cost approximately two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to launch. The public learns that the play grosses about fifty thousand dollars weekly. In five weeks, according to its reasoning, the cost of the production has been returned, in another month the producer has caught up with his running expenses and from

(Continued on page 56)

STAGE DOOR

(Continued from page 29)

This Business of Ours

DOREE LESLIE isn't decided whether she will accept the Ona Munson lead role in the road company of *Manhattan Mary* or try her luck in Hollywood. . . . Bill Robinson, now fifty years old but who looks like twenty-five, did the same startling step dance all his career and had to wait until this season to be discovered by the critics in *Blackbirds*. . . . The late Florence Mills was once maid to Bessie Rempel, who died recently. . . . Thousands collected at the Mills funeral. . . . Only a few friends of Miss Rempel gathered at her bier. . . . Such is fame! . . . From the way some of the chorus boys

walk with their hands on their hips you'd think they were trained by Albertina Rasch. . . . Olive Brady, who dances at Chez Helen Morgan, is studying voice, having spurned a picture offer to continue her stage career. . . . Lora Foster is said to have the hottest of the new Black Bottom routines ever arranged. . . . Ziegfeld has so announced, at any rate. . . . Will Mahoney's success in *Take the Air* was certainly deserved. . . . He's a papa, by the way. . . . Russell Crouse, columnist of the *New York Evening Post* is taking tap dancing lessons from Billy Pierce. . . . He says that all he needs is a routine, as he picked up many steps while waiting for elevators in office buildings.

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DANCE HOLDS the STAGE

(Continued from page 55)

then on he has nothing to do but bank his profits. They forget entirely the tremendous overhead.

"This play will not show any profit until it has played eight months in New York.

"Probably the oldest maxim in the world of the theatre is, 'The show must go on.' I have altered this a bit. My shows must go on, but they also must be just as good shows, just as beautifully costumed, just as lively after they have played a year as on the opening nights. In order to maintain this standard there must be constant rehearsals for which managers, directors and dance instructors must be employed. New costumes are being ordered constantly and the business of keeping them clean and in repair requires a considerable weekly outlay. Mrs. M. Beaver, head wardrobe mistress of *The Three Musketeers*, has a crew of fifteen assistants at twenty dollars per week each. In addition there are six sewers at four dollars a day. Besides the cleaning and laundry bills total three hundred and twenty-five dollars weekly. The expense of this single department amounts to about eight hundred dollars a week.

"Practically every member of the cast of this play wears a wig. Two wig makers are employed constantly cleaning these and keeping them in repair. The cost of this department is two hundred and fifty dollars a week.

"Ballet dancing slippers for the Albertina Rasch girls in the production last about ten days. New sets of slippers for the troupe cost three hundred and sixty dollars every ten days or thirty-six dollars a day for this ballet alone and without considering the shoes for the other members of the company. Then there is the matter of stockings. I want only the sheerest hose. Most of the company, and particularly the dancers, wear opera lengths, costing seven-fifty a pair. The shorter lengths cost five dollars. The dancers' stockings last, on the average, about three weeks; the others a little longer.

"Fencing duels play a part in the production. Not a week has gone by but at least one blade has been snapped during a performance. The blades cost twenty-five dollars each. Dennis King, the star, makes his first entrance on horseback. The animal is immediately lead off stage. His keep costs a hundred and twenty-five dollars a month and he is the only performer on Broadway whose meals are supplied by the management. The electrical department is costly. The outlay for replacing burned out globes and for new arcs and 'gelatines' is two hundred dollars a week. The average stage crew for a dramatic production is six or eight, at salaries running from seventy-five to a hundred dollars each. To handle the massive sets and the lighting effects of *The Three Musketeers*, requires forty-seven men.

"It is possible to be a producer of musical and dancing shows and keep out of the poor house—in fact, one may even become a millionaire—but it isn't as easy as the public supposes.

"It was fondly imagined by most persons that the motion picture houses,

offering entertainment at far less cost, would force the legitimate producer to lower his prices. But the movies are to blame for the six-sixty top. The motion picture producers have so skyrocketed the salaries of actors that when a legitimate manager attempts to produce an all-star play, the salary list is practically prohibitive.

"This new standard of wages is out of all proportion to the value of the services rendered. It is a reckless type of competition that will, unless checked, spell disaster to producer and actor alike. I can name a score or more of actresses and actors who worked in my productions years ago for as low as one-tenth of what they are now getting in the movies. I do not refer to the dancing girls who have become stars, but to the artists who were stars and whose advance has not been in ability or popularity; merely in wages.

"I engage many a girl who has only youth and beauty to offer when she comes to me. I spend months of time and many thousands of dollars in training such girls to become accomplished singers, dancers and actresses. Sometimes I find a real star. Not often. Frequently it is a waste of time and effort. The divine spark of genius simply isn't there. But when I do find a genuine star, the movies promptly offer her a fabulous salary which I must meet in order to retain her services. Frequently the managers of motion picture houses pay as much as twenty-five hundred dollars a week for the personal appearance of a performer in conjunction with a picture who never before received more than six hundred on the legitimate stage.

"I do not blame the star. She is not in the profession for the glory alone. Nor do I blame the motion picture producer for attempting to obtain her services. But I blame him for offering her a salary he really cannot afford, as the failure or financial condition of so many motion picture concerns will attest. I offer this as one excuse for the six-sixty top.

"My productions for next season will include these:

"*Whoopee!* a musical version of *The Nervous Wreck*, with Eddie Cantor as the star.

"The new 1928 *Follies*.

"*Joan of Arc*, an operetta. This will be one of the most elaborate productions I ever staged. The book is by William Anthony McGuire, who wrote that of *The Three Musketeers*, *Rosalie* and some of the *Follies*. There will be some elaborate ballets by a troupe of Albertina Rasch girls. For my principal dancer I am looking for some one as clever as Harriet Hoxtor, of the *Musketeers*.

"A musical comedy version of *East Is West*. In this, as in *Show Boat*, the dances will emphasize the theme.

"A musical version of *Six Cylinder Love*.

"A musical comedy which, like *Show Boat*, will embrace a strong dramatic story and in which some of the leads will be played by dramatic stars.

"In addition I shall have a Rio Rita company in London and will keep *Rosalie*, *The Three Musketeers* and

Show Boat running in New York. In the case of *Show Boat* I shall try an experiment which seems warranted by its undiminished popularity. In addition to the company which has been playing for many months and which will be retained intact, there will be a second organization on Broadway, with Raymond Hitchcock taking the part of Cap'n Andy and Paul Robeson that of Joe."

With so many elaborate productions to plan, Mr. Ziegfeld spent a portion of his summer in the Canadian wilds and on his yacht, where he could think quietly and undisturbed.

In the matter of creating some elaborate ballets for *The Three Musketeers*, Mr. Ziegfeld and Mme. Rasch went into conference and solved the problem. Recently Maurice Leloir, the famous French painter who illustrated some of Dumas' works, including *The Three Musketeers*, witnessed a performance. Following the ballet in the court of Louis XIII he rushed to Mr. Ziegfeld, bubbling with enthusiasm and exclaimed, "That ballet has

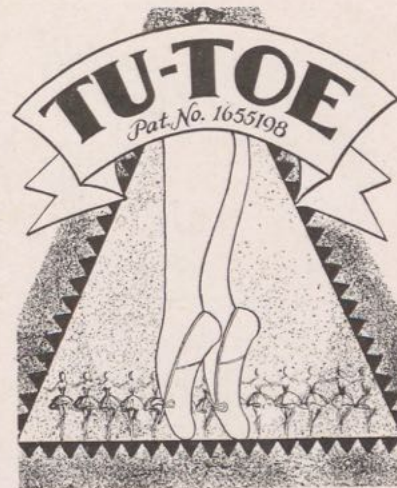
given the theatre a new poetry."

Cutting back to the statement that when the producer finds a pretty, shapely and ambitious girl who is willing to work hard and take the proper physical care of herself, he has her schooled by singing and dancing teachers until she has reached a state of high proficiency, we note a case in point—that of Caryl Bergman. He has had Miss Bergman taught until today she is understudying Marilyn Miller in *Rosalie*, and the near future, thanks to his efforts, will see her a full-fledged star.

The case of Raymond Hitchcock is another instance of the producer's painstaking preparation and planning. When he determined to place a second *Show Boat* company on Broadway, he signed the comedian to play the part of Cap'n Andy. For so many years it is difficult to recall them, Mr. Hitchcock has worn a lock of blonde hair drooped over his forehead as a sort of trade mark. In *Show Boat* he must wear a gray wig to make him appear elderly. A clause in his contract

called for the complete elimination of the famous lock. Then he never had been conspicuous as a dancer and the playing of the musical instruments necessary for his new rôle was not his forte. So, throughout the summer months, under teachers selected by Mr. Ziegfeld, he has been putting in more hours than a railroad track laborer learning to fling his feet in agile gyrations and to make harmony come from a violin and a cornet.

The famous dancers who have appeared in Ziegfeld productions include: Grace LaRue, who appeared first upon the professional stage as a dancer in the *Follies* of 1907; Jessica Brown, who married the Earl of Northesk; Ann Pennington, James Barton, Gilda Gray, Marilyn Miller, Ada May, Frisco, Helen Brown, Mary Eaton, Eddie Cantor, Marion Davies, before becoming a motion picture star; Evan Burrowes Fontaine, Harland Dixon, the Dolly Sisters, Bert Wheeler, Eva Puck, Sam White and M'lle. Spinelli.



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LITTLE MISS RUNAWAY

(Continued from page 31)

The next day, Mrs. Carter arranged for me to study dancing regularly. I shall call the famous teacher, under whose care she placed me, Ned Kendall.

I shall never forget the happy hours I spent in that school for the next three months. Kendall never noticed me particularly until I had been there four weeks. Then he spotted me while I was doing some Russian work, and from that day on, he singled me out for special attention. I was thrilled, too, at that, for Kendall has the reputation of working personally only with those in whose future he believed.

I had been in the Kendall School, as I say for three months, when Mrs. Carter made her fifth and last visit to New York for some time to come. She explained, calmly and quietly, that her husband had gone into bankruptcy and she couldn't pay for my care. She would not tell even Hanky the reason.

Mrs. Carter had not gone home a week, however, before I got myself a job, with Hilly's help. I became a saleswoman in a haberdashery shop near Times Square run by a friend of Hilly Morgan. I got twenty dollars a week and commissions above a certain price, and I was glad to work there and pleased at my independence.

But I ached for my old dancing lessons, and just as soon as I became accustomed to my new life, I went over and talked with Kendall. He was happy that I wanted to come back and study even at night classes, and at first refused to let me pay for them. We compromised by my paying half-price, and I started in again and went every single solitary night for two hours.

Kendall made me one of his three favorites. He never seemed to be tired himself, and he always worked personally with his classes. Often I would linger late, just for the opportunity of ten or fifteen minutes with him. One night he told me of a new tango he had worked out, and began

to show me the steps. I learned it quickly, and stayed a half hour with him, feeling heady and exalted at the joy of dancing with the master himself, and having him compliment me.

There was one girl in my dancing class three evenings a week named Lulu Grand, who was rehearsing in the day-time with a new production. She was very beautiful in a sultry, sophisticated way, but in my eyes she was unspeakably coarse. Her language was unpardonable, her temper ungovernable, and she was most unfriendly with everyone. The girls all said she didn't have to be pleasant—her position was secure through her "boy friend." Lulu Grand was not famous, but she had made one hit in a show the year before, and in this new production she was to have (through the influence of the "boy friend" as I understood) a marvellous opportunity.

One night, just a few weeks before Christmas, I was about to leave the dancing school, when I was startled to see George Warwick walk in the door.

"Well, if it isn't little Dimples!" he greeted me. "Where on earth have you been keeping yourself all this time?"

"Here, there and everywhere!" I managed flippantly with a smile.

"Well, what did you stand me up for—that night in the Astor?" he demanded.

Then he explained that he had been waiting for me up on the balcony of the hotel for more than a half hour. How we missed each other he could not explain. He had lost Hanky's address and had no idea where to reach me, but he had been worried and had thought of me a great deal. And now—certainly we must have a long talk and I must tell him all that I had been doing.

I believed him, every word. He was so genuine in his delight at meeting me, and so boyish in his explanations. But right in the midst of our conversation, we were interrupted by—Lulu!

He was calling for her, to take her over to his Club Warwick. He insisted that I must join the party there and then, but I had no evening dress, (Continued on page 61)

and her husband Hilly, were sublimely mated. Every night they left the flat together, he to conduct his wheezy little orchestra in a minor movie house, and she to work in the chorus of her show. The two children, five and six, and known only as Beany and Buster, seemed to take complete charge of themselves. Indeed, the little girl was a much more competent housekeeper than her mother could ever have been. Hanky revelled in my "mothering complex" as she put it, and before a week had gone by, she depended upon me to run the entire household.

Before a month had passed, I was thrilled with the achievement of having cut down their living expenses to almost half, and given them, to boot, much better food. I even had a woman come in three times a week to clean and wash and cook.

I explained to Hanky, shortly after I arrived, about meeting Mr. Warwick on the train, and her eyes went round and big as she grinned and told me I was no "borrowed lollipop."

It was she who guided me down to the Astor the next evening.

But I waited and waited and waited in vain for George Warwick. I sat before the big clock and watched it between my eager scanning of faces, for more than an hour. He never came!

When Hanky heard of my experience she laughed. Then, when she saw how miserable I was over the whole thing, she patted my hand, and talked to me seriously. All these successful Broadwayites were alike. They meant one thing today and another tomorrow. Be nice to them, but never count on them. But I must remember one thing—if I met him ever again, I was to pretend nothing had happened! Pass it off with a laugh, if he mentioned it.

It hurt me terribly to hear her speak so. Later I read that he was in New York for the season now, playing at the new night club, the Club Warwick.

I was in New York for about three weeks, when Mrs. Carter came over for the week-end. She seemed delighted at the reports from Hanky and the children, and took a great pride in showing me around New York.

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a few months. But, as we have seen, this was no childish matter. Finally the studio was leased, with the volunteer stipulation by the landlord that the agreement could be broken upon proper notice. This was not necessary. The little studio soon outgrew itself and then took up its present pretentious quarters.

"I realize that the creative urge in the young is sincere and very deeply seated," continued Miss Cowanova. "It seems to me a cruel thing to thwart idealistic instincts, as results so often from unsympathetic parents, lack of opportunity or simply lack of funds. For this reason, I have never turned a person away from my studio because of poverty. If talent is evident or even if it isn't but the desire is sincere, I will take that person into my classes and do all I can to foster her abilities. No distinction is ever made in class. You will find the city's poor sometimes next to a society debutante. I have some disappointments with free pupils, as every one who experiments with human nature will. I have also had some beautiful surprises. One out of fifty, perhaps, is the beautiful surprise.

One of the outstanding qualities of Miss Cowanova, as a teacher, is her complete ability to maintain discipline with large classes of pupils.

"In my mind," she said, "there can be no school without discipline. For that training, control, willingness to accede to the demands of the majority and an instinctive regard for teamwork are qualities as priceless in the professional dancer as her ability to dance. The day of the 'temperamental' chorus, principal or even star is waning, because talent without the means of working happily with others is growing more valueless day by day. I regard my class training as a medium for inculcating many of the characteristics that make life smoother, pleasanter and fuller for my pupils, as well as teaching them the technique of the dance.

"One of my pleasantest experiences

The STAGE or the STUDIO— WHICH?

(Continued from page 17)



Carlo Leonetti
Florence Cowanova, here shown in a dance of her own, began teaching when she was eleven

as a teacher came this past season when I was summoned by the nuns of the Mater Misericordiae School to consult about teaching dancing to their pupils. From then on I handled daily about four-hundred-and-eighty pupils from nine to twelve, taking them in groups for twenty minutes each. I found these children most responsive. They had had a little training in folk dances before, but that was all. Easter we gave a performance, *Earth's Awakening*, which so delighted the nuns and parents that I shall continue this work when school opens.

"This opportunity strengthens my belief that before many years we shall have a nation of dancers, with the percentage of those with the stage in mind no larger than it is today."

And so through dint of hard work, persistence and courage Miss Cowanova has to her credit today at an amazingly youthful age, many accomplishments that might well grace middle years. In addition to dance instructions, she teaches voice culture, dramatics and physical culture for girls. Her days begin in the studio at half past nine and continue until eleven at night. For this reason in the busy season she does not accept social invitations, except rare visits to the theatre.

Florence Cowanova wears her laurels modestly. It is to Madame Cowanova, the dancer's mother, that credit should go, she says. Madame Cowanova is deeply interested in the administration end of the school, and her experience and good judgment make her an invaluable factor in its smooth, efficient functioning.

All this, perhaps, conjures up an image of a very serious-minded young woman, with little time for play and the happy lightness of life. However, once Miss Cowanova's work is shelved, she is delightfully gay and care-free.

"I suppose," she suggested when matters of the dance had been satisfactorily settled for the moment, "reporters usually ask what the subject does with his spare time."

Not in this case; how could there possibly be spare time?

Unencouraged, however, she said, "I knit sweaters." She opened a drawer. Out tumbled half a dozen. She opened a closet, there hung a dozen more. Miss Cowanova says that knitting is calming and resting after a full day.

In the course of the afternoon, while talking with Mr. Cowanova, he had expressed himself crisply about dancers and teachers. "Dancers can be made; teachers must be born." His daughter is a natural teacher. And this is the reason that Florence Cowanova is happy today through long, busy hours in her studio, even though it has meant that a coveted professional career has been forced to lie down by the wayside.

DANCERS MUST HAVE BEAUTIFUL LEGS!

(Continued from page 35)

those girls who need it as part of their equipment for stage work.

Miss O'Neill urges teachers and pupils to spend more time on the development of the upper part of the body. After all, there is little chance for expression in the difficult movements executed by the legs. Interpretation must be done with the arms, head and the trunk and this is impossible if the dancer has concentrated all of her attention upon strengthening her legs and allowed the upper part of her body to remain weak, flaccid and unyielding.

Miss O'Neill devotes a part of each lesson to barefoot work. Her students take off their ballet shoes and walk about, keeping an even, sustained rhythm and letting the weight fall first on the ball of the foot. She says it is wholly unnecessary for a girl to lose her ability to walk naturally and gracefully because she studies dancing. If she cannot walk, how dare she claim to be a dancer? Yet occa-

sionally ballet dancers overtrain to the point where their feet become muscle-bound, so rigid that they lose their natural suppleness entirely.

The third teacher interviewed in this discussion was Dorothy Norman Cropper. Miss Cropper is the daughter of a physician and has worked constantly with her father that she might know, from an anatomical standpoint, just what happens to the muscles of a dancer in training.

Dancers must realize, she says, that a muscle is attached at both ends and that it always pulls, never pushes. The legs and feet have many muscles but the two most important are these: the sartorius which is fastened at the hip, curves down behind the leg on the inside and finishes at the calf; and the gastrocnemius which is the calf muscle. Many of the ballet exercises pull this latter, notably echappés and relevés—all exercises that lock the knee and pull up the muscle in back of the leg. The thigh muscle

is the one that is affected by pliés.

Miss Cropper is convinced that there would be little danger of overdevelopment of any muscle or group of muscles if the teacher would plan her lessons properly. Each exercise that pulls a muscle should be followed by one that will relax it. After echappés and relevés, the calf muscles may be relaxed and rested in this way: stand with the feet together, facing the bar, toes touching and bend toward the bar, keeping the body straight and the heels on the floor. After deep pliés that strain the leg freely from the hip, pointing the toe just a little as you go forward and letting it relax as you go back. For many exercises in the ballet technique there is some other exercise that will give the proper rest and relaxation. The teacher ought to know what these are and give her pupils a well-balanced ration of movement that will prevent the deformity of hard, lumpy muscles.

Miss Cropper goes even further than this. Every ballet student in her school is required to take either tap or buck dancing. The soft, relaxed foot work in these dances acts as an excellent antidote for the strained muscular efforts of the ballet technique. She points out that no one has ever seen a buck dancer with over-developed legs!

Another point that Miss Cropper brought out is that a dancer's legs ought to be equally developed. If one leg is weaker than the other, build up the muscles in that leg until it is as strong as the other. Her measurements are exactly the same for both legs at thigh, knee, calf, ankle and instep with the trifling exception that the left arch is one-quarter inch smaller than the right.

Chester Hale has been dancing and teaching in New York for many years. He has been so successful in training students for chorus work that the Chester Hale Girls have a nation-wide reputation. It is his opinion that the girl with the thick, squat figure—the kind of figure that thickens and coarsens from any sort of exercise—should be discouraged from undertaking the study of dancing. He has in his own experience turned away many pupils because he could not conscientiously encourage them in the idea that they might ever learn to dance. Every honest teacher takes the same attitude.

Mr. Hale had one especially encouraging message for dancing students. Coming as it does from a man actually in the theatre, it is more than a theory, more than deliberate optimism. He says that the homely girl has just as good a chance as the pretty girl to be a successful dancer. He was even inclined to the opinion that she has a better chance. The girl with the pretty face is often so pre-occupied with her looks that she does not work as hard as her less favored sister. He said that a girl must, of course, have an expressive face and there must be vivacity in all she does, but these two are of far greater importance in the theatre than regular features. He said he recently had the experience of engaging a very pretty girl for the chorus of a musical show—a girl so very lovely that he was moved to select her against his better judgment. She lasted just three days after the show opened and then had to be replaced by a girl less beautiful but far more capable.

Every dancer ought to have at least a slight acquaintance with the anatomy of her legs and feet—of her whole body, in fact. She should know

that we were not, originally, intended to stand erect. Because we rose in our pride and refused to walk on all fours any longer, we must pay the penalty that the race always pays in any transitional state. When we stand upright, our weight rests upon two arches of bone that reach from the ball of the foot to the heel, and each of these curves is supported by muscle. The muscles of foot, leg, thigh and hip work constantly to keep us upright; if they did not, we would topple over. Standing still is the hardest work in the world.

Another important physiological fact is that a tired muscle is a poisoned muscle. Fatigue breeds poisons that must be eliminated before the muscle can go on functioning normally. These fatigue poisons may be eliminated in several ways. Rest, a relaxation of the muscle, gives it the opportunity to empty itself of this poison. A hot bath is another excellent means of helping nature to refresh herself. Massage has much the same effect as the hot bath because it stimulates the circulation and so the fatigue poisons are carried away to be oxidized in the lungs, exhaled through the skin or washed out through the kidneys.

A dancer, like an athlete, can go stale. Many crowns have been lost in the field of sport because the champion overtrained. The dancer should be warned by signs of fatigue to change to another kind of movement.

Dancing is one of the best forms of exercise in the world if it is properly done. But no form of exercise is of the slightest benefit, so far as health is concerned, if it is taken in a badly ventilated room. This is not simply theory; it is a scientific fact. Oxygen neutralizes the fatigue poisons. Runners in long distance races are often fed pure oxygen and can then continue almost without effort and with none of the evil after-effects of a narcotic. If you breathe impure air, you are making a vain effort to eliminate one poison with another.

The dancer of today ought to be very thankful that she was born in this enlightened age. The ballerinas of olden time usually went quite early to their graves or lingered in wretchedness long after life held any pleasure for them. Rheumatism was quite common among them and they carried to their last rest bodies deformed by the violence of their training. If you will look over some old prints and study the figures of the dancers, and compare them with the pictures of our well-known dancers today, you will see how far we have come along the way of health and beauty.

The SHOWS REVIEWED

(Continued from page 37)

troupes in the *Scandals*, and they click with their precision work. The ensemble dances, staged by George White, are peppy, especially the one for *Pickin' Cotton*.

The finale deserves special favor, it being the cleverest I have seen this year or last. The principals do a bit of recitation, plugging themselves and their value to the show. The girls, lined up on a platform, laugh them into silence, whereupon different girls step out and give excellent imitations

of the various principals. They were all good and put a punch into the tail-end of a good show, usually a tough spot to get around.

Arnold Johnson's Orchestra plays the show from the pit, and helps mightily. They sing and play with snappy rhythm and at spots hold up what might otherwise be tiresome.

Speaking for the show as a whole, it is fast, funny enough and never dull. It is in for a healthy prosperous season, as well it should be.

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Hilda Gad was the second of the forerunners of the new German school, not as successful as the first, Von Grona, who gave a recital last year with some excellent numbers. Miss Gad evidently had stage fright at her first appearance. She had several noteworthy numbers, those that leaned towards the grotesque, which is usually what is termed modern among the young Germans. Dmitri was one of the dark spots of the standard-timed January.

Michio Ito, who is ever interesting, opened his first concert with three groups, Japanese, Chinese and an unusual Spanish group. Each was masterfully executed and marked on the records as a flawless performance.

Professor Max Reinhart also created opportunities in *Midsummer Nights Dream*, *Jedermann* and *Danton's Tod* for Tilly Losch and Harald Kreutzberg to show their talents as part of these productions. These two exponents of the new dance gave one concert of their own on New Year's Day that was an eye-opener to everyone present. The elegant simplicity and fresh new note of each number set a new standard for every dancer who attended this performance. We all wished that they had stayed with us longer and had given us more of their inspiring talent.

Our own Ruth Page concerted us with the assistance of Jorg Fasting and three of her girls. It was a varied program of which the most popular number was *The Flapper and the Quarterback*. The Danish Ingeborg Torrup successfully joined the impressionistic performers.

John Bovingdon who, according to Adolphe Roberts, is in a class by himself, gave proofs that genius and madness have much in common. The Triangle Theatre and four of the audience shared in this opinion.

Carola Goya and Carlos de Vega tried for a duration of almost two hours to vary modern and native Spanish dances, succeeding more or less. Miss Goya and Mr. de Vega repeated their concert twice again during the season, with costume variations. Doris Canfield and Rosaline Gardner performed their idea of the interpretive dance to a most appreciative audience. Being their first concert, they were somewhat shy, but promising. The Marmains, not so shy, can only use Carnegie Hall to house their special patronage—so great that only this venerable house is big enough to hold them. They contributed to this year's list of worth while creations *Machinery*, *Architecture*, *The Wheel* and *Dance Cartoons* and several individual

NICKOLAS MURAY LOOKS at the DANCE

(Continued from page 36)

numbers outweighing the mediocre ones that, for some reason, they could not eliminate from their program.

Tamiris, a young revolutionist with splendid ideas, beautiful physical makeup and inferior technique, used several of the old themes in her own different way. Among them, were *Impressions of the Bull Ring*, *The Subconscious* and *Circus Sketches*, most of them done in a very sketchy manner.

Jacques Cartier and Agnes de Mille. It was good to see these two examples of creating ideas with minute details, finished technique and clear-cut execution. Cartier, the more experienced, extended a helping hand to the newcomer, Agnes de Mille, who proved to be worthy of the chance; so much so that it made this and subsequent concerts both artistically and financially profitable. Among Cartier's numbers, *An Eastern Actor* and *Congo Voodoo Dance* and Miss de Mille's *Degas Studies* and '46 were sensations. Her graphic reproduction won her unending applause. Anna Robenne gave two concerts out of her scheduled three, very trying both on reviewer and audience. It was a good lesson in how not to give a concert. She lacked organization and decision; she wore her audience out before the end of her program with long unnecessary waits and disturbing discords of a routineless chorus.

Michio Ito scored a second time, this time with his pupils—each very talented material, showing marks

of Ito's influence and their own ability. Ito proved himself to be a leader and an exception in his own style. Among the welcome foreigners was Pedro Rubin, the famous Mexican dancer, whose reputation outside of his native land was established last year in Ziegfeld's *Rio Rita*. Vera Mirova of Russian origin, gave us a rather interesting Oriental interpretation of authentic Hindu, Nautch and Bali dances. She is suited to the interpretation of this type of dance and does justice to the word authentic. In her classic moods she was less good. I hope to see more of her work next season; she has unusual qualities that warrant her return.

Dorsha—Indefatigable idealist to whom lack of wealth and space are no handicap, content to attract a small but distinguished and appreciative audience; and with a few disciples, to carry on her message of arresting ideas which, though they are done in a primitive way under primitive circumstances, are made of most original material.


Annually the League of Composers presents a conception of modern music. The program consisted of three parts of which the first, *L'Histoire du Soldat*, was the only one of interest to dancers. The Philharmonic Orchestra as background emphasized the scale of moods. Jacques Cartier, Blake Scott and Lily Lubell danced; Tom Powers, *The Voice*, told the story. Gavrilov's *Ballet Moderne* had the

distinction of being the only ballet able to engage a theatre for two weeks. The Ballet consisted of a large company, Gavrilov being the leading spirit. It seemed to me the performance had no right to call itself modern. Even the modern part of their program left much to be desired. The second week they gave *The Circus*, which was of much higher calibre and showed more inventive aptitude both in the line of mind and technique. Doris Humphrey, Charles Weidman and their associates burst forth with material that they could have termed, with perfect right, modern. Doris Humphrey's conception of *Color Harmony* was the most modern introspective presentation of the season. It is a translation of the struggle of the primary colors before the hand of intelligence which, under control, creates harmony out of them.


Martha Graham is one of the pioneers of the new era who, many of us hope, will stay with us. I certainly hope that she keeps up her inspiring work, developing with such rapid strides as she has in the past two years. It is probably not the easiest thing on earth to create gems that remain with us and frame them for good in our memories. Among them this season were *Tanagra*, *Fragilite*, *Revolt* and *Strike*. Sara Mildred Strauss and the Strauss dancers entered the competition in the field of the iconoclasts of the dance. Miss Strauss, like few of the dancers before her, experimented at the Guild Theatre dispensing with musical background and having simplified costumes as far as modesty permitted. It is commendable as a courageous experiment, but it needed more assimilation before presentation.

La Meri, a restless dancer from Texas, gave us a book of her poetry, a good selection of music, and a fetching personality. Dhimah, Egyptian by nativity, gave us some native numbers, such as the *Bridal Dance of a Mohammedan Virgin* and a group of Bela Bartok's compositions.

At the Manhattan Opera House, under the supervision of the Lewishohn sisters, there were presented dances in concert form on the largest scale since the Pavlova Ballet. They managed to combine the unprecedented miracle of combining the forces of most of the leading dancers of today. They gave Bloch's *Israel*, Debussy's *Nuages et Fêtes* and *On the Steppes of Central Asia*. It was an extraordinary feat performed by the Lewishohn sisters. It deserved a great deal of praise for the industry, patience it required to put over a production on such a scale of such high calibre and imagination.



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but because the three sisters evidently work at their best when united in their recitals. Phyllis is from reports the comedian and life of the trio. And they did not stint themselves in describing her various escapades to me.

There is an uncanny unity to this family. Undoubtedly it is the secret of the girls' success. They all think the same thing. Such a thing as professional jealousy does not exist in the homey atmosphere of the Marmain studio. This studio, by the way, is first and foremost just what the name implies. The room in which we sat

could best be described by saying that it resembled a nursery just after the children had left it. In place of dolls, tin soldiers, swords, doll carriages and pop-guns, one found the headdress of an Aztec Indian here, a fluffy ballet costume there, and such things as one associates with the costuming of the dance. However, it is not meant to be implied that the Marmains use these things as playthings. They are a very

serious-minded family, bent on successful presentation of their Drama Dances. Of course, like all true artists, their work assumes to a great extent the form of play in that they get a real and very evident kick out of it.

"It is our idea," said Miriam, "to imbue our drama dances with the spirit that is most prevalent today. Consequently, we do not dance the dances of the Gods of India, or the

Greek Gods. Neither do we dance in veils with meaningless poses."

"Which," broke in Mrs. Marmain, again dropping her handkerchief, with myself repeating the gallant act of gentleman once again, "is quite true."

I don't think my face wore an expression of annoyance, for such a thought was farthest from my head, but Irene laughingly said: "You'll have to get used to Mother's habit of dropping things. It's one of the best things she does."

Miriam, however, seemed little, if at all, perturbed by the interruption of her train of thought. For she continued

SISTERS and DANCERS THREE

(Continued from page 33)

with: "Furthermore, the Hindu dances his own dances better because he is a native. The dark-eyed Spanish señorita does her colorful dances with so much original dash. Now, it is quite a different thing when an American girl attempts to do either of these. It's—it's—it's—"

And believe it or not, Miriam found herself at a loss to go on, while it seemed that both Mrs. Marmein and Irene were likewise stumped. I thereupon suggested that it was nothing more than an imitation.

"Exactly," rejoined Miriam, with spirit. "That's just it. Now, in our dances, we present life as it is lived in America—the spirit of the times as we live. Consequently, having first-hand information of it, our dances have meaning. Every move, every gesture, bespeaks the productive energy of America. Our *Machinery Dance* is the result of a visit to the Ford factory in Detroit. Then too, there is the dance we call *Electric Lights*, which we presented for the first time at Carnegie Hall on the evening of April twenty-first. In this number, we attempt to convey to the audience the effect of the electrical advertising of today. Do you remember the case of the young girl who some two years ago committed suicide, and when her body was found, she was clutching a picture of Rudolph Valentino in her hand?"

"Well," went on the seemingly inexhaustible Miriam, "we have a dance in our repertoire which has this pathetically tragic case as its main theme. It is called *The Wheel* and the story in short concerns the daily grind and struggle of a movie-going stenographer and her dream lovers."

"All our dances," spoke up Irene at this point, who looks like any colleen of the Emerald Isle, "do not have such tragic themes. For instance, there is the *Flore and Zephyr*, a caricature of the ballet after Thackeray, and *The Day of Judgment*, which is a

satire suggested by pre-Renaissance paintings."

Elaborate preparations were then under way for their Annual Summer School of the Drama Dance on Cape Cod, in tune with the summer course of the future Dance Art Society. The girls of the winter and summer schools alike are carefully prepared and tutored for this work. There is dramatic instruction under the personal supervision of Mrs. Marmein. They are also schooled in the art of make-up, stage management and costuming. In other words, although the dance is the prime factor, nevertheless, a girl is given a full rounded-out course in everything pertaining to and closely associated with the art.

The four main classifications according to Miriam Marmein, as told to me, comprise the choreography, the musical, the sculptural, and the dramatic... and to hear Miss Miriam tell you this, would leave little doubt that such is the case.

These Marmeins, including Mrs. Marmein, have an almost devastating energy. They are veritable fountains of knowledge and information pertaining to the dance, and particularly the drama part of it.

Miriam Marmein at the age of four or five, began her career by fitting fairy tales to dance. In the attic of the Marmein home in Boston she staged her earliest productions. Although they were first intended to be dramatic, she quickly put everything into dancing. Hence, it was in a production of *Goldilocks and the Three Bears*, which was given by and for the children of the neighborhood, that the three bears made a big hit when they danced into the scene.

At the age of fourteen, she made her debut at the Chicago Little Theatre. For two years, she appeared on the stage without any theoretical training. In fact, it might be said that the Marmeins were born to dance. They

have all been dancing since they were babies. They eat it, they sleep it and they talk it.

Mrs. Marmein was originally a teacher of expression in Emerson College in Boston. Her father was an aristocrat of the South. In fact, her ancestors on this side date back to one of the first families of Virginia. Her mother was of Irish peasantry, which perhaps accounts for the good humor and not a little wit that abounds in the present day Marmeins, and particularly in the youngest, Phyllis. Mr. Marmein's ancestry proudly traces itself back to the illustrious General Marmont of Napoleon's Army.

It seems, however, that the focus of the whole family is centered on the adored Phyllis, who, unfortunately for me, was laid up with the above mentioned ailment. Being the youngest, everything she does is looked upon with keen interest and amusement by the others. Excerpts from her diary were read to me and being first and foremost a gentleman, which I had already proved by the double retrieving of Mrs. Marmein's perennial dropping handkerchief, the contents of that diary will ever remain a secret that I really relished as much as her sisters and mother.

The Marmeins are a most energetic family with more than a courage of their conviction, a courage that will readily realize the ambition of their lives,—namely, the founding, teaching, instructing and developing of the Dance Art Society, which will be the greatest help ever given to the young and inexperienced dancer. They have that undying will to succeed which should be a big and deciding factor in the success of this, their new undertaking. This is the thought I carried away with me, as the door of that studio closed upon my back, which I had just straightened after picking up Mrs. Marmein's handkerchief a third time.

LITTLE MISS RUNAWAY

(Continued from page 50)

pression I felt I had surely made.

But he put me in his huge Packard car and drove out of town to dine—at a very attractive inn on Long Island. There he talked, and with each kind word of advice and encouragement I fell more and more in love with him. He had never seen me dance, but he was sure I had the looks to get away with pretty nearly anything. If I had talent, there would be no end to my road of success. He wanted to lend me money to study in the day time, but of course I refused, at which he made a wry face. He wanted to help me—and he could, as soon as I was ready; he could place me in a good production any time.

Always he called me "Dimples" and always he kept repeating that he was talking to me like a little sister.

The next day there arrived, at Hanky's apartment, an avalanche of beautiful boxes for me, filled with resplendent things from George Warwick. A dainty pink chiffon evening dress, cut most simply, pink satin

slippers and stockings, a lovely white velvet cape with a white fur collar, and even a little evening bag.

A note from him explained that these were the clothes for a "girl like Dimples" to wear. I must keep sweet and feminine and not try to ape everyone I saw. He said that evening clothes were a girl's first requisite in New York, and inasmuch as I would not be able to afford them for some time, he wanted to start me off right. I could pay him back by coming with him one night soon to the Club Warwick in them.

I was humiliated and hurt, but Hanky laughed, and told me not to be touchy. You couldn't take offense at such a sweet letter, she said. It was all right to accept things in the spirit they were given, as long as I didn't get "too thick" with Warwick. Hereafter, she said, she would keep an eye on me and tell me what to do.

A few days later, I received a letter from Mrs. Carter explaining that she had a little money she had not expected, and had sent it to Kendall to pay for a complete daily course with him, just as I had taken before. She wanted me to study seriously, and asked me not to write and thank her for it.

Of course I was delighted and
(Continued on page 62)

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began my work in the school again with earnest eagerness. Mrs. Carter came on to New York a few weeks later, visited Kendall, and then took me shopping. She and I met George Warwick for tea together, and she told me afterward that she thought him charming and a "gentleman." Of course, she added, I wouldn't be silly enough to fall in love at my age.

Nor did it ever occur to me at the time that George Warwick was back of Mrs. Carter's sudden ability to pay for my school and buy me clothes!

The next few months I spent in constant study and work, and I lived at Hanky's all the time. My only excitement (and it was more than sufficient to me) was seeing George Warwick about once a week. We went for drives together or to tea, but he never took me to his club and I brooded over that. I asked him once, and he laughed and promised I should come soon. We discussed what he had played on the radio, what numbers I liked. We talked of my work and his, and I came to know the name of every man in his orchestra. He told me of how he had started, an obscure, poorly educated boy in Los Angeles, and how he had worked himself to his present undisputed position of king of jazz bands.

But May came, and his club closed, and I did not see it! George Warwick went to Europe for the summer! He took me out the night before he left, and made me promise to study as hard as I could so that I would be ready to do something the next season. He knew, he said, that Mrs. Carter had planned a few weeks' vacation for me at Atlantic City and hoped I would rest and enjoy it to the full!

Then, when we parted, he kissed me goodbye—my first kiss, and I was so startled and frightened with the thrill of it, that he actually apologized! I sent him a bouquet of flowers to the boat the next day, and I still have

show or revue. The idea is taking, and I note with satisfaction the bands that are signed for next year's musicals. George Olsen, as I have probably herein recorded before, leaves *Good News* in October to play the new Eddie Cantor musical comedy. Arnold Johnson opened with the *Scandals*, and adds a lot in pep and fire to the whole show. Waring's Pennsylvanians have signed for a musical under the management of George Choos in the fall, though they'll probably get in trouble with the local union, playing a New York job when not a local band. Ziegfeld, I hear on good authority, is seeking a name outfit for

LITTLE MISS RUNAWAY

(Continued from page 61)

the radio of thanks that he wired me.

But that summer, Mr. Kendall decided to take a hand at guiding my career. I needed experience. I got a job in the chorus of a new show, but as soon as rehearsals were over and the show had opened, I continued studying with Kendall. Frequently I received cards or letters from George Warwick—from England and Paris and Switzerland. How I treasured them! How I looked forward to the day of his return. And how I labored over the letters I wrote him.

Mrs. Carter visited us often during the summer, for Hanky was out of a job and "resting." Mrs. Carter's influence did a great deal for me. She told me she had visited my Mother Superior frequently, reporting to her and comforting her in her sorrow that I was on the stage and in a chorus! I wrote to the Mother Superior myself, for I had come to look upon my school days with kinder eyes, and I told her that I was ashamed to have caused her so much worry and sorrow, but I appreciated all she had done for me in the years gone by, and that I intended to live according to the precepts she had taught me and never do anything that would bring disgrace upon myself for her sake. After that I got weekly letters from my old teacher, and we seemed to become real friends through our correspondence. Often I would send her little gifts, and often I sent the kids in the school big boxes of candy or cookies, remembering what they would have meant to me years ago!

Everything went pleasantly enough until about August, when Lulu Grand took the place of one of the girls in our show. She stepped out of the chorus and did a specialty number. I

had not seen her (though I had often thought of her and never dared to ask Mr. Warwick about her) since the night classes in my school.

I was astonished, then, at the open enmity with which she greeted me, and confused at the innumerable little thrusts and indignities she made me bear. One day she saw a card in the mail box from George Warwick addressed to me, and before a number of others she tore it to bits and threatened me if I didn't "lay off that man!"

One day I caught Lulu coming out of the dressing room I was using with half the chorus, just as I was about to go on for a number. When the number was over, I found a fire had broken out in the dressing room, from an iron I had left on!

Of course, I hadn't left the electric iron on! I hadn't used it that afternoon. And I knew Lulu had done it. But I was discharged just the same, with two weeks' notice.

George Warwick came back from Europe about five weeks later. I hated to tell him why I had been fired. He seemed very annoyed about it and told me the one thing I must learn first is to get along with a company no matter what happened. That hurt; but still I did not tell him.

I didn't see much of him for the next few weeks because he was so busy planning the new opening of his Club Warwick.

The night of the opening I was hoping and praying he would invite me, but he didn't seem to think of the matter. Mr. Kendall, however, asked me to go with him, saying it was on Warwick's invitation, and telling me that he had explained to Warwick what had happened that made me leave my first show.

In transcendent delight, I went. Kendall, of course, was well-known, and many people came to his table. I danced one dance after another, in my soft pink chiffon, and I realized that George Warwick's eyes followed me on the dance floor. I was almost sick with delight.

He came over to our table before many numbers, and complimented me on how charming I looked. He and Kendall whispered in deep conversation.

The next number I danced with Kendall—a tango! After the encore, we stood talking a few moments in the center of the floor. The moment the floor was empty, Warwick started the number again. Before I realized what was happening, my teacher and I started the tango—alone on the floor!

For a moment I had heart-failure when I realized it, but the mumbled warnings in my ear brought me to myself, and I smiled and went through the steps with easy practice. When we had finished a burst of spontaneous applause greeted us. We did another dance.

In the midst of the following applause, we went back to our table. Warwick hurried over, his face lighted with smiles, enthusiastic and delighted.

Presently, out of nowhere, it seemed, Lulu Grand appeared at our table, and in a drunken fit of jealousy she began to make a scene. Warwick turned to her sharply.

Just as I was preparing to leave, Lulu put out her foot and tripped me up. I fell to the floor with a crash.

I felt someone picking me up, and heard a voice at my ear calling "Dimples!"

And then I fainted!

Why did Lulu Grand take such a dislike to Dimples? Read the continuation of this intimate story of a dancer's life in the next issue of THE DANCE MAGAZINE, the October number on the news-stands the 23rd of September.

BLACK and BLUE NOTES

(Continued from page 45)

his new *Follies*. In short, the idea is in and smart producers have realized it.

Many difficulties are coming to light, such as a lack of high-class ability to read music. This tends to make rehearsals tedious, but it's easily remedied. This exists only in a few bands that are used to a lot of faking and not enough sight playing. Another difficulty, really not serious, is the fact that very few dance orchestra leaders know how to conduct a show. Don Voorhees is one exception that comes immediately to mind. The result is that legitimate conductors run the show, and the leader, whose name is invariably the draw, appears to conduct either the overture or the entr'acte. But no matter how you look at it, dance bands are in, which is well, for good jobs in the big cities are getting scarce, as any music man will tell you.

Here and There

THE Venetian Gondoliers are playing the Park Central Roof, New York, having moved in when Arnold Johnson left to join the *Scan-*

dals. Wayne King has played two complete years at the Aragon Ballroom, Chicago. Jimmy Joy has followed Ted Weems at the Muehlebach Hotel in Kansas City. Ted Weems will return in a few months. Husk O'Hare is still at the Hotel Stevens, Chicago, and acting as master of ceremonies for the floor show in the grill. Also in the City of Wind Al Katz and His Kittens played a week in the Granada. Charles Dornberger routed himself through the east to finish up at the Victor lab in Camden, N. J., to record. Ted Lewis has Columbia-disc'd the old favorite, *I Ain't Got Nobody*. Henry Theis and His Orchestra are clicking at Coney Island, Cincinnati. Irving Aronson's Commanders played a five weeks' racing season job at Saratoga Springs, New York. Vincent Lopez is practically sure to be in Earl Carroll's new *Vanities*. There is apprehension in some quarters over the stage band idea for picture houses. Paul Ash has helped the Paramount in New York. Walter Roesner has a good band at the Capitol in New York, clicking here when he wasn't

so much in Oakland not so far back. I got a nice letter complimenting this department from Lyman Will and His Melody Skippers of New Kensington, Pa. Thanks. I will try to act on your suggestion about mentioning new song hits, though the length of time between the time I write this and the day it goes on the stands, may make a difference.

Orchestra leaders, this is your department. I want to hear from you, wherever you are. Why not send me a photo of your band and the latest news of your outfit?

Cactus, Orchid of the Desert

THIS is the plant that is attracting so much attention, both for use inside the house for decoration and for growing in the garden.

The September issue of YOUR HOME, a Macfadden publication, tells of the numerous varieties of this interesting plant and gives many suggestions for cultivating it both indoors and out.

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NEVER before in the history of the PHYSICAL CULTURE MAGAZINE has there been such a collection of articles by such a list of experts writing on all phases of health, beauty, and how it can be attained, as you will find in September.

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FLOWER-VENDOR

(Illustrations on Page 44)

Bars 1-2: Enter upstage left, holding tambourine on head with right hand, left hand on left hip, body turned left, four running steps diagonally forward, starting with left foot, stamp left foot back (effacé position) on second beat of bar 2, keeping balance on right foot.

Bars 3-4: Repeat bars 1 and 2 starting on right foot, ending with right foot back (croisé) as in Illustration 1.

Bars 5-12: Take tambourine from head, arms forward, make a circle to the right starting with the right foot; do 8 tempsliés alternating feet.

Bars 13-16: Holding tambourine over head, step on left foot (croisé) glissade to the right, ending in Fourth Position, ronde de jambe par terre inside with right leg, body right; tempslié to the left ending in Fifth Position (croisé) left foot forward.

Bars 17-20: Repeat to opposite side action in bars 13-16.

Bars 21-22: Turning to the right, step on right foot, stamp left foot, step on left foot, stamp right with hip movements.

Bars 23-26: Moving to right, step on left foot, pas de chat (feet forward); right foot ronde de jambe par terre, tempslié to left with renversé turn to right.

Bars 27-30: Repeat to left action in bars 23-26.

Bars 31-38: Two running steps forward, starting on right foot, pas de chat (feet forward) arms to side, tambourine in right hand, do four balancés on right foot turning to the right.

On bar 35, down on right knee, tambourine in both hands forward and port de bras circle to right with tambourine. Then up in Fifth Position, tambourine over head.

Bars 39-40: As in diagram, from A—in circular motion to right, do tempslevé in attitude on right foot left knee high, tambourine in right hand, left arm to side, head left.

Bars 41-42: Half turn to right running steps in backward motion, hands

forward with tambourine, body bent forward as in illustration 3. At B turn to right facing inside of circle.

Bars 43-44: At B do small pas de chat, then accented pas de bourrées in spot, gradually bringing tambourine over head.

Bar 45: Attitude as in Illustration 2, on right toe.

Bar 46: Hold attitude.

Bars 47-54: Repeat action in bars 39-46 from B to C in diagram.

Bars 55-56: At C in diagram do tempslevé en tournant on right foot, then left foot, in attitude as in Illustration 2.

Bars 57-64: Repeat action in bars 39 to 46 moving from C to D in diagram.

Bars 65-72: Repeat action in bars 39-46 moving from D to A in diagram.

Bars 73-76: Pirouette on right toe to right in attitude as in Illustration 4, coupé with left foot, right foot in attitude forward as in Illustration 5, pirouetting, then pas de bourrée en tournant.

Bars 77-79: Repeat action in bars 73-75.

On Bar 80, down on right knee, place tambourine on floor in front of you.

Bars 81-82: Rise, turn to right with pas de bourrée, stop in attitude on right toe as in Illustration 6.

Bars 83-84: Turn to left in pas de bourrée, stop in attitude on left toe.

Bars 85-87: Pas de bourrée to right en tournant, gradually bringing arm overhead with inside circle, (asymmetrical position) palms outward.

Bars 88-89: Standing in First Position on half-toe, right hand in calling motion to right as in Illustration 7.

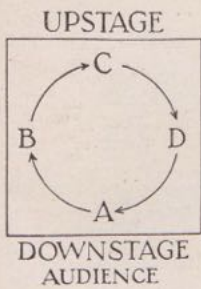
Bars 90-91: Repeat action in bars 88-89 to opposite side.

Bar 92: Clap backs of hands over head.

Bar 93: Clap palms of hands over head, then arms down, hands parallel to floor with palms down.

Bar 94: Hands on hips, head movement from side to side then a staccato movement up and down, as if saying in words, "There you are. That's how I dance. I hope you like it, but I don't care if you don't."

THE END



Turning to the right, step on right foot, stamp left foot, step on left foot, stamp right with hip movements.

Bars 23-26: Moving to right, step on left foot, pas de chat (feet forward); right foot ronde de jambe par terre, tempslié to left with renversé turn to right.

Bars 27-30: Repeat to left action in bars 23-26.

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Bars 41-42: Half turn to right running steps in backward motion, hands

The MUSIC MART

(Continued from page 50)

I Got Worry, same band, fox trot, with a comedy vocal rendition far better than average. They swing a great rhythm.

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BROADWAY INDIAN

(Continued from page 25)

Bar 52: Leap over on right foot diagonally right-front, bringing the left foot in front of right after the leap.

Bar 53: Lunge forward to the ground on right knee, both hands on the floor, left foot far in back, body facing diagonally right-front.

Bars 54-55: Hold the pose, looking around as if in fear.

Bar 56: Rise into position as in Illustration VI.

Bars 57-64: In the same pose, as if riding a horse, take 16 skips in a large circle to the left, 2 skips to each bar, rising high into the air on each skip.

Bars 65-68: Continuing circle, take 16 running steps, 4 steps to each bar, crouching low, arms in back, and finish at right-back stage.

Bars 69-70: Moving diagonally left-front, eyes turned back over shoulder, take 4 steps same as entrance step (toe-heel step).

Bars 71-72: As if falling over a log, do a walk-over (acrobatic figure).

Bars 73-76: Repeat action in bars 69-72, finishing on last count with weight on right foot, left foot back.

Bar 77: Pause.

Bars 78-81: Stamp right foot, lifting the left foot in back and bringing the right arm down as if killing the captured animal. Then step back on left foot, raising the right foot up in front (1 bar). Repeat (1 bar). Repeat 4 times again, very ferociously (2 bars).

Bars 82-83: Moving forward toward right stage, on 1 hop on left

foot; on 2 kick right foot high up into the air and bend body backward as in Illustration VII; on 3 drop forward into a split (acrobatic figure); on 4 rise.

Bars 84-89: Repeat action in bars 82-83 three times.

Bars 90-91: Without moving feet from split position on the floor turn the body toward left-stage, then right.

Bars 92-93: Rise into an attitude position on the right toe, body facing right-front, left leg lifted high in back.

Bars 94-95: Tour-jeté back to center-stage and pirouette left.

Bar 96: Finish with a jump into a split on the floor emitting a war-whoop, arms and head lifted high, body facing the audience.

THE END

WHERE RENÉE ADORÉE LEARNED to DANCE

(Continued from page 26)

Renée always wanted life. More and more of it. She escaped by nights via freight trains to London. And from London to New York.

In New York she applied for work as a dancer. She couldn't speak English very well—she still *thinks* in French—which was just as well because she couldn't very well tell superior managers and producers that she was just a little circus girl without benefit of Ned Wayburn.

She wanted to learn English and she followed the method she had used during her brief stay in London. She went about saying English words and saying them so persistently that some wearied individual would eventually point out to her the equivalent of the spoken word. For instance she would say "Pig! Pig!" and sooner or later someone would lead her to a pig and she would have mastered an English word and its connotation. There are more ways than one of acquiring an education, just as there are, apparently, more ways than one of being a dancer. And one of them is the stern way of necessity. You dance or you starve. Well, you dance. . . .

The steps to the footlights were, for Renée, the hard ways of rebuffs and disillusion. But the little French girl with the frail, elastic frame—much frailer, by the way, than it appears to be on the screen—and the immense, sorrowful sapphire blue eyes—now sad, now merry according to randoming moods—made her own appeal. There were so many aspirants. Only one Renée. And she had that certain something too often labeled "poignant." A word often used but never quite so appropriately as it is in connection with the vivid, vital girl who tore the very clothes from her departing lover's back, the very hearts from millions of breasts in *The Big Parade*.

Renée knows what pain is. She knows what love is. She has been liberal with both of them. She knows privation and hunger and the disillusion that is not only of the body. And I think she learned these things in the circus where life is elemental and where emotions are lustily reared

among the raw smell of animals, the heat and heart-beats of human bodies, the vivid interchange of a little group of closely knit together folk who kick their heels in order to make a world laugh though their hearts are breaking. Renée loves the circus. She loves the memory of those itinerant days.

She is smaller, frailer, than she appears to be on the screen. Some of the strength of the girl of *The Big Parade* is latent in her face. The camera evokes it where daylight does not. She is prettier but not so forceful. She is shy and reticent and difficult to talk to at first meeting. Only now and then comes a flash, a revelation. She has a sense of humor, mocking sister to tragedy. Her eyes are wide and deeply blue and fringed like pool irises. Her hair is almost black. She is very slender. She wore, the day I saw her, a beige crêpe de chine frock, beige stockings and beige suede slippers on the narrow lifting feet of the dancer. She served tea but got the maid to pour it for her. She seems helpless before the ordinary matters of domesticity.

She hasn't any "money sense." Before she married Bill Gill, a tailor, who says he comes home "through the tradesman's entrance," she was in debt. Because her check book lies open on the table for all who need to sign. In which she reminds me of the late Barbara La Marr. There was this in common between them—that neither of them could stand the sight of human want.

Well, in New York Renée danced in the stage plays, *Oh, Uncle, What a Girl* and *The Dancer and Sunny*.

Then she had a vicious accident. Dancing one night she threw her knee or hip out of place. It had to be set. She feared physical pain and insisted upon anesthesia. Backstage, the incompetent M.D. overdosed her with ether. In a frightened effort to bring her back to consciousness he applied red hot flat-irons to the soles of her feet. Too hot. When he attempted to remove them he removed most of the soles of her feet, too. A pretty fate for a dancer—*her feet!*

Gangrene set in and in the hospital they told her that they would have to amputate one of her legs. She said, "Why don't you tell me to commit suicide?"

They weren't very nice to her. They were indignant and told her it wasn't their custom to advise their patients to try suicide.

Of course they saved her leg but she couldn't dance again, professionally, right then.

In 1920 she came to Hollywood. On a chance. At the suggestion, I think, of Tom Moore. And for some little time she was his leading woman in the days of the old Goldwyn Company. Then she married him. I don't know what went wrong there. You would have to know Renée well and long to expect her to divulge the secret places. But she did say that she longed for children. "Tom's first wife had a child and I was jealous." She didn't have children. Perhaps it was that. Perhaps not.

At any rate, she began to climb the ladder that leads to film favoritism. *The Big Parade* startled the world. That ardent, loving girl made heart history. *La Bohème*, *Tin Gods*, *Mr. Wu*, *On Ze Boulevard* were further steps upward. She has recently finished working with Ramon Novarro in his to-date untitled new romance of royalty. And when I talked with her she was still working with John Gilbert in *The Cossacks*. She likes *The Cossacks*, she said, better than she liked *The Big Parade*.

"There is so much action . . . so much color . . . so much life . . . I like to do things and go places! . . ."

When Renée isn't working she is reading French novels and dancing. Mostly dancing. She dances when she is all alone, at home. For the sheer joy of it. For relaxation and stimulus. Dancing is what brought her to the screen. Dancing made her aware of herself, of her body and its possibilities. Dancing gave her the abandon that has hurled her name from sawdust to the peak of the picture world, into many memories and into all hearts.

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