

The AMERICAN BALLET TODAY ~ MICHEL FOKINE

THE DANCE

35 CENTS

MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER



EVELYN LAW

Beginning in the December Issue—

My Memories of Maurice

Maurice, Who Rose from Starvation to Command a Fabulous Salary; Maurice, Who Danced on the World's Most Fashionable Floors; Who Lived in an Aura of Glamor and Romance, but Who Was a Pathetic, Unhappy Figure to the One—His Last Partner—Who Knew Him Best

By

ELEANORA AMBROSE

MAURICE

The
Intimate
Story
of
Maurice
by
His
Widow



My Memories of Maurice will appear in four installments, beginning with the December issue

Eleanora Ambrose and Maurice as they appeared when dancing together

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Gavrilov

GAVRILOV—animated by a single-mindedness of purpose, this true Master of Creative Stage Arts brings to his Classes the keen perception, the high intelligence and the superb technique which have given him international acclaim. Gavrilov will personally direct Ballet, Pantomime and Dramatics.

LENORA, of vibrant personality, has won wide fame as a wonderfully successful Tiller solo dancer and instructor. She produced the first troupe that went out on the Publix Circuit. Lenora will conduct classes in Musical Comedy Specialties and Ensembles, for which she is unexcelled.



Lenora

During the Season, Gavrilov will stage the Ballet Moderne to be presented both in Philadelphia and New York. Promising Cortissoz pupils will compose the Ballet.

VERA STRELSKA, Premiere Danseuse of the Philadelphia Civic Opera, will dedicate to the Ballet Department the wealth of her experience. Opportunities rich in scope are to be had by all those coming in contact with the talented Vera Strelska.



Vera Strelska



Jack Manning

JACK MANNING, accredited with paving the way to the splendid realization achieved by many dancers whose names are blazoned forth along Broadway today, will teach Tap Dancing and Syncopated Rhythm.



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JUAN de BEUCAIRE teaches the glamorous, romantic Dances of Old Spain with all the witchery of the True Spanish Dance that has never lessened in appeal to a beauty-loving public.

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E. K. Brown

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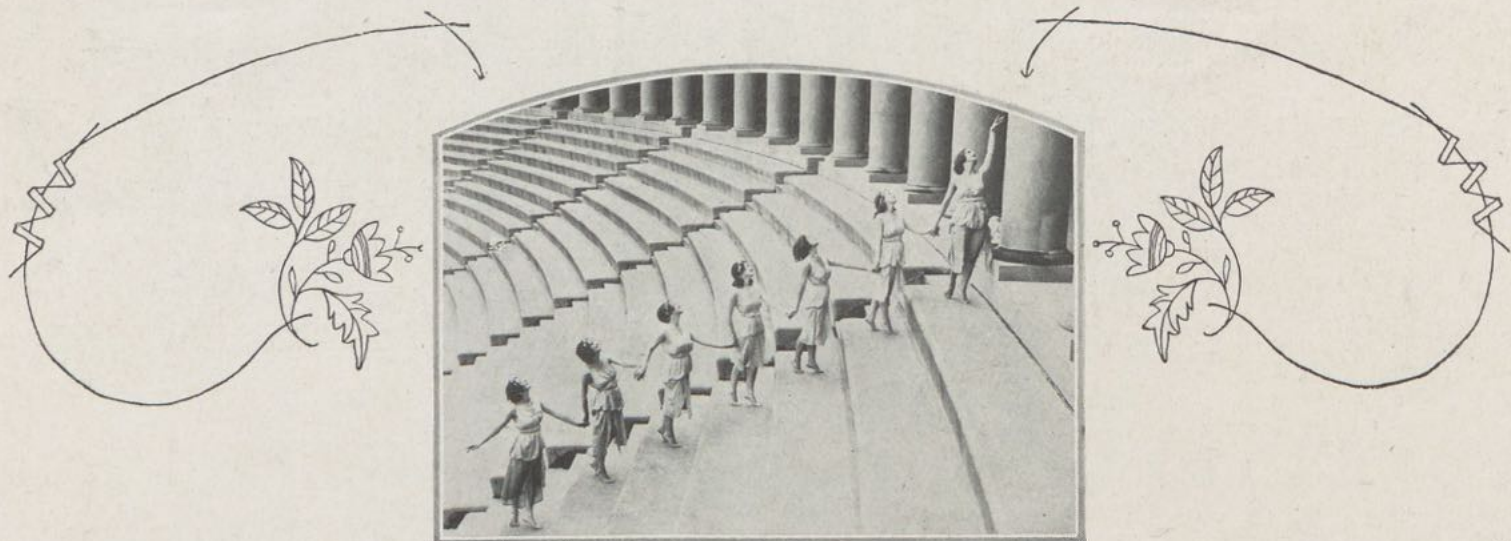
Gavrilov is now Ballet Master, and Vera Strelska, Premiere Danseuse, of the Philadelphia Civic Opera. The Ballet will be selected from the professional classes of the Cortissoz School.

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P. and A.

At an outdoor performance given this summer at the Lewisohn Stadium, New York, Anna Duncan, at right, appeared with her group of dancers

C · O · N · T · E · N · T · S

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Cover Design—Painted by Jean Oldham after a Photograph of Evelyn Law

Contributors are especially advised to be sure to 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:

MY MEMORIES OF MAURICE, by Eleanora Ambrose Maurice, widow of the world's greatest ballroom dancer. This absorbing account of the career of a sad romantic figure will appear in the next four issues.

Oriental Dancing, by Ruth St. Denis. This is the second in the series, *Dancing Before the American Public*, the first of which by Michel Fokine appeared last month. In this Miss St. Denis, the world's foremost exponent of the dance art of the East, tells what this country has done in receiving the dances of the distant Orient.

Society Steps Out, an article by Harold Seton, intimate of New York's most exclusive set, in which is recounted authoritatively the part that dancers have played in the life of the Four Hundred.

Dancing as a Spectacle, by Cecil B. De Mille. Why is dancing so important in those glamorous, lavish flashbacks for which De Mille is famous? He will tell you himself.

Next month will appear a new toe-dance by Patricia Bowman, première danseuse of the Roxy Theatre, New York, and on the cover will be Ann Pennington.

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Engagement Department through which pupils may secure theatrical engagements, free of charge, with reputable managements that meet Mr. Wayburn's high standards. This department also assists pupils to find employment which helps finance them during their training period.

Home Study Department through which clearly illustrated and described dance instruction is sent through the mail to all parts of the world. Mr. Wayburn's course makes it possible for anyone, anywhere to prepare for a stage career.



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Stage Make-up Department in which the pupils secure instruction in make-up for modern stage lighting and are taught to make the most of their features.

Publishing Department—Here Mr. Wayburn's book "The Art of Stage Dancing," the Ned Wayburn News, the Ned Wayburn Health and Beauty Course, illustrated dance routines, practice photograph records, music, catalogues and other literature for those interested in stage dancing are published.

Advertising Department which handles all advertising for the Ned Wayburn Studios and in which department teachers of dancing, and pupils who decide to become teachers, are instructed how to advertise their school—how to prepare their literature and all other instruction they may require pertaining to sales-promotion work.

Art Department in which all art work required for the various Ned Wayburn publications and courses is done. This department also makes advertising layouts, costume and stage setting sketches for the pupils when required.

Theatrical Department through which Mr. Wayburn handles his professional productions.

Staging Department which trains, rehearses and stages amateur productions for Clubs, Junior League and Business Organizations.

Entertainment Department which arranges programs for private social affairs, banquets and business get-togethers. Through this department many pupils receive engagements giving them experience in performing before audiences.

Publicity Department—Through this department articles are sent out to newspapers, magazines and other publications calling the attention of the world at large and theatrical interest to such pupils who are ready to start their professional careers.

Correspondence Department—Here all letters of inquiry as to the school and its courses, requests for information, and announcements of all sorts are sent out at Mr. Wayburn's dictation.

Printing Department in which all letterheads, announcements, schedules, diet sheets and

dance routines are printed. (We use over 25,000 letterheads to a month).

The Business Office of the Studios consists of a trained staff which explains the courses, enrolls pupils and arranges their classes and bookings. (All special courses are laid out by Mr. Wayburn personally for each individual pupil). It also includes the Financial and Book-keeping Department.

Costume Department through which the pupils secure costumes for engagements is charged with the maintenance of over \$150,000 worth of costumes for Mr. Wayburn's productions and amateur theatricals. Costumes are also available to anyone to purchase or rent.

Stage Equipment Department—Includes the electrical laboratory and carpenter shop, handling all stage hangings, properties, lighting effects and electrical equipment.

The Studio Shop in which many dancing necessities are sold for the convenience of the pupils. There is also a maintenance staff which includes a studio superintendent, two porters, four maids and one general cleaning woman, who are charged with the cleanliness and order of the Ned Wayburn Studios.

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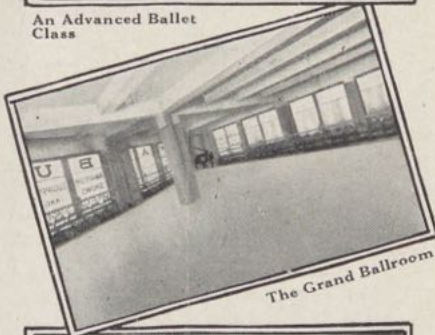
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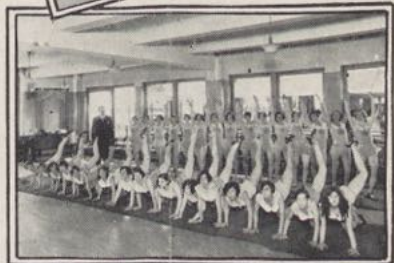
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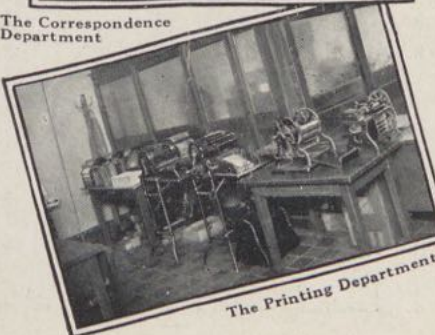
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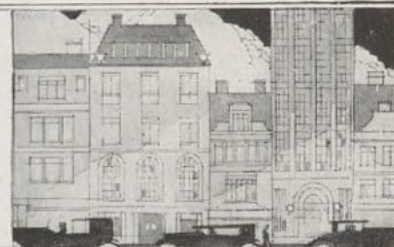
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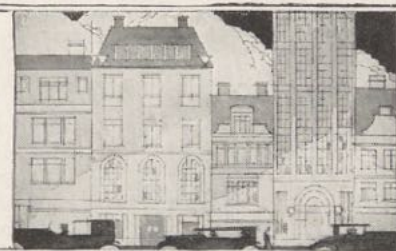
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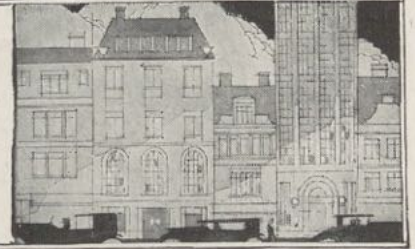
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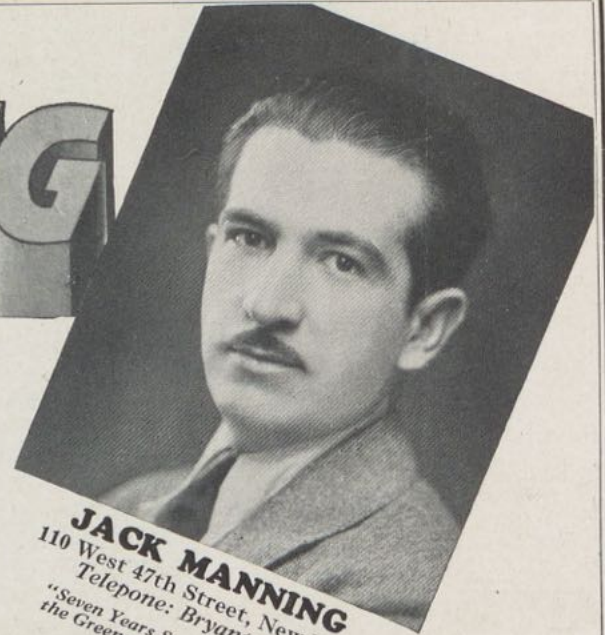
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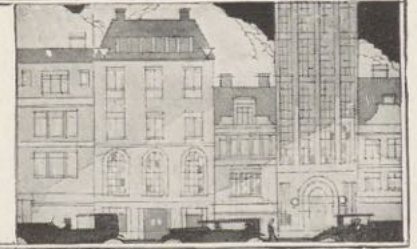
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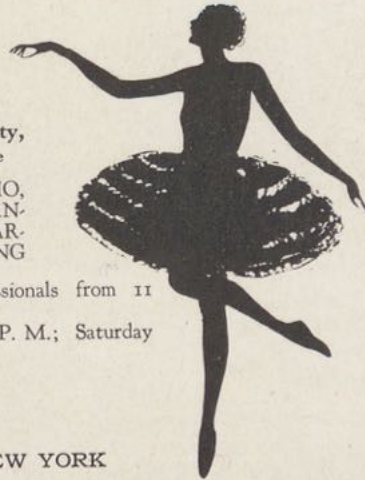
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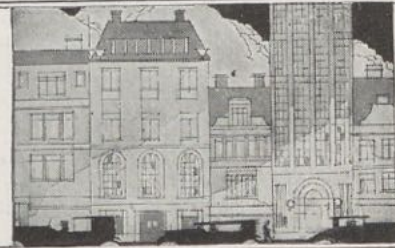
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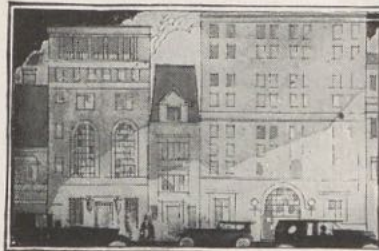


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The PROTECTION of DANCE COMPOSITIONS

An Editorial by RICHARD HOYT

WITH perfectly obvious justice, many creators of dance compositions complain that their works are pirated, and that there is no redress. They cite examples in which routines, ballets or other original productions of their imaginations have been performed by other artists without credit being given, or acknowledgment made. Naturally they ask: what is to be done about it?

That is a logical question to ask, but the question put here is: what *can* be done about it? To this there is only one answer. Dance compositions must be copyrighted under the laws of the United States, or under the laws of whatever group of nations may be necessary. Now, there is no specific clause under which dances can be copyrighted. Literary, musical, dramatic works may be copyrighted very simply for a term of years on the payment of a small fee, and registration with the proper authorities in Washington. But a toe dance or a ballet cannot possibly be placed under the care of the copyright law unless it is somehow turned into a literary or musical work.

This is done frequently, but not frequently enough. It is necessary for the writer to transcribe, by a minute and detailed system of choreography, every step and movement of his creation. When this is put on paper and titled, it thus becomes a legitimate subject for copyright, and may be protected legally under the laws which govern such cases.

Recently there occurred an incident which throws

a revealing light on this point. Michel Fokine, accredited creator of numerous ballet productions, found another man executing a ballet and claiming it as an original. Mr. Fokine demanded acknowledgment of the fact that he had originally created this ballet. True, there were slight variations, but in essence Mr. Fokine's contention that it was his ballet was a good argument. It is impossible for THE DANCE Magazine to discuss the merits of this case because it is not a legal authority and because the personal nature of this dispute removes it definitely from the realm of subjects that can be argued in print.

But THE DANCE Magazine can, and does here, point out that protection for dance compositions, when written, can be obtained by copyright, and that redress can be attempted by means of suits for plagiarism. It is a matter which creators of dances will do well to consider in detail, for their artistic integrity is at stake.

Casting a speculative eye upon possible future methods of recording dances for copyright, and their acknowledgment by governments, the motion picture looms as the key solution.

Already certain steps have been taken by some dancers along this line of action.

It is a possibility which merits careful consideration as the ideal condition under which dance creators will be able, to the maximum degree, to protect their standing and work.



Fred R. Dapprich

A new photograph of Miles and Jai Marchon, founders of the Dance Guild, a cooperative and creative organization of dancers in California

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E. Jensen

The ballet, *Petroushka*, produced by Michel Fokine in the Royal Theatre in Copenhagen. Pictured above is the death of *Petroushka*

The AMERICAN BALLET TODAY

By MICHEL FOKINE

*How Soon May We Expect a Permanent Dance Organization of Our Own?
A World-Famous Master Answers This Question for You*

WHEN I speak of the desire to create an American Ballet I have not in mind a theatre of the dance of any kind. No, I have in view the transportation of a stupendous European art called the Ballet which was born and developed in Italy, blossomed in France and reached its great peak in Russia.

Ballet is an art which has a centuries-

long history, inherited traditions, its own science. It evolved continuously. In the ballets were the struggles of the different schools and points of views. As times changed, old methods were replaced by newer ones, but it was upon the sound base of everlasting progressive knowledge.

I am speaking of the transplantation of this art into America for its further enrichment of healthy vitalizing forces.

All the amateurish endeavors to create in America an ensemble of dancers, without the assimilating connection from the European art, I decidedly refuse to call them Ballet.

I would like to explain here that not all ensemble dancing can be called "ballet."

If this were not so it would be necessary to classify as ballet the ensemble of the musical comedy and others of similar nature.

No. The ballet is a department of the

dramatic art in which the actions, passions and feelings are expressed by means of pantomime and dancing.

Ballet is an international art. It includes in itself all variety of dances, but in foundation always underlies in its perfect way a developed system of body-movements.

The greatest ballet theatres of present times are the ballets in Petrograd and Moscow, the Grand Opera of Paris, in the Danish Royal Theatre in Copenhagen and in the La Scala in Milan.

Each of these theatres has its own school, its own traditions, its own repertoire, from the creations of great masters, has its own artistic individuality and glorious history.

America has no such ballet. I admit that America has, for the past quarter of a century, given towards the dance more than any other nationality except Russia.

The American ballroom dance dominates the whole world. The dances of the American musical comedy, the eccentric dance from vaudeville. American jazz celebrates its victory everywhere. All this speaks for the resources of creative energy. But not only in the light style of dancing; in the field of the artistic dance America has shown great manifestations.

Three American women, by their individual accomplishments outside the ballet gave the art of the dance new ideas and new possibilities.

I am referring to Isadora Duncan, Loie Fuller and Ruth St. Denis. Miss Duncan reminded us of the beauty of natural movements, of the beauty of the nude body. Miss Fuller enriched the dance with the play of lights and shadows, with the compositions of body motions with flying silks. Ruth St. Denis created a cult of study of the Eastern plastic and Oriental dances.

But all of the above mentioned is outside of the ballet. The ballet has not been created here, because America lacked the required knowledge. But for a long while there were reasons to believe that if such a ballet did exist it would meet with success.

The love and adaptability for the dance in Americans, their exceptional sense of rhythm, the vitality and energy of a healthy nation, the talent of the individual dancers. All this leads to the conclusion that if the ballet, in order to continue its development, needs a new soil, such a place for its transplantation is the soil of America.

But it may be that in order to create an American Ballet it is not necessary to transplant a foreign art. Perhaps it can be created right here with local forces and local talent.

No! Absolutely no!

Had the Russian Ballet not taken all the advantages of the achievements, all knowledge, all the experience of the French Ballet, if the French and Italian balletmasters, teachers and dancers had not transferred this glorious art of Eastern Europe into Petrograd and Moscow, there would not have been



Vera Fokina, with Fokine's American Ballet, in his production of *The Mountain Queen*, with music by Rimsky-Korsakoff

the Russian Ballet. It could not grow alone.

Likewise, if the French, instead of partaking of the Italian art and in their turn developing it, would have chosen to create all by themselves, there would not have been the French Ballet. The art migrates often from one country to another, enriching itself at the same time.

In order to go further it is necessary to have a knowledge of the past.

Music has its own theories, its own science of tones and harmony, contrapoints. So has the ballet its own science, own laws of

movements, grammar, axioms and theories.

How absurd it would be to create an American Opera ignoring European music. Just as absurd it is to endeavor to create an American Ballet for people who never had anything to do with that art, who never received the necessary education, who lack the practical experience and who are unacquainted with the creations of great masters.

Only in America is it thought that anyone can compass the dance, instruct in it, create a "Dance Theatre" for even those who never studied that art themselves.

Here, I often hear: "I never studied dancing, but I opened a school in such and such a city, have a number of pupils and everyone is satisfied." Or: "I never studied, but at my recital in Carnegie Hall were many people, much success and everybody was pleased."

This is lightheartedness, disrespect and misunderstanding of the art, a disregard of moral responsibility, and even more so in the case of an instructor.

I blame them. More so if, at the same time, they pose as representatives of the Russian Imperial Ballet, as a balletmaster or adopt Russian names, etcetera.

He who undertakes to create a Dance Theatre must know the dance. He who undertakes to create a ballet must know the ballet and have the required education.

For an understanding onlooker a repulsive sight is a novice who makes experiments on either stage or platform, experiments with his limbs and arms. How much worse is the presentation of a mass of people who are under the direction of an unqualified leader!

But how magnificent a ballet could be! What a relief for the soul!

I recall the ballet in Petrograd: A disciplined, artistically raised troupe . . . with



Michel Fokine and Vera Fokina in *La Spectre de la Rose*, during their early days with the Imperial Russian Ballet

the background of sceneries by such great painters as Golovin, Karovin, to the accompaniment of music by Tchaikovsky, Glazounoff. . . unwound a picture of exclusive fantasy of balletmaster Marius Petipa. What a noble world of beauty!

I recollect Paris, the performances of the Russian Ballet in its first season. What an enthusiastic audience! What an ecstasy on the stage.

It was almost a religious fanaticism!

Everybody was in a state of delightful participation and, indeed, the beauty was created collectively.

I recall the ballet in Copenhagen. The Danish Ballet of Bournonville. Bournonville is the father of the Danish Ballet. He, being of French-Danish descent, brought the French ballet into Scandinavia. The ballet of Bournonville is a crystal-clear, almost a naive, art which was admired by the Danes for more than a half a century. On this art generations were built!

Could I compare with this world of plastic spectacle anything I have ever seen in America?

I will admit frankly—not a thing.

I saw: a line of girls kicking in the air with their feet, with arms folded behind their backs so that the hands would not hang helplessly and in order that they would be more "even." This is not ballet!

Or—the experiments of amateurs? Then it is still worse.

To create a ballet in America many things are needed.

(1) There must a balletmaster with knowledge of the ballet art, one of long experience, a foremost representative from one of the best ballet schools.

(2) There must be the creative talent of its balletmaster. This is of course imperative.

(3) There must be his enthusiasm, with

which to inflame and inspire all its participants.

(4) There must be a cast of dancers from a good ballet school.

(5) There must be an executive who would relieve the artists from business problems.

(6) There must be financial backers at least for the start of the business.

On page 22 of the October issue a serious error appeared in the form of a supposed photograph of Madame Vera Fokina. The picture was not of Madame Vera Fokina, partner of Michel Fokine, but of Maria Dietzel, later known as Maria Fokine. While she was at one time a pupil of the Michel Fokine Ballet School she was never at any time his protegee. There is no connection between Madame Vera Fokina and Maria Fokine, hence the gravity of the mistake. This notice is to correct any erroneous impression reflecting unfavorably on Madame Vera Fokina and Michel Fokine that may have sprung up as a result of the publication of the wrong photograph.

Believing in the first place in the necessity to illustrate that an artistic ballet with an American cast is possible I organized a troupe out of my American pupils and presented a performance in Metropolitan Opera House, New York, in 1924. I called the troupe my American Ballet. In 1927 I gave in the Lewisohn Stadium three recitals and the same number in the Century Theatre with this American Ballet. I think that I can state that during these days and also when I repeated the recitals in other cities, the American Ballet did exist, but of course this was not the creation of a permanent ballet, which is lacking, and about which I speak here.

I said that there must be financial assistance at least for the start of the business. It is

usually supposed otherwise. It is thought that the ballet can bring only a steady deficit. I am positive that at the present time a good ballet theatre would be a good business enterprise. The ballet is no longer an art for a handful of ballet-lovers. It could attract the general public.

How should the American Ballet be? Should it be the reflection of American life, the incarnation of the "spirit of the modern life?"

We should not try to make it so. The poorest way to be modern is to copy all that surrounds us. What could be easier than to paint skyscrapers on the scenery, and to carry the street to the stage, filling it with images of machinery. It is much in vogue now to imitate the movements of machinery. There is no recital, no performance without this "last word" in the dance art. The dancer usually in a costume with a touch of cubism and with a hint on aviation; in all modern, to-day's style violently propels her arms.

This is supposed to represent modern life?

It is "new" and "original," notwithstanding the fact that it has been done by everybody everywhere for the past three years. The mechanical movement was used long before in the ballet. It was one of the many ways of expression. It was used in the poetic old ballet of *Coppelia*. I used it in a new ballet of *Petrushka*.

But the limitation of a dancer with doll-like movements was done for the sake of an artistic problem. They do not understand that a human body is also a mechanism highly developed.

To conceive a system of body-movements in which the majority of joints are motionless means the distortion of a person. I am not very much tempted by the reflections of modern life on art. I would prefer to see the art reflecting on (Continued on page 55)



E. Jensen Danse Palovtsiennes, from Prince Igor, as staged by Michel Fokine with Danish dancers in the Royal Theatre, Copenhagen

ONE'S preconceived notion of a girl, frequently called "the highest paid adagio dancer in the world," is not an entirely pleasant one. It is to be expected that she will be definitely haughty, with a strong propensity for looking down the bridge of her nose when directly or rapidly addressed. It is to be expected also that she will talk gaspingly of her "art," and that she will yearn audibly to do "better things" or "to get away from it all."

This is not an attractive prospect.

But Gracella is attractive. Naturally I was surprised. For she is the precise opposite of what I had expected. I had expected, it is true, a pretty girl, but not a pretty girl so charming as this one. I was not prepared for the simplicity of her conduct, nor for the geniality of her ways. In private she may have a terrific temper, but she hasn't got a sulky mouth. She may also be easily moved to tears, as in the stress of an important rehearsal, but her dark eyes, with large pupils giving forth a friendly twinkle, belie that possibility. Otherwise, she is smallish, with a strong well-rounded and proportioned figure. Her skin is smooth and white, and her hair is brunette, which photographs black under artificial light, as per the pictures printed herewith. And she was born and bred in California, and talks with the accent of those who first saw the light of day in the shade of an orange tree, or some such pleasing metaphor.

Now for Theodor. That's his given first name, as Gracella is hers. He is of Iowa stock, but migrated at an early stage to California. He is good-looking, if I'm any judge, which I'm not, not being qualified, either by instinct or by training, to write convincingly about men.

"We first met and worked together," Gracella began, "when we both found ourselves without partners. Each of us had been working, and when Miss Fanchon, of Fanchon and Marco, learned of the situation, she got us together. When he had agreed to try out as a team, she asked, in return for the favor she had done us, to work three weeks for her in an act with Fay Adler and Ted Bradford. We did."

Theodor took up the thread. "That first week we fought like cats and dogs—"

Gracella burst out laughing. "If we hadn't signed a contract, we never would be together now."



Gracella and Theodor, two-a-day leaders on the Keith and Loew circuits, in a pose from an Orientally-flavored routine in their act Nasib

VAUDEVILLE PREFERRED

Gracella and Theodor Choose the Two-a-Day Rather Than Revues and Musical Comedies—Do Other Headliners Agree?

By PAUL R. MILTON

Theodor went on. "It was only this. We had each been doing the same type of work, only her timing was different than mine. So it took a lot of rehearsing and arguing to get ourselves straightened out. Finally we did, and—"

"The last two weeks of that first three were as smooth as clockwork," Gracella finished.

"That must have been a strange situation," I suggested. "Working together as a try-out."

Gracella smiled. "As I said, we never would be together now if it hadn't been that we had signed a contract. But after that

we got along beautifully. We do now too." They both smiled.

I asked then how Gracella had started. She plunged into the story and told it without details.

"My first professional appearances were at the age of ten, and I had a partner aged eleven." A burst of reminiscent laughter made her stop for a moment. "We danced in all the first-class hotels around Los Angeles, doing little gavottes, and so on." She struggled to contain her own laughter. "I hadn't any technique at all, and I don't know how we got by, but we must have,

(Continued on page 56)

EAST and West they are discussing the "talkies" and their possible effect on all branches of the cinema and allied arts. This latest development in the motion picture industry seems to have a series of the most complicated and far-reaching consequences. While the vocal pictures may not exactly revolutionize the movies they will certainly cause great changes in them. A "talkie" is, in simplest terms, a motion picture with music, effects or dialog made and projected in perfect synchronization with the film.

Those whose work it is to keep the public informed of the cinema news are debating such questions: as whether or not Hollywood will be moved to New York; whether or not the stars of the day will be shelved because of their lack of vocal training; whether a new type of star will be sought (with stage experience); whether the stars will speak for themselves or if they will have a voice double (this last seems improbable); whether a new type of director will be necessary, etcetera, etcetera.

On one thing, however, those in the know are agreed. That is—the new sound-recording devices will provide another field of expression for the dance. Trained dancers

WHAT CAN SOUND PICTURES

The Musically Synchronized Motion Picture Bids Unanimously Believe It Will Greatly Assist

By CATHERINE

Clara Bow, Paramount's flapper heroine, who will probably be used by that company in parts calling for dancing, which Clara does

(Below) Lina Basquette, formerly on the legitimate stage, as she appeared in a Warner Brothers short subject, *Visions of Spain*, with synchronized music



Warner Brothers



Eugene Robert Richee

will be in demand by the studios. They will be needed just as much as they are needed in the musical comedy or revue. For the talkies will record the music to which dances are done and the public will see the dance at the same time as they hear the music. Therefore the correct dance must be performed. A group of pretty girls kicking and gliding will not be sufficient. The girls must be dancers. They must be what they are pictured—a ballet corps, a stage chorus, a night club revue. If they

aren't, the public will be critical. Just as the public will be critical of the recorded voices, music and other sound effects.

Albert Warner, vice-president and treasurer of Warner Brothers, has this to say of the Vitaphone and its relation to the art of terpsichore:

"The sound movie is photographed more in detail than the silent films and the music to which dancing is done will be recorded. There will be perfect synchronization between the movements of the dancer as seen

by the audience and the rhythm of the music as heard. The detailed photography will give the audience an opportunity to see all the motions of the dance. It will be Warner Brothers' policy to feature dancing scenes more frequently than has been done in the past. If the scenario calls for the star, or even for those in a lesser rôle, to dance, the sequence will be done by Vitaphone. In a café scene for instance, the audience will get more into the spirit of the picture if they can see the dancers and hear the actual music to which they are dancing. It will be almost as if they were in the café themselves. We have engaged a dancer from *Rio Rita*, Agnes Franey, and it is our intention to give her parts in which she will have the opportunity to display her art."

Warner Brothers will produce no more silent movies. Recently they released *The Lion and the Mouse* with Lionel Barrymore, Alec Francis, Wm. Collier, Jr. and May MacAvoy. The talking sequences certainly added to the artistic stature of the male leads. Miss MacAvoy was not so impressive, however.

Warners have already had considerable success with their Vitaphone dance features, called "shorts." Harry Delf did a burlesque

Do for DANCING?

Fair to Reorganize the Industry—Film Leaders in Further Popularizing the Rhythmic Art

NEVINS



Warner Brothers

The Warner Brothers' beautiful star, Dolores Costello, has already appeared in several Vitaphone films as a dancer

(Below) A scene from the New York production of Broadway, with Lee Tracy at the left, which will be made in Movietone by Universal

Egyptian dance for Vitaphone, Lina Basquette was featured in a dancing short called *Visions of Spain*, Morrissey and Miller presented a night club revue which gave the out-of-towner an idea of the type of entertainment offered in the city clubs; Cougat and Company included a Spanish troupe in their feature and also some Gypsy dancers. Cougat was for years Caruso's accompanist on the violin. These are only a few of the dance features already released by Vitaphone. Mr. Warner says there will be many more.

The same holds true for full-length pictures. There will be featured dancing scenes in several forthcoming Warner releases. Dolores Costello and her sister, Helene, are both dancers and this is to be taken into consideration when selecting vehicles for them. The soon-to-be-released *Noah's Ark* starring Dolores and George O'Brien features dance sequences.

Warner Brothers have engaged Larry Ceballos, who has staged various musical shows in New York, to do the dancing numbers of their future pictures. The fact that they consider this phase of production via Vitaphone of sufficient importance to



White

engage a well-known dance director speaks for itself.

Fox-Case, as the Fox Film Company Movietone shorts are known, have made a Movietone of Ruby Keeler, doing one of her famous tap dances. This was part of the program at the Gaiety Theatre, Broadway, in connection with the showing of Fox Films Movietone *Fazil*, starring Greta Nissen and George Farrell. The audience applauded heartily; indeed, according to the metropolitan movie critics this feature was the hit of the program. So far as the writer

was concerned, Miss Keeler might just as well have been on the stage in person, so clear was the photography and so perfect the synchronization of sight and sound.

According to Glenn Allvine, publicity director for Fox, twelve out of a total of fifty-two pictures to be released by Fox for this season will be Movietone. Madge Bellamy is now being shown in a film called *Mother Knows Best* from the book by Edna Ferber. She appears as a dancer-singer and gives various impersonations. (Those in the know say the story is based on the career of Elsie Janis). Miss Bellamy did both the singing and dancing numbers for Movietone. Fox's *Red Dance* also has the dancing sequences in Movietone. The Fox picture *Fazil* is greatly enhanced by the use of the Movietone in the scenes showing Nautch dancers. The recording of the music to which they are moving adds not only to the artistic effect of the dance scene itself, but allows the spectator to enter into the emotions of the star, Miss Nissen, who in the story has been listening to this monotonous music for weeks.

Mr. Gulick, of Universal Film Corporation, points out that had Movietone been used in Lon Chaney's *Phantom of the Opera* the ballet scene would have been much more artistic and satisfactory

to the audience. Without sound, it was flat. As it was, it was only too apparent that the ballet was not dancing in time to the music played by the orchestra in the pit of the theatre. *Broadway* is to be done by Universal, under the direction of Carl Laemmle, Jr., and it is that company's intention to present the dancing sequences in Movietone.

At the Paramount offices the general impression is that the Movietone should do a great deal to increase the importance of dancing in the films.

(Continued on page 50)



Carlo Leonetti

Nitza Vernille

—Who has been appearing on the Keith circuit in her own act for the past year or more. She recently went to London to fulfill a contract there

Seymour Felix, One of Broadway's Leading Dance Directors, This Month Begins Writing for THE DANCE MAGAZINE on Problems Connected with Chorus Stepping and the Difficulties in Setting Routines

SPEEDING UP the SHOW

By SEYMOUR FELIX



Apeda

Seymour Felix

HERE are fashions in dancing the same as there are fashions in clothes, in hair-cuts or in cars. It is fashions in dancing that particularly concern us. You've got to keep up with them even if you expect the least amount of success. Otherwise you might as well get out of the business; there are plenty who are only too willing. There are more chorus girls—and boys—now on the pavements of Broadway than ever before in the history of stage dancing. But don't worry, the demand for the right kind is even greater.

Unless you yourself have something extremely unusual to offer, you've got to do what the dance director of the show wants you to do. After all, he's the man who is paid for his ideas—paid literally thousands of dollars. The producers are not too willing to try anything altogether new, for how can they know if it will go or not? When men get together and put a hundred thousand dollars into a show, they are not going to take too many risks with it. As it is, there is no riskier racket than show business, anyway.

It is true that the choruses are the back-

bones of the musical shows today, but good looks and pretty costumes don't put a chorus over. That was proven several years ago. Nowadays they've got to know how to dance, and the routines have got to be arranged to put them over to their best advantage, and, especially, to the best advantage of the show as a whole.

The producers hire a dance director whose ideas have already been proven to be the kind that will sell the chorus to the audience. The successful dance director has to know showmanship just as surely as any salesman in the business world must have a knowledge of salesmanship. He must have experience.

Before the dance director is hired the sets are provided, the music and lyrics and costumes are provided, the book—the plot (if any) is provided. There was a day when all the dance director had to do was to concoct a few dance steps and put them together to fit a certain number of bars of music. But that day is gone. Today his business is much more complicated.

Today the dance routine must have a reason besides putting the chorus over. The girls can't just hop out there and hoof. The dance must have what I call "motiva-

tion," the cause of their movement. It must be based on something that has to do with the play. It cannot stand alone. If troupe dancing were the most important thing in a show, all a producer would have to do would be to hire the Albertina Rasch girls, the Russell Markert girls, the Chester Hale girls and the Foster girls and he would have a hit. But it's not as easy as that. There are other elements just as important as the dance. The dance must have some connection with the lyrics or with the plot. The girls can't be dragged out by their heels.

How many times have you seen a show where the hero and heroine are doing their love ditty—"We two alone, forever and ever—" when all of a sudden, without any excuse at all, from out of the wings come tripping forty or sixty pretty girls? This is supposed to liven up the scene. But the idea fails. You can't do that sort of thing and put the girls or the principals over. You can't make the dance more important than the song, because it isn't. The dance must have some connection with the song. It is an important part of the play and cannot be divided from it. It must be worked in with it. There must be a logical dramatic setting for every number. It must be in perfect harmony with the action and scene with which it appears.

Some authors seem to think that when the action of their play gets slow, all they have to do to pep it up is to drag in the chorus. This is certainly a simple but wrong idea. Most often it only serves to break up the plot and the play loses its drama just when it needs it most. Another idea authors resort to to bring in the chorus is to have them come in as "house guests" at a party, or the boarding school girls from the neighboring Miss Jones' exclusive finishing school for young ladies, or a road show stranded in the town. This was all right once, but today it's too obvious and has been done to death. Now we've got to bring the chorus in with much more subtlety.

There must be an idea behind the dance, for it can't rest on its physical merits alone. Forty, or even eighty girls doing splits or backbends simultaneously has lost its thrill. We've seen thousands of perfect kicks. We know they can be done like machine-

(Continued on page 61)



White

Helen Ford and members of the chorus in *Peggy-Ann*, a past hit the feature of which was Seymour Felix's routines

BLACK NARCISSUS BLUES

A Tap Number Arranged
and Danced by
Vannessi



ILLUSTRATION I

Music Suggested:
Alabama Stomp (Robbins-Engel, Inc.)
Routine Described by Ray Moses

	Counts
Bars 1-4	
FACING front, step to left with left foot.....	AND
Draw right foot up to left foot, knees bent.....	1-2
Body facing left-stage, eyes front, step to left with left foot.....	AND
Draw right foot up to left foot, knees bent, as in illustration I.....	3-4
Facing front, step to right with right foot.....	AND
Draw left foot up to right foot, knees bent as in Illustration II.....	5-6
Step forward with right foot....	AND
Draw left foot up to right foot, knees bent.....	7-8
	2 Bars
Repeat all of this.....	2 Bars

	Counts
Bars 5-8	
Facing right-stage, knees bent low:	
Stamp left foot.....	AND
Stamp right foot.....	1
Stamp left foot.....	2
Stamp right foot.....	3
Pause as in Illustration III.....	4
	1 Bar
Repeat all of this (counts 1-4).....	1 Bar
Repeat all of this moving backward toward left-stage (counts 1-8)....	2 Bars

	Counts
Bars 11-12	
Facing front and traveling to right-stage:	
Triple-tap to side with left foot, finishing with left foot crossed in back of right.....	1
Step to the right with right foot.....	2
Cross left foot over in front of right.....	3
Change weight back to right foot as in Illustration V.....	AND
Stamp with left foot crossed in front of right.....	4
Bringing right foot into position beside left foot, stamp right foot....	5
Stamp left foot.....	6
Stamp right foot.....	7
Pause.....	8
	2 Bars



ILLUSTRATION II

	Counts
Bars 9-10	
Facing front:	
Triple-tap with right foot out to side, finishing with right foot crossed in back of left.....	1
Drag left foot to the left.....	2
Bring right foot over in front of left as in Illustration IV....	3
In same position stamp with right foot moving slightly to the left.....	4
Stamp left foot, body upright.....	5
Stamp right foot.....	6
Stamp left foot.....	7
Pause.....	8
	2 Bars



ILLUSTRATION III

Photographs by Hal Phylfe
Posed by Vannessi



ILLUSTRATION IV



ILLUSTRATION V



ILLUSTRATION VI

Counts
Bars 13-14

Repeat action in bars 9 and 10 2 Bars

Bars 15-16

Break:

Stamp left foot AND

Stamp right foot 1

Stamp left foot 2

Brush right foot forward toward left-front 3

Hop on left foot 4

Double-tap back with right foot 5

Counts

Hop back on left foot AND

Stamp right foot 6

Brush forward-right with left foot 7

Pause 8

2 Bars

Bars 17-25

Step to left with left foot 1

Twisting on ball of left foot, bring right foot up in front of left as in Illustration VI. 2

Step to right with right foot (toe in, weight on left foot) 3

Drop right heel, pointing toe up and and out 4

1 Bar

Repeat this step on alternate sides 6 Bars

Step on left foot AND

Cross right foot over left as in Illustration VII 1

Pause 2

Cross left foot over right 3

Pivot on balls of feet to face right-stage 4

1 Bar

Counts

Bars 26-32

Facing right stage:

Point left foot forward as in Illustration VIII 1

Change weight and move left foot slightly back, but still in front of right foot, dropping head forward 2

Repeat these two counts with right foot 3-4

1 Bar

Repeat this entire step, twice for each bar, until off stage 7 Bars



ILLUSTRATION VII



ILLUSTRATION VIII



P. and A.

ISADORA DUNCAN
as a young girl

ISADORA'S Dance of Life has ended. As suddenly as the curtain rose upon her career twenty-five years ago focussing the eyes of the whole world on her astounding personality—as abruptly the curtain fell one day with a tragic thud. Bewildered, the world gasped. Was it possible—can it be true—can the flame which burnt with so much fierceness be extinct? A few days of awe and darkness passed and lo—her spirit is aflame again—not in her personality as in the past, but in the mind of the people. Tributes came from the four corners of the earth to her bier, testifying that she is still a living force—something incomprehensible, necessary to all of us—an immortal idea—an ideal in itself.

In her the world has lost a great and unique artist—a woman of the heroic type, possessed by an elemental passion—in eternal quest of beauty and truth—herself, a great work of art, moulded into plastic fluidity by the powerful hands of her demon.

In one of the keenest tributes paid to her a writer stated very subtly that "Isadora was possessed by ghosts, she did not live, but was lived and murdered by ghosts." This is true. Her restless psychic sensibility, her vivid imagination was in constant contact with the genius of living and dead artists and her extraordinary power of vision drove her from one pole to the other extreme—from instinct to supreme consciousness, swinging like a pendulum from the world of passion to the height of purest light. Seeking a relative adjustment between the excesses of her Dionysian hilarity, sardonic wit and her divine human understanding she was doomed by the judgment of men and Gods. Death did not mean

As I Saw ISADORA DUNCAN

By MARIA THERESA

What the Tragedy of Existence Meant to the Disciple of the Subconscious

anything to her since the loss of her children. She had dared it many times. She saw too much—and so the thread broke.

Isadora had the courage and the faith to plunge into the deepest abysses of human emotions and into the fatality of her passions, learning from every experience and paying the price for her daring.

She was true to herself in the quest of life—life in all its forms—and because she saw it "human, all too human"—she could measure her own passionate blindness and transform it into vision and art.

Her whole existence was, in fact, the dramatization of her life achieved only through an utter disregard for social conventions or the moral rules of ordinary mortals. She made her art like a rich and beautiful tissue in which the images of her own life were interwoven with the life of other genius and artists. Gifted with infinite grace and loveliness, her powerful presence could wipe out any antagonistic resistance, sweeping along to a final goal, even should it lead her to disaster. For her all was drama—a continuous drama, obeying the fatalistic demon in herself, laughing at life and needlessly provoking the

gods until at the end she was caught in her own spectacular conception and died as dramatically as she had lived.

She was another Klytaimnestra, capable of basest action and yet as profoundly human as Electra, crystalizing in one character both sides of the Universal Feminine—the creative and destructive.

Isadora could be a happy generous soul. She rejoiced in the wonders of nature and believed in the miracle of love. The celestial beauty of the firmament covered with rotating stars and the grandiose rhythm of the sea inspired her vision with magnificent slow dance forms. The spontaneity of animals, and flowers—the elasticity of the goat—the majesty of the tiger—the slow ritual walk of the cow—could incite her to invent new dance forms. Her all embracing gestures expressing the magnificence of her being were initiated in fact in the enchantment of the earth.

I remember Isadora face to face with the unspeakable beauty of nature—silent in contemplation of superhuman ideas. One day she was standing beyond the blue mountains of the Hymettos, on the hill of Kopanos overlooking the Acropolis, the Aegean sea, the city of Athens, the olive groves leading to Eleusis and directly in front of her a lovely little valley, bathed in

The Isadora Duncan Memorial

*What Some Leading People Think of THE DANCE MAGAZINE'S
Suggestion of a Monument to the Great American Dancer*

MY DEAR EDITOR:

I have received an editorial from you in reference to a monument dedicated to Isadora Duncan and where you have in all kindness suggested George Grey Barnard to create the statue.

This is like asking for a portrait statue of Phidias when the truth of his will and his might stand imperishable throughout the marble of the Parthenon, or asking for a statue of Michel Angelo while we have still with us the Sistine Chapel. It is true that these artists have wrought their dreams in imperishable form that future ages may see, whereas the visions of Isadora will fade out with her generation's passing. But how can a statue of her reveal the divinity of her art?

If a fund is raised, I believe it should be dedicated to teach students of all the arts the science

of the subconscious. This has nothing whatsoever to do with the metaphysical subconscious, but it is the deep well of truth where all emotions are born and from whence they spread unconsciously into and through the human member. It is the deadly self-conscious insistence in the ballet that is so destructive. The physical abandon with its emotional intoxication of the African dancers is a deep truth compared to the artificial ballet conceived during the great French decadence.

Isadora Duncan never discussed the subconscious. But the unconscious metamorphosis of her body in movement made visible the great eternal truths deep down in the heart of man. She could not create this art, neither can you nor I, but she could and did let it flow out into the hearts of her fellow-beings with what beauty only we who witness know. The deep-seated well of truth

the exuberant glow of the sunrise, appearing like a gorgeous golden bowl, to drink forgetfulness from all that lay behind and before her. The limpid azure of the sky above became larger and wider, a gentle breeze like the dancing breath of an unseen God swayed around her, and the intoxicating smell of wild honey filled the air with its insinuating flavor. She seemed to feel the presence of Pan in the exhilarating beauty of nature; suddenly opening her arms wide to all this beauty with vibrating exaltation, tossing her head upward, a mysterious light began to shine in her eyes, all the paganistic element of her being surged upwards to life and bacchanalian joy. Supreme enchantment of incarnate love—Eurydice calling the embrace of Orpheus. Symbol of fecundity, she was another Persephone—the rhythmical metamorphosis of life. The mysteries of Eleusis—here they were again, dead since thousands of years—evoked spontaneously under the summer sky and warm command of the Attic Sun.

Others had seen the gods before her in their music. Wagner saw Venus, the universal woman, the Goddess of Love, capturing in his mind the seductive rhythm of the Venusberg. Beethoven in his *Seventh Symphony*, which Wagner called the apotheosis of the dance, saw the sweeping rhythm of Dionysos, but the delirium of love and joy had been the secret of their phantasy, concealed in the mystical images of sounds. This was the world in which Isadora was at home—a world of ghosts—herself a ghost—a paradox in the complexity of modern compromises.

Through the impetus of her personality she often brought her most perfect ideas to frustration. In a world of mechanical make-beliefs she seemed like a child lost in the woods, and because of her utter impracticability of ordinary views of daily life, it was impossible for anybody to live permanently with her.

But could it be otherwise. Her nature

was so different from that of others that it had to obey rules of its own. Living the life of great men, absorbing their personality like a great mother to become the reincarnation of their ideas, she understood the ever-recurring truth of rhythm in philosophy, in religion, in love, in art and in nature—altogether that all life is a great dance. Her extraordinary quality for philosophical meditation and the metaphysical beauty of her dance has often been misunderstood by the imaginatively dull. The narrow-minded objected to her audacity of dancing to the music-dramas of great composers.

The true fundamental law of interrelation of art and life has been clearly expounded by that great visionary of our time, Richard

George F. Paul



Carlo Lonetti

Maria Theresa, one of the six adopted daughters of Isadora Duncan, and author of this article

(At left)

The great and tragic Isadora as she appeared in characteristic costume shortly before her death

Wagner. In his remarkable musical philosophy he writes: "The Numbers of Phythagoras are only truly understood through music: the architect constructed with the laws of Eurhythmy, through the law of harmony, the sculptor conceived the human form: the ruler of Melodic transformed the poet into a singer, and out of the chorus the drama was born. Everywhere we see the inner law—to be understood only through the spirit of music—dictating the external law, which creates order in the world of facts. Plato in his philosophy attempted to bring the Doric state into accordance with this concept, even in the rules of war and battle using here also the laws of music with the same security as in the dance."

Wagner was one of Isadora's teachers—Nietzsche was another and his *Birth of Tragedy* was her Bible: From him she learned the significance of the two polarities in human nature, which he characterized as the Apollonian and Dionysian spirit. Nietzsche was the first to see that philosophy was an art—a form of poetry of music and dance. Isadora followed his sonorous visions advancing with dithyrambic steps through the complexity of philosophical abstractions.

As it was, all her life she studied: Walt Whitman the poet of the people, the Bible, the apocalyptic drawings and poems of W. Blake, the Symbolism of Greek sculpture and Michel Angelo and the lives and composi-

(Continued on page 49)

is forever filled and waiting to quench those who have the great thirst, but alas, how few are they!

The endless procession, running, crawling, leaping and falling on the stage of our art life, is sad to witness. They think of the curtains of cloth, the salons of medals, the crowded auditoriums and the divine headlines in newspapers and all the external lathing and plastering of the house their soul should grow in, but little enough of the great mystery of the soul's structure that house should be founded upon. It is only when the mind through the will, carried on the wings of unquenchable love leads us into the well of truth, where the more we stand alone in that well with those truths, the nearer we stand to our fellow-beings in knowledge and in the gifts we are to make them and the revelations we are to awake in them.

Nature is ever perfect in her composition from every point of view and never repeats. She is full of immortal surprises. Every jewel in the well of truth holds colors never seen before and forms never conceived by the human mind. The deeper we go into the well, the greater the colors and more divine the forms, but we can go with no man and with no woman. Our soul's courage leads us, as Virgil led Dante, not in the realms of destruction but in the new horizons of creation.

Here I am chatting with you about things that cannot be placed in words, truths that can only be visualized

where words end and what alone the plastic arts of music, painting, sculpture and dancing reveal. Of course, you know that the great arteries connect with the heart of truth as shown by Isadora Duncan. The unnumbered ones live only by the blood of their veins. What can be done to lead them to the truth of expressing life while life is a beloved and loved thing and death is non-existing and, therefore, not to be loved.

Forgive me for this rambling talk to my secretary. Perhaps you may take something from it.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) GEORGE GREY BARNARD

MY DEAR EDITOR:

After reading your very interesting editorial regarding the Duncan Monument, I feel impelled to send a few humble suggestions.

Hoping that some good may come of it, I am

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) LOUIS H. CHALIF

[Mr. Chalif included in his letter many concrete suggestions as to how money could be raised, and as to how the actual monument should be erected. These, with others, will be published at a future date.]



STAGE DOOR



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

By WALTER WINCHELL

Prediction

AMONG other amusing things along the Broadway sector recently have been the feeble and anemic attempts of press agents to make editors believe that their clients are creating new dance routines to follow the Charleston and Black Bottom. To hear Mr. George White's exploiters argue it, Mr. White has been working on the *Pickin' Cotton* routine and that it is already acquiring the popularity of other famous dances.

Well, *Pickin' Cotton*, I venture to predict, will be as successful as Mr. White's other "craze"—the *Five-Step*, which died with the exit of *Manhattan Mary*, the musical comedy in which it was plugged, but without much success.

New dance crazes are not easily fashioned. They are not fashioned at all, on second thought. The Charleston and Black Bottom and the other famous routines were, first of all, fascinating, contagious and appealing. The professional dancer could master them, but Mr. and Mrs.

General Public "took" to them and that accounted for their popularity. The *Turkey Trot*, *Bunny Hug*, the shimmy and equally renowned dance routines were easier to do, anyhow, but *Pickin' Cotton* and the *Five-Step* were complicated arrangements that took Mr. White several weeks to teach his chorus, so one doesn't imagine Tillie the Toiler or Winnie Winkle or her sisters will brave the attempt.

History

SPEAKING of old dance crazes reminds one of Frisco, probably the most imitated man in the world, excluding Mr. Chaplin. At the height of his fame, Frisco, famous as a jazz hooper and wit, saved many a ham act that resorted to a second-rate imitation of him, and with that impersonation invariably stopped the show. A hooper merely put on a black derby and placed a cigar in his mouth

and announced whom he was aping, and the orchestra struck up *Darktown Strutters' Ball*. No matter how poorly executed the imitation, it was certain to bring the house down.

Frisco's real name is Louis Josephs. He is thirty-nine and he was born in Dubuque, Ia., of all places. He has tried everything. From peddling papers to boxing, and the reason he quit the ring, he will tell you, is because the resin got in his eyes. Today he is one of the stars of Earl Carroll's *Vanities* and is still doing the dance that made him famous. He has become quite a humorist, however, which accounts for the huge wages he receives from the Earl of Carroll, and his wise cracks are as important to the daily routine of Broadway living as the Street itself.

He was first noticed at the Friars Inn in Chicago, a rathskeller frequented by professionals. Ethel Barrymore, it is said, was one of the first admirers of his talent and she broadcast the fact. He migrated to New York twelve years ago and flopped with a thud at College Inn at Coney Island. He also failed at the high-class Montmartre on Fiftieth Street and Broadway, so he returned to Chicago where the patrons didn't titter at his stuff.

Once in Chicago, where the thrown coins did not pay all the bills, he turned to boxing and this quip is told about him. It appears that his manager coached him in pig-Latin, which is a language employed by show folk and others when they want to keep their chatter secret. The first syllable of a word is placed at the end of the word, to which is added the syllable "ay" or "A." For instance, the word "you" is pronounced in pig-Latin, "ooyay." "Frisco" is pronounced "Iscofray." I'll bet I'm as clear as Minerva.

The fight was in favor of Frisco's opponent and the manager yelled: "Hit him with ouryay eftlay, ouryay eftlay!" Meaning: "Hit him with your left, your left!" The opponent finally got weary of the pig-Latin and landed one on Frisco's jaw, which dropped him for the count. Then going over to the manager, the opponent chirped: "Hey you! Ickpay up your umbay!" A few years after he braved New York again and Ziegfeld placed him at the Midnight Frolic on the New Amsterdam Roof at four hundred dollars weekly. The next *Follies* found him a feature at a huge raise in salary and then big time vaudeville claimed him at fifteen hundred per. That's what he's supposed to be rating in *Vanities* today. He's doing pretty good and his imitation of Helen Morgan perched on a piano was the talk of the town after the premiere. They say, however, when the show opened at Atlantic City the imitation wasn't appreciated, some playgoers even hotting Frisco.

But he owns a swell car today and is saving his money and still keeps his listeners amused with his sallies. They all pilfer his material, but Frisco has a motto which goes: "Live and Let Lift!" I enjoy remembering his best gags. There was the time when he was breakfasting in Henrici's in Chicago and Gus Edwards came in. "Quick," counselled Frisco, "hide your children. Here comes Gus Edwards!" But he didn't say it that hurriedly. Frisco stutters and this speech defect makes his remarks all the more amusing.

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Impromptu

RECENTLY during his quiet imitation of Miss Morgan, someone let a heavy trunk fall backstage. Frisco did not get fussed or temperamental. He merely halted the song and remarked: "Those damn mice!"

The long and loud laugh that followed this comment repaid his interruption.

Then there is the time when he was asking Chicago café owners to hire him. "How much do you want?" asked a café man.

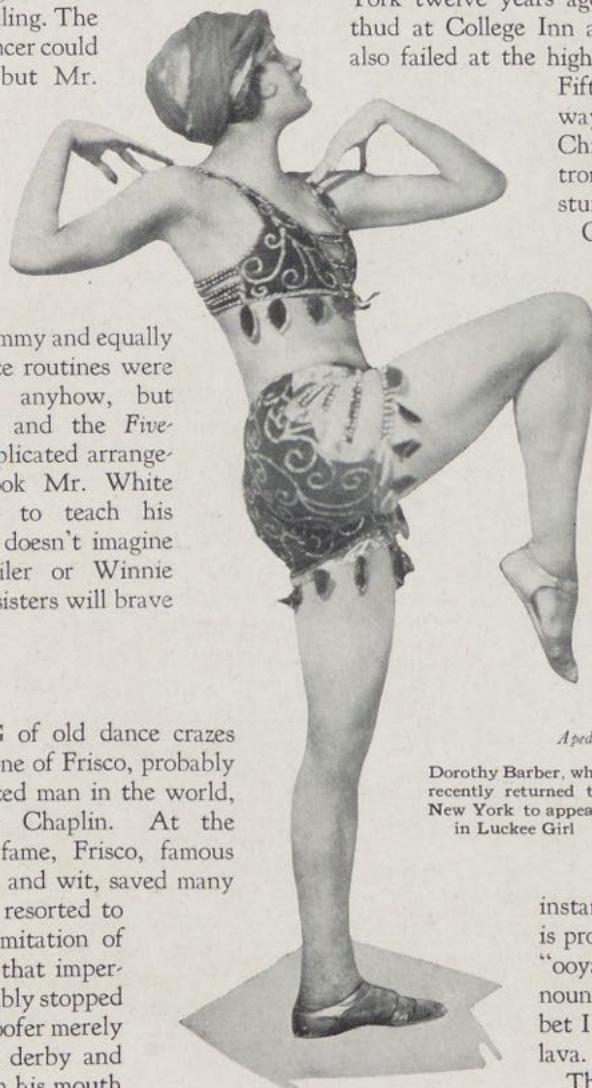
"Oh," said Frisco nonchalantly, "fifteen hundred dollars."

"Fifteen hundred dollars!" ejaculated the man. "Why, the President of the United States doesn't get that much!"

"I know," stuttered Joe, "but h-h-h-he c-c-c-can't Ch-ch-ch-charleston either!"

Heheh!

HIS newest quip, which they are still swapping around Times Square, happened at Atlantic City. Frisco called up an



Apeda
Dorothy Barber, who recently returned to New York to appear in *Luckee Girl*

The fight was in favor of Frisco's opponent and the manager yelled: "Hit him with ouryay eftlay, ouryay eftlay!" Meaning: "Hit him with your left, your left!" The opponent finally got weary of the pig-Latin and landed one on Frisco's jaw, which dropped him for the count. Then going over to the manager, the opponent chirped: "Hey you! Ickpay up your umbay!" A few years after he braved New York again and Ziegfeld placed him at the Midnight Frolic on the New Amsterdam Roof at four hundred dollars weekly. The next *Follies* found him a feature at a huge raise in salary and then big time vaudeville claimed him at fifteen hundred per. That's what he's supposed to be rating in *Vanities* today. He's doing pretty good and his imitation of Helen Morgan perched on a piano was the talk of the town after the premiere. They say, however, when the show opened at Atlantic City the imitation wasn't appreciated, some playgoers even hotting Frisco.



Alfred Cheney Johnston

Gladys Glad, one of the famed Ziegfeld beauties, in *Rosalie*, reputed to receive a higher salary for being comely than any other girl in the world

(At right) Joe Frisco, about whom a lot appears on this page

influential friend and said: "I'm here for a week. Try and see what you can get me at the Ritz."

The friend reminded Joe that it was the height of the season and that the rates were pretty high. "Oh," said Joe, "I'll call you back in an hour; let me know what you can get me!"

When he called the man said: "I can get you a suite for forty dollars a day."

"N-n-n-never mind," said Joe, "I'll g-g-g-get it over the r-r-r-radio!"

This Business of Ours

RITA HOWARD, whose acrobatic stepping is a delight, is appearing with Gene Buck's *Take the Air* company on tour Charlotte, the dancer, found a diamond bracelet in a Luxor cab last month and turned it over to the police. . . . Honest girl. . . . Buster West, while in Yurrop, signed a contract with an American agent for Lew Gensler's *Ups-a-Daisy* show. . . . Buster's father, without informing his son, signed a contract with a Berlin company. . . . Then when both revealed what each had done they tried to skip out of the country. . . . At Havre they were both nailed and returned to Germany to fulfill the contract. . . . I wonder when Ann Pennington and Buster are going to marry. . . . They have been romancing for a long spell now. . . . Blanche O'Brien, who used to step at the Silver Slipper, is a mother now. . . . It's a boy and the pappy is a non-pro. . . . Katherine Ray is cooing with Raccoco, the rich Argentine. . . . Katherine is taking voice culture, if you please. . . . So is Gladys Glad, the highest paid beauty in the world. . . . I was amused at Mr. Ziegfeld's statement lately. . . . He said that he was through selecting beauties

who won beauty contests. . . . That's very comical. . . . Most of his prize lookers were recruited from beauty contests. . . . Gladys Glad, for instance. . . . A cute trick who is startling audiences at cafés is Marilee, whose acrobatic dancing is amazing. . . . Mary H o r a n, who once danced with Basil Durant at the Lido, went to California to become a bride But she returned without anking up the altar. . . . "I have a right to change my mind," she explained. . . . Dorothy Barber is around looking better than ever. . . . Frances

ler, the millionaire, was real news. . . . They met at the Frivolity Club last winter. . . . When Gene went to work at Les Ambassadeurs in Paree, Chandler followed and now they are honeymooning at Biarritz. . . . Some girls are so lucky. . . . Incidentally, the newest toast heard at an apartment party is: "Here's to Hell! May the stay there be as nice as the way there!"

Marriages

ONE thing this reporter cannot fathom is the reason stage gals always vigorously deny they are getting married . . . and then turn around and get married! Not so many moons ago I reported that Dorothy Dilley was about to get spliced with a well-known young man whose father was in the banking business. Miss Dilley, her mother and everyone else connected with the young lady demanded retraction, which they didn't get, because very little time thereafter the story broke in all the other papers!

Miriam Hopkins, who was once upon a time a hooper, but is now a legit artist, pulled much the same stunt on me by denying her nuptials to my very face when she practically had her new husband right with her.

And now the latest pretty to pull such antics is Ruby Keeler, the tapper. After investigations of a highly scientific order, it appeared to your modest correspondent that Miss Keeler and Al Jolson, who sings Mammy songs, were cooing with intent to marry. Public denials and secret admissions flew thick and fast, and at this writing I am convinced that where there is so much talk of rings, there will shortly be bells—of the wedding variety.

But my plaint is this: since the sealing of a comely and not unknown lady of the theatre is news, why are such goings-on kept so secret?



Hal Phylfe

Williams of *Scandals* is wearing kiddies' socks rolled down to the ankle, which is a Hollywood fad. . . . Busby Berkeley arranged *Nina*, the show-stopping dance routine in *Good Boy*. . . . He was called in at the last moment. . . . Bobby Connolly is reported almost single again. . . . Lew Fields was pretty angry at his *Present Arms* troupe because it refused to go on tour with the show. . . . Fields told them all he thought they were ungrateful as he kept them working all summer, and I guess he had a perfect argument. . . . "Alabam" of the *Good News* chorus is to become a bride. . . . And did you know that Audrey Davis of the *Musketers* chorus was a University of Missouri graduate? She took a course in Journalism, too, and came to Park Row to join a newspaper. . . . But she met with no encouragement and Ziegfeld immediately signed her when he saw her face, which is most contagious. . . . The marriage of Gene West, formerly of the cafés here, to Byron Chand-



Buster West and his father and partner John West, who are in *Ups-a-Daisy*

Tornel



Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

An example of the Paoa, or Story Dance, at which the young men recite the histories of their various love affairs

TRIBAL DANCES of TAHITI

*Over a Thousand Years Ago the Polynesians Populated This Remote Island—
Today Exactly the Same Ritual Ceremonies Are Followed*

By
FRED WILCOX

SCIENTIFIC men who devote their lives to the study and distribution of mankind say that of all races in the world, the Polynesian people of the Pacific Islands are in many ways the most puzzling, and in no way is this reflected more than in their tribal dances.

It seems probable that these islanders never exceeded in number the population of one of the smaller American cities, yet only a few years ago they were scattered over a larger area of the earth's surface than any other race we know.

One hundred and fifty years ago these Polynesians were in the stone age. They practiced infanticide as a birth control measure to prevent over population of their islands. They worshipped images of wood and stone.

It is now generally agreed that the island of Tahiti was first peopled by the Polynesians about six hundred years after Christ. Long before our own ancestors had ventured out of sight of land in their crude

boats, this brown-skinned race had explored the Pacific in their swift sailing ships; navigating without charts or instruments in ways we can only guess at. New Zealand was settled by a few boat loads of these wanderers as early as 1100 A.D.

In Tahiti, the people built pyramids, mummified their dead, used scores of Egyptian words, and even have distinct traces in their dances of Egyptian origin. Tahitians revered the sun, the great giver of life, and like the Egyptians they called him "Ra."

Here in a distant land, these wanderers forgot slowly their ancient wisdom and even in their dances the Egyptian influence is only a faint, remembered thing. Like the Egyptians, the Polynesians have dances for war, for religion and for fertility.

Their war dances are the most mysterious and obscure. Since war in most parts of Polynesia has vanished within the last one hundred years, the dances have largely gone with them and are now

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Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

The harvest dance is always led by the tapu, the village virgin, assisted by the other girls of the community

NEW YORK'S OWN NIMBLE HEELS

*Ruby Keeler Tap-Danced Her Way from City Pavements
to Fame on Broadway—To Culminate by
Marrying Al Jolson*

By STUART PALMER

WHEN I went out looking for Miss Keeler, I was told that she was dancing at the Capitol Theatre. A word to the doorman, and soon the young lady appeared on the stairs. Together we climbed to her dressing room. I stopped on the first landing, but she beckoned me on. "One more flight," she encouraged me; "up where the common people are."

The dressing room was crowded with makeup boxes, costumes and people. We found a corner and for the first time I had a close-up view of the young dancer. She looks very young, even in the heavy stage makeup she uses. One almost doubts the nineteen years which she claims to possess. Ruby Keeler is an attractive young person with light brown hair slightly curly, and large Irish eyes. Her figure—but then, you have seen it in several shows, and you will in several more.

"Tell me all about yourself," I suggested. This was rather a staggering proposition, and my hostess looked a little puzzled and doubtful.

"There's nothing much to tell about me. Except that I dance . . ."

"No, I mean all about your past, and the things you like to do . . ."

She nodded. "I was born in Halifax, of very Irish-Canadian parents." She looked at her mother, who nodded approvingly at us from the easy chair and went on reading *Variety*.

"And when I was five years old we moved to New York, and I have been here ever since, except for summers. We lived in Yorkville . . ."

I looked my surprise, and she explained. "Yorkville is between First and Second Avenues on the East Side. I used to dance on the sidewalks in the evenings with the rest of the kids in our block. But that wasn't real dancing . . . I mean, I didn't know any steps. Then I went to parochial school, and once a week a lady came around to teach us exercises and things. Sometimes she taught us the Highland Fling and other folk dances. I was thirteen then. She liked the way I caught on to the dances, and she went to see my mother about me. The result was that I started to take lessons with Jack Blue . . . and I have ever since, for that matter.

"Jack Blue is a wonderful instructor for my sort of work, and he has taught me everything I know. He made it fun, real fun, for



Harold Stein
Ruby Keeler

me to work under him.

"And I've been in three shows. There was *Bye, Bye, Bonnie*, which was lots of fun, though I didn't have any big part. And then there was *Lucky*, which didn't last long, though we all thought it was better than many of the shows which ran far longer.

"Last, I was in *Sidewalks of New York*, and I liked it especially because I was brought up in those kind of surroundings and I knew the kids and the life. And *Sidewalks* had a long run . . . We all got to be just one big happy family before it closed. You know, that's the way it goes—you don't get tired of doing the same thing over if you really like the work. You get to love the routine and the theatre and the people you are working with. At least, I did.

"After *Sidewalks* closed, we went out to California, and I just returned. Look at my tan!" Miss Keeler extended a berry-brown leg in my direction. "I'm losing it fast . . . when I was there I was coffee-colored, really I was. I love to swim.

It's about the only thing besides dancing that I like to do. I'm in the water whenever I can be."

I asked about her plans for the future. "We start rehearsals in a week or two for *Whoopie*, the show that Mr. McEvoy has written for Eddie Cantor. I am going to do my dances in it, and they say that I am to have a part in it, too! But I'll wait until rehearsals before I talk . . . I'll probably be in the third row well in back carrying a spear or something. Just my luck.

"I think I'll like working with Mr. Ziegfeld very much. They say he is very wonderful to his people. Of course, I was very happy with Mr. Dillingham. He was always very wonderful to me. Wasn't he, mother?" From the corner Mrs. Keeler peered over her *Variety* and nodded.

I noticed a diamond on the tell-tale finger of her left hand, a glittering blue-white thing as large as a cake of ice. "We won't mention that," she warned me. "Because nobody knows how long it will stay on. Anyway, the man is in the show business for they tell me that girls who marry away from the theatre gradually leave it. And I want to keep on dancing."

"What are your ambitions?" I queried.

"Ambitions?" Miss Keeler bit her finger

nail. "I don't know as I have any. I'll keep dancing as long as everything goes all right. If it doesn't click I'll get married or do something. I don't know. Dancing is the only thing besides swimming that I like to do, and as long as I can make a living at doing the thing I like best, I'll stick to it."

"Suppose you hadn't been a dancer, what would you have been?"

(Continued on page 57)



Ruby Keeler,
whose last show
was *The Sidewalks of New
York*

White

LITTLE MISS RUNAWAY

Astonishing Revelations Combined with One Unforeseen Event Result in a New Twist in the Career of the Girl Who Had Courage Enough to Mold Her Own Life

Confided to GRACE PERKINS

The story thus far:

THE only thing that the Mother Superior of the Philadelphia convent I was brought up in could tell me was that my mother had been a famous dancer, and that father had deserted her shortly after my birth. Naturally I brooded on this, and I soon found myself nourishing a flaming ambition to be a dancer, as my mother had been. This fierce desire led me to commit many follies in the convent, which caused the good sisters to punish me. The most daring act was writing to George Warwick, the famous dance orchestra

leader, pouring out my troubles to him. I did it this way. A radio had been presented to the convent, and for some misdeed I was forbidden to hear it. But late at night I crept downstairs in my nightgown and turned it on. I was discovered! But not before I had listened to George Warwick's Orchestra in Chicago and heard him ask his listeners-in to write to him. So I did, and his answer, urging me to run away, was intercepted by the Mother Superior. I was locked up, but I escaped into the streets.

Good fortune found me a job and a home with Mrs. Carter, who took me at once to her heart. She understood my half-formed dreams

and sent me to New York, to live with her married sister there and to study dancing. When I got on the train, who should I find sitting beside me but George Warwick! He saw me looking at a piece of sheet music bearing his picture on the cover, and spoke to me. I recalled myself to him, and he sympathized with me, as I had known he would!

When I settled in New York, he took an interest in me, and soon I was desperately in love with him. I went to the well-known Ned Kendall's dancing school, and he selected me for special attention, despite the fact that a girl, Lulu Grand, took every opportunity to be unpleasant to me. The night that George opened the second season of his New York night club, I went with Kendall, and did two numbers with him, alone on the floor. I was dancing to the music of the man I loved! When I returned to the table, Lulu Grand attacked me in a fit of rage and jealousy, and I crashed unconscious to the floor. When I awoke, and saw the expression of George's face, I knew he loved me.

But things did not run smoothly. A misunderstanding occurred between us over a night club job I took, and I heard also that George was married. I stared at the ruin of my dreams. I did not see him for months, until he and his band joined the big show I was rehearsing with. He asked me out, but I found an excuse every time, until he took the hint. At the advice of the leading lady, I went out a great deal, and finally accepted the offer of marriage of Arthur Weston, a wealthy young man I had come to know. When George learned of it he said nothing, but that night on the stage he announced his new composition, the title of which was a direct insinuation against me. After the performance I was suddenly called out into the stage door alley to find Arthur and George fighting furiously. George fell, his head badly cut!

I STOOD transfixed for a moment, leaning up against the cold brick wall, and thinking that surely the end of the world had come. It seemed as if in one second a lightning flash of realization swept over me. I did not love Arthur Weston—I had never loved him! How could I, when my heart belonged to George from the very first moment I had heard his voice? What did it matter whether there had been misunderstandings? He had been my friend—the only friend who counted in the depths of my heart. He had made it possible for me—an unknown, unprepared little outsider—to secure a triumph almost overnight!

Maybe George could never mean anything to me other than a friend—when my heart called to him as a lover! But what did that matter in the ultimate end of things? I would be true to him.

I felt someone shaking me timidly—I heard Lorraine's voice in my ear begging me not to faint. I remember shaking her off, and telling her to go to him. The next moment I had rushed to George myself. The stage hand was lifting him up carefully and carrying him through the stage door. As I followed slowly, clutching George's limp hand in my own, I caught sight of Arthur Weston.

He had slumped into the shadows behind



"Forget it," chirped Lorraine. "You give me a pain anyway, you two. You're mad about each other, and everybody knows it, including yourselves . . ."

the fire-escape stairs, and stood, staring at what he had done. His eyes met mine, and held them in a long, pleading glance.

I dropped George's hand, and let the little procession go through into the theatre. For a moment I stood, gazing at the boy I had intended to marry. Somehow, into that moment was crowded a vision of what my life would be at his side. Money spent carelessly, lavishly, foolishly. Excitement, the seeking of the pleasures and thrills of the flesh, association with sophisticated, bawdy people who trampled down ambition and purpose. Quarrels, nerves, restlessness, continual clashing of opinion. . . .

Why had I been so blind to this moment? How did it happen that my senses had been so benumbed that I had not recognized the true state of affairs?

Still Arthur Weston was gazing at me, his lips twisting nervously, his face taking on a look of defiance gradually.

I straightened my shoulders and walked up to him.

Almost unconsciously, my right hand was tearing the engagement ring from the fourth finger of my left. I went as far as Arthur and held out the ring without a word.

"Beatrice!" he gasped.

Still I did not speak. I couldn't. I shook the ring impatiently, and his hand came forward slowly and accepted it.

"How could you—for such a thing as this—he insulted you tonight on the stage anyway! I won't have you insulted—you're my fiancée—the girl who is going to be my wife—or, rather, was going to be my wife! Look here—he started it anyway, Beatrice. He came out here and grabbed hold of my collar and he started to—"

"Please!" I interrupted him sharply. "I don't want to talk about it."

"But to treat me like this—for defending you," he wailed with an abused whining in his voice.

"It isn't only that," I said slowly. "It's—oh, I never should have become engaged to you, Arthur."

And with these words, I turned blindly, and rushed inside the theatre, slamming the stage door behind me. I ran swiftly to George's dressing room, and as no one heard my knocking on the door, I burst in, breathlessly.

Lorraine was there in the glaring light, holding a pan of water. The character woman was sopping hot cloths across George's forehead, laying bare an unsightly gash that made me shudder. Our stage manager, the house manager, the publicity man, and the manager of George's orchestra were all there, all talking, all gesticulating, until the room looked like some mad nightmare.

I hesitated but a moment, and then went straight to George's stiff wicker cot. I fell on my knees and began talking wildly, begging him to get well, and not to die.

The publicity man, Al Saunders, shook me by the shoulder. I could hear him complaining that the papers would carry this story tomorrow and just what should he tell them? It would be best to tell them



"Won't you wake up with a jolt when you know, little Bright Eyes?" she spat out as she wheeled on me.
"I'd like to see your face when you read it, that's all—"

something straight, or they would let their imagination play havoc. Arthur Weston and George Warwick were both too well known. . . .

I brushed him aside, telling him sharply to give out any fool story he wanted. Strange that I should have become one of the wrangling, hoarse, hysterical voices in that room when all I wanted was to kneel beside George and wait for him to open his eyes and look into mine.

In the midst of this boiling excitement, two other figures suddenly appeared at the door. They were Tom Howard, who was a member of George's orchestra and who, I understood, roomed with George—and a pale-faced, wan figure with a black satchel in his hand.

The doctor had every last one of us leave the room, and I leaned up against the closed door, trembling, afraid to cry, for what seemed an eternity. In reality, it was about twenty minutes before the door was opened, and the doctor asked in a dry, toneless voice;

"Which one of you is Dimples?"

I started forward, unable to say a word.

"He wants to go home," the doctor explained. "He wants you to take him home."

"Oh—" I gasped.

"I'll go with you, kid," insisted Lorraine

helpfully. . . .

"But first he wants to say a few words to Tom Howard," went on the doctor. Almost before the words were spoken, Tom Howard had pushed his way through into the room. The doctor half closed the door, hesitated, then gave us the assurance that Mr. Warwick was not seriously hurt. He would be on his feet in forty-eight hours. What he needed now was rest.

Tom Howard came out presently, sobered, but assured of George's condition, and started off full speed for the night club. He was to take complete charge.

Before very long, Lorraine and I had George between us in a taxi, headed for his apartment, the sober doctor facing us.

I had never seen George's rooms before, but I had always imagined them to be extremely luxurious and beautiful quarters. Certainly he had a fine address, but I was amazed, when I snapped on the lights in his place, to find it drear, cluttered and quite unornamented as far as lamp-shades, draperies, pillows, or any of the touches that go to make a room charming, were concerned. The unwelcome thought darted through my head, that perhaps George had ordered his wife from Long Island not to touch this sanctum. . . .

George had spoken little in the cab. He
(Continued on page 63)

Our Spotlight Picked Out

(At right) Evelyn Parkes, because she was a highly important member of the ensemble of Manhattan Mary during its metropolitan run last season

(Below) Janet Flynn, because she was one of the individual hits of the Albertina Rasch Girls during their appearance at the Moulin Rouge, Paris, last summer

(Below left) Dorothy Daw, because her ensemble work in the New York company of Good News is excellent and peppy



(Below) Ethel Jackson, because she has danced charmingly in several film productions in Hollywood

(Below right) Geraldine Spencer, because of her sprightly work in Gavrilov's Ballet Moderne last season



Pinchot

Florence Vandamm Russell Ball



Apeda

Carlo Prado and Adele Fallaize, because their ball-room work in the Hotel Gibson, Cincinnati, proved a drawing-card



DOES HANDWRITING REVEAL *the* DANCER?



Richard Burke



Claude Harris
Anna Pavlova



Nickolas Murray

Irene Delroy.

Jacques Cartier

The Signatures of Recognized Artists Prove That Grace and Rhythm Are Manifest in the Letters of the Names—Perhaps You Can Determine Your Fitness for Dancing This Way

EVERY once in a while someone writes to me, asking if he or she has the talent for dancing. Four people asked me that in recent mail, and a friend who happened to see the replies exclaimed:

"How can you tell? And I see that you have said 'yes' to two of these people. There isn't a thing in common in the writings. How is that?"

"Please observe that I said something different to each," I replied. "The girl has the ability to dance which comes largely from the feeling for ordinary rhythms and the high tide of physical health and vitality and good spirits. She will like the popular dances with a good deal of the romp in them. The man is primarily an artist. He will do costume dances superbly and you will see that I have so advised him."

My friend is really a woman who has thought rather deeply about a good many things, and yet she found the idea that all sorts of handwritings may show the feeling for the dance, only in different ways—unusual. It is therefore interesting to me to present in THE DANCE Magazine some illustrations of the handwritings of famous dancers, with graphological ob-

By LOUISE RICE



Soichi Sunami

Lamuro

servations on what they show me, both as to the dancing talent shown and the general trend of the characters.

First, though, a word as to graphology. You can find it in the dictionary, by the way.

For over three hundred years people in all civilized countries of the Western world have been studying this matter of handwriting as an exponent of character and talents. The graphologist does not "feel" something about a specimen of writing, does not have a "gift" for interpreting it, does not guess, but uses the laws which those three hundred years have given, just as the physician uses the accumulated knowledge of the many years behind his art.

The interpreter of character and talent in handwriting does, of course, do the best work when long experience is the guide, but that is true of every science and art the world has ever known.

One of the laws of graphology is something which is peculiarly and especially interesting for lovers of the dance to know, since they and musicians are particularly fitted to understand it, and that is that every writing produced by those who are

(Continued on page 52)

The TRUTH about NIJINSKY

By Gradual Stages the Young Polish Genius Sank into a Mentally Enfeebled State—Until He Was Finally Overtaken by the Tragedy Which Ended His Artistic Career

By JAMES G. DUNTON



Harvard College Library
Nijinsky in his *Danse Siamois*, reproduced from *The Russian Ballet in Western Europe*, printed in England

II. The Pinnacle

CREDIT must be given, of course, to the man who conceived these elaborately staged spectacles in which Nijinsky starred. All those Fokine productions of 1910-11 were works of art, although some were more popular than others. *Petroushka* was an instantaneous success everywhere, but especially in Paris and London. After its appearance in the latter city in 1911, every journal in the city applauded, a sample of their comments being:

"All the muses must have presided at the birth of Nijinsky. He is a picture of grace and exquisite line, yet he is by far the finest mime we have seen in years. In *Petroushka* he succeeds in conveying with extraordinary success the staccato movements of a puppet, while subtly suggesting that the

marionette's wooden body conceals somewhere beneath its motley a heart slowly breaking over *Petroushka's* little love for the pretty dancing doll. The puppet's despair is strangely pathetic. He flings his jointless arms over his head and drops headlong over the waist . . . and the bitter anguish on the wooden features, which the white chalk and scarlet dabs of paint seem to accentuate."

London critics were equally appreciative of his work in *Scheherazade*, in which (to quote from a book which appeared shortly after the London première):

"When the queen of the harem, Zobeide, orders the cringing Chief Eunuch to open the last imposing gate and he finally complies, out leaps the gleaming negro who is her favorite. Black arms and legs writhe like snakes as he lands upon the floor. Turning, he sees the Queen he loves. He flings back his head, stretches out his arms. Another leap and he is at her side. She stands expectantly, quivering from head to foot. He does not touch her, but he laughs and laughs. He is mad with joy and freedom and love. His black body suddenly straightens, muscles tighten, and high into the air he springs, to alight like thistledown upon a distant divan. Then back to her again. He teases and torments her, caresses her by gestures, invites her with lascivious abandon—but he does not touch her. She follows him as he darts away into an alcove . . . and the other wives and paramours rise then to dance their mad abandon."

Le Spectre de la Rose gave him an opportunity to demonstrate his ability in the way of leaps and his technique in the matter of *entrechats* and beats and *pirouettes*.

This rather light ballet, together with *Carnaval*, completes the list of his happiest work, although his performance with *Karsavina* in *L'Oiseau de Feu* thrilled Paris and literally stopped even the orchestra at the première there. *Narcisse* was good, but not very popular; similarly, his part in *Les Sylphides* did not arouse so much appreciation, although there were many to praise, among them Ellen Terry, who observed that Nijinsky managed to express more in dancing than a great many actors could do in straight acting. The other important Fokine ballet,

Le Dieu Bleu, was of an exceedingly high order as a production, but it did not make a popular hit, although Nijinsky did some of his finest work in it. . . . Altogether, in view of the repertoire, we can understand how audiences marvelled at his performances and remarked: "So free and yet so disciplined." He had perfect control of his body, was the master of his parts and of himself in everything he attempted.

But success had made him a restive rebel indeed and we see him in 1912 attempting a further revolt in the matter of choreography, going even further away from the old and conventional than his master Fokine had dared go. And strangely enough the first piece of choreographic construction which he attempted proved to be his best. In *L'Après-Midi d'un Faune*, which he based upon the well-known *Prelude* of Debussy and which was staged and costumed by Bakst, Nijinsky showed that he had not forgotten Isadora Duncan but had also heard of Jacques Dalcroze and of the possibilities of the *tableau* for the purposes of the dance. This "tableau choreographique" aroused much discussion and much criticism, but the intervening fifteen years have not seen it disappear. It was a radical departure from all the traditional and the conventional in dancing and it has led to some important subsequent developments in the art.

Nijinsky composed and staged this and two other original ballets in the space of eighteen months (1912-13) and if the first of the three was novel, the other two were indescribably so. In *Jeux*, also to Debussy accompaniment and with scenes and costumes by Bakst, he attempted a series of *scenes choreographic* in which dancing, as such, was conspicuous for its absence but gesture and movement were coordinated with the musical accompaniment in a truly remarkable degree.

Every note in the music was accompanied by some movement: Nijinsky was following the Dalcroze banner to the limit in trying to apply the latter's theory that every note must mean something in action. Needless to say, *Jeux*, with its tennis players and falling balls, was not a success; indeed, some Parisian critics called it pornographic because in it there was actual kissing between the three principals! Which is a strange artistic criticism to come from anyone Parisian! The other ballet was a primitive and startlingly effective attempt, entitled *Le Sacre du Printemps*.



Harvard College Library
Rene Bull's sketch of Nijinsky as the slave in *Scheherazade*

In it Nijinsky did some very effective work in the way of innovations in coordination and mass-balances. It was not a success either. It was his last effort for two years: he gave way for Fokine and his less brilliant but more sure conceptions. Throughout all this period he had been dancing to the delight of thousands in the old standbys. He had been working exceedingly hard and the strain was beginning to tell on his nerves. He was soon to show all too plainly the first serious symptoms of the tragedy that was to be his.

CECCHETTI tells of how he received an urgent wire from Diaghileff, begging him to come to Paris at once. The old ballet-master was at the time with Anna Pavlova and he at first refused to consider any change, but after repeated urgings and Pavlova's reluctant release, he journeyed to Paris, where Diaghileff met him. They went to dinner and afterward to the ballet. In the middle of the performance, his host asked what he thought of the young man who had just danced.

"He looks good," replied Cecchetti, "but needs training."

"Right!" agreed the other. "That's why you're here. That boy is Leonide Massine and he must make his debut in *The Legend of Joseph* in exactly eight days. Can you do it?"

"In about three years," replied the teacher.

"All right," said the other. "He's yours from now on. It's up to you to teach him what he needs to know."

And Massine did make his debut in *The Legend of Joseph* in the part that was originally Nijinsky's. It was not much of a debut but it marked the beginning of a career that has given another notable choreographer to the modern dance. Cecchetti discovered later that the cause of this sudden elevation of a comparatively untrained young man lay in the fact that the premier danseur of the company, Nijinsky, had objected to certain unfavorable comments on the color of his tights, which comments had been freely made by members of the press and the audience, and he had absolutely refused to continue dancing, thus making it imperative for Diaghileff to groom an understudy who could take his place upon short notice.

The company soon after went to South America and Nijinsky's eccentricities became more pronounced and disagreeable during the vicissitudes of that tour. On the voyage out he became engaged to a young lady of the company and, although the management was not over pleased at the match and considerable friction was aroused, the marriage took place as soon as they arrived in Buenos Aires. Thereafter he became continually more unmanageable under the stress of a tour that was disappointing in many ways. The South American management was not over pleased with the Russians, contended that they had not kept their promises in that Karsavina and the

(Continued on page 64)



PHOTOGRAPH BY BÉRT, PARIS

"THE GREATEST DANCER IN THIS GENERATION"

No DANCER on the stage to-day, it is said, does such remarkable character dancing as Warslav Nijinsky, here shown in the fascinating little doll play, "Petrouchka." His artistic skill, combined with humor and magnetic personality, amounts to positive genius.

Harvard College Library

The above picture and caption is reprinted from an American magazine as it appeared just prior to the first visit of the Ballet Russe to this country in 1916

NINA PAYNE, Our DANCING ENVOY

Here Is Something New in Interviews—by a Personal Friend—Giving an Inside Slant on the Girl Who Went to Paris for Three Weeks and Has Stayed Ever Since

By

W. ADOLPHE ROBERTS

THE conquest of Broadway is regarded

by most dancers as being the supreme triumph, with the possibility of an engagement in Europe now and then to furnish additional thrills. Few American performers, apart from concert artists, can hope to be really big figures in Europe as well as their home country. I know of only one today who, representing the show business phase of the art, has established herself firmly as a stellar

attraction in every capital of the Old World. She is Nina Payne, a favorite of audiences at the Folies Bèrgère, Paris, and the Boulevard Theatre, Vienna, no less than on the Keith circuit. She deserves to be called our dancing envoy to all points east of New York.

I met Nina Payne and first saw her work in Paris, in 1923. Since that time we have corresponded regularly. I not only admire her artistry but esteem her as a dear friend, and it gives me especial pleasure to tell her story.

She was born at Louisville, Kentucky, an only child, who was taken when still very young to live in Seattle, Washington. No member of her family had ever been on the stage, and dancing with her was a spontaneous talent. At the age of ten she was so expert that she was offered a professional engagement, which her mother refused

Manasse



Two poses of Nina Payne, in dances she has done in Paris, Vienna, Budapest and Copenhagen

to allow her to accept. A year or two later, following an operation and a spell of general bad health, she was told by doctors that it would be dangerous for her to do any more dancing.

"I could not believe that," Miss Payne told me. "Kid though I was, I realized that the use of my

body in so natural an exercise must help me rather than do me harm. I persuaded my mother to let me continue my lessons. The complicated postures I took, for the purpose of limbering up and learning new motions, were as valuable as physical culture drill. But the dancing itself was even more beneficial. Just after my convalescence, it seemed to tire me too much; but in a few weeks I was feeling stronger, and in six months I had regained my health to a degree that would not have been possible if I had played the old-fashioned invalid and idled around the house, as the doctors wished me to do.

"I made my earliest appearance on the stage at a vaudeville house in Seattle when I was sixteen years old. Then I went on the road. I was over the old Orpheum Circuit four times. My first outstanding success was in a pantomime, *La Somnambula*,

created for me by Daniel Doré. I made Broadway with this, and it went so big that I continued in the part for three years."

Nina's first foreign venture was to Havana, where she was very successful. And after that—Paris. Imagine going to Paris to spend a three weeks' holiday and being invited to remain as a star, with fame thrust upon you! Imagine being fêted and lionized and hailed unexpectedly as a conqueror in the dream-city of the world! Every dancer must have dreamed of the wonder of such an event and dismissed it as being the last thing that would be likely to happen in real life. In the case of Nina Payne the fairy-tale came true. Her own originality and capacity for hard work served to bring it about, of course. But it all started with an amazingly lucky break.

Following her Cuban trip, she sailed for France on a romantic impulse, without an engagement or any idea of getting one. She spoke no French. She didn't expect to meet a soul she knew. Her plan was simply to do a little sightseeing and then return to New York. But the first week she ran into Harry Pilcer, formerly a featured dancer in American musical comedies. He persuaded her to make an experimental appearance with him at the Pré Catalan, a famous restaurant in the Bois de Boulogne.

French critics and poets have described to me the curious outcome of this partnership. Pilcer was old stuff to the Parisians. But Nina Payne impressed them as being the spirit, the very personification, of the American jazz they were just beginning to hail as a serious art. They went wild about her boyish, graceful body, her long legs, her bobbed brown hair, the youthful energy with which she interpreted the clamorous rhythm of the Western World. Both at the Pré Catalan and the Olympia Theatre, where she went for a long engagement after she had dropped Pilcer, the most celebrated writers lined up in the front seats night after night. The highbrow magazines as well as the newspapers printed enthusiastic tributes to her. She was classed as being more poignantly American than any other dancer. At the time, that was enough to bring Paris to her feet.

The Folies Bèrgère offered her a dazzling contract, and for two seasons she was the leading foreign star in the revues at this de luxe all-star house. I saw her during her second season. She was still the toast of the critics, and was in extraordinary demand after the evening show for special appearances at clubs and cabarets frequented by esthetic connoisseurs of the dance.

(Continued on page 61)



(At left) Bobbie Perkins, now appearing in Ups-a-Daisy, is a Michael pupil in acrobatic dancing



(At right) Constance Carpenter, in A Connecticut Yankee, learned her acrobatics under Michael

(Below) An adagio team of merit, Don and Jerie acquired physical rightness with Michael

Charles Gerard Snyder

De Mirjian

BACKBENDS and ONE-ARMS for HEALTH

MICHAEL G. MICHAEL, acrobatic dancing master extraordinary, faced me across the table in his studio on Forty-third Street. On the other side of the bars that divided the reception room from the studio proper, two classes of students were going through limbering exercises to the strains of a Victrola.

"Mike," as everyone in the place soon learns to call him, pointed out several of the girls to me. "They are not all of them acrobatic dancers. Some of them will never dance on the stage. But they want the suppleness, the perfect physical rightness, which comes from these exercises. See that lady in the black bathing suit?" He nodded toward a woman of perhaps thirty-five. "She came here two months ago, weighing two pounds less than two hundred. Now she weighs one hundred and thirty-five. And she can high-kick with the best of them."

"I started out as a teacher of physical culture. First in Philadelphia, and then I emigrated to New York and civilization. I soon found that the most interesting part of my work was teaching the dancers. I have taught continuously since 1912, with the exception of two years when I was in the service. It was intended that I be physical director of my company, but there was too much war. Then I was athletic entertainer



Strand

M. G. Michael himself



M. G. Michael, Leading Teacher of Acrobatics, Believes Firmly in the Value and Popularity of Dancing Combined with Strict Physical Control

By

THEODORE ORCHARDS

in the Army of Occupation. There I had time to work out many of the things I am teaching my pupils today.

"Acrobatic dancing has come to stay. Audiences like it because it is something they can see and understand. It combines the charm of watching stunts with the natural love of form and rhythm. More and more, particularly in the great chains of moving picture houses, acrobatic dancing troupes are in demand. At the present time I am arranging the acrobatic specialties for the Foster Girls, in the Pablum chain. To my mind, acrobatic dancing is as firmly established as ballet or tap, and it certainly pays the performer better.

"In almost every show, there are several acrobatic dancers. The lead must practically always do at least a few acrobatic steps. For the acrobatic part of the dance is the most vivid, most alive. It is definite, and even the person who knows nothing of the dance can understand its difficulty

and its real charm. "Look back at the Broadway seasons of the past four or five years. You will find that the dancers you remember . . . the ones still vivid in your mind . . . are almost always those who had a dance which was all or part acrobatic in its nature. It is growing to be a necessity for dancing stars to be able to do acrobatic steps, even though they may not need them. For the ability to do acrobatic steps comes from training and limbering which gives perfect physical control and poise."

"Mike" Michael excused himself for a moment and made a telephone call. His face lighted up, and he returned to pick up the threads of our conversation. "You see," he admitted a little proudly, "I am today a papa for the first time. It is a boy, too." I congratulated him.

"And, what's more, my son is going to learn acrobatic dancing before he is able to

(Continued on page 52)

The DANCERS

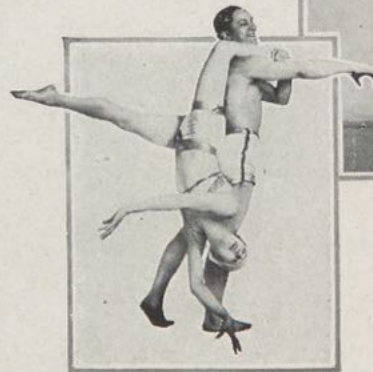


(At left) The Cansinos, who recently finished with a Publix unit, possess solid reputations with theatregoers for first-rate dances in Spanish character



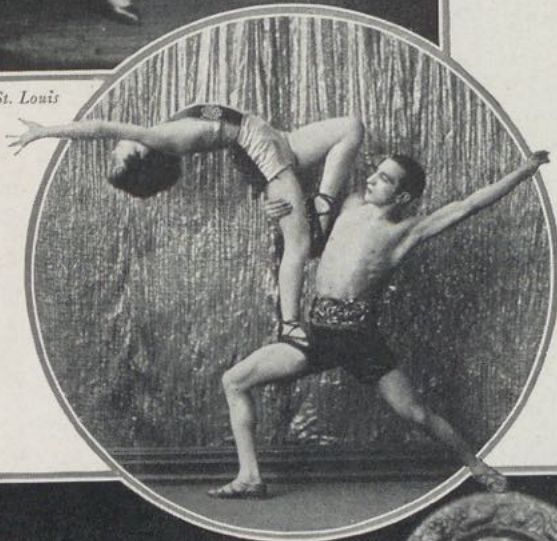
Nasib

La Chappelle and Dias, a new team shortly to be seen in vaudeville. Mlle. La Chappelle appeared until recently as an adagio dancer in France



Formerly of the Constantinople Ballet Russe and the Royal Opera in Sophia, Nicholas Daks is now premier danseur at the Roxy, New York

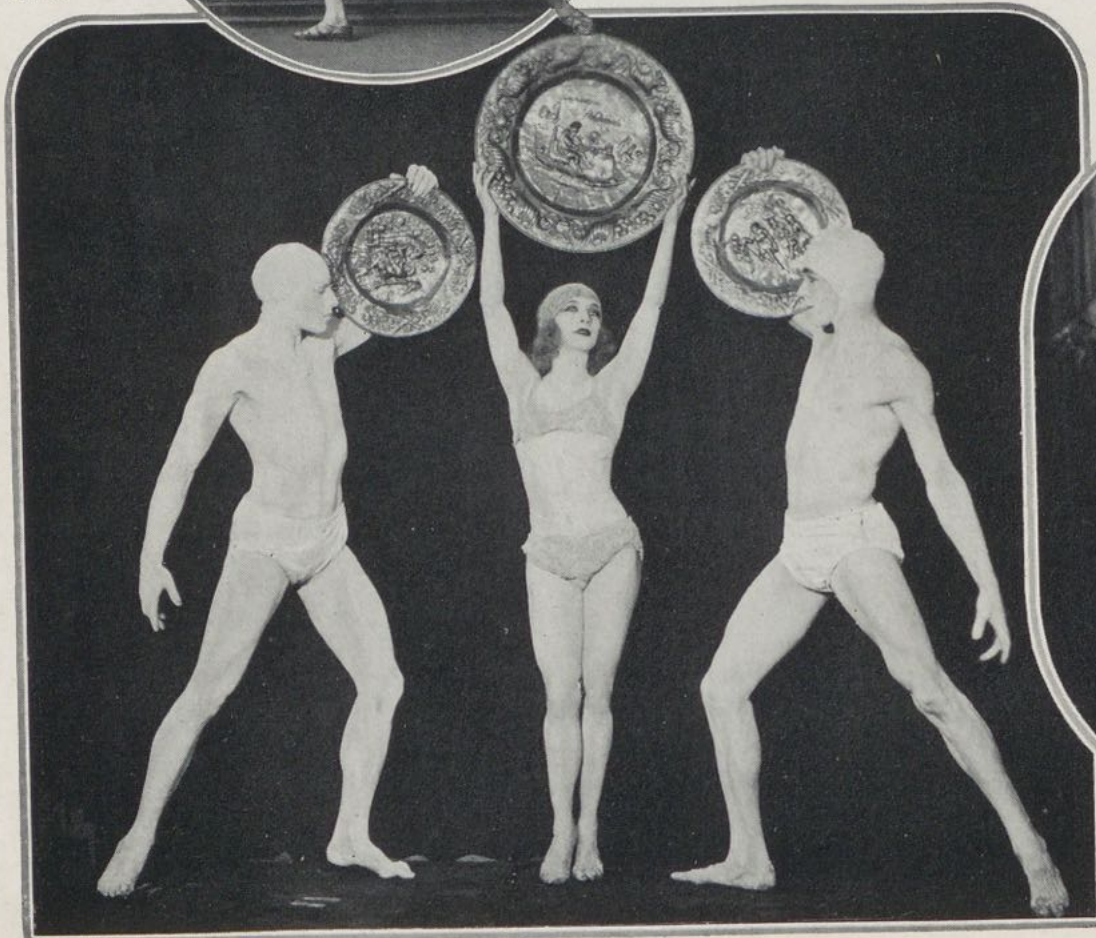
Todd, St. Louis



(At left) Jose Rivas and partner in an act called The South American Dancers on the Pantages circuit

Mitchell

(Below) Georgia Ingram, until lately with Ralph Whitehead, is preparing a new act for the Keith circuit



Maillard Kessler

(At left) On Loew time, the Lenora trio, consisting of Medisca, Sergius and Randall, is rapidly building a following

of VARIETY

A Department Conducted by
MICHAEL EVANS

IT takes a bill that is notably weak on dancing to demonstrate the extent to which modern vaudeville depends for popular appeal upon the dance.

This is a negative argument, but it thereby gains in strength. A few years ago, the big shots in the two-a-day were talking comedians and singers, and the latter were expected to be funny, too. I'm far from saying that the demand for humor has died out. But I do claim that the splendor and beauty of rhythmic bodies interpreting an art that appeals to our esthetic senses has now become more important than slapstick. Special "comedy weeks," or any other kind of artificial week, that result in crowding dancers from the boards are plainly disappointing to audiences.

Fortunately, the barren bills are rare. Yet there were two such in successive weeks at the Palace, New York, not long ago. One of them was dominated by the winning personality of James Barton and the tuneful warbling of Van and Schenck—acts that took up so much time between them that the other attractions were curtailed. The male team of King and King, energetic but short on glamor, furnished the only dancing of the evening. Not so good. And the second program I have in mind was equally lacking. They created an old-fashioned effect. It was the sort of thing Dad would have found natural.

However, I don't want to seem to knock the Palace, or Keith bookings generally. The average standard is high, and modern tastes get plenty of recognition. Recently, there came to the Palace an act which I rate A. No. 1. It was a Harry Royce production, called *An Artistic Interlude*, featuring Muriel Kaye. This young woman is on her way to big rewards. She has dance technique, an alluring figure and a plentiful supply of verve. Her numbers were up-to-date without being too eccentric. In the matter of costumes, she rivaled the lavishness of a movie star. I was especially taken with the outfit for her third number. It was of black velvet and silver, with molded bodice, long sleeves and a shirt that ended in front where the thighs begin and extended in a straight wide train behind. Rather awkward to manage to the tune of jazz, but she got away with it nicely.

Georgia Ingram is back in vaudeville. I met her in the lobby of the Palace at a Monday evening show. She told me that she had plans for specialty work in a revue later in the year, but was preparing an act to take on tour meanwhile. Georgia is not only a magnetic dancer of the American school—a girl with an artistic future—but she is one of the most beautiful. Hers is the rare combination of golden blondness with pure classic features. In any contest of pulchritude, her high-bridged nose alone

should be her fortune. She has had sound ballet training, but has proved that she can adapt herself to the feverish tempo of the age. Perhaps her best work was done in the last edition of *Americana*.

Gracing Loew time are the Dooley Sisters. This youthful pair are products of an old and mighty fine theatrical tradition. I don't care whether they're actually related by

doing themselves in the matter of colorful programs. At the Capitol, *Greenwich Village* and *Argentine Nights*, both Boris Petroff productions, were excellent, with the last-named somewhat in the lead. The Triana Sisters, genuine Spanish dancers, were the chief factor in putting across this Argentine extravaganza. They flamed through their two numbers with a distinction that ought to land them in a Broadway revue before the season is ended. The costumes and settings were gorgeous and helped a lot. But it was rather amusing to hear it announced that the Chester Hale girls would perform a *jota*. Dressed for the part, the well-intentioned girlies pranced across the stage—on their toes. It would be priceless to learn what the Triana Sisters thought of that.

Bitter Sweet Blues, at the Paramount, proved to be a fine show, with catchy music and sterling dancing by Wilson and Washburn, the Dave Gould troupe and Grace Du Faye. Pretty Miss Du Faye is by way of being a



Mitchell

The Dooley Sisters are on Loew time, doing duets characterized by their extreme precision

(At right) After a tour of Australia, Marta Kay is now at the Kit-Kat in London

blood to the older Dooleys of vaudeville. Their good looks and their pep entitle them to be rated as regular dancing Dooleys, any way. I caught their act early in the month and was delighted with the precision with which the girls worked.

Also with Loew is the interesting group composed of Medisca, Sergius and Randall. These dancers, trained and sent out by Lenora, depend for the most part upon the beauty of their plastic poses. They work in white make-up, to simulate marble statuary. But their action routines are very good, and Medisca is as pretty as one could ask.

The presentation houses have been out-



contortionist. But she lifts her stuff above the ordinary twistings and cartwheels of this fantastic art.

Marta Kay writes the department from London, to say a kind word for this magazine and to enclose the photograph which I gladly publish. "Have recently completed a seven months' tour of Australia with the Di Gitanas. Two girls and a boy in the act," she gossips. "We all come from

(Continued on page 54)

BLACK and BLUE NOTES

News of Dance
Orchestras and
Their Activities

From Los Angeles

REPORTS from those who know their notes are little less than raves about Gus Arnheim, whose band in the Cocoon Grove, L. A., Cal., is packing them in. They tell me that the picture mob thinks Arnheim one of the swellest aggregations ever to entertain them. Friday nights you can't move on the dance floor. Myself, I've only heard Arnheim on Vitaphone shorts, and from that judge that it's a band that can play both hot and sweet, with a wonderful rhythm foundation. He has solo singers and a trio, and until lately one of his stars was Roy Fox, first trumpet, who recently, as recorded in this department, left to form his own group. Now he's playing the Montmartre out there, and doing nicely, thanks. Arnheim himself used to play piano for Abe Lyman, about whom see a paragraph or two below. He was with the genial drummer the same time as was Slim Martin, whose trombone-blowing is just too bad. Frequently Marion Davies, I am reliably informed, carries Arnheim's band out to her beach house after they have finished at the Grove, and has them play for a private party. One night the boys in the band went crazy during one of their intermissions out there when a whole flock of picture actors and actresses grabbed the instruments lying around and started blowing, beating and what not. Any man who has ever blown a saxophone for a living knows the agony he experiences when a stranger blows inexpertly on the reed he has slaved over for weeks, and probably just got going right that night. The point of the whole thing being that Gus Arnheim is in the money out there now, so I take it it won't be long before he treks East.



Through the medium of the Hotel Pennsylvania, Johnny Johnson and His Statler Pennsylvanians have built up a strong New York reputation

Mitchell

Chicago

IF you're in Chicago about now you won't have to listen hard to hear the natives froth at the mouth about Guy Lombardo and His Ten Royal Canadians. They can have, it seems, any job they might want in Chicago, and are signed up through Benson. I have never heard the band, but the nearest approach to a description of Lombardo's stuff is that he has a smooth rhythm which combines the tricky stuff so popular today with a flowing tone. Maybe that's not such a good description, but it seems that it's more his style and swing that appeals than orchestration or tricks. The same boys have played together for quite a time, and probably their smoothness is the result of such long team work.

As *Good News*, Chicago Company, goes into the fall season, Abe Lyman's band in the pit of the show continues to please. It's a corking band, with one swell piano player. And by the way, you must have heard Lyman's recording of *Just Imagine* on Columbia. That tune is the fifth smash ditty out of *Good News*, and didn't take on until the show had run nearly a year. The situation seems to be that the *Varsity Drag*, *Good News*, *Lucky in Love* and *The Best Things in Life Are Free* were enough for the publishers to plug at once. Now *Just Imagine* is going over big, being recorded by the big companies, and I hear that a waltz tune from the show will get a new tag and lyrics later and will also be plugged, though separately. There's a record for you: five smash tunes out of one score!

It has not been duplicated in my memory.

New York

PERHAPS the outstanding band event of the month was Arnold Johnson's opening in the grill of the fairly new Paramount Hotel in Forty-Sixth Street. Johnson, as you are aware, is in the pit of the *Scandals*, and last spring came into town to play at the Park Central Hotel. He placed a second band in the *Greenwich Village Follies*, and until recently had a small outfit at the Park Central, which now fills in for him at the Paramount while the first band hops over to the theatre to play the *Scandals*. The opening night in the Paramount's air-cooled grill he had a real mob there, mostly show people. Harry Richman, Ann Pennington, Frances Williams, from the *Scandals*; Van and Schenck, the Keller Sisters and Lynch, and many other notables of the song-and-dance racket. Johnson began his program by playing a brand-new selection, especially written for the band by Arthur Johnson, who incidentally, put Keller Sisters and Lynch together, and who is also one of the business' finest arrangers. This piece is entitled *The Spell of the Blues*, and into the orchestration of the verse and chorus he worked a lot of the "blue" songs: *My Blue Heaven*, et cetera. The thing was a smash with the mob there, and I recommend it to bands, since it is in all probability published. He followed with Arthur Johnson's arrangement of *Way Down South in Heaven*, which is rivalled only by the way Warings' (Continued on page 59)

NICKOLAS MURAY LOOKS at The DANCE

*Plans for a Theatre of the Dance—Nemtchinova
and Dolin Perform in Amsterdam—
The Denishawns in New York*



Soichi Sunami

Ruth St. Denis in *The Lamp*, as performed at the Denishawn Stadium concert in New York

THE general conception of art is anything which is created by man, distinguished from nature by imagination. Nature and imagination are the substances upon which art is based. The more knowledge we have of both, the better are our chances of creating higher forms of art. Since nature and imagination are infinite, there is no limit to the things the artist can create.

The motive of expression in art is primarily emotional and esthetic. There are seven different forms of art, viz: painting, sculpture, music, literature, architecture, dancing and drama. To create a fine work of art, the artist must necessarily possess skill and invention consciously expressed in his medium.

In earlier days we had a distinct difference between the definitions of art and entertainment. Today, these two definitions have not preserved their strict meanings. Much art is called entertainment, and entertainment mistaken for art.

Chinese and Japanese culture still makes a definite distinction between art and entertainment. Their method of maintaining these characteristics is to standardize both. I shall confine myself strictly to the subject of the dance. By referring to standardization, I mean—one ought to choose the particular line of the dance that one is most adapted to, in order to become efficient and be an artist.

The human body is like a musical instrument, and the dance is the music which the dancer wishes to express with the body. To be a good musician, one must have a standardized foundation which we call routine. We should, therefore, know all about theory,

history and harmony of the dance.

The classification of the dance comes under four collective headings: the native dance and its adapted forms: Oriental, et cetera, which consists mostly of arm movements; the ballet, using mostly the legs; the interpretive dance combining both arms and legs; and the acrobatic dance which I include as the fourth form.

To any of these dances there are three stages: the surface property, the mechanistic technique, and the quality of the dance. The

business is like any other business in life. You have to go through a preliminary preparation before the classification of talents. We should be classified as different instruments. In order to determine the instrument we are meant to be, we should establish a council of experts who would cooperate with an open mind and willingness to establish a general basic technique through which all students should receive their preliminary training. After this, the selection of dance form best suited to the individual can be established.

After long years of dreaming, Michio Ito evolved a practical idea, which, if put through successfully, will bring forth amazing results. For a number of years he had studied a project which would mark the greatest advancement towards solving some of the difficulties of the art of the theatre and the dance.

The primary requisite to start this project is to secure enough funds to house artists under the roof of a seventeen-story building designed to supply studios, living quarters, theatres, shops—in fact everything the artist needs for his work, with the most modern conveniences possible, and at a price within the reach of a working artist.

This undertaking, according to Ito's figures, would require a loan of three million dollars, which he was assured of securing before the end of September. Ito surprised me with the most practical minute details which combine an expert information of real estate, financial, architectural, and artistic genius, with the

most practical, sound and profitable ideas to both artists and investors.

The artistic and business management would be composed on the order of the Theatre Guild. Ito has secured the cooperation of international composers such as Goosens, Stokowsky and Varese, as well as other famous composers who would write and orchestrate special dance music that would appeal to both the visual and oral senses.

The Dance Guild directors would be chosen from among the active and established artists who would devote their entire time towards establishing the Guild on a firm foundation.

Among the many details in Ito's proposition is to select different groups of dancers, securing for them yearly seasons of sixteen weeks, four of which would be in New York and twelve on tour. As to his figures—he has the support of three hundred patrons, subscribing one thousand dollars each for three years.

This plan would certainly cause the dawn of the dance renaissance to the thousands of dancers whose ultimate aim is not only making bread and butter, but to assert an artistic

(Continued on page 58)



Soichi Sunami

The Spear Dance was performed by Ted Shawn at the Stadium to great popular enthusiasm

The SHOWS REVIEWED

In the Thick of the Season

By

ROCKWELL J. GRAHAM



Apeda

Eva Mascagno, who appears for a short toe number in *White Lilacs*, the operetta based on an incident in the life of Frederic Chopin

Good Boy

AS the first Hammerstein entry in the new season race, *Good Boy* shows great promise of sticking around for the major portion of the season. Its chief virtues are scenic effects, a corking cast. This last includes Eddie Buzzell, Barbara Newberry, Helen Kane, Charlie Butterworth, Danny Healy, Sam Hearn, Effie Shannon and Borrah Minevitch and his mob of harmonica players.

The story, fashioned by Otto Harbach, Oscar Hammerstein 2nd and Henry Myers, concerns a rube who leaves his home for the big city to become a thespian. The city gets him down, confuses him,—a mental process well depicted by the scenes thrown on a screen on stage. He accidentally meets a beautiful chorus girl, Barbara Newberry, who gets him a job in a chorus, which he can't hold. The dance director has it in for the rube, Eddie Buzzell, and after a fight at a party, ends by firing them both from the show. As a climax for the first act, the lovers ascend steps to a French window which leads to a balcony. They step out on the balcony, at which second half the set swings across stage disclosing the outside of the house in moonlight. The lovers embrace.

The second act gives the marriage of the two broke kids, their split over a trifle, and their separate success; she as a dancer in a show and he as a manufacturer of toy dolls. The doll carries sentimental interest in that Buzzell is supposed to have designed it when a boy. Through it he becomes a millionaire, after proving that he designed it, and not the dance director, who stole the idea to use in a show. When these matters are satisfactorily explained, the final clinch comes, the finale being punched with another scenic effect.

To this reviewer, it seems that too much

scenery in a book show tends to slow the pace. The treadmill effect in *Good Boy* consists of two running belts in the stage, moving across both ways. On this, scenery is moved back and forth to create the impression of people walking along streets, et cetera, and dance routines achieve novel effects the same way. In one number the girls dance the opposite direction from that which the treadmill is moving, and when their white-trousered legs are illumined from off stage by strong white flood lights, a surprise touch is given. In *Nina*, charmingly danced by Miss Newberry, the girls form what appears to be an endless chain, moving from right to left on the front treadmill and vice versa. The flood lights employed again give the finishing touch. Scenically, *Good Boy* is a wow, but it strikes me that less scenery and room for more of the excellent comedy of Charles Butterworth, famous for his Rotary Club speech in the first *Americana*, would help considerably. Likewise, more dancing, beyond the few routines allotted to the chorus, and the first-rate work of Miss Newberry, would add speed, and emphasize the novelty of the new scenic touches. Busby Berkeley did the dances, being called in at the last moment. It is characteristically good work.

Chief show-stopping honors go to Borrah Minevitch and his Gang, who supply pep near the end of the second act at eleven o'clock. Helen Kane, singing the best ditty in the piece, *I Wanna Be Loved by You*, scores heavily. Butterworth takes comedy honors, and Danny Healy and Barbara Newberry distinguish themselves with dance routines. Eddie Buzzell, performing capably, as usual, would do well to delete some of the ancient gags he employs. *Good Boy* will stay a long while, not quite reaching the class of smash, but undoubtedly a hit.

White Lilacs

THE Shuberts have turned out their best show in a long time in this operetta revolving around an incident in the life of Frederic Chopin, the romantic figure who composed innumerable waltzes, nocturnes and preludes. The actual incident is his love affair with George Sand, the novelist with a reputation for many such affairs. Chopin meets her, they fall in love, the girl heroine meanwhile being very stoic about it. The romance between the supersensitive composer



Good Boy is the vehicle in which Evelyn Bennett is now appearing. Her tap routines are well worth watching

and the impulsive authoress goes to smash when she writes a book about it, revealing Chopin as a weak, unstable character. He becomes furious, leaves her to patch up his relations with the little heroine, whom he is now ready to marry. But he cannot, because the doctors, on top of an illness he has, have forbidden him to marry. He must live alone if he wishes not to die at once. Curtain on Chopin, surrounded by admirers bringing him bunches of white lilacs on his birthday, but doomed to eternal solitude.

Odetta Myrtil gives an excellent, though idealized, interpretation of the novelist who frequently dressed as a man and smoked cigars. In the play she limits it to cigarettes. Guy Robertson is very swell as Chopin, and De Wolf Hopper gives no hint of his advanced age in his part as Madame Sand's publisher. Others who distinguished themselves are Grace Brinkley as the sweet heroine, Ernest Lawford as Heinrich Heine, Charles Croker-King as Meyerbeer, and Allen Rogers as an opera tenor. A female trio sings beautifully.

There is little dancing, except for a brief moment when Eva Mascagno, cast as Mlle. Taglioni, executes a toe dance. At the opening of the second act Paco and Juanita whirl through a native Majorcan number.

White Lilacs is interesting because the entire score by Karl Hajos is based on melodies by Chopin, and besides, it is good entertainment.

Luckee Girl

FAVORITE pastime with the Frères Shubert is producing musical comedies based on French farces. Here is another one, nor does it differ greatly

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The MUSIC MART

Recommending Novel
Instruments for Dance
Accompaniment—New
Dance Records

By
RAY PERKINS

Variety of Instruments

WE suppose it is only natural that ninety percent of the dance recitals it has been our fortune to attend include the generally accepted accompaniment of piano or of small orchestra. But occasionally some imaginative artist departs from the accustomed path by employing some little-used instrument or group of instruments in one or two numbers as a contrast to the balance of the program. In doing this the artist is merely giving music the same care and thought that he ordinarily devotes to costume or scenery; but the surprising thing is that such procedure is rare, and the tendency is to confine the consideration of music to the mere selection of pieces.

If you are using piano alone, for example, with very little extra expense the addition of violin or violin and cello on some spots of your program will have almost as much effect as a change in scenic background. Even if the expense seems high, the additional variety and interest to be obtained merits careful thought.

For those recitalists who use an orchestra, the expense is little or nothing, and the value of isolating certain instruments for certain numbers on the program is obvious. A short dance done to the accompaniment of two or three selected instruments (flute, cello and clarinet for example) while the rest of the orchestra is silent, can be beautiful and striking; especially if it is followed, by contrast, with a number done to full orchestra.

There are many instruments of distinctive character that can be used as accompaniment for certain types of dances, either when played alone or with piano. One or two concert guitars, the large resonant sort, are ideal for the right kind of Spanish dance. For an Indian routine nothing could be more effective than the use of flute with piano. The oboe, flute, muted trumpet, and bassoon lend themselves to dances of Oriental character; as do, of course, the kettledrums and the many varieties of tomtoms. The harp is divine when properly employed, either alone or combined with almost any instrument. The saxophone and cornet are so typical of jazz that their



James Wallace Pondelicek

Georgia Ingram, Catherine Crandall and Dorothy Steiner in a decorative pose on the beach

use is inevitably suggested for dancing in the jazz manner, especially if your routine is intended to suggest and interpret the modern spirit symbolically. The banjo, an instrument of gaiety and playfulness, is not only appropriate for a Negro dance, but can be used for any sort of delicate, staccato dance of frolicsome character.

The possibilities are almost endless. We have seen whole programs, admirable in artistry and technique, but with musical accompaniment so monotonous that even the insertion of a bell or a drum-beat here and there would add tremendously to the entire performance. Even though your production budget is small we urge you to try to obtain variety in your musical accompaniment, not only as to the choice of music but as to instrumentation. The orchestra has often been likened to a painter's palette containing all the colors of the spectrum. In any recital program made up of a series of comparatively short numbers it is a pity not to take advantage of these colors and heighten the effects of your costumes, and scenic backgrounds.

Cello and Piano

APROPOS of the above then, let us call your attention to a *Suite of Dances for Cello and Piano* by William Clifford Hechman, recently published by G. Schirmer. They consist of a *Dance in E-Flat* written in 6-8 time; an *Intermezzo*, in 3-4 time; and a *Dance in E-Minor*, in 4-4. We warn you however that these are not to be tackled by immature players. In construction and style, they are not only modern but fairly advanced in technical difficulty. Nevertheless they have charm and are worth careful consideration if you are seeking serious music.

Spain and Guitars

WE have run across an imported novelty from the publishing house of F. E. C. Luckhart (Leipzig). It is an elegant col-

lection entitled in the guaranteed original German, *Spanische Gitarenmusik*, which even we can translate without brainstorm. The compiler is Erwin Schwarz, and he has gathered together a wide selection of Tangos, Waltzes, Polkas, Andantes, etcetera, enough to cover almost any dancer's purposes provided there is at hand a guitarist of sufficient virtuosity. The collection is obtainable in New York.

That German Jazz Orchestra

CONSIDERABLE ado has been made abroad of the highly successful "jazz" opera *Johnny Spielt Auf* (*Johnny Strikes Up the Bard*), by Ernest Krenek. We have just seen a copy of the *Potpourri* (selection) therefrom, published by Universal Edition (Leipzig), and have this to say: the learned and masterly Herr Krenek has written tuneful, colorful and musicianly material—but jazz? Ah no! The *Potpourri* contains fox trots, blues, and jazz, but alas they are mere names, and miss the American flavor by a wide, wide margin. Of course a definition of what constitutes jazz has been attempted by many scholarly observers with as many different scholarly results; but however volatile and undefinable the atmosphere that we recognize as jazz, it is a safe gamble that a musician devoid of direct contact with Tin Pan Alley will never be able to reproduce it.

There are several dance numbers in the selection, but we mention them here only in case an examination of them may interest the careful student of modern trends. As practical material for an artistic jazz interpretation, we could recommend many other things of more authentic calibre.

Lily Strickland Again

WE have been accused of favoritism in the numerous references in this department to the Oriental dance music of Lily Strickland. The accusation is one that we cannot
(Continued on page 54)

CATCHING DANCERS

*New York's Leading Photographers
of Their Subjects*



Mary Eaton—Hal Phyfe's favorite example of his own work

ONE sees so many camera studies of dancers that one is inclined to feel that photographers prefer doing them to ordinary women. Of course, this inclination is easily understood: for there is something so fleeting about a dancer that there is, no doubt, quite an art in photographing her well. Another thing very noticeable is that each photographer has his own conception of posing and of lighting effects.

All these points must not be hazarded, but must be drawn from each original source.

In each profession there is he who is called The Dean. So in photography, Dr. Arnold Genthe is the dean. Physically, as well as photographically, he deserves his title. A tall, dignified man with white hair, one knows, on meeting him, that he would be a leader in anything which he attempted. Dr. Genthe's views on doing dancers with the camera are decidedly interesting and intellectual. "A photograph," he started, "must be visually plausible and pictorially interesting. It is hard to get an exact picture of a dance pose. I remember saying, one time, to Pavlova: 'Yes, granted you can hold any pose for two minutes, but your draperies cannot.' You see, the natural thing is for the drapery to be out of line with the body during motion, but the artistic thing is for the drapery to cling to the body. A picture must be snapped at precisely the correct moment. Therefore, it takes hours of study to get that fraction of a second, in a whole dance, which will make the best picture. I find that the perfect moment is either leading up to or from the apex of a movement. In other words, it is not when the foot is poised in the air, but that part of a beat which finds it either on its way up or down. Good dancing pictures must be snapped while the dancer is doing the dance, so that she is in the spirit of the thing." Then, after ser-



G. Maillard Kessler



Arthur Muray



Edward Thayer Monroe

(At right)
Alfred Cheney Johnston

(At left) Carlo Leonetti considers this photo of Tamara Geva, the Russian danseuse, one of his finest

(At right) Miss Harriet, vaudeville headliner, caught in action by Arthur Muray



Hal Phyfe

with the CAMERA

Tell How They Capture the Grace
with the Lens

By ELISE MARCUS

iously discoursing on his subject, Dr. Genthe, proved to us his right to claim a sense of humor. Firstly, he has no use at all for the superhumanly fast cameras with which the Germans are attempting to do new things in photography. He feels that the pictures taken with these perhaps infernal machines, make the dancers who are the subjects look like slightly intoxicated grasshoppers. In concluding Dr. Genthe very amusingly observed that to be a good photographer, one had to have an inexhaustible supply of patience, plus an inexhaustible supply of plates.

Any man who can get a perfectly natural "living" portrait of Bernard Shaw, must know how to take dancers. For no dancer could be harder to pose than the fractious G.B.S. However, this example works both ways. Any man interested in doing character studies of people must have turned some of his attention away from dancers, at any rate, in the generally accepted dancing poses. So it is with Nickolas Muray. Rembrandt, rather than Watteau, is becoming his influence. Nevertheless, hear what he has to say on the subject. "Years ago, when I was a photographer—but young, in years and business, I wanted to pose dancers all day. Not so now. There are too few great dancers who know how to pose intelligently for the

camera: and certainly the few poses that there are to use have been done to death. What most dancers don't realize is that when they place themselves in the hands of a photographer, it is the same as going to a doctor. Both know what is best for the particular case at hand. A dancer may know what is best in recital, but the photographer
(Continued on page 57)



Richard Burke's own favorite is of Ruth Mayon in Good News



(At left) The photograph of Erna Schuler of the Elizabeth Duncan School is an excellent example of the work of Dr. Arnold Genthe



Harvey White

Carlo Leonetti



(At right) Three Albertina Rasch dancers, as taken by Alfred Cheney Johnston

(At left) A recent photograph of Ona Munson, the delightful ingenue, by G. Maillard Kessler



Dr. Arnold Genthe



The DANCING MASTERS of AMERICA CONVENE

The 1928 Gathering of America's Largest Association of Teachers Strikes a Note of Encouragement for the New Season's Work



Raymond Bott, reelected President of The Dancing Masters of America

THE 1928 convention of The Dancing Masters of America, this country's largest organization of dancing teachers, occurred in Detroit, Michigan, in the Book-Cadillac Hotel, and lasted from August 20th to the 25th, inclusive. It was preceded by a four weeks' Normal School in the same city, at which many famous teachers presided. The actual numerical attendance at this year's Normal School reached one hundred and seventy, an unprecedented figure. The convention itself was, in numbers alone, the most successful in the history of the organization.

The officials of the organization were especially enthusiastic over the choice of Detroit for the 1928 convention city. They were convinced that there are few more dance-minded communities in the country. As an example they cited the foreign population of Detroit, chiefly Polish. Though known

for their dancing festivals, which they maintain against the onslaughts of American customs, the Detroit Poles give themselves over to social dancing with the greatest vigor. This, with perfect logic, the officers of The Dancing Masters of America regard with satisfaction, because the children of these Polish families will not so successfully resist American customs, and will in time become assimilated. The early influence and results achieved by dancing will have made indelible impressions on them, and so many more thousands will have been won for the cause of dancing.

Detroit also harbors two very well-known teachers, both of whom taught in the Normal course: Theodore J. Smith and Miss Victoria Cassan. Both these teachers enjoy national reputations, and Detroit is justly proud of them.

Mr. Walter U. Soby, Secretary, gave a glowing account of the rapidity with which

the organization is growing. This is obviously a sign of life and power, and an increasing belief on the part of teachers in the efficacy of belonging to an organization. This last is a point which is giving the organization cause for anxious thought, and which has also been the subject of an editorial in THE DANCE MAGAZINE titled *One Great Organization*. It is true that one great organization is the ideal state. But how to achieve it? As matters stand now, there are numerous local organizations of dancing teachers, some of which are more or less affiliated with The Dancing Masters. The main body has frequently approached these lesser groups with proposals of amalgamation. But the lesser ones do not take to the idea with enthusiasm. Why? Because they fail to see the advantages of belonging to a national group. Paradoxically, a large percentage of the members of the local groups are simultaneously members of The Dancing Masters. Still they ignore the process of direct affiliation.

The reasons why they are wrong in so doing cannot be covered in this article, but will be taken up in detail in a separate article in THE DANCE MAGAZINE at an early date, which will also outline a new plan for national organization.

Despite this situation, Mr. Soby is able to report highly gratifying numbers of teachers applying for membership, and he said also that THE DANCE MAGAZINE, in its continual emphasis on urging teachers to join organizations, had helped The Dancing Masters of America very considerably.

The actual program of the convention consisted in special demonstrations by different teachers, including old-fashioned dances on an evening under the supervision of Dr. Lovett. Henry Ford's Orchestra supplied the music, and the motor magnate himself had been invited to attend, but was prevented by absence from town. One evening was

(Continued on page 61)



P. and A.

At the convention—Thomas Sheehy and Lucille Stoddart demonstrating the Ecstasy Glide, which was voted this season's ballroom dance

STUDENT and STUDIO

Notes of Interest Concerning the Schools at the Season's Opening

ALL the earnest and ambitious pupils and teachers have now returned from their vacations, some from study and some from play, all prepared for a season of good hard work, work they will enjoy and benefit from for the time, energy and money they invest.

The wise ones know full well that no matter how much fun and play, art or enter-

Arthur Muray

tainment the dance may be, work, mental, physical and emotional, is the largest part of it, and the more they use their faculties, the greater will be their development. And no teacher or pupil need have higher ambition than self-development, for only through developing themselves, enriching their own personalities, can they hope to develop others.

It is our business here to report the goings-on of the pupils and teachers in the dancing schools throughout the country. We can do this only if you write us, giving us interesting information about yourselves, so do not hesitate if you have anything to say that will amuse or entertain, inform or help in any way the other folks in your profession.

New York

PAUL LANE, who was on the faculty of the Dancing Masters of America Normal School last summer, has

been engaged for next year's assembly at Pittsburgh. He is now at the head of the new department for tap and musical comedy at the Tarasoff-DeValery Studio and will help stage their acts. The routines he taught at the Normal School are already printed and for sale at the studio.

The Carter-Waddell School celebrated the opening of its Bronxville branch in New York with a program given by the pupils of the main school.

Veronine Vestoff, who was at one time dancer with the Pavlova Ballet and who is now one of the heads of the Vestoff-Serova School of Russian Dancing, has written a number of books on the dance in its many phases. He is now working on *The History of the Dance* which will deal in detail with the evolution of the ballet from its earliest stages to its present day plane.

Jack Manning had a very successful summer teaching teachers tap and step dancing. He had planned a short normal course but was forced to lengthen it to suit the teachers' demands.

Chicago

JO KEITH'S School for Professional Dancing has a theatrical agency connected with the school that books pupils



Miss Maybrey, one of the highest kickers in vaudeville today, is a pupil of Theo Creo



Three gay Floridians at Daytona Beach, Geneva Holmes, Dolores Simmon and Edith Allen

(At right)

Marjorie Barth, whose parents have the Barth Dancing School in Pittsburgh, was until recently featured with the Walter Fehl Orchestra in English vaudeville



when they are ready for the stage.

Belle Bender's Ballet School has reopened its classes of graded courses for adults and children with a large enrollment. The work will be conducted as usual under the personal instruction of Miss Bender.

The Kandler Dancing Academy, affiliated with the Aalida School and the Aaristo Studio is now permanently located at One Hundred and Sixty-two North State Street. All types of stage and ballroom dancing will now be taught. Mr. Kandler has originated the *Chez Pierre Waltz* which is taking very well on night club floors, and a collegiate dance called *The Southern Belle*, which is popular with collegians. He is having both of these set to music and will sell the instructions with the music at his studio.

Other Cities

GENIA RUSSAKOFF and his pupils, who form the Boston Ballet Company, gave a large program of dance diversissements at the K-A Boston Theatre. The dancers were unusually well received, showing a variety of talent and skill. The company is not a commercial enterprise but a movement tending to the establishment of a Civic Ballet. It is operated by the Boston Ballet Fund. All money accruing to the Fund is used to further the movement itself and the education of its student members.

On the thirtieth of August Messrs. Pavley and Oukrainisky, assisted by their Los Angeles Ballet, gave a program at the Hollywood Bowl before an audience of

thirty thousand people. The affair met with great success and many encores were demanded and received.

On September fourth Norma Gould and fifty dancers also appeared at the Bowl. They presented a new ballet, *The Shepherd of Shiraz*, which attracted a large and enthusiastic audience.

Nan Heinrich, who has one of the best ballet schools in Rochester, presented sixty of her most advanced pupils in a dance recital at the Columbus auditorium. Miss Heinrich won much praise for the excellent training she had given her pupils and the professional manner in which the presentation was staged.

After studying in New York all sum-



Frances Pedler is an advanced pupil of Margaret Stookey, Lombard College, Galesburg, Ill.



Little Carol McMurtrie is a pupil of the Pearl Keller School in Glendale, Cal.

Gary Ford (center) and a few of her dancing girls in a Gypsy Festival, especially produced for the Florida Theatre, Jacksonville, where they won great praise

mer with the best teachers, Mary Nick Lovelace has returned to teach in her Dallas studio.

Irene Frank started with a little studio in her home town, Bartlesville, Oklahoma and recently has opened a larger one in Tulsa where she is succeeding remarkably, a correspondent writes us.

A program and press reviews of Henrietta M. Riddell's pupils' concert showed that the pupils have done excellent work under Miss Riddell's tutelage. Having definitely established her school in Amsterdam, New York, Miss Riddell will also open a Philadelphia branch. She will teach personally in both cities.

The Misses Burkheimer have reopened classes in a new studio at Providence Road, Myers Park, Charlotte, N. C.

Betty Chown's "Rosebuds" have just
(Continued on page 56)



Todd, St. Louis

The sensational vaudeville and concert dancers Arthur Corey and Jac Broderick



The SHOWS REVIEWED

(Continued from page 40)

from its predecessors. It is very routine, but contains enough dancing and comedy to carry it over a few weeks, and then for the road. This little opus will make a good road show.

The score, not distinguished by anything very unusual in the way of ditties, is by Maurice Yvain, composer, you recall, of *Mon Homme*. The lyrics, by Nathaniel and Max Lief, deserve special mention for their humor and departure from the usual stock rhymes. It's a pleasure to get something like their work. The cast is capable, Irene Dunne, Irving Fisher, Doris Vinton, Harry Puck and Billy House standing out. This last gent is a huge comic recruited, I judge from his technique, from burlesque. But he has humor, and does very well.



White

Dan Healy dances with more than his usual pep in *Good Boy*. He is seen here with girls of the ensemble

There is a troupe of Kelley Dancers, a group of twelve girls, who appear very frequently and pleasingly, executing routines set by the nimble Harry Puck, who possesses ability along these lines. The opening of the third act carries a punch in the dancing of Charlotte Ayres with two stalwart partners. In an adagio routine they scored. Dorothy Barber, in a small part, gets a chance to do a couple of acrobatic eccentric routines for which she is noted. The McGushion sisters execute some stuff quite well.

Luckee Girl will stick around for maybe ten or twelve weeks, and will then depart for the other cities.

Cross My Heart

SAMMY LEE, dance director extraordinary, has stepped out on his own as an entrepreneur with a musical comedy that is light, tuneful, dance-ful and pleasing to the eye. It lacks only sufficient comedy, and that defect may quite possibly be remedied before the piece is much older. On the whole *Cross My Heart* is entertaining, and should last long enough to be classified as a hit, not a smash.

Mr. Lee, in whom the interest of all show business centers in connection with the show, has done very well with a book that could have been stronger and with a score that is one of the prettiest so far this season. McCarthy and Tierney, writers of *Rio Rita*, authored the lyrics and ditties. The book by Dan Kusell is only average, but is saved by a large chorus, which moves expertly through Mr. Lee's routines with pep and prettiness. Mary Lawlor dances better than she usually does, which is say-

ing something, and Doris Eaton is very nice in the second ingenue part. Lulu McConnell, of the raucous voice, proved popular with the house in comedy and antics. Eddy Conrad and Franklyn Ardell bear the brunt of the male comedy, and are as funny as they can be under the circumstances. Clarence Nordstrom, Bobbie Watson and the three Giersdorf sisters ingratiate.

As might be expected from Sammy Lee, *Cross My Heart* is essentially a dancing show. The chorus, boys and girls, is well trained, and Mary Lawlor, Doris Eaton and Harry Evans please mightily with different types of routines. The dance hit of the piece is the adagio and acrobatic work of Bob Gilbert and Arvil Avery, a team that has not only grace but sensationalism. They appear two or three times to repeated hands.

The tuneful score by Harry Tierney contains several potential hits, *Dream Sweetheart*; *Salaaming the Rajah*; *Right Out of Heaven Into My Arms*; *Come Along, Sunshine*; and *Good Days and Bad Days*. *Right Out of Heaven* is the love theme.

The New Moon

IT IS rarely that a producing firm will open a show, close it for almost a year for drastic repairs and then bring it in to have it acclaimed as a smash. But Schwab and Mandel, sponsors of *Good News*, have done just this thing with *The New Moon*, an operetta of old New Orleans. It was first shown last year, and was judged unfit for metropolitan consumption by its able bosses. It was folded up, re-written, re-scored and largely re-cast, and the result is perhaps the most effective operetta to hit these parts in many a moon.

The story, based on the autobiography of one Robert Misson, deals with his adventures, in war and love, in establishing a colony on an island near Martinique, which should be free from the yoke of French monarchy. Time is 1788, and the sets and costumes are appropriately ornate. Misson, having killed a pet of the king, has escaped to New Orleans, where he is working as a bondservant. He becomes enamored of his master's daughter, and when he is captured at the end of act one, he suspects her of having connived at his downfall, though she is ignorant of his true identity. He next carries her off to his island colony, after a sea fight, and a year later, when French ships arrive, it develops that the Revolution in France has taken place, and forthwith Misson is made governor of his island. The girl has since come to realize her love for him, and all ends happily.

Robert Halliday as Misson, Evelyn Herbert as the heroine and Gus Shy as Misson's groom, are the leading parts and characters, while Esther Howard, William O'Neal, Marie Callahan and Max Figman distinguish themselves. Rosita and Ramon score in a brace of tangoes in the first act, Edith Sheldon is well-liked in a specialty, and the entire chorus moves through the excellent routines and evolutions of Bobby Connolly.

The New Moon is in for the season for beauty of appearance and for real entertainment values. There are several hit possibilities in the score, by Sigmund Romberg, chiefly, *Lover, Come Back to Me*.

BEFORE BROADWAY

Hello Yourself, a collegiate musical comedy, produced by George Choos. With Waring's Pennsylvanians. Book by Walter DeLeon. Music by Richard Myers. Lyrics by Leo Robin. Staged by Clarke Silvernail. Dances arranged by Dave Gould. Costumes by Charles LeMaire. Settings by P. Dodd Ackerman. At the New Forrest Theatre, Philadelphia.

GEORGE CHOOS, known to most of you as one of vaudeville's best producers of flash acts, has invaded the musical comedy world for the second time, and when you read this review, a prospective winner may have been moulded from the show, *Hello Yourself*.

Dave Gould, whose former creations in danceland were confined to the Chicago Publix and Loew houses, has turned in his first musical comedy job, and it looks as if another capable dance arranger has been added to the list known to Broadway. One syncopated hand drill, particularly, stood out, with several unique formations; one, especially, in Dorothy Lee's *I Want the World to Know* rendition. Miss Lee, incidentally, will click with the number, if Philadelphia's applause is any indication. Even at this writing, the dancing in the production shaped up as a neat bit of work and was far ahead of the rest of the production. Other specialties by Stasia Ledova, Ivan Luttmann, Walter Reddick and Jimmy Ray were well-received.

Richard Myers' score is serviceable with two tunes with plug possibilities. *Say That You Love Me*, introduced by Walter Plimmer, Jr., the juvenile lead, and Jane Fooshe, and *I Want the World To Know*, a corking dance number with Dorothy Lee leading, are the duo. *He Man and You've Got a Way With You* are better than the others, and Leo Robins' lyrics are up to his standard. Clarke Silvernail, doing his first musical job of staging, brings lots of credit to himself.

Walter Plimmer, Jr., new to musicals, handles himself well. Choos, naturally, has filled his cast with vaudevillians, and this, too, resulted in no big names in the

show. George Haggerty, lately with Frank Fay in vaudeville, Edythe Maye, from the variety, and Joseph Fay, also a new comer to musicals, are also capable.

Which brings us down to the Warrings, who close the show. DeLeon's book, or what is left of it, makes use of the group in the play. At the second act finale, the Warrings, doing what amounts to a regular turn, close the show, with seventeen men on the stage.

If *Hello Yourself* does get anywhere, and it should, after five weeks in Philadelphia, Choos may have something. The vaudeville producer is attempting for a second *Good News*, with no big musical names, which anyone will admit is quite a job. (Caught in Philadelphia.)

HERBERT M. MILLER.

Sam H. Harris presents the Marx Brothers in *Animal Crackers*, a new musical comedy. Book by Geo. S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind. Lyrics and music by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. Dances arranged by Russell E. Markert. Play directed by Oscar Eagle. Settings by Raymond Sovey. Orchestra directed by Gus Salzer. At the Shubert Theatre, Philadelphia.

THESE mad Marxmen are in again — and so is *Animal Crackers*, for that matter. This successor to *Cocoanuts* is labelled hit; and will get a full run in New York and a road tour to boot.

For Messrs. Kaufman, Ryskind, Kalmar and Ruby have fashioned a merry, furious musical for the Marx Brothers, with a book stronger than usually found in a Marx Brothers show. *Animal Crackers* when caught, had all the earmarks of a huge success, and by the time it comes to the metropolis, will be set for a long stay.

Naturally, with the Marx brothers occupying most of the space, the dancing in *Animal Crackers* is subordinated to the antics of these crazy comedians, but Russell Markert has given us another workmanlike job, and one which further strengthens his bid for Broadway's laurels. With a sixteen-girl troupe, working as a unit, Markert contributes some neat dance numbers, specializing in the hand drill acrobatics which made him prominent in the metropolitan field. When caught in Philadelphia, there were no specialties, an oddity in the musical, but they were not essential. Markert's girls came on when needed, and just enough of them made the audience ask for more, in contrast with the deluge of dancing seen in other local productions.

Dick Keene, last in *Sidewalks of New York*, handles himself well as Wally Winston, crack Broadway columnist on the Morning Traffic, this character caricaturing New York's Walter Winchell. A word, too, for Milton Watson, another of Paul Ash's proteges, and with a splendid voice. Bernice Ackerman, as part of the love interest, showed that musical comedy will make much use of her talents. Alice Wood, opposite Keene, completes the love duo, with Louis Sorin and Robert Grieg, as the pompous butler, handling what comedy the Marx brothers leave.

The dance bands will grab *Watching the Clouds Roll By*, Kalmar and Ruby's best tune since the *Five O'Clock Girl* score. *Waiting* is another plug possibility.

Kaufman and Ryskind's book is ample for the Marx brothers. Anyway, when better musical comedy books are written, the Marx brothers won't need them, because they remain the Four Marx Brothers. (Caught in Philadelphia.)

HERBERT M. MILLER.

In the December Issue:

IN addition to the special features announced on the contents page of this month's DANCE Magazine, the next number will contain an article on La Argentinita, one of Spain's most prominent dancers, by a man who met her frequently in Paris.

An interview with Lester Allen, the tiny comedian now appearing in *The Three Musketeers*, is another bit you are sure to enjoy.

On the news stands November 23rd.

FIFTY YEARS of DANCING

An Account of the Annual Convention of The American Society of Teachers of Dancing

By PHILIP PHILLIPS

ON Monday, August 27th, the American Society of Teachers of Dancing opened its fiftieth annual convention at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York City. This oldest organization of dancing masters in the United States has been called conservative on account of its attitude toward certain of the more extreme modern dances. However, the program of the convention effectively showed that the minds of these teachers of dancing are turned forward to meet the dance of the present and the future, interesting as the past may be.

The especial feature of the convention was the exhibition work in various fields of the dance, given not only by dancing teachers but by some of the foremost dancers in the country. From this groundwork of exhibition technique and training, the hundred-odd dancing teachers from all over the United States were able to get most effectively the ideas and rhythms which they will work out for their pupils this winter.

The names of the teachers and dancers who demonstrated their work and methods before the Society read like a register of dancing's Four Hundred. Michel Fokine, former Master of the Imperial Russian Ballet, showed some of the secrets of his successful work with students.

Luigi Albertieri, one of the most interesting personalities in the dancing world, brought some of his representative pupils and demonstrated especially comprehensive pictures of classic dancing and pantomime. Two of his advanced students gave superbly complete illustrations of the possibilities in toe work, and Albertieri himself put members of the Society through fundamental steps and exercises.

Angel Cansino, famous Spanish dancer and teacher, gave colorful examples of his national rhythms with particular emphasis on castanet work, which Señor Cansino has made a specialty. Particularly illuminating representations of stage routine and tap dances were given by Jack Donahue, co-star of Marilyn Miller in *Rosalie*, and Johnny Boyle. After the lesson Mr. Donahue and Mr. Boyle executed several of the dances which they have invented, showing to what lengths the tap dance can be developed. They appeared three times before the Society.

Soft shoe dancing was represented by James Hess, and a very interesting study in character dances and dancing was given by Kotschetovsky, famous for his studies of peasant and folk festival dancing.

Leonora, one of the best-known figures in the musical comedy field, brought her girls before the members of the society and

demonstrated various acrobatic and show routines. Her groups are well known wherever musical comedy or Publix theatres are found, and Leonora gave in detail the methods used in fitting a group for the work.

Especially interesting work was given, in the children's field, by Miss Edna Baum, who showed what can be done with the very youngest of infants. Historians and psychologists tell us that the first dancing was done by children, in the excess of their gaiety, and Miss Baum pointed out how this quality can be directed in a school for young dancers.

Hans Weiner, famous exponent of the new German school of "natural" dancing, and pupil of Mary Wigman, demonstrated several ultra-modern rhythms, some of them seen for the first time in this country. Herr Weiner "simply slayed" his audience with what he explained was the contest of emotion and music as opposed to technique.

One of the most interesting exhibitions of the week, especially from the

standpoint of those interested in the newest developments in the dance and in dancing was the half hour of instructive entertainment given by Miss Doris Humphrey and Mr. Charles Weidman, lately of the New York Denishawn school.

Miss Humphrey demonstrated, through herself and her pupils, some of the fundamental natural rhythms and movements. Then she showed how these elements can be fused and built together to make a finished, exhibition dance. According to Miss Humphrey, she was portraying the spiritual or

(Continued on page 62)

P. and A.



(At right) At the convention, Angel Cansino with Miss Isabel Pillans teaching her a tango step

(Below) Luigi Albertieri, the well-known teacher of ballet, with, from left to right, Mary Starner, Billy and Pierre Sidell, in Show Boat, Eleanor Tennis and Miss Rosetta O'Neill

P. and A.



tions of all great composers.

Isadora was the first to see that the enacting of great compositions was possible. She created a technique all her own, eternally renewed for each work and with each repetition as spontaneous and natural as folk dances, not a system of steps, but a plastic medium based on the underlying secret of the universe which is "Change, motion, rhythm, progression, exaltation, dance." Hers was a profound wisdom and a gift to see with an inner vision the progression of musical figures in the development of a composition. Without knowledge of the mechanical rules of music she sensed and saw clearly the basic principles of tonal interrelation, harmony and rhythmical drama. Wagner who was a great imagist, had rediscovered the imagery of Beethoven's Symphonies, which he had described with great clarity in his philosophical writings. Isadora could visualize music to such a degree that the whole dramatic action rose before her inner eye, as though a poet had written it in words. "For the real musician, music is clearer than words." (Jules Combariey). Isadora actually saw music and the fantastic figures of the composers imagination, where others only hear sounds. All great composers know that sounds represent images and a composition the metamorphosis of images. Musical images which are perfectly coordinated into compositions are called classical music. Using only music of this type, Isadora called her art the classical dance. Long before her, in the olden days of early civilizations the dancer

AS I SAW ISADORA DUNCAN

(Continued from page 23)

like the Gothic spirit of the all-loving Madonna of the Christian faith—tragic and serene.

For some reason it has been commonly believed, particularly in America, that Isadora's dance was a renaissance of the old Greek dances. This is a very childlike idea, and although she had to a large measure learned from Greek drama and art, and had adopted the lovely Grecian dress, which was designed to permit the utmost freedom of movement and enhance the beauty and dignity of the human form, her art was infinitely more far-reaching than just a pure repetition of the Greek dances copied from vases and sculptures. On the contrary she let herself be taught by all the manifestations of great thought of all times and did not confine herself to any particular philosophical and religious trend of thought, art or country.

Much havoc has come about through the misinterpretation of her artistic aims, through a wrong conception of her ideas. Many people thought that she had invented a new system of steps, like the ballet or other schools of dancing, whereas her art is a purely intellectual vision carried through with the spontaneity of a primeval force. But as this is a period of transition,

and days, reclining on a couch, she was waiting till the vision would begin to speak to her and sometimes she was only mentally ready a few days before the performance at which a composition had been announced. Then with the certainty of a master-mind she would instantly improvise the dance, perfect and deepen details here and there and appear on the stage to arouse the public to storms of enthusiasm. This gift of concentration and improvisation and the fluidity of her personality were her great secrets of success.

Isadora demanded from her pupils this talent of improvisation and I remember well how she forced us many times to step right into the flow of the music and catch the inspiration of the composer. When we did not succeed, she scolded us with harsh words, but when we were able to sweep with dramatic vigor over the difficulties she cajoled us. And so we learned—but were never taught. Isadora did not believe in teaching. She sought to help others to learn. She went before the people to arouse them from lethargy and lead them to a deeper comprehension of life. Before she would step on the stage, she prepared herself like for a ritual. Standing in the curtains and listening to the music, she would go into herself, growing from minute to minute in power, so that she appeared terrifying to her pupils and the stage hands. Consequently as soon as she would come on the scene raising her arms to heaven, her gestures would flow freely and harmoniously.

And so she died, an epic in herself,

OUR COSTUME FEATURE RETURNS!



A. X. Peña

BEGINNING with the December issue, all costume, stage make-up and props information will be contained in the magazine under the former title, *From Dressing-Room to Footlights*. Mr. A. X. Peña, talented Mexican artist, has designed a gorgeous costume, "Tapatía," about which we shall tell you in detail. Any general questions pertaining to costumes will be happily answered by Beatrice Karle, if you will address her in care of this magazine. Please include stamped, self-addressed envelope.

intuitively had obeyed images of a cosmic order, expressed in music.

It is significant that a conscious being, an artist, was born in our day who realized the interrelation of all life in the dance through some mysterious inspiration or observation.

Once the artist possessed this knowledge she could summon the spirit of the dance-drama from the center of her being and interpret all human ideas and emotions. This was Isadora's great discovery. Consequently each of her dances contained a profound truth derived from the vision of the composer. That is why she could dance the Dionysian seventh symphony of Beethoven, the immortal music of Chopin, Schubert's divine (*unfinished*), *Symphony*, Isoldes *Love-Agony*, Walkyres and Kundry's *Chaos of Love* expressing altogether the vital urges of nature.

In the last years Isadora retired more and more into herself, seeking an exit from her own nature into the spirituality of other genius. Schubert's *Ave Maria* and *Saint Francis Preaching in the Desert* by Liszt, Pasifal's *Charfreitagszauber*, inspired her to the expression of truly human kindness. Through Tschaikevsky's *Pathetique* she expressed her own tragedy—the tragedy of chaotic passion and divine joy and struggle, and in the *Lamento* the tragedy of all mothers—of birth and eternal separation. A mysterious light of infinite ecstasy shining in her face, her arms raised in rapturous beauty she seemed

the thought of the people will clarify themselves, the mechanical contortions of our age will disappear and the masses will again become sensitive to the beauty of dancing through the deeper comprehension of music. The dance of the future will be more simple, expressing only that which is vital, permanent, passionate and dramatic in humanity. The mechanical dances descending to us from African fear-complexes will have their time and die again. Isadora saw these changes coming and all her influence was spent in trying to convince people that the renaissance of the dance must be accelerated for the benefit of all of us: that was the reason why she wanted a school in each country in which thousands of children could learn her art to bring her message to the world at large. This dream of thousands of children was at the bottom of her whole being, a maternal feeling of such monstrous proportions that it had to vent itself continually like a volcanic eruption.

Isadora had no method, no theory, nor pedantic arrangement of steps, and not the slightest pedagogical idea. Most that we learned from her came to us in the form of conversation or through observing her. Her gift for expression was extraordinary. Her conversation rose and fell constantly—sometimes childlike, sometimes banal, but suddenly her mind would gather force and illuminate with blinding clarity an idea, emotion, a view-point or a universal conception. She never worked regularly at her dances. Listening to music for days

driven by fate in two directions—trying to satisfy her instincts and the demands of an ever greater ideal. Incomprehensible to the world at large, buffeted by two streams of public opinion, one hostile because they only saw the self-destructive phases of her life—the other enthusiastic, because they only saw her as the initiator of a new idea and a great artist—she begins now to emerge as a complete human being, which followed with logical consequence the two sides of her nature: the creative and destructive—walking the narrow path of utter solitude since she was struck by the gods at the height of her life through the loss of her children, and finally to die with tragic suddenness.

Isadora's idea lives on. It cannot die. It is immortal because it is as old as the ritual of all religions and because to-day we know the secrets of her dance. Others will come to renew it again. Twenty-five years ago we did not know. The dance was then the ballet and the pantomime. The folk-dances were then the only natural dances existent. Isadora started with them when as a child she danced the Irish jig. The naturalness of folk dances remained the unconscious background on which she wove her amazing vision of life, inventing at every turn of her life-drama more delicate, eloquent and powerful forms to express her ideas. She taught us that the metamorphosis of all things is the mystery of life—continual rebirth the germ of art and on the wings of exalted improvisation—the classical dance.

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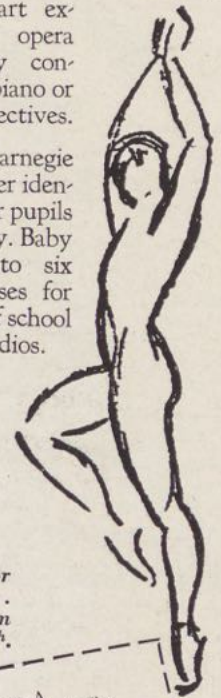


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forgotten, even by the white historians who came with the early explorers. The war dance was always accompanied by a feast. Curiously, when Tahitians planned war on a neighboring island the first two acts were to prepare their dance costumes for victory and plant the yams for the feast. The natives were nothing if not optimistic.

The harvest dance and the spring dance are also of unusual interest. Like the Hawaiians, the Polynesians wear the grass skirt but, unlike the Hawaiians, wear a plaited grass overgarment which slips over their heads. Flowers are entwined in their hair and flower bracelets are on their wrists and ankles. Exotic headdresses of palm leaves typifying the rays of the sun are also worn.

The dance is always led by the *tapu* or village virgin, to whom is given the place of honor in all village functions where the feminine sex is concerned. Her costume is much more elaborate than any of the others and in addition she wears on her head a headdress with five plumes. In the center, just above her forehead, she wears the insignia of Ra, the sun god.

Whereas the familiar "hula" is danced almost entirely with the hips, the native harvest and spring dances are danced with movements of the arms and legs predominating. The dance opens with the girls, headed by the *tapu*, advancing in a double row to the council of the chief and head men.

After a low salutation, the dance proceeds. In perfect unison they swing to and fro in long graceful circles, every girl turning at once. Then the dance grows wilder and the native orchestra increases the tempo. At last every girl except the *tapu* sinks to the ground in apparent breathlessness and she gives her solo dance; precisely as would an entertainer step out from the chorus in musical comedy.

Among the many fascinating dances, the one called the *Paoa* or Story Dance is

TRIBAL DANCES of TAHITI

(Continued from page 26)

perhaps the most interesting of all. The *paoa* is primarily a young man's dance and is still commonly performed throughout the islands of the Southern Pacific. Often at night, the Lotharios of a village—youths from eighteen to twenty—gather at a secluded spot far from the settlement, where they light a great fire of cocoanut husks. When the fire is burning brightly, casting great shadows among the cocoanut palms, the young men seat themselves in a circle near it and the fun begins.

One of the number springs to his feet and leaps to the center of the wide circle. Immediately all of his seated companions begin pounding rhythmically on the ground with their open palms and the dancer, waving his arms and swaying his body, relates in perfect unison to the pom-pom of beating hands, the story of the conquest of the maiden of his heart; perhaps his love for her was first awakened as he saw her bathing in a mountain stream; how one day he followed her far into the valley where she had gone to gather mangoes; how he confesses his love; how she rebuffed him at first and eventually yielded to his passionate pleading. There are no failures in these story dances. The Polynesians, as has been said before, are all optimists.

The natives, whether old or young, are what would be considered in more advanced countries amazingly frank with each other in their stories, more particularly in their love stories. Nothing is concealed and so it is that the young men in the story dance relate with the most intimate details, the affairs of their hearts, and illustrate the tale with vivid and amusing pantomimic gestures.

No picture depicting the life in the South Seas would be complete without the story dance and fortunately it is almost as interesting to see on the screen as in reality; albeit certain parts were unavoidably censored. W. S. Van Dyke, who directed *White Shadows in the South Seas* for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, secured for the scene in which the *Paoa* is shown one of the most famous story-dancers in French Polynesia. His name was "Tu" and he came from the village of Papenoo on the island of Tahiti. He is regarded as the greatest comedian and dancer of his island. Tu is now a man thirty years of age, is happily married and the father of a family, but he still loves to gather with the youth of his village for an evening of story dancing—to tell in song and story of the love affairs he had as a gay bachelor.

The men are far ahead of the women of the South Seas in all forms of the dance. They seem to have a sense of rhythm that many of the women lack. Also, of course, they have much longer careers. The Tahitian woman at thirty is hopelessly fat and muscle bound.

The orchestra for most of the native dances is of native construction. The instruments and the professions are handed down from father to son and in all instances have been in the family for generations. Peculiar significance is attached to the two huge drums on the island of Tahiti. These drums are of unknown antiquity and superstition declares that great tragedy will befall the island if they are ever taken away. The wood of these drums is polished by the tender care of generations of loving hands while the heads are of sharkskin. Although large sums have been offered for them by collectors, they are still retained by their native owners.

The South Seas' most noted dance, so far as the Occident is concerned, the hula, is never danced in Tahiti. The dances herein described are peculiar to Tahiti, and have not traveled.

"Heretofore," to quote Mr. Wily of their press department, "when there flashed across the screen a scene in which dancing appeared, the orchestra in the pit picked up as best they could some strain of music which seemed suitable to the style of dancing being performed. Oftentimes the results were anything but satisfying. With the Movietone, recording as it does, with perfect time, the correct music for the dance, it cannot help but result in a far more artistic and interesting spectacle. It is now possible that dancing, which has not played a particularly momentous part in the world of the cinema, will take on a more compelling and enjoyable appearance."

Paramount has three dancing stars, Clara Bow, Nancy Carroll and Mary Brian. Clara Bow, who seems to have exhausted the flapper role, could certainly add to her fame through the medium of a dancing part.

United Artists, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and First National are rather silent about their sound plans. Joseph Schenck, president and chairman of the Board of Directors of United Artists, said recently that out of the eighteen pictures planned for release for the 1928-29 season three would be in sound. Sam Goldwyn will shortly release *The Awakening*, with Vilma Banky. This is to be done in Movietone and will have a dancing scene, the score for which was written by Irving Berlin. Berlin has also furnished the score for *The Love Song*, a United Artists' picture. It is rumored that even Charlie Chaplin, the master of pantomime, is considering the

WHAT CAN SOUND PICTURES DO for DANCING?

(Continued from page 17)

use of sound in his pictures.

Mr. Nolan of United Artists is of the opinion that the "talkies" are still in the novelty stage and that it is too soon to predict their future.

There are dozens of movie stars who are trained dancers. They will, according to the various motion picture officials interviewed, be given another medium of expression, another lure for the ensnaring of their devoted fans.

The question now arises as to the possibility that development of the spoken film drama will remove the capital of filmdom from Hollywood to New York, the acclaimed center of stagecraft.

While it is true that the Paramount studios on Long Island have been opened for the joint use of the big three (Paramount, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, United Artists) in their production of Movietones, Metro is at the same time adding sound production facilities at their Culver City studios. Universal and Warners are using their Hollywood studios but Warners are to open their Eastern studios as well. Fox has been filming Movietones at their Tenth Avenue studio right

along. It seems to be a fifty-fifty proposition.

Just a word in general about the "talkies." Paramount, United Artists and Metro closed with the Electrical Research Products, subsidiary of the Western Electric Company, for the license privilege to produce movie talkers. Fox, Warner Brothers and First National have been affiliated with the above company for some time and have already had offerings before the public. Universal's deal is nearing completion. Pathe-FBO is hooked up with the Radio Corporation of America's Photophone. (General Electric affiliated.) Even the Hal Roach Comedies have contracted for the use of the talkers.

Warners have been identified with the name "Vitaphone" for the past two years and First National has created its own coined word "Firnophone." This latter company's talker is connected with the Victor Talking Machine Company in using disk synchronization, similar to Vitaphone. Movietone and Photophone have the sound tracks on the film itself.

Box-office reports from all over the country are overwhelming proof that the public is pleased with what full length "talkies" have been offered it. The short subjects are very popular. The small-town houses see in the "talkies" a chance to compete with the large city houses and to keep their citizens at home. All of which means a new field and a larger public for artists of the dance.

* * *

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"BE beautiful in your own way," a famous authority on beauty, style, etiquette and all of those things that interest us more or less, once remarked before me. Her words came back to me not long ago as I sat in the studio of a well-known ballet-master here in New York. All about me were lovely girls, but each so different from her sister dancers that I had ample opportunity to observe a number of definite types.

There was a young lady, whose name is known to us all—brown-eyed, golden-haired, beige-skinned. On another her skin might even have been termed sallow. In her case, it harmonized becomingly with the brownish tones of her natural coloring. Another had quite a retroussé nose. A nose that on another face would not have fitted nearly so charmingly nor so piquantly. But it was the nose in this instance, I decided, that contributed an eager, zestful note to this dancer's face, which makes her one of the most attractive girls I know. Upon critical examination, I discovered a number of mouths quite too large, and several pairs of eyes that could boast nothing in the way of size, innocent looks or color. Yet the possessors of each of the mouths and the eyes are generally considered pretty girls.

That hour of observation in the studio led me to this conclusion: today there is no definite standard of beauty. Not only is this a day of freedom in thought, action, style and life in general. It is a day of freedom in beauty. We are not trammelled by Grecian noses; there is no one to say that hair must be flawlessly blonde or black as night. Even your skin rests on its own merits. It does not seem to matter whether it is of the pinky-white variety, a gentle olive or an out-and-out brunette. In fact, the white skin seems to have been discarded by many in favor of a healthy, hardy tan. This, of course, is a fad, but it has certainly had its day this last summer. Eyes, too, know no rules unto themselves; small ones, large ones, innocent eyes, sophisticated eyes—today they all depend upon something rather more than their blueness or their black lashes for true beauty. It is the light behind them, the truth about ourselves that seems to shine out of them, that stamps them as beautiful eyes or simply dull, vacant, uninteresting eyes.

This age, then, seems to me the great day for which women must have yearned back through the dim, dim years. It must have been a stupid, tiring, uninspiring business for the ladies of Troy if they all tried to look like their Helen. The women of Cleopatra's era must have grown to hate her, too. Those, however, were the days of standardized beauty—days that continued on and were handed down to us, even. Suddenly, or perhaps it has come more slowly than we realize, the day has dawned when each of us must stand alone on our charms. The spirit of the day is generous. I think you will all find that our companions are not quick to criticise a lack of regular features. In fact, it does not occur to many of us that those whom we love or like or simply associate with are not classically put together. We all overlook these things cheerfully. But there is one thing

that neither we nor others of this day overlook. And that is neglect.

I repeat that there is no standard of beauty today. There is, however, a higher standard than ever for the care that each individual, man or woman, must devote to his or her person. There is not the slightest excuse for any of us being un-groomed. Every drug store, every department store, carries a most comprehensive stock of toiletries so essential to perfect health and perfect cleanliness.

Let's consider our complexions for a moment. Brown, olive, cream, or little white sister, each may be beautiful, only if it is smooth, soft, perfectly free from any sign of neglected make-up or grime. And at the thought of apparent pores or a touch of acne, we simply throw up our hands! It is really a simple matter to keep our skins so cleansed, exercised and toned that they are always in the pink of perfection. And I am thinking, too, of the busy girl, who does not have hours of leisure for home treatments and who must be up and about her day's doings by nine in the morning. Ten, even five minutes before retiring; ten, or five minutes again in the morning. That is all the time that is required for perfect immaculacy. Now and then we must have ourselves "done over" by one of those delightful treatments that take an hour or so, either in a salon or our own home, and leave us spotless down to our very souls.

There is truly a cream for every skin today. These are not extravagant preparations, either. They are practical in price and formulated for practical purposes. Even if you do still cling to the soap and water regime, cream now and then will prove a blessing to your skin, especially if you are twenty-four or more. We exercise our bodies; we exercise our scalps. We should, therefore, exercise our faces. Massage, we have learned, is not wise unless we are familiar with the muscular construction of the face. We are likely to be too vigorous in the wrong place, thus stretching the skin and harming rather than helping it. Science has overcome this danger nicely in the stimulating creams. They work exactly on nature's principles. They cause the skin to glow sufficiently to arouse the circulation and thoroughly flush the tiny veins of the face. These creams not only give us the tone and color of youth, but they ward off the accumulations that might otherwise result in clogged conditions. There are lotions to tone gently and act as mild astringents. We apply astringents to our bodies in the form of cold showers. Our faces should surely receive as much attention as our bodies.

Hair, too, does not have to shimmer with gold to be beautiful. But it does have to shimmer with health and its own brilliance. This means that it must be brushed daily and kept immaculately clean. If you are the kind that needs an irregular line about your face, permanent waves are highly perfected, and will often more than make up for the little mishap nature may have dealt you. Ten minutes at night with a brush and the appropriate tonic is a sure way to hair beauty. Another thing that many of us have not thought of. Someday

(Continued on page 53)



Miss Barbara Newberry, now featured in Good Boy, drops in for a "Finishing touch"

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either dancers or musicians has a very clearly marked beat.

To explain the rhythm in handwriting and even to "feel" for it, we sometimes have to resort to the trick of the expert graphologist, which is to write a replica of a specimen of writing in the air. Try this with the specimens which are herewith reproduced for you, and the beat becomes literally visible.

Try it, for instance, with the handwriting of Tamiris, whose writing, at the first glance, does not seem to have any beat, at all, and you will see how this writing in the air at once shows the beat.

Here are delicate rhythms, subtle and refined. This is not the heavy beat of the waltz, not the strongly marked accents of the exotic dancer, but the smooth and flowing beat which is individualistic and almost literary.

One of the formations which is distinctly a "rhythm letter" is the small "g," which, if it is taken away from the content, so that the eye is not fooled by its accustomed place in a word, will be seen to be a flowing and sinuous "8." Known to graphologists as "the cultured g" it is also the "rhythm g" and those who make it instinctively sway to music and find it almost impossible to keep still under the spell of the dance harmonies. Produce it in the air with your forefinger and you will see what a dance your hand makes. Almost this same formation can be seen in the "S" of "Sincerely." The small "d" is also allied to these formations, being without an angle, especially in such words as "and" on next to the last line of the illustration.

If we seemed not to have a beat in the writing of Tamiris the careless observer may consider that Trini's writing has none, but the air writing of any letter of this virile specimen will reveal a strong one—vigorous, ardent, impetuous, strong and pulsating.

Trini

walk. If you get them young enough, there is nothing you can't do with a student, and here is my chance. Children are naturally limber . . . here is one who is going to stay limber."

I had a mental image of a small edition of Michael doing a hand stand in a perambulator.

"In the last few years I have seen the demand for trained dancers increase five hundred percent. Many of them go to the films, where almost every large feature picture has dancing and dancers in it. But most of the increase has come through the springing up of the great moving picture cathedrals. All over the United States and Canada . . . soon all over the world . . . there are showhouses where the dance troupe is a weekly part of the program.

"Dancers are making more money, and making it easier today than ever before. The difficulty is in finding enough girls of the right type, with ambition and willingness to work and learn. At first there is hard work . . . lots of it. The rewards come afterward, which is a way that rewards have, in dancing as in everything else."

"H'lo, Mike." A little girl of perhaps eleven years saluted her maestro as she dashed past.

"Wait a minute, Marie. Do the one-arm for us, will you?" The child made a grimace, but hurdled the bar and stood on the mat, poised for the springs. Then she turned a beautiful series of cartwheels, one-arm stands, and so forth. She

DOES HANDWRITING REVEAL the DANCER?

(Continued from page 31)

We can actually see the fire, the passion, the leaping flame of life which courses through this handwriting. That this dancer has these superb qualities in her work I have not a doubt. Closing my eyes slightly, so that the handwriting "swims" in the vision I can all but perceive the lithe figure leaping through it, alive to the finger tips. These rhythms are not dreamily subtle. They breathe life and sweep us forward with them. Such a person as Trini is superbly a personage, superbly magnetic, tremendously positive.

Irene Delroy has a rhythm which is a test of one's real feeling for the beat, as shown in handwriting. To the eye which is trained it is very marked; less flowing and ardent, less un-self-conscious; something stately and strong about it. Incense and mellow old bells—something not quite of this earth and yet deeply and passionately sensuous—that's the rhythm of the Delroy writing.

Ann Pennington

Ann Pennington! Write her name, as she has, doing it in the air, and you will see that here is no languor and not a great deal of the intense passion which makes the sensuous dancer. Here is youth, merriment, quick, active movements, a great feeling for the very thing which she often praises other dancers for—precision. Handwriting is one of the most revealing things in the world. In this writing of Ann Pennington we find more or less the precision of the great expert, the dance beat of the perfect sense of time, and in the heavy, well-sustained pressure the

great strength of body and high tide of vitality, both of which are possessed by this writer, whose gayety of temperament and perfect technique hide from many of us the greatness of her art.

Who that has seen that ethereal shadow, strangely imperial—as if a ghost of a long dead queen of beauty drifted vaguely across the sunshine—that "beautiful bag of bones" as a great dramatic critic once called her to me; who that has seen Madame Pavlowa dance will not see her in these delicate lines traced by her pen, so fitting a symbol of her that I gaze and gaze at them, enthralled as when I first saw her float across a garish stage and transform it into a never-never land of unreal beauty. The beat in this writing is so definite that it does not need to be even written in the air so that we may see it and yet it is not a beat which belongs to the everyday world. It is almost impossible to reduce it to any measure known to music, but it is there. You who move to the mysterious bidding of the hidden measures in music, can see it better, perhaps, than I, even with the aid of science, for this beat is essentially a mystic one. Like the unearthly beauty of the woman, which defies the rules of physical and material beauty and, uncompetitively, makes them seem unimportant.

Another extraordinary specimen of writing, which needs careful estimation, is that of Jacques Cartier. Write this in the air and observe how intricate are the rhythms and how peculiar. Here, though, are none of the shadowy half beats, such as we find in Madame Pavlowa's. Here is that almost archaic beat which makes me think of—what? Drums beaten in wide, lonely places, chants in a minor key, strong, barbaric rhythms which appeal to

something deeply imbedded in us, reaching back to primitive times—stirring old instincts, reminding us vaguely of dances beside the tribal fires—yes, all that is in this writing and even those who judge the writing from its appearance, alone, will see something of this in it. It is, of itself, almost a picture. A line of it, done in red on a dark brown background, would have the decorative value of some of the ancient alphabets—the Etruscan, for instance.

Nina Payne

The handwriting of Nina Payne does not need to be written in the air by your finger. Its rhythms are so pronounced that we can be sure of Miss Payne's remarkable talent for the terpsichorean art. The virility of this is so expressed that we know Miss Payne must be a lovely exponent of the health and high spirits which contribute so much to the charm of a dancer. But that is not all. She has a mind. Her letter formations are those of the person who has trained herself actually to think. Her feeling for other arts beside that of the dance is exceptional. And she has courage and self-control. It is not the popular idea that these qualities help a dancer, but all the great dancers have had them—do have them. Ruth St. Denis, Maud Allen, the ill-starred but magnificent Isadora Duncan, Gertrude Hoffman, the incomparable Madame Pavlowa—all these great dancers have had courage and self-control and have been mentally as well as physically and temperamentally interesting.

Miss Payne must love to talk and write of dancing. I do not know her and have never had the happiness of seeing her dance, but I am as sure of her mentality as if I had spent hours in close companionship with her, for—handwriting is a mirror to the human being, and to every thing which makes up the human being.

BACKBENDS and ONE-ARMS for HEALTH

(Continued from page 35)

finished with three perfect running dives, and stood before us, her face flushed, but breathing easily. She was a picture of athletic childhood as she leaned against the bar, her young body strong and pliant as willow, and as well equipped to weather the storms and the demands of life.

I could not help contrasting her with the two little girls I had seen the evening before on Leroy Street. With thin, scrawny arms and legs, they had crouched on a curb-stone and spent their evening play-time with a greasy deck of cards. It would be a good thing if every child were given the opportunity to achieve physical rightness through the dance.

"I have had many pupils who were not interested in stage appearances in acrobatics, as I told you. Some are children, some wish to reduce, some wish to gain or keep poise and balance. Mary Boland, of *Cradle Snatchers*, was one of my pupils from the legitimate stage. I have had many others who say that acrobatics help them in their work.

"Constance Carpenter, in *The Connecticut Yankee*, has worked with me for a long time. Charlotte Greenwood . . . the Charlotte Greenwood, . . . comes regularly for her work, though she does not intend to dance in public again. Did you see the charming Irene Delroy in *Here's How?* She is another regular student of mine.

They are all there on the wall . . ." He pointed out to me a long hallway, the walls of which were covered with autographed photos of the past, present . . . and future . . . dancing stars of Broadway. I could see the familiar faces of Clifton Webb . . . Frances White . . . Adelaide Hughes. . . There was even Helen Lyons, the former partner of Charles Sabin, a particularly charming ball-room dancer. Michael saw that I had noticed her.

"You are not surprised to see a ball-room dancer among my pupils? We teach every sort of dancing here, of course. But Miss Lyons and many others have found that acrobatic dancing fits them for all other kinds. It gives that reserve of physical energy and power which make a dancer strong and confident."

"What advice would you give to the beginning dancer?" I asked. Michael rubbed his jaw reflectively.

"I should say to build up a foundation so strong that the demands one may make on it later will always be met. So many young dancers try to do finished things before they know the first fundamentals. They make demands on themselves which are too strong. Many of them injure their feet, or their muscles. They become overdeveloped, or find themselves with unlovely lines.

"The body will learn to do almost

anything. But it must be trained, and trained correctly. It is precious . . . it is the only one the dancer will ever have. It must not be abused, it must not be strained. That is why the stretching and limbering which come from acrobatic dancing are so valuable. They get the body into shape to do not only acrobatic and eccentric dances, but everything.

"Work and have patience . . . those are the two things for the young dancer to remember. They go to a show and the star seems to be having a good time . . . her work seems to be easy. Yet they do not see the long hours, the years of practice she has put in to bring her to the state of physical and rhythmical perfection. Dancing, at least in the beginning, is hard work. But for those who love it and stick to it . . . it has its rewards."

Keep Your Family Well

IN the November issue you find an interview with Mussolini, written by George Sylvester Viereck. Mrs. Wilson Woodrow writes on "Fear—Your Worst Enemy." Don C. Lyons, D.D.S., contributes rules for the care of the teeth. These features make November PHYSICAL CULTURE, on the news stands November first, one of the best November magazine purchases twenty-five cents will buy. To make sure you get your copy order it in advance—now.



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Do you want information about any beauty preparations or process not advertised in this issue? We shall be happy to have you write us what treatments and preparations you would like to see advertised and discussed.

Marjory Maison will be glad to answer your personal problems if a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed.



(Continued from page 51)

if we must be grandmothers and wear orchid and mauve, let's be lovely ones. The brushings that our hair gets today will tell ten or maybe twenty years from now. They will tell nice things—that we cared enough about ourselves and for the lovely things of life to make of ourselves the most beautiful person within our possibilities.

How many of us give a daily thought to our eyes? Many eyes literally see gross neglect. After a motor trip, after a dip in the ocean, a game of tennis, or maybe a long, long evening, how many remember the consoling eye cup and a cleansing, strengthening, refreshing eye wash? Make your own from boracic acid if you do not wish to buy one. Eyes that are kept clean and healthy will sparkle and appear bright and happy. If we have been neglected in a brow and lash manner, we can grow them. This really can happen. I know a girl who had scanty, whitish brows a few years ago. Today she has the loveliest, soft brown brows you have ever seen—long, silky and slightly arched. She grew them. A bit of cosmetique brings lashes to the attention of the world if they are too light to be noticed. Shadows, if applied artfully, give soul and depth to eyes that are lacking these requisites.

Haven't you noticed the new powders—how they blend with the natural skin tones? Always their purpose seems to make the skin, just as it is, a little lovelier. Never do they seek to change the natural tone. Their purpose is to soften, to veil so lightly and smooth out all obvious efforts at make-up. Rouges and lipsticks, too, seek to carry out the harmonizing or contrasting tones. Thus they respect your own true self.

In the interests of our own self-respect and self-confidence, do let's grow to like ourselves a little bit. Really lovely girls sometimes just do not seem to like anything about their faces. Yet if they were to see the same eyes, nose and mouth on another, doubtless they would please them well. After all, a pair of limpid brown eyes are small things to be vain about. But we might well be vain when our efforts have changed a drab head of hair into a shining one, or when abstinence from sweets and other temptations have resulted in a modern Venus form. Everyone, I am willing to concede, has at least a tiny spark for the artistic. Where could we better give play to the talent than on ourselves? Where could any creation of our hands or brains work to such excellent advantage as on the faces or bodies that must accompany us through life? Not only to ourselves do we owe our best efforts in this behalf, but to the world at large. Beauty in any form is inspiring. Beauty is lasting. Beauty is life.

Let us follow the advice of the great lady I quoted in my first paragraph. Let us try to be beautiful in our own ways. Art, indeed, is free today. Our own artistic achievements—ourselves—may be developed just as freely. So that if I happen to be round of face, curved gently and of a happy disposition, I shall not try to look and feel like a Madonna, but make the best of my role in the happiness girl. Of if I am serious, quiet, contemplative, I shall not try to look cute and be the joy girl of every

occasion. There is great advantage in learning our types and sticking to them. Then we become individuals and as such may truly be beautiful in our own individual ways.

Now that we're all going in for individual beauty, perhaps there is just one problem that troubles you. There are a number of quick ways to such beauty—just practical thoughts that may not have occurred to you. No matter what your trouble is, won't you tell us? We may be able to straighten it all out for you and will be delighted to give you at least one new thought. Your thought of me must include a self-addressed and stamped envelope. Please send it to Marjory Maison, Beauty Editor THE DANCE MAGAZINE, 1926 Broadway, New York City.

Marjory Maison

DEAR MISS MAISON:

I have one annoyance, namely there are small pronounced veins at the openings of my nostrils which are red and seem to be increasing. I do not know of any cause as there is no irritation. I have done nothing about them. Do you think they may disappear in time? Can you suggest any help for them?

R. I.

These are small capillary veins that have become broken. These veins are apparent usually only in fine textured skin. An injury to the surface skin or undue strain may cause them. If the skin is very delicate, very hot or cold applications may also be the cause. I do not think there is anything to do about them. If they increase, consult a skin specialist. If you will use only warm and cool applications, or better yet, use a cream and lotion for cleansing, at least you will not increase them. A good foundation cream and powder will hide them.

DEAR MISS MAISON:

I am eighteen years old, five feet, three inches tall. My weight is 135. Is this correct?

Z. D.

You are rather overweight. You should weigh between 118 and 120 pounds. There are cases, of course, that permit weight over the general statistics. Some girls naturally have large frames or bones. In such cases, they will weigh more than their smaller sisters. If this is true of you, to reduce to the weight prescribed might make you appear even thin. One way of deciding whether or not you are overweight is to notice your flesh. If you are nicely covered with firm, healthy flesh, then you may decide that your overweight is not serious and that you are just a larger girl than the average for your height. If, however, your flesh is loose, saggy and very much evident, then you should reduce, preferably through exercise.



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1—Hair too oily or too dry?

2—Hair falling badly?

3—Hair thin around the temples or ears?

4—Troubled with dandruff?

5—Irritation or eruption of the scalp?

6—How often do you shampoo your hair?

7—Hair fine or coarse?

8—How often do you brush it?

9—Have you a suitable brush?

10—Previous treatment used?

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Philadelphia. . . . At present, I am dancing at the Kit-Kat Restaurant, which was formerly a club, here in London."

I have received an unusual number of letters during the month from acts—and about acts—which are touring the Western circuits. Correspondence of this sort is most welcome. I want to give more and more news of dancers on the road.

Two fans, one in Toronto and one in Toledo, O., write with great enthusiasm about the work of Rosemary Dering in *The Garden of Roses*, on Pantages time. "Young and beautiful. . . . A child with wonderful ideas and a finished style. . . . I do not think she has an equal on Broadway." Such are the comments that Rosemary evokes. I'll be looking for her.

José Rivas sends photographs of his act called *The South American Dancers*.

deny; for the lady who lives in India is in our humble opinion one of the most delightful of interpreters of the Far Eastern exoticism in music today. Added to that she is prolific; so that we again find ourselves clapping our hands in childish delight over another new Strickland opus. It is *From a Caravan*, a suite of five numbers that should be easy to dance to. They are: *Prelude, Well In the Desert, At Ouled-Nail, Night on the Nile, and Song to the Crocodiles*. The publisher is G. Schirmer.

A Collection of French Music

THE house of Oliver Ditson (Boston) has for the past few years cataloged a series of collections for piano selling at fifty cents, retail. Among them is a folio well worth inclusion in the dance library, *Eight Piano Pieces by French Composers*. The group includes several

The DANCERS OF VARIETY

(Continued from page 37)

The troupe came direct from Buenos Aires to the Pantages circuit. Manuel and Vida, who are old friends of this department, drop a line from Los Angeles to say that they have joined a Publix unit. They are to tour the South and will land in New York in November. Warren and Waliski have an act they call *The Blue Danube*. They have danced recently in Chicago and at the Plaza Roof in San Antonio, Texas. The photographs enclosed by this team were

charming, but were too hazy to stand reproduction.

I have added to my list readers' requests for interviews with the following artists: Claire Halloway, of Halloway and de Loring, an adagio team; the "young man in *Melody Mansion*," on Loew time; Veloz and Yolanda, a dance team specializing in tangoes; Tom Patricola and Buster West.

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.

The MUSIC MART

(Continued from page 41)

numbers extensively used by dancers, and widely known to the music public, such as the famous *Le Cygne* (The Swan) of Saint-Saens, and the beautiful *Serenade* (No. 6 from *Six Dances in the Old Style*) by Gabriel Pierné, used for so many adagios. Delibes is represented with his graceful *Passepied*. There is also Godard's *Jonglerie* (Jugglery), light and dainty if a bit monotonous; and Gabriel Faure's *Romance*.

For Vaudeville, Movie House, Clubs

A PERFECTLY grand piece in fox trot time is *Kiddie Kapers* by Shilkret, Pollack and Sherman, published

by Sherman Clay Music Co. (San Francisco), for piano or orchestra. Shilkret is the maestro whose first name is Nat and who graces so many of the Victor phonograph records. The orchestration is a darb, and the thing is full of tricks, stops, rhythmic novelties, without being overdone. It is long enough to permit cutting and rearranging to suit any routine in 4-4 time. We recommend it for soft-shoe, buck, tap, eccentric and similar types of dances.

A Set of Waltzes

VIENNESE *Suite* is the title of a group of six waltzes by Sam Franko just published by Schirmer. They are short unpretentious little numbers, slightly reminiscent in style of the Romanticists—Shubert, Schumann, and Chopin—and more serious than the sort of thing usually implied by the term "Viennese Waltz."

NEW DANCE RECORDS

No. 3997

Joe Turner's Blues, the old fashioned low-down blues by Johnny Dodd's Black Bottom Stompers. Loud and crazy, but mean.

When Erastus Plays His Old Kazoo, more of the above. Derbyized cornet, backfiring banjo, crazy clarinet and all.

No. 1511

My Darling a smooth fox trot quietly played by Eddie Thomas' Collegians, whose gentle style is refreshing.

Gee But I'm Lonesome Tonight, Charles Kaley and His Orchestra specialize in crescendos. A tom-tom-like accompaniment throughout. Fox trot.

No. 1525

A Jazz Holiday, Ted Lewis shows more than his usual restraint. An apt title, however.

Jungle Blues, also by Ted Lewis and h. o. Lazy rhythm. Snaky. Ted's clarinet is active here and there. The tune is a wild sort of thing. Primitive emotions, et cetera.

No. 1524

What a Night for Spooning, secondary fox-hit from the *Scandals*. Harry Reser's Syncopators. Good solo bits, and some trick vocal stuff. Fine.

When Eliza Rolls Her Eyes, same band. Smart introduction. Clever balancing of solos alternating with full orchestra. Piano and banjo bits particularly.

Victor

No. 21588

Rag Doll, the famous piano team Arden and Ohman and their Orchestra. Great piano, well woven into clever orchestration. Kid atmosphere suggested by title.

Kiddie Kapers, similar fox trot by the same. Full of effects, and surprises.

No. 21589

Ten Little Miles from Town, lively fox trot by George Olsen and His Music. Featuring the well-known vocal trio.

Driftwood, also George Olsen. Great rhythm. And is that solo instrument bass-sax or bassoon?

No. 21606

Kiss Before the Dawn, Dreamy Viennese type of waltz from *The Spider* The Troubadours. Soothing.

When Love Comes Stealing, A companion waltz, also played by The Troubadours. Xylophone and steel guitar are used well.

No. 21603

Nagasaki, Nat Shilkret and the Victor Orchestra. A fox trot with a smart comedy lyric. Rollicking nautical flavor combined with Oriental.

Moonlight Madness, a quieter fox, also by Shilkret and the Victor Orchestra, which sounds like a really big outfit.

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Blue Grass Vincent Lopez and His Casa Lopez Orchestra. They hit a hot lively rhythm, and pull an attractive quartet vocal refrain. Fox trot.

Lonely Little Bluebird, another fox, with Lopez doing his stuff here and there in the treble section of the piano. Very tricky introduction.

The AMERICAN BALLET TODAY

(Continued from page 14)

modern life, enriching it with beauty.

And it is so. Did the greatest American dancer Isadora Duncan reproduce "present life" in her art? Did we, watching her perform, experience the same emotions we do reading the morning paper? On the contrary! She gave the art a spiritual meaning. Not with the imitation of smoke stacks or traffic signals, but by the lines and motions of her body did she express the joys and sorrows of life.

American life did not reflect on her art, but her art reflected on the entire life, from the ways of dress to the ability to appreciate, love and respect the beauty of the human body.

Thus we will hope that the American Ballet will not take the direction toward today's modernism.

The French and Russian ballets reflected the art and life of all nations. The American Ballet should likewise reach for the world's art and find its themes from varying epochs. Americanism will be not the result of a theme, but the means of expression.

If there will be a ballet in America of the same kind as in Russia before the revolution it will attract like a magnet all the most talented artists in the country—the composers, writers, painters and dancers. American talent will find in it its expression. The ballet will become American.

Is it necessary that the creator of the ballet and its balletmaster be American-born? It is impossible and not at all essential.

Impossible—because there is no American who knows in perfection the ballet art, its theory, technique, traditions—who has the knowledge of the masterpieces of Petipa, St. Leons, Perro, Taglioni, Bournonville and others, and lastly who has the practical experience in the ballet art.

I say it is not essential because the ballet in Russia was created by the Italians and the French, in Denmark by the French, in France by Italians, et cetera.

Is there a demand for a ballet here in America? Everyone wants to dance, or to watch it. Where do they not dance? In drama, opera, in musical comedy, vaudeville, in moving pictures—dancing everywhere. A demand for the ballet would appear if such a ballet did exist.

Those who have never seen the ballet can not comprehend what pleasures that art bestows. It becomes dearer and more indispensable the more one sees it.

If there was a ballet, the love for it would develop, as would its appreciation; and then of course simultaneously with such a development many of the imitations of the ballet which are now numerous, poisoning the taste of the public, would disappear.



Fokine in an early Russian production of Cleopatra

In speaking of the dance and the ballet, in stating that America has given a great deal of valuable, beautiful material to the dance and in the field of the ballet absolutely nothing, even doing harm by presenting the imitations of the ballet, amateurish experiments, I would like to emphasize the difference between the dance and the ballet. The dance is like a field flower. It is created by nature. Where the soil is good—it grows, it blossoms. It needs no worry, no care . . .

But there are other flowers . . . These are transplanted from one earth into another, they are cared for, they are watered, they are placed into plant-houses, they are treasured. These flowers possess an individual aroma and are perfected by years. As this flower the ballet is protected from tempests by those who love it.

It is the creation not only of nature but a product of human knowledge, science and art, love and care. Right it is that civilization develops where the natural resources are generous.

That is why I believe that if the dance is in the very spirit of the American nation, the ballet will produce unheard-of beautiful bloomings.

That is why it is painful to see that rubbish is thrown on the wonderful fertile soil!

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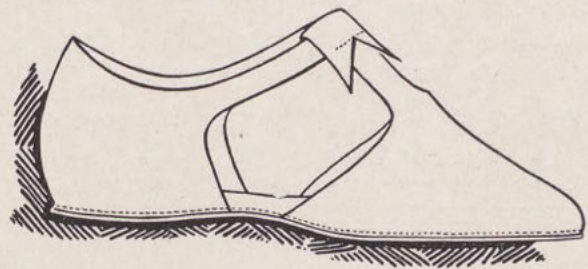
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VAUDEVILLE PREFERRED

(Continued from page 15)

because I distinctly remember making a lot of appearances. Then about the age of twelve I went to study with Ernest Belcher, and stayed there for about six years. In my class there were Dorothy Dilley and Lina Basquette. As far as I can remember they were the only ones who are well known now in the East. Beth Beri was ahead of me."

Theodor began by being a singer, of all

"you're your own boss. You can do the sort of numbers you like best, which you can't in shows. And unless you get a marvelous break in a show, you're buried. In the shows we've been in, we have had wonderful breaks, but it's dangerous to take the chance."

A lot of vaudeville headliners feel this way.

I have tried to picture Gracella and Theodor as they struck me: amazingly young, surprisingly unpretentious, and astonishingly engaging, both personally and in their work. They serve to drive home the truth that only small fry rave about themselves. Gracella didn't tell me she was good. Others did, and I saw it for myself. I have tried to convey the impression that Gracella is an essentially American girl. Nationally we admire beauty of face and figure. She has that. We admire direct means of thought and action. They both think and act straight to the point. But most of all we admire democracy of spirit, absence of affectation. The girl who measures up to these qualifications is essentially American. Is that clear?

That's why she dealt a death-blow to my preconceived notion of what "the highest paid adagio dancer in the world" would be like.



Nasib

Gracella and Theodor got their start in California, but have been successful also in the East

trades! Little by little he swung over to dancing, first doing ballroom, then Russian, and finally by doing adagio exclusively.

Gracella, somewhat similarly, began by doing toe-work exclusively, even appearing in Aida as a soloist during her stay with Belcher, but finally, in response to her own instinctive liking for the abandon of adagio dancing, came to do that exclusively. She teamed up with a chap and worked for six months under Harry Carroll in Los Angeles, then had another partner, who left her, after which time she met Theodor, as recounted above.

They have played the Keith, Orpheum, and Loew circuits, and when I visited them backstage at Loew's State Theatre, New York, were about to play a few weeks in and near New York prior to going south for Loew. The act they are doing now is called *Nights of Love*, and in it they do three routines, though they admit that they have not changed much in the act since it was put together. Next Spring they will work out an entirely new act, with a view to staying in vaudeville. Their first appearance on Broadway was in *The Florida Girl*, under Earl Carroll's aegis, and they also danced in the third and fourth editions of the *Vanities*. But now they prefer vaudeville. "In vaudeville," Gracella summed up,

STUDENT and STUDIO

(Continued from page 46)

finished a ten weeks' engagement at the Floridian Hotel Grill, Miami Beach, where they were a success because of their youth, pep and dancing ability.

Gerry McMurtry, who has a studio in Amarillo, Texas, taught all summer at Camp Mystic. The campers took to the work most enthusiastically and put on a musical comedy and a revue which went over with a bang!

In New Orleans the De Villroi Brothers have a school of acrobatics where they teach the most advanced work of this sort. Both brothers are famous throughout the South for their remarkable stunts and tricks.

—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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NEW YORK'S OWN NIMBLE HEELS

(Continued from page 27)

"Oh, I don't know. Probably a telephone operator. Or else I'd have worked in a store at about fifteen dollars a week. Oh, I'm glad I'm a dancer. Of course, if I'd been born a man the way I'd like to have been, I'd be a prize-fighter or a jockey. I'd like to be a jockey now, and ride on racing horses. In the movies the girl, dressed in men's clothes, always rides the horse at the last minute and wins the Kentucky derby on her father's old horse. But I guess it doesn't happen much in real life. I never heard of it, did you?"

I was forced to shake my head, and Ruby Keeler looked disappointed. "But I don't suppose there'd be much money in it. And I can dance for both pleasure and profit."

"Sometimes I wish that I wasn't a buck and tap dancer. I'd like to do a real lovely toe dance. Can you imagine me coming out on the Capitol stage downstairs and doing a Pavlova? Wouldn't I stop the show? But probably my public wouldn't recognize me if I did anything except the good old tap numbers."

"Do you do much reading?" I asked. Miss Keeler shook her head.

"I used to read magazines sometimes. But what time does a girl have to read when she makes five appearances a day? Here at the Capitol I have time just to catch my breath between appearances."

"What does dancing mean to you . . .

what have you to say to the student dancer who is just starting out?" I stood up to go, as I knew that the bell for Miss Keeler's next appearance would ring in a moment or two.

"Dancing? Oh, I can't explain. I don't stop to think, I just let my feet tell the story. When I'm dancing, I am just in a daze. My feet seem to carry on for me. I think if I were to have heart-failure or be shot from the wings I'd still finish my dance from force of habit. As far as students are concerned, I don't feel that what success I've attained entitles me to preach. I might say that in dancing you've got to prepare for the worst and expect the best, and love doing it so much that you can't think of anything else . . . otherwise you'll have a hard time. There are a lot of girls dancing today, and the competition is keen. You have to be just a natural-born dancer, or you won't go through with it."

I said my hasty goodbys and hurried around to the front entrance to the theatre. There was the usual Sunday night jam, and I finally found my way to a seat just as the stage show opened. A few minutes later Ruby Keeler made her rhythmic entrance to the strains of Walt Roesner's playing of *Imagination*, the catch tune from the late lamented *Here's Howe!*

Here was a girl manifestly different from the one I had seen in the dressing room. Ruby Keeler is at home before the foot-

lights. Her feet spoke far more fluently than her lips as she tapped her way across the wide Capitol stage. Her dancing is always the same, yet full of a jazzy variety. It is as Newyorkish as Jimmy Walker, or the elevated. What other dance than this peculiar combination of buck and tap could express the spirit of the city? It is hard-boiled dancing, with a gay note of the carnival in it.

It is not hard to see, in the gay dance of the personable Miss Keeler, the little girl of thirteen who caught a teacher's eye with her version of the Highland Fling. It is not hard to see the still littler girl who came to the big city from the distant Halifax, and who danced on the city streets with the "other kids." Ruby Keeler has grown up to live on Long Island and say "eye-ther" for either, but she is still New York's own.

"One more flight," she had said to me when we were climbing the dressing room stairs . . . "Up where the common people are." Ruby Keeler's nimble heels have carried her far . . . from First Avenue to Broadway . . . but she still is one of the common people that Lincoln thought God must have loved "Because He made so many of them."

Just as the magazine went to press, Ruby Keeler married Al Jolson and sailed for Europe on the Olympic, foregoing her contract to appear in *Whoopee* to do so.

—EDITOR'S NOTE

CATCHING DANCERS with the CAMERA

(Continued from page 43)

really knows what is best for her pictures. I like doing studies of dancers—yes, when the dancers are willing to be studies, not students."

Alfred Cheney Johnston thoroughly enjoys doing dancers. He has no preference as to their standing—either professional or amateur, both satisfy him. As a matter of fact, he believes that often the amateur is better than the professional. The former usually is dancing for the sheer love of the art, and in many cases, has so much time to devote to her work that she perfects it to a degree far superior to the professional. Dancing for pure enjoyment, and dancing for the next meal are two entirely different things. "I, personally, feel," says Mr. Johnston, "that, although photography is a very fine means of reproducing the dance, painting or drawing are more certain of true artistic effects. A camera study is a great gamble as to the arrangement of draperies and those other subtleties that go for making a fine picture, whereas the painter can sketch in the effects he wants. In all my pictures, the main thing after which I strive is arrested action. In other words, action, but *not* exertion."

There can be no person more sympathetic in photographing dancers than he who has himself been of them. Carlo Leonetti was a dancer before the voice of the camera became more powerful than the voice of Terpsichore. He rehearsed and danced once with Fokine, but then he went out on his own, and toured the country as a solo character dancer. Therefore, having danced, Mr. Leonetti knows well the technique of posing a person for a picture; and, besides, having painted, also, he has the feeling for the artistry

necessary for subtle pictures. Knowing that he had painted, we asked Mr. Leonetti which he preferred, the camera or the palette. "By all means, the camera. For in a fraction of a second, the passing mood and pose of the dancer are caught." In all his experience of photographing every type of person, Mr. Leonetti believes that the dancer is the most often "camera-conscious." 'Tis a peculiar thing to think that a person used to the inspection of hundreds of pairs of eyes shrinks at the sight of that one eye in the middle of a camera. Of course, that one eye is so all-seeing, and, too, so fault-seeing.

"Dancers need photographs to improve their work." These were the first words of Arthur Muray. He explained that he felt that drawing was all right for illustrative purposes, but that photographs truly showed a dancer just what she was doing, and how her personality showed in her work. Mr. Arthur Muray prefers not doing amateur dancers, for he feels that they do not give enough of the serious study to dancing that is its due. To quote him again: "A camera study gets the lines of motion as does no other medium of reproduction; this fact, plus the achievement of mood by lighting effects, gives a photograph its worth."

Hal Phyfe, a tall, lean man, seems more the dancer than many dancers we have met. However, he is another man who works with the camera, and even more, with pastels, also. Mr. Phyfe has not made a specialty of dancers, but, he likes taking them. Of course, he too, has his limitations to set. He only likes to do good dancers, for they are the only ones who know how to pose, he believes. "Photographing dancers is too much of a

gamble," said he, "because out of six poses taken, the chances are that but one of the six will be really good. The moment when the picture should be snapped, is that second when the subject is passing from one motion to the next. This is a very difficult thing to do, as this barely perceptible pause is so fleet, that the eye must be trained to be ready for it. But—once caught, the result is an artistic picture." We imagine that the object in view in this, must be somewhat reminiscent of that old sport—whoofus-hunting. Try and catch it!

A new note was struck by Richard Burke, when he said: "Life and reality are the things I want in my pictures. Therefore, if I am taking a dancer, she must pose in a way that is perfectly natural, even if this pose is not a part of her dance. The few poses that can be used for "stills" have been repeated so often that they are losing all their originality and realism." In this Mr. Burke most subtly shows that he complains not of dancers, for they are always changing and originating; but poses, we suppose, because they are poses, remain the same always.

Edward Thayer Monroe is known as a portraitist, but he likes taking dancers, for a reason all his own. "I am interested in human nature, and dancers are interesting people to study and photograph. It makes no difference whether they are professional or amateur. If they are vital persons, with decided personality and characteristics, I like to do them."

Though the ideas of each are differentiated from their fellow-photographer, they are all working after the same thing. And that is—to create a new art.

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NICKOLAS MURAY LOOKS at the DANCE

(Continued from page 39)

position in the world. I wish Ito all success in bringing his ideas to a happy realization.

and spirit and it seemed that a good time was being had by all.

Nemtchinova and Dolin

A DANCE TROUPE called "Ballet Russe Classique," under the leadership of Vera Nemtchinova and Anton Dolin, gave spirited performances for five

Le Spectre de la Rose was the closing number of the first part, another of the old masterpieces that appeal so much to dancers of both sexes. Whenever this ballet is mentioned one immediately connects it with the immortal Nijinsky. Dolin was a most satisfactory substitute, to

say the least. This particular dance gave him an excellent opportunity to show that he has mastered technique to the nth degree. Nemtchinova was the young dreamer, which character was the only reason for the existence of the dance.

Divertissements, on the second half of the program, proved that this Russian Ballet had very good talents besides the two heading it.

Pas de Deux, Tchaikowsky's music, was an academic ballet number with Nemtchinova and Dolin. It had the conventional theme of playing with—refusing—teasing—reconciliation—and finally the triumph of love! Danse Turque, with Gerber's music, was danced by Nicolas Zvereff, a most temperamental dance with a good deal of humor, smooth technique and a good deal of virility. Zvereff is as good a performer as Dolin, also



S. Georges

Vera Nemtchinova, who appeared with Anton Dolin late last summer in a series of recitals in Holland

consecutive evenings in Amsterdam, in which the technique was paramount and the quality came to the surface occasionally.

Le Lac des Cygnes is a theme which has been used by almost every school the world over—mostly for graduation exercises. It seemed to me like so many copies that art students turn out of the old Masters in the Louvre. Dolin and Nemtchinova, being very good art students, turned out excellent copy. It seemed to me that these repetitions must be compromises, not for artistic, but for financial reasons. These two splendid artists have enough daring material to provide and prove that their choreographic imagination was not dependent upon the storeroom of the Russian Ballet. Nemtchinova as the Queen of the Swans was enchanting and facile; Dolin as the Prince and Michailoff as the Evil Spirit, brought this exhausted story to a successful conclusion with the assistance of a fairly well trained corps de ballet. The climax came at the end as a pas de deux, with Nemtchinova and Dolin doing a "Variation et Grand Coda" without missing a single position of the ballet technique. With an unusual elevation, Dolin deserves the greater part of the merit for this number.

Snegourootchka is an original choreography with the author, M. Zvereff, in the leading rôle, playing the drunkard in a most convincing manner—his heart being torn between his wine flask and the beautiful woman, played by Mlle. Doris Sonia. The ensemble numbers were played with zest

a creative artist—having produced Snegourootchka and several other ballets and tableaux.

Danse Chinoise was danced by Eva Kinova and Zvereff. It took the house which insisted upon a repetition of the dance.

Rondo Capriccioso, Saint-Saens, was the climax of the evening with Nemtchinova and Dolin. Both artists danced with complete abandon and magnificent technique. I do hope that these artists will visit our shores to introduce their talent to an appreciative American audience in the near future.

* * *

The Denishawns

Reviewed by Mary F. Watkins

ON August twentieth, for the second time in its 1928 season at the Lewisohn Stadium, the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, our most renowned symphonic ensemble, gave over its platform to the dance and sat below the footlights in the humbler role of accompanist. The stars upon this occasion were Ruth St. Denis, her husband Ted Shawn and the entire Denishawn group, and the fact that this was their second engagement with an organization never notably concerned with the exploitation of sister arts, is a significant tribute not only to the dance itself, but to these sincere and dedicated exponents.

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curtailed by rain) there were record-breaking thousands to witness a program which was in a large proportion composed of novelties or familiar numbers re-studied.

The Denishawns are, beyond question, the only American ballet group of real importance. Their work is always sincere, logical, progressive, intelligent and consistently beautiful; they exhibit a wholesome abhorrence of the indefinite, the vague, the shadowy, and whatever they attempt has meaning, point and substance.

These gratifying familiar qualities were present to a large degree in their principal offering, "The Lamp," a presentation in choreographic line, of Life, Death and Resurrection composed to the music of Liszt's "Les Preludes." For this Miss St. Denis had written a libretto in blank verse and the pictorial scheme was developed through the directing inspiration of William Blake's drawings. Even the famous flannel union suits and exaggerated scantiness of diaphanous petticoats of the engravings were sternly duplicated for the authentic preservation of mood and spirit. The pattern of the dance progressed through the blind gropings and yearnings of the earth-bound, through fear, and through death (incisively depicted by Mr. Shawn) to rebirth and a triumphal procession of angels headed by Miss St. Denis, the bearer of the Lamp of Eternity.

The production was not, however, in spite of its loftiness of conception and breadth of treatment, one of the greater glories of the Denishawns. It did not always avoid confusion and sometimes asked of the audience a credulity and earnestness of response which not all were prepared to give. We have an idea the "The Lamp" will crystallize in pattern and effectiveness through further experimentation on the part of its talented producers. If it eventually is discarded from the repertoire it will at least have proved a significant light, illuminating a wide avenue of new possibilities.

Another novelty was a *pas de deux* by Miss St. Denis and Mr. Shawn done to the Drigo Serenade and called "Josephine et Hippolyte" in memory of that historic flirtation. In this number Miss St.

Denis was wearing, we are told, some of the actual jewels once the property of the unhappy empress and recently purchased by Mr. Shawn for the fourteenth anniversary of his marriage, to Miss St. Denis. The dance itself was brief, technically skilful, and engagingly composed. The first night audience promptly demanded an encore. On the long and diversified program Miss St. Denis appeared again in two solos comprising a Brahms Waltz and the Liszt Liebestraum, neither of which preserved the full glamor of her talents, owing to a slight discrepancy in tempo between herself and Graham Harris who conducted the orchestra. Her most brilliant moments came later in that inimitable and enchanting number, familiar to admirers, "Japanese Flower Arrangement," and her solo part in the colorful "Bunnia Bazar." Mr. Shawn was frequently present in a bewildering diversity of disguises, chief among them, of course, his uniquely beautiful exposition "The Dance of Siva." The group numbers comprised the delicious exaggerations of "The American Suite," and that "East Indian Suite" which has in general design and derivation become one of the chief cornerstones of the Denishawn temple.

Certain divertissements of the evening might have been spared us, for example, the tiresome and obvious little "Punchinello" by Miss Hazel Krans, a Glazounov Valse de Concert, and Mr. Shawn's restrained "Orpheus" which does not belong on an extended program. The Japanese Lion Dance, by Messrs. Shafer, Steares, and Miss Josephine Day, was, on the contrary, riotously successful. Of the individuals, other than the two distinguished leaders, concerned in the performance, much might be said in praise of the grace and intelligence of Josephine Day, industriously present in number after number, but for sheer loveliness, for brilliance of technique, personal glamor and an *elan* which was almost iridescent, Miss Francesca Braggiotti, head of the Boston Denishawns, must be credited with the greatest triumph in her dance to the music of Moskowski's *Liebeswaltzer*.

BLACK and BLUE NOTES

(Continued from page 38)

Pennsylvanians play it. He followed that with the entire band singing Arthur's stuff on *Beloved*. A terrific hand was given to Arthur Johnson when he got up to take a bow. He is not long over a nervous break-down, but is nevertheless turning out a lot of work.

Ben Pollack opened at the Park Central with a bang. The grill there is a nice room with good acoustics that deaden the sound of dishes and people eating. I have heard this outfit several times and didn't go altogether out of my mind, but chaps in other bands here and there think that Pollack is the greatest band going in New York. I don't agree, but maybe I'm wrong. It's a swell outfit, no mistake, with a corking brass team, and a very original type of orchestration.

Don Voorhees, whose second band is under his own baton in the pit of *Rain or Shine*, has his first broadcasting outfit in *Americana*, J. P. McEvoy (author of *Show Girl*) producing his own second edition of the revue so successful two seasons back.

Paul Whiteman's first concert of his

new tour will have taken place by the time you read this. I hear he has a lot of new and odd material to give the high-brow music critics to boil over. But he's still Whiteman, and stands out as the most original contributor to dance music.

Notes

PAUL Specht is earning a big hand on the air. Ray Miller, Ted Weems, Charles Dornberger and others recently connected with the Middle West have become Meyer Davis-booked bands. Likewise Music Corporation of America is routing them, adding Don Bestor, Zez Confrey, Coon-Sanders and Fred Hamm. Irving Aaronson and His Commanders are at Pavillon Royal, Long Island. Vincent Lopez has three bands in N. Y.—*Vanities*, St. Regis Hotel and Westminster Inn. —KEYNOTE

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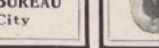
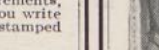
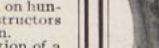
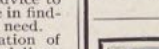
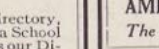
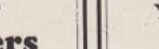
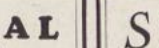
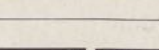
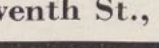
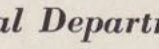
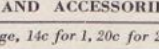
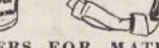
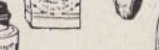
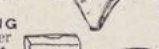
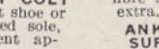
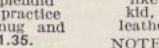
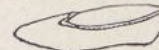
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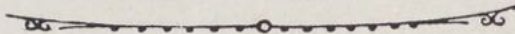
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devoted to a banquet, and another to a boat-ride up and down the Detroit River, on which occasion a contest was held to choose the most popular ballroom dance arranged by members. The result of this contest was the choice of the *Ecstasy Drag*, a fox trot in slow tempo and rhythm, designed especially for those who tend to tire of today's jerky movements. This was evolved and demonstrated by Tom Sheehy, master of ceremonies of the convention.

Nominations and elections culminated in the reelection of Raymond Bott as President, Walter U. Soby as Secretary, and F. W. Kehl as Principal of the Normal School. Also, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, was chosen as convention city for 1929.

To return to the Normal School, a really imposing list of teachers supervised the four weeks' enthusiastic work of the members of the association. Ivan Tarasoff taught beginners', intermediate and advanced ballet. Jack Manning ran large classes in tap, in which there is increasing interest. Paul Lane gave lessons in musical comedy work, and Miss Evelyn Jantcer, representing Mme. Sonia Serova, ran classes in children's work. Miss Victoria Cassan, Theodore J. Smith, both with their own headquarters in Detroit, taught Oriental and Spanish dancing respectively. George J. Gleason in acrobatics and Roderick C. Grant in ballroom completed the list.

Another group of leading teachers were

work. The day of acrobatic dancing merely as acrobatic dancing is gone. There must be some reason for going into a split or doing a cartwheel. Mind you, I am not arguing against acrobatics. It's a wonderful help. All my girls are able to do these stunts, even if they do not do them on the stage. They do it to gain limberness.

When I am called upon to direct the dances for a show I study the book very carefully for weeks even before I think of the dance steps, even before the dancers themselves are cast. When I find a weak scene I collaborate with the author to make the dancers help the plot, instead of hinder it.

With the expiration of her contract, she was invited by managers all over Europe to appear at their theatres. She danced first in London, and then in rapid succession toured the Riviera resorts and went on to Berlin, Vienna and Budapest. Late in 1924 she returned to America and headlined at the New York Hippodrome for four weeks. She was offered a long-term engagement on the K-A Circuit. But Europe seemed more alluring, and she was back there in 1925. She has not been in this country since.

Though Nina Payne has preferred to remain on the popular stage, the quality of her work has risen far above the level of her old vaudeville days. She has two or three Egyptian numbers which rank with the best Oriental dancing by concert artists. She has also developed a startling technique along modernistic lines. Read what a Viennese critic had to say about her in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* last year:

"She is standing on the stage, in the gay-colored costume of a clown. She is tall, rather more than slender, awkward, stiff. Her expression, similar to that of a wooden doll, is fixed and puzzled. Then comes a grimace—ugly, and yet extremely beautiful. The dance is called *Excentrique*. Now the limbs are moving. The hinging of her joints seems to be a

The DANCING MASTERS of AMERICA CONVENE

(Continued from page 44)

arranged by schedule to teach during the convention week after the Normal School had finished. These included, Mme. Sonia Serova, Mme. A. Kotchetowsky, Mrs. Edna R. Passapae, Mrs. Anna Keenan, Miss Marion Freeman, Arthur Kretlow, Mrs. Jane Spaedor, Louis Stockman and Thomas Sheehy.

Mr. Soby made an odd comment to me one afternoon as we stood watching those attending the convention on the ballroom floor of the Book-Cadillac Hotel. Laughing groups of young girls passed and re-passed, most of them wearing the prescribed costume of the convention: full knee-length skirt, belted at the waist, with stockings and ballet slippers. Several such twos and threes and fours went by and Mr. Soby remarked:

"Some years ago, when I first joined this organization there were hardly any

young girls in it. It's not difficult to realize that at that time very few young girls regarded the teaching of dancing as a profession they could follow with credit to themselves. Most of the members were middle-aged men and women. But now, just look around this convention. Look at the pretty girls and the eagerness they show in their work. What's the answer? Just this: girls nowadays, instead of thinking that the stage is the only place for them to dance, or that housekeeping or working in a library is the only dignified profession for a young girl in a small town or city to follow, realize that teaching dancing is one of the finest things they can do. They not only help themselves, but take a vital part in the life of their community, be it large or small. And besides, they make good livings. They must, or they wouldn't be able to spend the money to come here to Detroit to attend a Normal School and a convention."

Mr. Soby is right in both conclusions. His long experience as a teacher gives him a perspective, and he sounds an encouraging note for the entire organization: that dance teaching, being now a recognized profession of an importance equal to that of any other which has a direct effect on education and community life, is attracting the young blood that will instill fresh vigor into the campaign of making this country one hundred percent dance-conscious. —THE EDITOR

SPEEDING UP the SHOW

(Continued from page 19)

Even the incidents of a play can be danced out. In *Peggy-Ann*, if you will remember, there was such a scene. Peggy Ann falls asleep and dreams that she has taken all her country friends with her to the city. To portray this incident I found an amusing way to bring out the chorus in their milk-maid costumes and while they were singing and dancing they

twisted and turned their costumes in such a way that they finished with entirely different looking costumes. Their milk-pails became their hats, their aprons their skirts, and so on until they were perfect city girls. Thus we had a very merry scene that brought laughs and praises from all who saw it. And laughs in a comedy are what the people pay their good money for. You can't afford to miss a chance for a laugh. Even the best comedians will tell you how they have to work to get laughs.

Next month Mr. Felix will explain what he demands from the girls he picks for his choruses, and how he chooses them.

NINA PAYNE, our DANCING ENVOY

(Continued from page 34)

miracle of mechanics. The motions of her arms and legs are opposed to all reason, from an anatomical point of view. . . . It becomes a puppet-like, breakneck dance, sparkling with points of humor. Each bending of the knees is a sally of wit. We have not seen a greater performance.

"Her fourth number, *Egyptian Temple Dance*, causes unreality to seem real. She restores to life a technique which has been buried for thousands of years. The Egyptian hieroglyphs become a moving, vital picture—dismal, ghostlike, magical. Primitive forms of motion are thereby revealed to us. The dance is the purest form of art, and her rendition of this Egyptian thing is universal in character.

"The roar of applause at the end of each of her numbers was merely a feeble reflection of the admiration we felt for her."

I have had letters from her this year from Vienna, Budapest, Dresden and Copenhagen. In all these cities, she has starred in revues, besides making special appearances in smaller places. In Vienna,

the management had the singular idea of co-featuring Josephine Baker with Nina Payne for a while. The dusky Josephine was considered a great novelty in Central Europe, where colored performers are almost never seen. As one of the critics remarked, "the public flocked to the theatre, thinking Baker was a dancer, whereas she wasn't anything special in that line—she wasn't much of a singer either—some bananas about the waist, a dark skin, a few feathers! Well, well!"

At the end of a few weeks, Josephine Baker was transferred to a variety house in Budapest, and Miss Payne finished the season alone with redoubled prestige.

Personally, she is a simple American girl, with a taste for good books and pictures, fond of automobiling, social dancing and taking her friends to visit the quaint, artistic corners of the Paris she has grown to know so well. She makes her home with her mother in a hotel overlooking the Place de l'Opera, but I found her one winter in a gorgeous apartment she had rented furnished from some member of the decayed French nobility. Surrounded by the gilt and plush of the *ancien regime*, she had just finished addressing about a thousand Christmas cards to theatrical acquaintances in America. Nina's cards are famous, by the way. The same Parisian artist designs them all for her,



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(Continued from page 48)



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religious movement in dancing. The complete number which she gave was called "The Water Study," a flowing dance in which technique was subordinated to movement and vision.

This pantomime was given without music, except for an opening chord. Miss Humphrey was assisted by twelve of her girl pupils, costumed as mermaids.

An interesting touch of humor was given to the program by Charles Weidman in his dance, the "Ouaitis." Mr. Weidman, assisted by two students, gave a curiously effective pantomime of the carol-singers, redolent with real and natural humor, and effectively costumed.

In addition to the exhibition work and instruction by celebrated exponents of the various schools and styles of dancing, numerous original dances were put on by visiting teachers. Miss Ruth Blankenhorn, of Englewood, N. J. gave several particularly interesting songs and dances for children of various ages. There are no pupils for whom it is more difficult for the dancing teacher to get new and attractive ideas than the children, and Miss Blankenhorn's offerings were very well received for this reason.

Miss Dorothy Cropper, Jersey City, gave several interesting variations of *Pickin' Cotton* and *Vaniteaser*, up-to-date ballroom fox trots from this season's Broadway shows.

A new development in the dance was put on by Adolph Newberger of New York City, in the "Byrd Hop." This step is founded upon the antics of an airplane taking-off from the field and landing, and while it was not officially sponsored by the Society, it was followed with much interest by those teachers who are interested in giving their classes something a bit startling.

A variation of a syncopated fox trot, and "Petite Waltz et Petite Fox Trot" (the latter for children) were shown by Miss Rose I. Byrne, of New York City. Lester Mayhew, Jr. of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, one of the definitely younger generation, demonstrated a finished fox trot combination of undoubted ball-room value, while Edna L. Baum, famous Chicago creator of children's dances, showed "Sail Boats," "Blowing Bubbles," "Dutch Clog," "April Showers," "Ducks in the Pond," "Kitten Capers," "Rose Buds," and "Chinese Gong."

Among others who contributed interesting and valuable routines were Fannie Heth, Lewiston, Maine, Pearl Wallace of St. Petersburg, Fla., Helen Wheeler, of Cleveland, and Jessie Pocock of Evanston.

Members of the Society planned and staged a pageant portraying Fifty Years of Dancing. This covered the period from 1879 to the present, and it included such popular dances of the 70's and 80's as the Glissade Waltz, Redowa Glissade, Quadrille, Lancers, La Russe, Military Schottische, and others.

These were put on by older members of the Society, who had danced and taught these dances years ago. There were also represented the favorite steps of the Naughty Nineties, such as the Gavotte, Yorke, Two Step, Caprice, Virginia Reel, and Boston Dip. The period from 1899 to 1909 ushers in such charming steps as the Vienna Waltz, the Dip Waltz, Folk and Barn Dancing, Spanish Waltz, and the Boston and Yale Flip.

In the modern era, the pageant included several dances never officially recognized by the Society, but demonstrated for the purposes of absolute historical accuracy. The 1909-1919 chapter of the pageant featured the extreme as well as the more aristocratic steps, and included Every Little Movement, One Step, London Boston, Paris Boston, Lu Lu Fado, Maxixe, Hesitation Waltz, Waltz Canter, Hawaiian, Half and Half, Walking the Dog, Pericon, Tango Fox, London Taps, Jazz and Three Step, Turkey Trot, Bunny Hug, and Kitchen Sink.

The period from 1919 to the present was given by the Pittsburgh delegation, of which Mrs. Inez B. Hess was Chairman. It included the Cat Step, the French Fox Trot, all the present fox trots, as well as the Black Bottom, Shimmy, Waltz, Tango, Charleston, and Varsity Drag.

The Society also decided to give over the policy of "adopting" new dances. Youth will have its way and dance what it pleases, the members have decided. "Still," said Miss Rosetta O'Neill, of New York City, Chairman of the Convention, "it is the task of dancing masters to guide, and to offer the best and let youth do the naming of the dance. We will do our part if we teach the newest and the smartest in the ballroom dances, ignoring the vulgar and sponsoring the most artistic in all the forms of the dance."

Next year's convention of the Society will again be held in New York City. R. W. Vizay, Dancing Instructor at West Point Military Academy since 1898, was reelected President of the Society, Other officers elected were Lester Mayhew, Milwaukee, and Rose I. Byrne, New York City, Vice-presidents; P. S. Nutt, Vineland, N. J., Secretary, and Henry Doring, of Troy, New York, as Treasurer. The Convention came to an end Saturday noon, September 1st.

In December DANCE MAGAZINE

THERE are numerous American dancers who have often wondered just what reception they may expect in the leading cities of Europe. They know that many Americans have had really gratifying success in London, Paris, Vienna, Berlin and the fashionable summer resorts. But what kind of dancing pleases the residents of these places?

In an article especially written for THE DANCE MAGAZINE, Klaytan W. Kirby, a man who has spent months on the European continent himself as a performer, gives a lot of information about the situation there that should be read by every dancer who wants, or expects, to go to Europe soon.

LITTLE MISS RUNAWAY

(Continued from page 29)

had slunk down, his chin on his chest, his eyes closed, and Lorraine and I had been too afraid to disturb him to do much talking ourselves.

The doctor played nurse and maid to George, making him comfortable in bed, telling us just what to do for him, and leaving him in about a half hour. Lorraine and I were standing at the foot of George's bed, as the door closed behind the doctor. We took a deep breath and looked at each other.

The change in George once the doctor had closed the door, was amazing.

"You needn't act as if this was my funeral," he protested.

Lorraine laughed outright at that. "Gosh, it's good to hear you complain," she giggled. "Caesar is himself again."

"Never mind the loss, George," she consoled him glibly. "You'll only be out of the show a couple of performances, and the club can wangle along without you."

"Yeh?" he queried speculatively. "I have another little job to attend to before I think of the show or the club. Um-hum. There's a guy in this town—if he's still in town when I get up—that's going to get the starlight licked out of him."

"Forget it," chirped Lorraine. "You give me a pain anyway, you two. You're mad about each other, and everybody knows it, including yourselves. You make me sick—torturing yourselves, and trying to keep your great pash a dead secret from each other—Honest, it gags me!"

Presently, the voice I loved cut through the room, like a whip—so stern and sharp were the tones.

"Are you mad about me, Dimples?" I didn't answer. I couldn't. I stood there, too choked to speak. I was angry, humiliated. . . .

And then suddenly I saw something that brought the tears to my eyes. I was standing beside a little square table near the window. There was a glass top to that table, and at the very moment that George was waiting for my answer, I saw underneath the glass top—a picture of me! A newspaper picture that originally appeared in a pose with Romanan. But Romanan had been carefully cut out, and there I stood, toe pointed, head thrown back, in my Spanish costume, smiling up from the top of that table. . . .

Even before I turned, George had spoken again.

"No, you got her wrong, Lorraine," he said soberly. "She's mad about life. She's hooked with that damned little pup of Arthur-what-ever-his-name-is, and his money and his friends."

Out in the tiny kitchenette Lorraine had left to make a high racket with the pots and pans. I was about to go out to help her, when George's pillow toppled to the floor. I crossed over, picked it up, beat it into shape again, and began to arrange it behind his back.

Suddenly he caught my hand—my left hand—and held it, gazing down on my empty finger.

"What's this?" he asked shortly.

"I—I gave it back to him," I admitted.

"Why?"

"I don't love him."

"Why?"

I took a deep breath.

"Because I love someone else," I said huskily.

"Dimples—" he began tensely.

in triumph. "A bedside reconciliation I calls it. Don't let me disturb you."

And still he held my hand. Because I felt myself in such an awkward position, I sat down quietly on the edge of his bed. My heart was thumping so madly I could hardly speak.

"Just the same, I'm no match-maker or anything, but why in the name of common-sense and peace in the company don't you two get married?"

"Because George is married already, Lorraine," I said quietly.

"I'm—what?" gasped George in amazed protestation. "Oh, my God! Have you heard that story? Oh, Lord—"

Then he sat up again eagerly, excitedly, and caught hold of both my hands. He began to explain, in short gasps, that he didn't dream I had heard of "Mrs. Warwick." He wasn't married! Not a bit of it. The woman he kept in the back-ground as "Mrs. Warwick," was a forlorn widow he had befriended—the widow of a buddy of his in the Army. He used her as a shield. A stage wife, as many girls have stage mothers. A man in his position was so pestered with women—the legend of a wife in Long Island had served him loyally on many occasions. He leaned forward and grasped my hand, pulling me to him until I was kneeling beside his bed, and his arm was about my shoulder. I was aware of the fact that Lorraine was slipping out. I wanted to call to her not to go, but I couldn't.

"Listen, kid," he fairly crooned to me. "I hadn't any idea such a thing was on your mind. Why, that explains everything. I just thought you didn't care. I thought your sudden success had turned your pretty little head, and I didn't blame you much. But I intended to hang right on until it was turned back again. Cause I'm mad about you, Dimples. And you want to know something? You're going to be Mrs. George Warwick. Yeh. I've had that planned out for months now. But I didn't think I could tell it to you so soon. Want to see something? Huh? Want to see something, honey?"

I nodded, my eyes full of happy tears. "Well, tell me you love me first. I've got to hear that. Say it, Dimples."

"I love you—" I faltered. "I love you—terribly!"

"I knew it all along," he assured me largely. "Now I'll show you something. You go to that top drawer over there. The one on the left. Way in the back in the right hand corner. See a little white velvet box? Bring it over here."

I did as he directed. He opened the tiny velvet box tenderly and held up to my view a beautiful little circlet of diamonds.

"I figured," he went on eagerly, "that you and I wouldn't need an engagement ring. Because whenever I really knew for sure that you loved me, we wouldn't be engaged. We'd get married right away— What do you say, Dimples?"

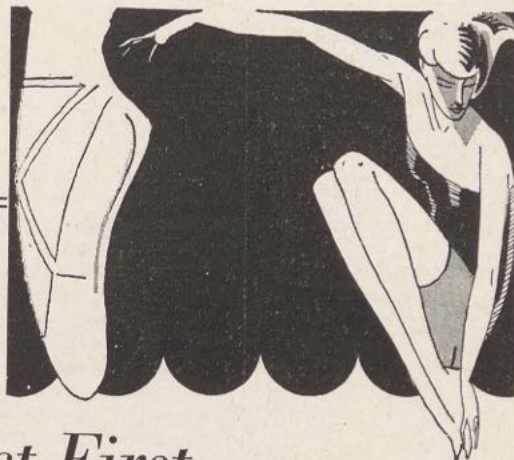
I knelt beside his bed again, while he slipped the ring on my finger. Then I threw my arms around him and kissed him.

"So that's the way Angel Face goes at it!"

The sharp caustic comment made us turn guiltily, as the shrill voice cut in upon our moment of bliss.

"Don't look so scared, sister!" she called shrilly to me, breaking in upon my thoughts. "You're just the person I wanted to see. I came here to talk to

(Continued on page 64)



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composer Stravinsky had failed to appear and Nijinsky did not appear as scheduled. There was much friction and much ill feeling. Nijinsky's nerves began to fray and his always fervid imagination was becoming ungovernable. He conceived the idea that his life was threatened and his days were filled with ungrounded fears and forebodings. This obsession gained such a hold upon him that at one theatre, after a dispute with a stage carpenter, he was afraid to go on and dance. He engaged a detective to guard him and refused to appear until every board in the stage had been inspected for a hidden trap to catch his dancing feet and bring him to a disastrous fall. Cecchetti says: "This was the beginning of the collapse which is now generally known and which has, alas, deprived the contemporary ballet of an exceptional and incomparable genius." Massine received further opportunities, and three months later Nijinsky left the company and organized one of his own, with which he appeared in London in the spring of 1914.

It proved to be a brief, unhappy season, brought to a sudden close by his contracting typhoid fever. He went to Venice to recuperate and there met Isadora Duncan again. Later, in speaking of this meeting, he told with something of his old zest of how they together improvised dances in an old baronial castle, by the light of slow burning wax candles, to the enraptured appreciation of a small coterie of friends. He was to the last an ardent devotee of the great American woman.

The outbreak of the Great War in August 1914 found him interned in Hungary as an enemy alien. There he remained in the unhealthy and depressing atmosphere of a prison camp until late in 1916, when the repeated efforts of friends finally bore fruit in his release. He had been invited by Diaghileff to join the company again for a trip to the United States, but the first appearance of the Diaghileff Ballet Russe in New York came off without him, although all the advance notices and advertising had featured his name as the star of the company. Later in the year he did manage to join them again and was billed as the "artistic director" of the tour, with several new ballets scheduled for premieres in America.

Notable among these later creations was *Til Eulenspiegel*, a comic-dramatic spectacle, to music by Richard Strauss and with scenery and costumes by a young

The TRUTH ABOUT NIJINSKY

(Continued from page 33)

American artist, Robert Edmund Jones, since notable in the field of stage decorations. Nijinsky conceived and completely arranged this ballet during his confinement in Hungary, and his conception and composition were both artistically true and theatrically effective. The story is that of the rogue, so familiar in German folk lore, whose pranks constantly irritate his fellowmen of the medieval village. He flits in and out of the marketplace, appearing successively as a buffoon, a clergyman, a knight and a professor, in each instance mocking the people and mystifying their regulated and conventionalized minds in which the routine of life admits of no foolish deviations. His speeches with their sarcasm and wit inflame the people; he is arrested and tried. He mocks the judge; is condemned to be hanged. Then after his death the good people are overcome with remorse and can remember only his bright sallies, his gleaming wit, his fascinating presence, his entertaining resourcefulness; they refuse to be comforted until his spirit appears and assures them that he will live forever in the hearts of his people. . . . Very obviously here was something more conventional and interesting—though no less artistic—than *Jeux* or *Le Sacre du Printemps*. Nijinsky was more matured, more certain of his stage.

The *Mephisto Valse* was another really entertaining contribution. Here the music was by Franz Liszt and the designs by the same brilliant American, Jones. The theme was concerned with the power of music as a lover's weapon. The scene is a country tavern . . . the daughter of the inn keeper is desired by men of many types and classes, some rich and some poor. . . . But Faust, and his evil genius Mephisto, succeed in winning her from them all. . . . She wanders into the wood in answer to Faust's seductive music. . . . Mephisto's evil countenance, leaving the scene after them, hints of the evil consequences to follow. . . . Here too was good theatre and excellent material for dancing and pantomime.

Such were the themes that interested

him at this time when his mind was on the verge of collapse. He had intense prejudices and preferences. He would go into rhapsodies over the music of Chopin, repeating again and again his belief that no one could interpret Chopin as well as he, "because we are both Poles, and it takes a Pole to understand a Pole." He refused offer after offer from music hall and vaudeville managers, with enormous salary persuaders, "because I refuse to be sandwiched in between performing dogs and contortionists." He took his art so very seriously that any come-down for mere money was at once impossible.

The end was just around the corner. For a few short weeks he danced again with the Diaghileff Company. Gone were the old incomparable qualities, the finesse, the zest, the perfect effects; he was the ghost of his old preeminent self. To an artist of his sincerity and ambition, it was all tragically disappointing.

Perhaps his own condition explains why he was intrigued by the legendary figure of *Til Eulenspiegel*, that brilliant but mentally unstable entertainer of village folk. Certainly there was a prophetic irony in that attachment. And likewise perhaps in his fancy for the diabolical suggestion of *Mephisto*. These interests presaged his own fate.

Finally came the break, his nervous system succumbed to the storm within him, and at the tragically early age of twenty-six he disappeared from the world of the theatre and was lost to our sight, apparently forever. Artistically he is dead; he could never be his old brilliant self again.

That is often the way of life: the tragedy is in living on after the moment of high conquest is over. He is probably the most tragic figure in all the history of the dance, for, unlike his *Til*, he seems not to be living on in the memories and hearts of the people he entertained.

Comes no majestic immortality for "the greatest dancer of his age." For, unlike every other art, a dancer can only live on in the memories of the people who see him dance: clownish *Til* seems to have been a prophetic figure!

As this issue went to press, a rumor that Nijinsky was on the road to recovery took vague shape. This report is being investigated, and its results will be published. —THE EDITOR

LITTLE MISS RUNAWAY

(Continued from page 63)

George about you. I heard down at the Club about the damn-fool fight he got into tonight over you."

"Lulu!" called George in a slow drawl. "You get the blazes out of here."

"I will in a minute," she turned on him like a little spitfire. "I have no desire to stay here, take it from me. But I have a little piece of news that might interest you two. Might interest you a lot. A bit of news about Ye Famous Dancer of Sweet Sixteen that made an overnight hit on Broadway. A bit of news that the papers are going to eat up."

"Come on—spill it," growled George, in a voice that seemed to have little effect on Lulu, but would have made me quake with fear.

"Not on your life, I won't spill it," mocked Lulu a little more quietly. "You can read it in tomorrow morning's papers. Probably on the first page with pictures."

"What do you mean?" I gasped, advancing. "What are you talking about? What news could you have about me?"

"Won't you wake up with a jolt when you know, little Bright Eyes?" she spat out as she wheeled on me. "I'd like to see your

face when you read it, that's all. I'd like to be a fly on your wall. You were an orphan from the B— School in Philadelphia, weren't you? Yeh. George told me how he first heard of you. You don't know who your parents are, either, do you? Small wonder!"

"George!" I gasped, suddenly so weak that I could hardly stand up.

"George!" she imitated my manner in an ugly gesture. "Don't get excited, Dimples old dear. You'll be famous in the morning, thanks to Lulu. Notorious! Look for your mama's picture, won't you—and oh—sweet daddy! I gave the story out about an hour ago—and did they hop on it, though you are no great shakes of a celebrity at that."

There was a cursed humor in her voice as she rambled on. She was walking over

to the big chest of drawers from which I had just taken the white velvet box under George's tender directions. Now, she pulled open another drawer, and took out a wallet, which she slipped into her handbag.

"Put that down, damn you!" called George.

George had made a quick movement as if to dart out of bed and chase her. Even before he had slumped back with a groan, Lulu had darted out of the room and slammed the door behind her.

I went to George instinctively. He was in pain.

"It's all right, dear," I mumbled over and over. "Do you want me to run after her? Shall I go after her?"

What is Lulu Grand's connection with George Warwick and Dimples? What are the threatening facts about Dimples' parentage she has given to the papers? The final events in the story of Little Miss Runaway's early career are told in the December issue of THE DANCE MAGAZINE, on the news stands November 23rd.

“ Her Skin Is
Like Velvet ”

EVERY woman at some time in her life deserves this enviable compliment. The lasting loveliness of her complexion is a matter entirely within her own keeping.

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Sunburn and windburn have left their tell-tale marks of carefree vacation days when it was not always possible to evade the consequences of prolonged exposure by the studied use of preventive treatments as had been planned. Often first aid kits were not sufficient unto the daily havoc and now town mirrors bring belated regrets for past heedlessness.

While we are busy charting our Fall and Winter schedules we will want first of all to consider ways and means of luring back that spring-day complexion, the perfect wave to the hair and the gloss to nails that are dim from neglect.

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