

June 1926.

Spring musings of the decorative member of the staff take this turn:

A fashion editor must, of course, take interpretive dancing these days to be in style, so I am to be found twice a week on West Twenty Eighth Street where the house of Denishawn so modestly does its bit. A stubbed toe, however, has halted my career for the moment. There has been ample compensation for such a catastrophe in the many recitals I have attended the past month, one of them a student recital arranged by Hazel Krans, as finished a performance as anyone could ask for. Of the pupils, Regina Beck and Lucile Clark, in "Papillons" (choreography by Elsy Finslay who teaches Dalcroze eurythmics in Denishawn), were like two windblown children. There are two types of dancers in this school; the oriental like Martha Graham, and the fay-like girls who need only concert slips, bare limbs, and shoulder length hair to delight the spectator. Miss Graham used three such dancers from her concert group at the Eastman School of Music in Rochester. They gave an exquisite program at the Forty Eighth Street Theatre, a program of Debussy, Ravel, Scriabine, Goossens, Rachmaninoff — an interesting collection of moderns whose music seemed to me the most beautiful ever danced to. Some of its magic lay in the art of Louis Horst, a pianist and composer who has played for Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn for many years. His own songs, from the poems of Alfred Kreymborg, Arthur Symons, Witter Bynner, and Lucile Rice, were delivered by a lady picturesque in a sweeping blue gown against the enormous mahogany piano. If there must be dancing in the streets, it should be done by Martha Graham and not by Alexander Woollcott. These titles will give you some idea of the range of her work: "Chorale", "Maid with the Flaxen Hair", "Clair de Lune", "A Study in Lacquer", "Danse Rococo", "Portrait — after Beltran-Masses". Grey and blood-red and blue-lavender chiffon, molten silver cloth and cloth of gold come to life in her expert hands. "Danse Rococo", incidentally, was done in a pair of green mules, a feat any woman knows is equaled only by a tightrope Charleston, that amazing stunt seen at the recent circus in Madison Square Garden.

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